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CUPID IN THE RAIN.

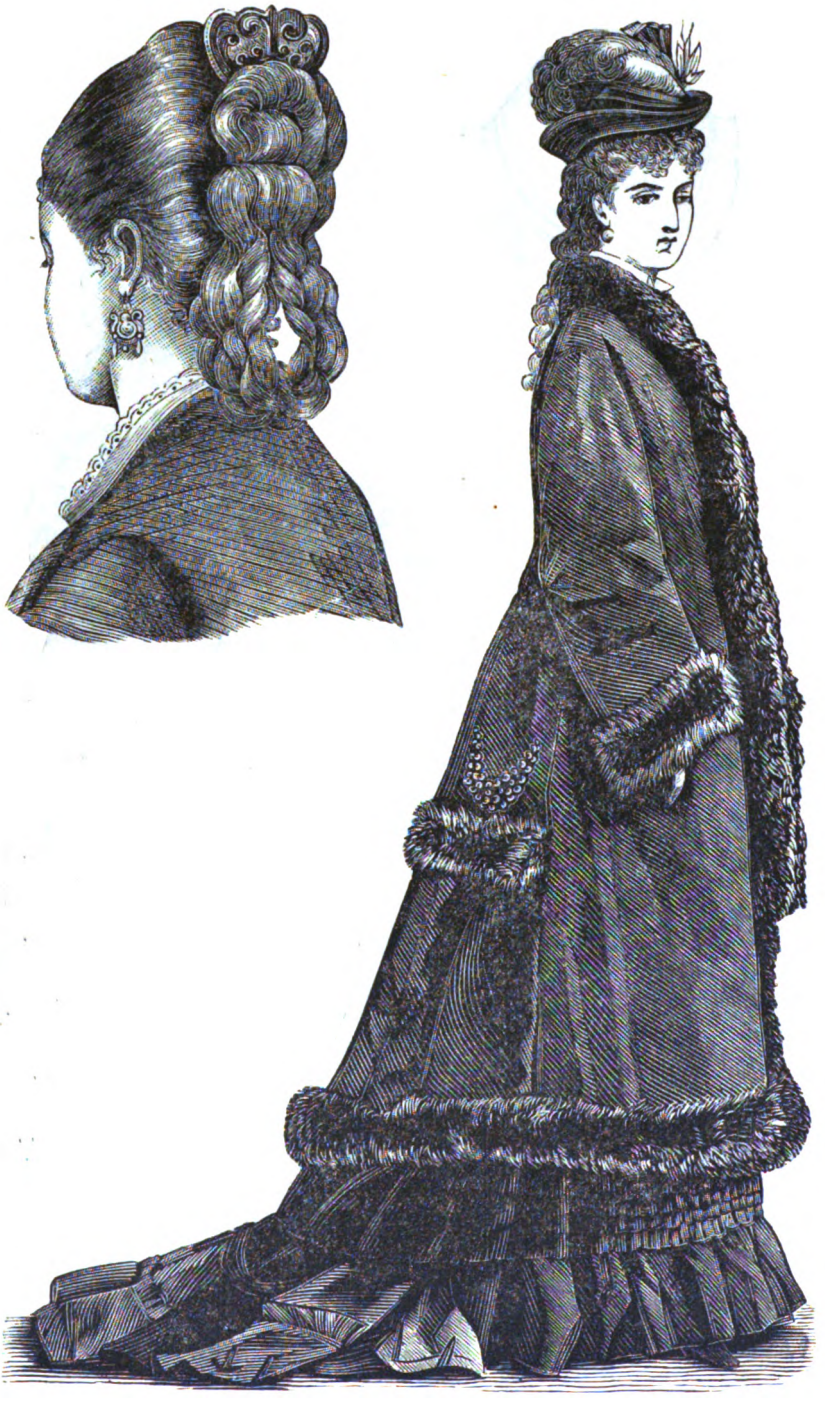
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. CHILD'S COLLAR.

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CLOTH CLOAK. NEW STYLE HEAD-DRESS.

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HOUSE DRESS. NEW STYLE FOR THE HAIR.

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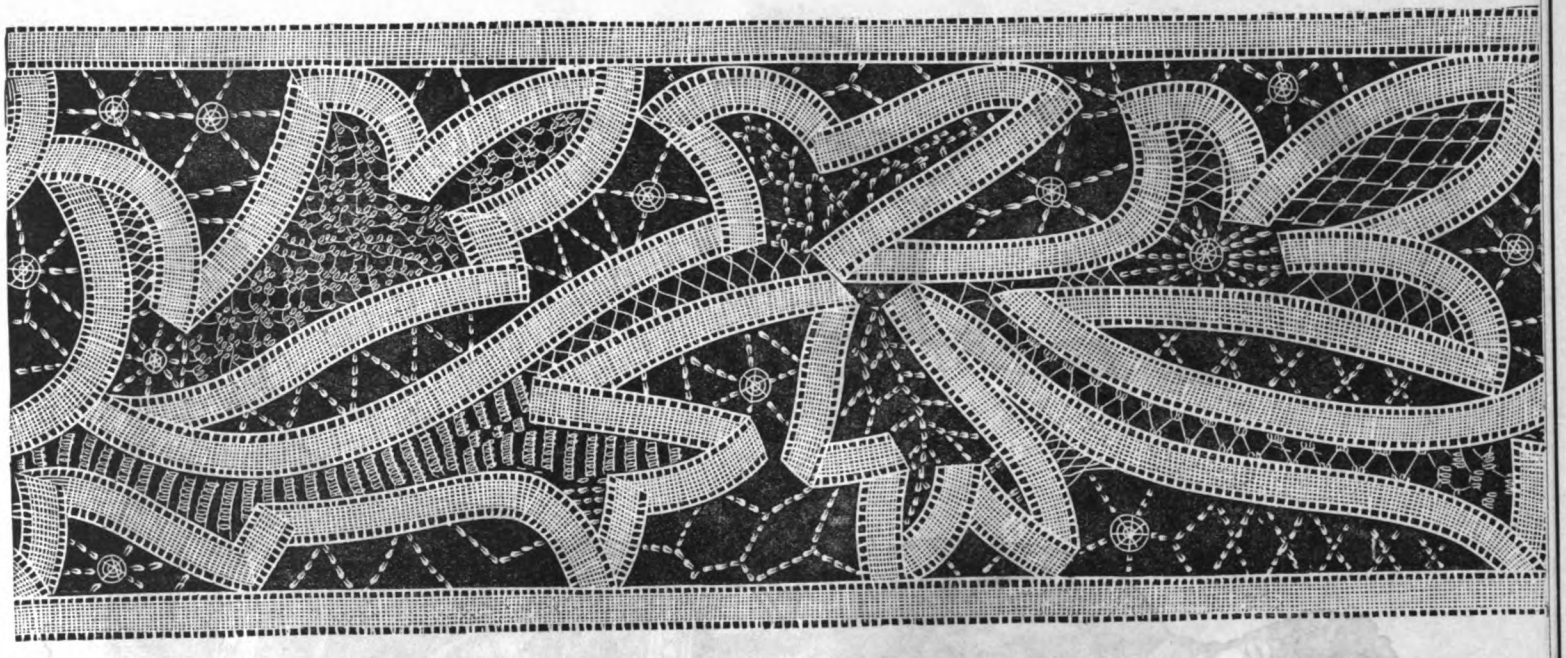
HOUSE DRESS—BACK. WINTER HAT.

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HOUSE DRESS—FRONT. BONNET.

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POINT LACE INSERTION. NAMES FOR MARKING.



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CURTAIN FOR DOOR-WAY, IN EMBROIDERY.

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NEW STYLE HATS AND HOOD FOR CHILDREN.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1878. No. 1.

THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"THEN you won't go, Alice?"

"No, Herbert—I'm so sorry—but the baby!"

"O, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, fell on her knees by the cradle, and hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

She had looked forward so long to going to this New Year's party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, one of the leaders of society in Washington, and all that was eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world, was sure to be there. She had been kept at home so much, since baby had been born, that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup, a week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was now better, "but not fit," she declared, "to be left, at least with only the nurse to look after it. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them." So she had felt it her duty to give up the party. She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and had even said there was no reason he should stay at home; but still, in her heart of hearts, she had hoped he would.

"He said, 'hang the baby;' yes, he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa, who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party, with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"

This awful idea called for bitterer sighs.

Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting, young maidenhood. "Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did" —"never a joy be accepted that did not make them one"—"never a barrier should come between them." And now to feel that this wee babe, with its golden curls, this beautiful, little, helpless creature should part them, as never strong hands could!

She pictured the gay assemblage, and her Herbert dancing with fair, young girls, smiling on others, and leaving her to die of heart-break.

Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in the midst of his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.

"He didn't want me to go," she cried; "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all the blame on dear, helpless baby."

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rung; and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room, in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"O, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet, with a glad cry. "This is, indeed, a surprise. I'm so glad you've come. My darling sister."

Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up stairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" said Mabel, at last.

All the light went out of her sister's eyes; her hands fell.

"He—he is out, dear."

"Good! Don't be angry, because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me."

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month yet. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you. It would open the New Year, auspiciously, perhaps."

"O! I'm so glad."

"And then Paul's coming," she said, blushing,

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"next week, to stay a month: he has business here; and he wanted me so badly to be here, too. I declare," she added, laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon to get rid of him."

"O, Mabel! don't marry him unless you're certain you'll be happy!" cried Alice, hysterically. "Be sure, first, he won't go to parties, and le–eave you a–alone with ba–baby," she sobbed.

"What! Is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quite subdued.

"Yes, he is; and when I told him I couldn't go, on account of baby, he said, 'hang ba–baby!' Yes, you little angel, your own father said those awful words—and then he sla–slammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave baby?'

"Because he was threatened with the croup, last week."

"But he's well enough, now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, and croup, and all that."

"O, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert had no right to behave as he did; and he must be punished;" and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed, and took her seat by the glowing fire. "It won't do to let him get the upper hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful little plot," and she clapped her hands in glee.

"O, Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face, with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"*I'm* not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. *You* are to go to the party."

"Mabel! impossible!"

"Quite possible. In fact, must be done. You must let Herbert see that you're as pretty as anybody, and quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party, and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."

"But, Mabel, I havn't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going, a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."

"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine, one of the most bewitching, bewildering of dresses, bought from my last allowance from uncle Curtis. Only to see it will throw you into ecstacies. Worth never composed anything more lovely. I want to see it on you. Come, come, call your maid. I am all impatience. We'll shame our bad husband into good behavior, see if we don't. No irresolution, pretty sister of mine. I'll stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and count your pictures, and vases, and pretty things, and catalogue them, so as to make mamma happy with a letter, to-morrow. Order John, or Jack, or Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that's impossible send for a hack."

In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best dressed woman she had almost ever seen.

Alice trembled a little, when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's, but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression concerning the baby. She was reassured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared 'baby' would keep you at home; but I told him it was nonsense. You did right to reconsider the matter."

Herbert, like many handsome society men, was a little spoiled and selfish, without knowing it. He loved Alice, devotedly; but he was not unwilling to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others; while, with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle.

It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was more than willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert, looking up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music thrilled hearts sensitive to sadness as to joy, encountered the sparkling face of his wife, and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.

"Pray, don't stumble," said his *vis-a-vis*, petulantly, for from that moment the grand repose of his manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax, or any other ductile material, for all he cared now.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner, absently, to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blind to her fascinations. "It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military puppy, Guinett, too. She knows I hate him."

With these amiable thoughts, he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain. It was some time before he had the chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself and with her.

"Alice! Can I believe my eyes?" he said, at last, in the pauses of the dance.

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"I should think you might, rather," was the nonchalant reply.

"Pray, how did you come?"

"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but—"

"Excuse me. I'm engaged four deep, already;" and Herbert was forced to move aside, as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.

"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.

Another pause, and another *tete-a-tete*. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem his dancing engagements.

"About the baby, Alice?" he asked, anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice, exclaimed:

"Hang the baby!"

Herbert started, and changed color. To be sure he had used the same language. But from her it was too exasperating. How he got through the evening, he could hardly tell. When, at last, they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture, but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.

One glance in the beautiful nursery, unsealed his eyes. There, by the fire, sat Mabel, in all the abandon of a negligé toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap, clutching at one long, shining curl, crowed, and laughed, as well as he could for "auntie's" smothering kisses.

A sudden revulsion of feeling came to the father's heart, at sight of this sweet home-picture.

"Aha! I know now who contrived this plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" answered Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate, I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself, cannot stand—that is, if one half is flirting at a party, and the other half is at home, crying her eyes out—"

"O, Alice—were you really?"

"I should think she was. I can assure you, that, I myself, saw half of the house dissolved in tears, and so wretched that——"

"Mabel, hush!" said Alice, imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me?" exclaimed Mabel, with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also has *some* obligations, and that if you had known you were to be the bone of contention in this family, you'd have staid in the garden of angels, where you were wanted."

Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; opened his eyes to his selfishness; and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.

Six months from that time, Alice was dressed for a party. But this time the party was given at her own house, and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier; for nothing now ever occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.

"Ah! how charming you look," whispered Mabel, with an arch look, as they passed each other in the dance. "Prettier even, and it is saying a great deal, than when I cured your husband, by sending you to that NEW YEAR'S PARTY."

CUPID IN THE RAIN.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

DAN CUPID'S a jolly companion, I ween,
In spring and in sunshiny weather.
When the buds are swelling, and forests are green,
And the birds are mating together.
And the young, fresh blood of the earliest year
In brook and in river is dancing—
Then his smile is sweet, and his whispers are dear,
And his kisses, oh! so entrancing.

But Cupid's a different fellow, alas!
When the birds no longer are singing.
When in winter the hoar frost whitens the grass,
And the hail on the roof is ringing.
Then he'll order you out in the cold, my dears,
The wood for his fire to carry:
And if you complain, he will laugh at your tears,
And ask you what led you to marry.

Oh! maidens, take heed. Of this vagrant beware.
He'll walk with you? Only too willing.
He'll smile and caress, and he'd talk to you fair,
While picking your purse of a shilling.
If a rain comes on—well, your cloak he will steal,
His impudent cheek never blenching.
And he'll bid you good-morning—the ne'er-do-weel—
And leave you alone to your drenching.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

When the door, thickly studded with nails, was open, those within the cottage could catch a glimpse of the Bay of Naples, through the overhanging vine leaves. Only a glimpse here and there, however, between the Island of Capri and the shores of Sorrento; for the humble dwelling stood back in a curve of the hills, and the grand panorama of the bay was broken up into pictures, as you looked out from door or casement, through orange trees laden with yellow fruit and rich with a snow of blossoms, or through the dusky green of olive boughs thrusting themselves between you and the azure glory of waters, that washed alike the curving shores of Naples and the far off ruins of Baiae.

It was an humble dwelling, as we have said, scarcely two stories high, built of stone, which might have seemed bare and rugged in a colder climate, and away from the luxuriant vegetation that makes even ruin picturesque; but it could never have been mistaken for a mere peasant's cottage, with the warm sun of Italy shining through the leaves, and sleeping upon the mosses that crept with velvet greenness among the broken tiles of the roof.

No, that pretty dwelling was no peasant's home. You could see that in the climbing jasemine on the wall, the ivy that crept upward to the roof, and the myrtle thickets, which nightingales loved to haunt with music, because of the many roses that got entangled with their white flowering.

Besides, there was no sign of rude toil around the place; no fishing nets hung up to dry before the house; no goats permitted to intrude beyond the rustic paling; no sign of poverty, such as the poor struggle against, even in beautiful Italy.

Still, as I repeat again, it was an humble place, notwithstanding the sunshine and the full bloom of roses; humble, and just then silent as the grave. An hour before, a tall, calm-browed priest, in sweeping black garments, and with a sombre shovel hat shading his eyes from the sun, had passed through that door, and closed it softly behind him, making the outward stillness more solemn because of his presence. Usually the door was open, and the soft, warm sunshine was allowed to sweep in, carrying the breath of roses with it; but that priest had shut all the glory of the day out, and went in slowly among the shadows, knowing what he should find there.

It was a dying woman, scarcely beyond middle age, but thin, frail, and deadly white, lying there like some delicate statue, stained with storms, and overthrown because all power of resistance was lost.

Three others were in the room; a girl, seventeen years of age, perhaps; a lad, younger by at least six years; and an old peasant woman. The latter, at the entrance of the priest, crept away to a corner of the room, and, burying her face in both hands, began to pray so earnestly that an inward rush of grief broke from her lips, in unconscious moans.

"Is she so ill? Is she worse?" inquired the girl, startled by the despairing moans of the old woman. "Oh! father, have mercy, and tell me what this means?"

"It means," said the priest, taking the hand, which clung trembling with sudden dread upon his arm. "It means that you have called me in, almost too late."

"Too late—too late! Oh! father, is this death?"

"Hush," said the priest. "Hush."

The girl fell upon her knees, and the boy sunk down by her side, clinging to her garments; for coming up from among the myrtles, they heard the low tinkle of a bell, and the hushed tread of feet. It was the Host, as is the custom, in Italy, when any one is dying, being borne up from a neighboring chapel.

For the first time, these young creatures realized that death was very near them.

When the sick woman heard the sound, she turned her great, hollow eyes upon the priest, with a wild, questioning look.

"Is it so near?" she whispered; "so near?"

"There is yet time for confession," answered the priest, bending over her.

"And absolution?"

"And absolution, daughter. Listen!"

The faint tinkle of the bell grew more distinct.

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The dying woman made a slight motion with her hand, which was thin as a shadow, and white as marble. The priest understood it, and spoke aloud; but with great gentleness.

"Depart, my children! We must be alone!"

Then the old woman arose from her knees, and laid her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Come, Signorina!" she said. "The Holy Virgin alone must stand by her bedside now."

When the girl arose, pale and bewildered—for a belief that death was so near came to her suddenly—Rufo, the boy, gathered himself up from the floor, still clinging to his sister's garments. Thus, three of the persons that had formed that gloomy picture, went out into the daylight, and would have been almost blinded by it, but that their eyes were so full of tears.

There was a little terrace-arbor, on the right hand, by the door, crowded back against a myrtle thicket, haunted by the nightingales. Here the roses were all in their bloom, and the sunshine shot its quivering gold through and through the green leaves.

"Not here?" said Beatrice, shrouding her eyes with one hand. "Only three days ago, she sat in yonder, and sung to us: 'If the sun were only clouded now.'"

The old woman made no reply, but led the way to a side wing of the cottage, and sat down upon the threshold of her kitchen door. Beatrice sunk down at her feet, upon the stepping stone, and held the boy close in her arms, sobbing over him, while the old servant prayed silently.

Then there was a long silence, which even the birds and summer insects seemed afraid to break; for the spirit of sorrow had settled on that place, and the very atmosphere brooded sadly around it.

At last, Beatrice dropped the hand that had covered her face, and turned her eyes upon the door. One by one the black-robed priests came forth, and stole away, carrying their sacred emblems with them. Then one came forth alone, but instead of following the others, he turned aside to speak with her. She saw that his eyes were full of pity, though his voice was low and measured, as if trained by long experience of, and sympathy with, suffering and sorrow.

"Go, daughter," he said. "The soul in yonder is near the gates of Paradise, and may not wait for you."

The girl arose, trembling with strange dread, and went into the house. Rufo half rose, as if to follow her, but the old woman held him back, and so Beatrice went in alone.

"Stay with me," said the old woman to the boy. "She is older, and there will be something that she must learn—or go forward in darkness. Old Anunta has made a promise, and taken an oath, and even though the Signora should die without speaking, I must be silent."

The old woman muttered these words to herself, but she might have spoken louder, and the boy would not have heard it; for a great dread had seized upon him utterly, and he sat there, shaking in all his limbs, looking with a wild, wistful stare, after his sister, as the door closed her in.

Cold, pale, and rigid as marble, the woman lay upon her death-bed, when Beatrice approached it—gone already, as it would seem, but for the burning desire in her eyes, where the last struggle of life flamed out luridly, as a torch flashes up through the darkness of midnight, and is extinguished forever.

In answer to the appeal of those eyes, Beatrice went close to the bed, and knelt down, with her face almost touching that of the dying woman.

"Mother! oh, mother!" she cried, amid a storm of sobs.

There was agony in this cry, and it seemed to quiver through that marble figure upon the bed. For a moment the whole face was convulsed; then the cold lips were forced apart, and gasped out, feebly,

"No, no! not your mother."

The girl started back.

"Not my mother? Has your soul fled that you say no, when I call you mother?"

"With my last breath I say it."

The words came forth in a whisper; and, for a little time, the lips that had uttered them quivered as if with a mortal effort to say more; but then settled back, and turned to marble, like the rest of the body.

The woman these two children had loved and obeyed as a mother, was dead; and Beatrice stood over her, shocked to the soul.

At last the girl lifted her eyes from the corpse, and looked around, in vague wonder, for some human presence to which she might appeal in her great anguish. But her gaze, meeting nothing but shadows and emptiness, swerved back to the poor ruin, that death had smitten in the midst of a half-uttered sentence, which was to shake the loving belief of a lifetime.

"Oh, Father in heaven!" she cried, falling upon her knees; "give her one moment more—one breath. Mother, mother! speak to me! say that death was cruel, and crazed your poor brain with an awful untruth. Say anything—anything, but that."

In the agony of her appeal, the young girl took the cold hand, still resting on the woman's bosom, and laid her cheek upon it, moaning unconsciously in her pain.

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"Oh! mother, mother! think of your boy! I cannot, I cannot tell him."

This thought of her brother seemed to break the agony of her heart, and for a time the sound of that young creature weeping filled the deathly silence of the room.

"No, no!" she said, rising to her feet at last, and pushing the hair back from her girlish face; "it was the delirium of coming death. Why should I let it trouble me beyond all deeper grief? She is gone, struck down before I knew of the danger. Dead—and with those words frozen on her lips! Ah, me! if they could but have parted once more, only for a word—one single word! One answer of love when I cried out 'Mother!' Oh, it was hard! it was hard that she should die so. I will not tell Rufo. It would only distract him, as it has me. Of course, he would not believe it, no more than I do. But one cannot shake such things away from the soul, when they once settle there. They will be coming up to sting one; and Rufo is so young. No, it was a wild speech; people are always saying such things in fever. I will not tell him, poor boy; he is sure to be miserable enough without that."

Again Beatrice drew close to the dead woman, and looked down upon her. The eyes were open still, but all the eager fire had left them, and they seemed to regard her with pitying tenderness, from beneath the pallor of those half closed lids.

"If she could only speak now," thought the girl. "But she cannot—she cannot. Death is so silent, so still. My poor eyes are blinded with tears, but she knows nothing about it. I touch my cheek to hers, and she does not move. I shiver so—it is growing cold here, so cold. And she is dead. Oh! mother, mother!"

The door was softly pushed open, and old Anunta came through, leading Rufo by the hand. When the lad saw what was on that bed—the stillness and the awful pallor—he drew back into the farthest corner of the room, and sat down in the shadows, awed and scarcely breathing. Then Beatrice left the bed, and going to the boy, where he sat stupified with grief, gathered him into her arms, and cried out with a sudden outburst.

"Oh! Rufo, Rufo!" she sobbed, "she was our mother; she was—she was."

The lad knew nothing of the last words, that ached through all the grief in that young heart; and he answered, shuddering.

"Our Mother? Yes, but so white, so cold. Oh, Beatrice! I am afraid of her."

The smile that came to the girl's face was like moonlight on snow.

"Afraid?" she said. "Not that, my brother. She is cold and white, only because death has made her holy, as the saints of heaven are. Nay, you must not be afraid. Only remember how good she was."

As she spoke, Beatrice drew her brother gently toward the death couch, from which the old woman now stole away, having first, however, closed those stony eyes, in which that last wistful look, so disturbing to the girl, had frozen unexplained.

The next day some good women of the neighborhood came to the cottage, in reverential silence, and, after taking that gentle body for burial, laid it on a simple bier of olive wood, draped in white, naturally, as if she had fallen down in a calm, cold sleep, almost smiling as those humble friends dropped flowers around her. They knew that she had loved such flowers, and whispered to each other, "She seems to know that we have brought them for her."

Then they led those two young creatures in to see how beautiful she was, and seeing their faces brighten a little, they stole away satisfied.

Then a train of monks came from the nearest convent, in brown garments, with cowls drawn over their faces, and having sandaled feet, that left no echo on the ground they trod on. Lifting the bier, they bore it away, with a low, measured chant, inexpressibly mournful; and placed it before the white altar of their chapel, where a full-robed priest, with gold and scarlet gleaming upon his bosom, stood ready to receive it. Then the white smoke of incense floated up to the rythm of solemn music, that answered to the priest's prayers for the dead.

Again these sombre monks went forth, this time to a lovely spot among the hills, where grave stones were half buried in roses, and where "God's acre" was hedged in with glossy evergreens of myrtles, thick with blossoms, that gleamed like snow-flakes among the leaves.

Blooming rose bushes had grown so near the grave, that their branches drooped into the open chasm, and brushed the coffined dead, as it was lowered out of sight, and left with God forever.

CHAPTER II.

"ANUNTA!"

The old woman came into the little parlor, where the two orphans were sitting, bearing a bowl of goat's milk, and a plate of freshly gathered figs in her hand.

"I plucked them from the tree when its leaves were all wet with dew," she said. "See, their purple sides are ready to burst with sweet ripeness. Then the goats have been browsing where the violets are thickest; the very milk smells of

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them, as one drinks it. Come, young ones, let the old woman see you eat. One cannot feed on tears forever."

Beatrice reached out her hands for the milk and fruit. She had no wish for food. But, the boy had tasted nothing since the day before, and she hoped to tempt him with the ripe fragrance of the figs. At first, Rufo shook his head, and turned his face away. While his sister fasted, he had no heart for anything. Her grief was so deep, that his own growing resignation seemed like wickedness. Being ignorant of the secret doubt, that harrassed her, the child blamed himself, that he, too, could not feel so deeply; and was ashamed of the craving that came over him at the sight of food.

Beatrice placed the bowl on a little table before him, and began to peel one of the figs, tearing the purple skin in strips with her fingers.

"See, how ripe it is," she said, trying to smile. "It was warm with sunshine yesterday. At night the dew came to cool it. You loved them so, once."

Still the boy resisted. He noticed that Beatrice turned her head away, as if the fragrance she praised made her faint.

"You loved them once," she repeated, tenderly.

"Yes, that was before!" he answered, looking resolutely away from the temptation.

"And will again," added the girl, suppressing a great sob, that rose in her throat. "Taste it, and you will see."

Rufo hesitated.

"If you will eat and drink first," he said. "'Till then it would choke me."

Beatrice put the fig to her mouth, and crushed her teeth into it, with a sort of agony; then she drank a little of the milk, and, to her own surprise, was refreshed.

"Anunta is right," she said. "We two must eat. How else could we live?"

Rufo began to eat and drink; at first with reserve, then eagerly.

Beatrice watched him, with a growing smile in her eyes.

How handsome he was! Beatrice, for the first time, searched his features, with a feeling deeper than admiration. Those large dark eyes, just beginning to brighten out of their sadness; the raven hair, broken into lustrous waves; the frank olive face; that air of gentle pride. How could he look so like the woman, whom they had left, only yesterday, in "God's acre," and not be her son? Was not that face proof enough of the maternity her last words had denied?

The thought lifted a weight from the girl's heart. She left the boy to his repast, and went into another room. It was that in which the woman, who had bequeathed to her this agony of doubt, had died. The little apartment was in order now. The bland, south wind swept through the open lattice. The sunshine came in golden gleams through the vine leaves. All traces of sickness and death were removed. Books lay on the table, as the woman, who was gone, had loved to see them. A cabinet of ebony, inlaid, like lace work, with veins of red coral, stood in one corner, surmounted by an antique vase, that hundreds of men, in Naples or Rome, would have given heavy sums for; but Beatrice, having seen it there nearly all her life, gave it no value, save as an object the lost woman had loved. Books also lay upon the inlaid table—a picture in itself—that had always been kept in place there, since she could remember; but they were books of so rare a class, that she could not even guess at the language in which they were written; for they were a marvel of the pen, emblazoned long before the power of type was discovered.

Beatrice knew well enough, that the mother she had lost could read none of these languages; but not the less had she cherished the books, and gloried in their emblazoning. The girl had been taught always to hold these things in reverence, and her artistic taste, a taste which one imbibes with the very air of Italy, had endeared them to her. But that day she looked upon them with another feeling. Where did they come from? To whom had they belonged? She had seen such things in palaces and museums, on her rare visits to Naples; but never in a cottage like that, with peasants for the nearest neighbors, and no one near to understand the beauty or value of things like these.

Hanging upon the wall was an antique Venetian mirror, elaborately ornamented, and so very old, that the reflection it gave was dim, as if a faint mist floated forever before it. To this mirror Beatrice went, full of one thought.

"Was she, too, like the woman who had disclaimed her?" she was asking herself. "If so, surely her mother had been delirious before she died."

Pushing back the hair from her face, the girl searched the old mirror, as if it had been a picture; and so it was; for even Titian, with all his genius, had never imagined brighter, or more lovely features. Dark truly, but graciously colored; faultless in form; mobile and soul-lit; and eloquent that moment with doubt, anxiety, and struggling hope.

Yes, it *was* her face. The hair, the eyes, the very expression came back to her from the mirror. The thought won a smile to her mouth, and with

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that came a sob of thankfulness. The smile was so like—so like."

When Beatrice turned away from the mirror, both hands were lifted to her face, wet with the first refreshing tears she had known, since that night, when an awful doubt had been cast upon her.

Question begets question. The woman, sleeping up there in "God's acre," was her mother, she would never doubt that again. But who was she? Vaguely, as if groping through a dream, came the vision of another life, away from that cottage, beyond everything of which she had a dear memory, and through this vision men and women moved mistily, as mistily as her face had just appeared in the old Venetian mirror.

Her father! Could she ever have known him? She was now seventeen years of age, and that name had only been mentioned once in her life. Then she had said to her mother—or the woman she had thought such:

"Mother, the peasant girls all have fathers; but mine never comes. Where is he?"

"You have no father."

This was the answer that came to her, hoarsely, as if the woman spoke with pain.

"Is it the poor only who have fathers to love them?" Beatrice had questioned, hurt by her mother's words.

"The poor. Nay, your father is dead."

Beatrice mentioned the subject no more; for she felt the shock of pain her words had given.

Now, when no human lips could answer her, this question came back to the girl, with haunting force. Why was it that she was so unlike other girls? Who was she?

"Anunta!"

Beatrice went to the door, and called aloud, in the unrest of her keen impatience.

The old woman came in, humble as ever, but with a gleam of apprehension in her keen, black eyes.

"Did you call, Signorina?" she questioned, pausing at the door.

"Yes, I would know many things that are vague to me now. I seem to stand alone, Anunta, and am a stranger to myself."

"Death leaves such loneliness," said the old woman. "It is always so."

"Speak to me, Anunta. I have no one but you. My mother—my own sweet mother—who was she?"

"I never asked," was the almost sullen answer. "It was not for me to question. If the Signora kept secrets, they are yonder, locked in the ebony cabinet. Here is the key. I found it under her pillow."

Beatrice took the key, and unlocked the cabinet. Books were there, more precious than any the girl had yet seen, and a box of jewels, old Etruscan ornaments, worth more than diamonds. But they told nothing. A trader in such things would have fallen on them greedily. But Beatrice thrust them aside. Some gold pieces lay in one of the drawers. In another, were half-a-dozen letters, yellow, and much worn, bearing a foreign post-mark, and written in English.

Beatrice understood the language, and spoke it sometimes, for there had been no lack of culture in the retirement of her life, and a better teacher never lived than her mother had been. She sat down, with the letters in her lap, and read them through more than once, marking their dates, and pondering over them carefully, as one unravels a web.

"I never saw these, or heard of them," she thought; "but the name does not seem new to me. Somewhere—somewhere."

The girl drew a hand across her brow, but shook her head at last, and sighing heavily, folded up the letters.

Then she called to Anunta again, who came in, troubled in her mind.

Beatrice held out the letters.

"Do you know anything of these, Anunta?" she said.

"How should I, never having learned to read?" answered the old woman. "She used to hold them in her hands, sometimes, and cry over them, but that told nothing."

"They were written by my father, Anunta."

"Your father, Signorina?"

"His home was in England, I suppose, from the post-mark. We shall go there, Rufo and I."

"To England! That is a long way off. Over seas. It will cost gold, and she had but little. When the high mass is paid for, there will be nothing."

"But there will be more."

Anunta shook her head.

"I do not know. It came less freely of late, and I think she pined over it. Twice she went to Naples, taking one of those holy picture books; and twice she came back, with some gold pieces, leaving the book behind. That troubled her, I know, for she would rather part with the blood of her heart, than with any of these things."

"But how have we lived, all these years, Anunta? I mean before she had to sell books to get money."

"How can I tell? For a long time, she went to Naples twice each year, and locked plenty of gold in the black cabinet afterward; but it grew less and less, till, at last, she began to take the books away."

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"Then we have nothing," said Beatrice, appalled. "No money. Can people live without money?"

"Not well, Signorina. But do not look so frightened. I have my savings, and when they are gone, my hands are strong as iron. Besides, it costs so little to live here, in Italy."

The girl dropped her head upon her bosom. She knew so little of life, least of all, that portion that depends on money.

"Do not be disheartened," said Anunta, looking around the room. "So many things are here, and they have a price in the great cities."

Beatrice lifted her head, and a sudden flush came to her face. If the woman, who had died there, spoke truly, neither she nor her brother had a right to these things. How could she dare use them, much less sell them for gold, with that doubt on her mind?

"Besides," said old Anunta, "can I do nothing? Are there no fishermen's nets to mend, or make? Then there are the goats, and the garden. More than that, the neighbors are so good; only this morning, one came with a brace of mullets, fresh from the water. I shall fry them for your dinner, my dears. Then the Signorina has her music, and the rich strangers down yonder will pay for that, especially when they look into her face, for such people worship beauty, as we do the Blessed Virgin."

Beatrice started, and her face became scarlet.

"Sell my music! I," she exclaimed, with a proud lift of the head.

"And why not? Great ladies sing to crowds and crowds, setting the world afire with their voices. Kings and princes go to hear them, I am told. What harm then, if the poor guitar, when you are singing to it like a nightingale, as you will in a day or two, shall earn a little money?"

Beatrice started up, flushed with excitement.

"Anunta! Rufo, my brother, we will go to England. The letters were written from there. We will go to England."

"To England?" repeated Anunta, lifting her hands in horror. "Has grief driven the child mad, that she thinks of that?"

"Yes," said Beatrice, passing her arms around her brother, without seeming to heed the old woman's protest. "You and I will go to England."

CHAPTER III.

In Sorrento, close to the curving shores of the bay, is a rambling hotel of heavy stone work, half buried in a noble orange grove, but visible for a long distance from the water, close to which its massive foundations are crowded. From the rear windows of this building, you have a glorious view of the harbor. From under the drooping orange boughs in front, you catch lovely glimpses of hill scenery, and have but to lift the hand for the fruit that shines goldenly through the lustrous leaves.

Close to this building, also upon the water, from which it is lifted by a wall of massive stone work, stands a large stone building, utterly devoid of ornament, and left as a monument to the barrenness of fame; for Tasso once made this building his home, and though all strangers visit it with a sort of reverence, no worshipper has yet planted a vine or tree to beautify its rugged loneliness, since all that was there have perished.

Near this building, and leaning thoughtfully over the wall, two men had lingered, in a dreamy way, after dining at the hotel. There was no mistaking the fair Saxon faces of these men, or their relationship to each other, though one was young, graceful, and indolent, as it is the fancy for the rising generation of Englishmen to appear, and the other had passed beyond mid age, and grave and slightly ponderous, as the youth might, perhaps, become in time.

The two were looking upon the waters, in a dreamy way, as we have said, unconscious that they were objects of interest to a boy and young girl, who stood hesitating on the verge of the orange grove, which flung its shadows almost to the spot where they stood.

At last, the boy came timidly forth, and advancing close to the younger man, touched the white hand, which was indolently hanging by his side.

"Please, Signor, would you come this way? Only one moment. She will not keep you longer."

The boy spoke so timidly, that the elder man was not even roused from his reverie, did not even become aware of the lad's presence. The younger one followed the glance of Rufo's eyes, and saw a face that made his heart leap, gazing earnestly upon him, from under the orange boughs. Without a word of explanation, he turned, and followed the boy.

Breathless, frightened, and ready to fly, Beatrice drew back into the shadow of the grove, and but for the rapid movements of the young man, might have escaped from him; but following the gleam of her garments, he came up with her, and she turned with sudden bravery to meet him.

"Oh! Rufo, Rufo! it was the old signor I wanted. Forgive him, he has done wrong," she exclaimed, eagerly, and half crying, as she turned from her brother to the stranger.

"This one seemed kindest," said the boy,

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looking into the stranger's fair face, with admiration. "I thought you would like him best."

The young man smiled pleasantly.

"If there is anything that I can do, this pretty lad has made no mistake," he said.

"It is only this," answered the girl, blushing, as she opened her jacket of blue cloth, revealing a chain of rare Italian scarabae, set in rough gold. "It is mine, all mine. She gave it to me, on my last birth-day. I am sadly in want of gold, and must sell it. Strangers, that come here, are so rich, and I thought, perhaps, perhaps," stammering, "you might rather have this than gold pieces."

Beatrice removed the chain from her neck, as she spoke, and held it toward him. He took it in his hand, greatly surprised to see so rare and costly an ornament, in the possession of one appearing so poor.

"And this is yours?" he said, half doubtfully.

"Yes, it is mine."

"But why do you wish to sell it?"

"Because I have only that, since she is dead."

"Who is dead?"

The girl hesitated, and tears swelled into her eyes.

"My mother."

"And this is all you have?"

"Yes; all, Signor."

That moment the landlord of the hotel came into the orange grove, and seeing the orphans, advanced toward them.

The young Englishman met him half way.

"You know these children?" he asked. "Are they honest? Can this belong to them? She says that her mother is dead."

"She is dead, and the chain belongs to the girl. I have seen it before."

"She wishes to sell it."

"Ah! I feared as much. Money has been scarce, up there of late. It is hard that they should want."

"It must be of considerable value. I may not have its worth about me. Stay, I will give them what I have, and take the chain to Naples. In a day or two, I shall learn its worth, and bring it to you here."

"That is kind. I will answer for its safety," said the man. "There must be great need when she sells that."

The young man went back to Beatrice, his handsome face all smiles.

"I will buy your chain, and pay its worth when that can be known," he said. "If you are in present need, here is what gold I have."

While he was speaking, the young man poured, what seemed to Beatrice a shower of gold, into the embroidered pocket of her jacket.

She shrunk back, uttering a little cry of surprise, the amount seemed so great. Before she could otherwise protest, the young man saw the elder one coming impatiently toward him. He smiled, turned, waved his hand, and hurried away, saying, as he passed the landlord,

"Expect me in a day or two.'

CHAPTER IV.

It was bitter, bitter cold; and every minute growing colder. An icy wind had set in, with dawn; and had been increasing in severity all the time since.

The day before, there had been a snow-storm. It had begun slowly, with a few lazy flakes, that floated quietly down as if soon about to stop. Then the flakes fell faster; then larger and closer together; finally shutting in the landscape, with a dense, white veil. All day the clouds grew darker, and the snow fell heavier. Rarely in England, at least in this part of it, had there been such a Christmas-time. When night came, the storm still raged. There was no wind now, but only a steady fall, millions on millions of flakes, one following another in quick succession, thick, close, incessant, until the eye wearied at looking. But about midnight there came a change. The snow-fall began to abate; the flakes came down fewer and slower; and at last they stopped altogether.

Then the wind rose. At first it was comparatively feeble. But with every hour it grew stronger, and as it grew stronger, it grew colder and colder. Before morning it was blowing a gale. The comparatively mild, moist atmosphere of the day before had changed into one of Arctic keenness. The streams, already clogged with snow, began to turn to ice. The bare trees, where they stood solitary in the fields, creaked and strained, like the timbers of a first-rate, out in a hurricane. Through the thick woods, that here and there rose where some lordly mansion stood in the midst of its wide-stretching park, the tempest boomed, with a sound like that of an angry surf, breaking beneath black, beetling cliffs. No cattle were a-field; they had all been housed the day before. No travellers were visible. No bird was to be seen, not even a raven: the solitude was utter. Everywhere, as far as the eye could range, stretched one unbroken sheet of white, that covered hedges, fields, hills, all things. The low, thatched cottages were buried so deep that they seemed but snow-drifts. The barn-steadings were a confused mass of hillocks and banks of snow. As night drew on, the landscape assumed an even more desolate appear-

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ance; the wind cut keener; travel became more difficult.

We have said that the solitude was utter. But now it was broken by the appearance of two figures, that came wearily along the highway, bending down their heads occasionally, to face better the driving gale, when it came, as it did every few minutes, in bursts of increased violence. One was a girl, apparently about eighteen, and she carried a guitar. The other was a lad, several years younger, who had a violin under his arm. Both were dressed in deep mourning. They were our heroine and her brother.

Rash, as impetuous youth so often is, Beatrice had left her home, in the hills of Sorrento, in order to carry out her wild idea of seeking her mother's secret in England. She had come first to London. But the chill, damp climate, the smoky atmosphere, and the cold natures of the people, tried her severely. Then the costliness of even the simplest food dismayed her. Her gold soon melted into silver, her silver into copper, her copper into almost nothingness. The noise and magnitude of the great metropolis frightened her: besides, the place she sought seemed to be unknown to any one there. She herself could not tell whether it was a city, a small town, or only a mere villa. Nay! her very pronunciation of the name was so broken, that it would not have been recognized even by those who knew it. Terrified by the vast wilderness of humanity, and shocked by the rude notice her beauty attracted, she had finally left London, and wandered away along the banks of the Thames, and then inland, paying at some wayside inn for a night's lodging, and a supper of bread and milk, until the last coin was gone. Christmas found her literally penniless. When the great storm was over, and she and her brother set forth to face the bitter wind, it was without a crust to break their fast, for their supper and bed had finally exhausted their purse.

All day they had been conscious of the chime of far-off bells from church-towers, hidden away behind distant hills. The sounds rose sweet and clear, the sweeter and clearer for the cold. All day they had trudged on, aimless and hopeless, without food. Saddened by a recollection of what Christmas had been to them in happier days, a feeling of dreary home-sickness came over them. Now and then they passed through a village; but every door was tight shut to keep out the tempest; and even if they had not been, Beatrice would have shrunk from asking at them for food. Occasionally, a village-wife, coming to the window, wondered at the strange pair that passed. For, through all her privations, Beatrice had never parted from her guitar. It had been the gift of her mother, who had taught her to draw the first strains of music from its strings, and had loved to accompany it with the marvellous sweetness of her own voice. In like manner, Rufo clung to the violin, on which the good father Pedro had taught him to play, which had been the last gift of the kind priest, and which he had placed by his pillow every night, when he went to bed, since.

At last, just as the dusk was falling, these orphans saw, at a little distance, a wide, low mansion, with quaint gables and steep roofs, one of those picturesque Elizabethan halls, of which so many are still standing in the middle counties of England.

It was evidently a place of considerable importance. It stood back from the highway, separated from the road by a high wall; the entrance being through a stately gate, with pillars on each side, capped by great stone globes. Behind the mansion was a grove of trees, now bare, through which the wind whistled shrill and sharp. An English traveler would have known that it was not only the residence of wealth now, but that it had been the residence of rich and influential people for centuries: the seat of some great country magnate perhaps, with a pedigree that went back to the Conqueror, or that even of a baronet or earl.

Beatrice looked at it, and came to a stop. Chilled by the snow, half famished, without shelter for the night, made heart-sore by the pathetic patience in Rufo's face, she stood irresolute. The boy turned his eyes on the guitar. Great pangs of hunger had seized upon him.

"Anunta told us, sister," he said, hesitatingly, "that there was music in the guitar, and that ladies sometimes bought it."

Beatrice's eyes shone with tears. But, in another moment, she brushed them away.

"I know, I know," she said. "God help us. We shall have to come to it yet, I—"

She broke off, with a sob. Her pride, her maidenly instincts revolted at the prospect.

The boy made no answer for a moment, but walked forward bravely, dragging his heavy, tired feet through the snow. But the pangs of hunger, fatigue and cold combined, conquered his resolute heart at last. After a few steps, he stopped, and looked back, regretfully. Then he said, half questioningly,

"Look, Beatrice, look. Yonder is a great house, old, like the palaces at home. People who love music must live there."

Beatrice turned and looked again at the house. Her hesitation was gone. Resolute to win food

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for her brother, she went rapidly towards the mansion. As they drew nearer, however, she hesitated once more, and looked down pitifully on her brother.

"Oh, Rufo, could you wait a little?" she cried. "I tremble so. The voice is frozen in my throat. When it is dark, I shall not be afraid."

"Yes, I will wait," answered the boy, holding back the tears from his eyes, though a sob broke through his voice. "Do not think I am famished. No, no. I can wait. Let us turn and walk faster. That will warm us like bread and wine. Then we will come back, and these rich people will give us food, and maybe a bed, for your music. They never heard such, I dare say. How should they, with all this snow about them? Come, now, let us turn, and walk fast. Remember, it is Christmas, and they will buy your music for His sake."

Beatrice was looking at the old mansion house, with strange, bewildered interest, while the boy spoke; and she now turned, with some hesitation, when he urged her to go back, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"What troubles you so?" questioned the boy.

Beatrice answered him, almost in a whisper, her heart was so full of awe.

"Rufo, I have seen this place before. In a dream only—perhaps—but I have seen it."

"Seen it? How? Where?" cried the boy. "We have never been in England before."

"You have not," answered Beatrice. "And I suppose I am nervous and imaginative. But have you never felt," she continued, as if speaking to herself, "as if you had lived before—in some previous stage of existence, perhaps—in a different land, with people of a different rank? I feel so now. It comes to me as through a mist; but it is there: yes!" And she spoke in an awed voice: "The house is strangely familiar. What can it mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEY COME NO MORE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

We walk the woodland paths, the trees
Are all ablaom with rosy fires,
The leaves like strings of jewels burn
Upon the hedge-rows tangled briars.
Up from the slum'brous, purple depths
Of all the woodland, comes the tender,
Melodious wind, a spirit sweet,
That mourns above the fading splendor.

How soon must Winter's silver spell
Hold all the woodland hushed and lonely?
Where hang these radiant, wine-dipped leaves,
Will tremble crystal fringes only.

It is not strange our hearts should sigh,
Above the glory dying—dying.
But in the Spring time's golden dawn,
Oh! why should then our hearts be sighing?

We grieve not that the wood shall soon
By birds and blossoms be forsaken,
But, oh! we grieve for voices hushed,
That never, never shall awaken.
We miss the eyes that never more
Shall flash their love-lights into ours,
We sigh because *they come no more*,
In time of frosts—in time of flowers.

HE DOES NOT SEE.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

He used to notice if I wore
Upon my dress, or in my hair,
A ribbon, or a flower; but now,
He neither seems to see or care.

My praises oft were on his lips,
In those glad, happy days of old,
While fitly would his eyes convey
All that his words had left untold.

He sought me eagerly to read
Those things he held most true and high.
Now gems of thought, in prose and verse,
Around him all unheeded lie.

Daily within my heart, hope's fire
To disappointment's ashes burns;
Though striving for content to-day,
Over old joys my heart still yearns.

Yet he is good and loves me well,
'Tis only that he does not see
What is my woman's life of life,
He would not pain me consciously.

It may be womanish to grieve,
But life's long way looks bleak and bare,
Without some flowers along the path,
Which loving hands have scattered there.

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LITTLE WINNY'S EXPLOIT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

JANE'S little charge had, at last, fallen asleep. Time enough had been consumed in the process, for as Jane phrased it, later, to her friend, the cook. "One mortial hour I sot there, by the clock, and that plaguey child never once shutting her eyes, any more than if she'd been a Chinee image without any lids."

But she was asleep at length, and soundly, too —a fact which Jane proved, by making all sorts of noises, in her efforts to get quietly out of the room. First, she stumbled over a footstool; then, an inopportune desire to sneeze seized her, and would not be repressed. It was useless to shut her mouth tight, or pinch her nose. Sneeze she must, or the top of her head would burst off. She was close to an open cupboard: she thrust her head inside to deaden the sound; but, in her desire to confine the sneeze, she clapped the door to so quickly, that it caught the end of her nose, and she was forced to groan aloud. Into the bargain, the sneeze came echoing out with redoubled force from the shelf, where she had carefully laid it, and startled her so much that, for a second, she thought somebody else was the guilty person. She cried "Sh!" in mingled reproof and anguish, with her hands pressed hard upon the tingling tip of her olfactory organ, then wound up with, "What a fool I am," in that remark, showing the first gleam of wisdom which she had displayed since her task began.

She next flew off to the kitchen, and to Hannah, the cook, who was waiting, impatiently, with her sun-bonnet on her head, and a tin pail on either arm, for it was the month of August, and blackberries were ripe.

"I thought you was a-going to stay there all day. I believe you've been asleep!" Hannah cried. "And your nose is as red as fire."

"So would yours be, if somebody had shut it in a door for you," retorted Jane. "Asleep, indeed! Nor she neither, for ever so long. Land's sake, I wouldn't go out as child's-nurse, not for double the wages Ann Babbett gets; and I can tell her one thing, the next time she wants to go into the village, to get a tooth pulled, she needn't ask me to tend to that young one's nap, for—"

"Oh, come on! Don't stand here till next month, fretting, or the blackberries 'll all be gone," broke in practical Hannah.

"I'll just tell Miss Liscomb we're ready—"

"I'll tell her myself," again interrupted Hannah. "You find your sun-bonnet, and don't be a year about it. Gracious sakes alive, I could have six babies, and bring 'em all up, while you was a-getting one child to sleep!"

Before Jane could answer, Hannah had rushed through the entry, and up the three steps leading into the front hall, steps over which Jane stumbled daily, and sped along to the half open door of the drawing-room. A young lady sat so busy over a pile of papers, that she did not even look up when Hannah said, "Miss Liscomb, Winny's asleep, and Jane and me's going for the blackberries, and I mean to make such a short cake for tea, as the deacon couldn't beat in a week of Sundays."

She only received a nod for response, and departed with her usual celerity; but in her haste, she unintentionally closed the door, and in *her* absorption, Mrs. Liscomb did not notice that such was the case.

Hannah and Jane took their way through the fields. Kate Liscomb pursued her occupation, and naughty little Winny lay on the lounge in the shadowy sitting-room, with her great blue eyes wide open—not certain whether she was asleep or awake, but at all events, so near dreams, that for some time she had no inclination to stir. A single ray of sunlight stole through the blinds, and danced at her; a bunch of meadow lilies in a vase on the table seemed to nod at her; a fly sat on her pillow, and hummed a monotonous tune, as if desirous of lulling her to slumber again; and then Winny lay, and stared about, kept quiet by the vague reflections, half dreams, half fancies, which suggested themselves to her four years old mind.

For a long time the restless sunbeam engrossed her. Then she concentrated her attention on the lilies, and was familiar enough with fairy stories, and near enough asleep, to dream that they were little ladies come to play with her. Then, suddenly, she was wide awake; the fairies were gone; the music she had heard was only a fly buzzing; and Winny's imagination came as near down to the commonplace as a child's fancy ever does.

What roused her so effectually, was the sight of mamma's bonnet and shawl, lying in an easy chair close to the table. To be arrayed in these

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habiliments, was always the height of bliss to Winny—a favor so prized, that it was only accorded when she had been especially good and obedient. But careless Jane had omitted to put the articles in their place before leaving the room; and Winny's passion for masquerading was evoked, the instant her eyes fell upon them.

She raised herself, slid from the lounge to the floor, and ran to inspect her treasures. Nurse Babbett would never have been guilty of the fault of putting her to sleep with her dress on, but Jane had been thinking of the hill where the blackberries grew, and the probabilities of Joe Tanner, the miller's son, being drawn thither this very afternoon, and could not stop for trifles.

So Winny looked at the bonnet and shawl. Then she laid her chubby hands on them—forgot that they were never to be touched without permission, and began to array herself therein, while the sunbeam careered wildly about her head, and the lilies nodded encouragement, delighted, no doubt, with her infantine wickedness.

The bonnet was easy enough to manage, but the shawl presented difficulties, and displayed the total depravity which inanimate objects share, along with humanity. First, it knocked off the bonnet, which she had so skilfully settled on her head. Then one end of it turned about her feet, and sent her sprawling, with her fat legs in the air; and when she got up again, the bonnet had flown under the table, and was trying to hide; but Winny dragged it out, crowned herself anew, and struggled with the rebellious drapery, until she succeeded in subduing it to her will.

Winny now caught a view of herself in a long mirror, and was charmed with the effect. Immediately she became the Princess Minnehaha (she was especially fond of fine, long names, and could pronounce them with the most amusing distinctness), who had figured in a wonderful story related by her mother only the day before. Presently the Princess grew tired of contemplating her image in the glass, and made for the door, which, because it ought to have been kept closed, Jane had, of course, left ajar.

Winny paddled along the passage, and passed the drawing-room; had Hannah only left *that* door open, all would have been well. On went the little adventurer. She stopped in the verandah, to peer up at an empty bird's nest, which earlier had held eggs, and then four little, fuzzy heads, to be lifted up to which had been Winny's delight, till one day the fuz grew into feathers, and the inmates deserted the nest. Winny had been told that next year she would find other eggs and wee birdies among the leaves. She was always hoping that next year had come—it seemed so long since the pretty winged creatures had flown away!

The porch was only elevated the height of two shallow steps. Winny descended these, paraded a little, peacock-like, about the lawn; glanced longingly toward the rustic gate, which she had been forbidden ever to pass unaccompanied; peeped round at the drawing room windows, and back at the verandah.

As if all nature were in league to tempt the small maid on to a disobedience unusual with her, a stray breeze just then blew the gate open, and at the same instant, Winny's white kitten sprang out from a rose bush, beneath which she had been concealed, in the hope that some bird might stray within reach, and darted away into the road.

Winny forgot mamma's commands, and the punishments which pursue naughty children, and on she walked as fast as her draperies would permit. She thought she was Winny in pursuit of her kitten, but when she reached the gate, she discovered that she was Hans Dottman, going out "to see the world, and seek his fortune," as he did in mamma's legend. Yet she retained a certain consciousness of her own indentity, enough to make her realize that she was doing wrong—had there been anybody to see, he could have told that by the half mischievous, half troubled expression in her eyes. But mischief conquered! She was not Winny, nor Hans, nor even the Princess! Kitty (who had stopped under the maple trees, and was looking back for her to follow) was Puss in Boots, and she herself the famous White Cat's youthful master.

She hurried down the grassy walk, which stretched under the trees at the side of the highway. Presently she came to a path that turned to the right, leading into a grove, where was a beautiful, miniature lake, that she had often visited with her mother, or with good-natured old nurse Babbett.

Here the kitten stopped, and mewed warningly, when she perceived that Winny did not follow her example; but Winny had forgotten her, and the legends too, in the entrancing delight of watching a troop of blue and yellow butterflies, that were circling about in mysterious play. Kitty set off for the house at a gallop, no doubt with the intention of giving the alarm, but before she got to the gate, she was seduced in her turn from the path of rectitude, by the sight of a grasshopper, which led her a weary dance, and did not allow himself to be caught at last, so that by the time Kitty reached home again, she had forgotten her little mistress and her own good intentions, and went fast asleep on the verandah, instead of ful-

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fulling them, as she ought to have done, if she expected to grow up a virtuous and well-regulated member of the grimalkin family.

On through the pleasant grove wandered Winny. The butterflies had been replaced by a tiny red chipmuck, that sat on a log with his mouth so full he could not even *chirr* at her, though, indeed, he looked too naughty himself to have given her any good advice, had his jaws been empty. He let her get close to him, then he scuttled under the log and ate his dinner, regardless of what might become of her.

The shawl got its fringe entangled in a branch, and Winny decided to leave it, while she went on to pick some gorgeous flowers, which she espied in the distance. The lake was not more than an eighth of a mile from the house, not at all too lengthy a ramble for Winny's sturdy little legs; but, owing to the numerous marvels of bird, insect and flower creation, which demanded her attention in turn, it was a long while before she came to a rise of ground, and saw it sparkling and dimpling not far below—drooping elms casting long shadows athwart its brightness; a couple of water fowls skimming slowly to and fro over its surface; great masses of green lily pads forming a tiny island in the centre. On the other side spread a deeper sweep of woodland, verdant and beautiful enough to have been some enchanted forest, with a Sleeping Beauty hidden in its recesses. But Winny's precocious fancy had not yet gone so far as to hold a knowledge of that sweet myth, and was occupied with a wonder as to whether, to-day, the waters were not solid enough to permit her to walk across to where the lillies grew—a question which she had often asked of nurse and mamma, and now herself answered, more to her own satisfaction, than either of them had ever done.

The clock had struck three as Hannah left the drawing-room. Mrs. Liscomb heard it, as one does hear things when greatly occupied, almost without being conscious. She was busy writing letters, and sorting old papers in search of certain memoranda, which her lawyer hoped might be in existence, and might prove of use in the approaching trial; for Kate Liscomb had on her hands that most wearisome and aggravating of burthens—a law suit.

I must tell you this affair was not of her seeking. It was a legacy which had come to her along with her widowhood, and the comfortable fortune which her elderly husband had left her.

Mr. Liscomb had died nearly four years before, a twelvemonth from the date of their marriage, and just after his longed-for baby opened its eyes to the light. Mr. Liscomb died as a man ought, in a resigned frame of mind, (after he had once been brought to see that it was wiser to be resigned to the inevitable,) but that matter of the law suit troubled his thoughts, almost up to the last moment. I need not make a long story of the affair. Mr. Liscomb, years before, had bought several acres of ground, in the village, some two miles distant from his house; a new railway rapidly developed the hamlet into a bustling town, with a corporation and a mayor, and other concomitant ills. The mayor and Mr. Liscomb had been enemies for a quarter of a century. The mayor wanted Mr. Liscomb's plot of ground for a bank, in which he was interested; pretended to want the remainder for a public square, though the Liscomb party said he meant to get it into his own hands for private speculation. At all events, he discovered, or his lawyers did, that Liscomb's title was defective. Old Mr. Jameson, who sold the land to Liscomb, had no right to sell it.

So he persuaded some one, supposed to be the true owner, to take up the matter, and everything had been ready for a suit, when Mr. Liscomb's death postponed all action for a time. Some few months later, the case was tried and the young widow won. Then came a season of rest. But the mayor was not a man to give in. He hunted out new evidence, and was preparing to bring the matter before a higher court, having engaged the services of a lawyer in Albany.

This was the part of the business, which had caused Kate Liscomb the most annoyance. She was not yet twenty-four years old, and personally she did not care much whether her competency were increased by the possession of the land or not, though she meant to fight the battle for her dead husband's sake. But what she did care about was the fact that the mayor and his party had spread a report that she was, in reality, the cause of the suit; that her husband, in his last hours, had urged her to relinquish it; and that she was going against his wishes, in this obstinate determination to deprive the town of a substantial benefit.

This young lawyer, Stephen Neville, had come into the neighborhood a short time before, and he had believed and said harsh things of her. She had caught sight of him once, as she was driving through Waterford with a friend, and felt that she hated him. As for his being handsome, as people averred, she utterly repudiated the idea.

"He is as swarthy as the Sultan of Morocco," she said, indignantly: and luckily, her friend could not expose vehement Katie's ignorance, for she also labored under the belief that a ruler in Africa must necessarily be a black man. "And

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he looks haughty enough to be a pacha with twenty-four tails, and wicked enough to have double that number of harems," Kate added, venomously.

The little explosion did her good. She went home and ate her supper with relish, and during the next few days she had an opportunity to show her contempt for this abandoned young man, and that did her good, too. She was still in mourning; but her friends would not let her stay shut up. Who would? A handsome, gold-haired widow, with a rent roll of five thousand dollars, if such a catastrophe could be prevented? So they persuaded her to reassume her former position as presidentess of the croquet club, and though she would not present herself on the ground, she had the pleasure of ruling that Mr. Neville should not be elected an honorary member; and got her way, though she made a good many enemies among the young ladies, in consequence.

Then she had gone to visit a friend, one morning, and when her carriage drove up, the friend's niece came out in a fright to warn her that Mr. Neville was within, and Kate had departed, after speaking a few bitter words, which relieved her mind, though her foes said she had rendered herself ridiculous.

As for Mr. Neville, he had formed a theory in regard to this belligerent widow, whereto he clung as fondly as we all do to our delusions. He fancied her past thirty, fat, red-faced, ignorant and vulgar. Now, though he might have learned his mistake forty times during each separate day of the week, since he came to Waterford, by asking a few questions, he had disdained so to do, and gloried in the opinion which he had built up of her personally, from the mayor's sketchy account.

Kate Liscomb had just finished her task, when she heard the clock begin to strike again.

"Whatever has come over Winny?" she thought. "The child never sleeps but half an hour in the afternoon, and it is striking four!" (she was counting all the while) "Two, three, four, *five*—nonsense, I have counted wrong."

She sprang up, ran into the dining-room, and looked at the clock—the hour hand pointed to five!

She went on down the hall; the sitting-room door stood open; the sunbeam danced at her, the lilies nodded at her; but Winny was not there.

"The little witch has wakened, and gone to play on the lawn," Kate thought. "The dear monkey! I'll warrant Jane had told her she was not to disturb me, and she remembered it when she woke."

She hurried back to the outer door, on to the verandah; looked about the lawn, calling, "Winny! Winny!"

But there was no response; the child was nowhere visible. Puss woke from her nap, and mewed dolefully but, Kate did not wait to listen to her story. She hunted through all the rooms on the lower floor, went up stairs, calling a little anxiously on her child, though not yet frightened. She was out in the verandah again; she caught sight of the open gate. She hastened on, and looked up and down the road. Not a creature was to be seen. Some impulse—ah, who shall say—perhaps some instinct, more keenly active than our boasted reason, caused her to turn to the right. She ran on, taking the path which led into the grove. The blue and yellow butterflies flitted before her, as they had done before the child; she reached the log; the chipmuck sat there serenely digesting his repast; he stopped to chirr at her, then hid; she did not see him; she had perceived the shawl.

She seized it—snatched it to her bosom. It was a visible token of the little one's nearness.

"Winny! Winny!"

The child was playing somewhere among the trees, she told herself, trying not to feel frightened, and would put out her pretty, eager face at the summons.

"Winny! Come to mamma—come, darling!

No answer. Only the leaves whispered mysteriously at the touch of the breeze; only her own voice resounded in an echo, that was like the moan of some unknown voice calling to her in dread.

She was frightened now. She remembered the lake; the child's love of it; Winny's oft repeated belief that she could walk across the sunny waters, if mamma would permit.

On she ran. She could still hear her own voice, at intervals, repeating: "Winny! Winny!" yet, not her voice—the wail of some unseen watcher, warning her of the horror that lay beyond.

She lived an eternity in each second. Her feet dragged as if they had been tied. On, on, her utterance only a hoarse whisper now. Oh, the lake! the lake! Should she never reach it? And when she did—when she did. She was too late; she knew that she was too late! And the blue sky looking down at her—so near, yet so far, so pitiless, so utterly removed from any sympathy with her anguish. Heaven, God there, His saints, the very father of the child—all standing regardless; not a soul among them to aid the little one. No God, no heaven, nothing, her child drowned, she fleeing on in that wild race,

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amid the black night of her own fancies; brought face to face, for the first time, with the awful possibilities in our souls, which remain a sealed secret to us, till destiny drives us mad with the presentation of some moment like this.

The lake! the lake! She saw it; she was on the height; she looked down across the blinding sheen of the waters; took in the sweep from mid-glory to the edge. Oh, God! A bent tree reaching out over the depths, and on it she beheld her child, stretching out her little arms to pluck a flower.

On, on. A cry. She did not know she uttered it; she did not mean to speak.

"Winny!"

The little one turned quickly; lost her balance; fell headlong into the waves.

Oh, the horror of the sound of her body as it struck; oh, the sight of the ripples and foam as they closed like lightning, leaving naught visible but the flower the tiny maid had striven to catch.

Then the mother's frenzied eyes perceived a man dashing out from the wood. He was in the water; he had lifted the child.

Kate reached the bank. The gentleman saw her. He was saying:

"She is safe. Not a minute under."

Not a minute, and a whole eternity had swum before the woman's sight in that space. She tried to snatch her darling; then came a great blackness—nothingness.

When Kate Liscomb recovered consciousness, she was lying on the ground. The child, wrapped in the shawl, lay with its head on her bosom, sobbing, in terror:

"Mamma, mamma!"

So the mother went mad for a little, as was natural, but the very strength of maternal love speedily brought her to reason—the necessity of soothing her treasure, of making her comprehend that all was well. Presently, Winny ceased her sobs, like the sensible mite she was. Kate rose, remembered the child's preserver, turned, and beheld an utter stranger before her.

But there was nothing wonderful in that, since nowadays, the neighborhood had become a rather favorite haunt for city people.

"I can't thank you," she said, struggling to keep back her tears. "I wish I could. It's my child, you can understand—my only one."

Then Winny began to laugh and sob at once, and Kate realized that she was behaving like a fool, and so tried to speak more sanely; and the young man stood in open-mouthed sympathy and wonder.

Never in her whole life had Kate looked so beautiful. She had on a thin, white gown. The open sleeves showed the contour of her perfect arms; her hair had broken loose, and fell in rich masses far below her waist; her glorious eyes were dilated with mingled terror and joy; her whole face transfigured by the passion of gratitude which shook her soul.

"Thank you! thank you!" she cried. "Oh, Winny, we must get home; you are so wet. Oh, my darling! my darling!"

Then she took Winny in her arms; wept outright this time; and the tears relieved her. She was quite sane and sensible after.

"Let me carry her," the gentleman said. "She won't get cold with the shawl wrapped about her. She did not even lose consciousness; she was only frightened."

"I might have done something better than faint," said Kate, disgusted with her own weakness.

"Well, no, I don't think you could," returned the gentleman.

"Where were you? How did you happen to see her? Oh, it was such a mercy."

"I was coming round from the other side of the lake," he explained. "I had seen her just before you called—"

"Oh, if I had kept still, she might not have fallen."

"Yes, she would. I saw she was losing her balance—but don't think about it," he added, hastily, observing Kate shrink and shudder.

Still, they naturally could not talk of anything else, try as they might, till suddenly, when they were nearly through the grove, Winny raised herself in the gentleman's arms, surveyed him, searchingly, and called out with startling abruptness:

"Mamma, he is beau'ful. I think you had better kiss him."

It was a case for blushes on both sides, but Kate could not help joining in the gentleman's irrepressible laughter.

"You shall perform the duty, my little elf," he said, and Winny put both wet arms about his neck, and kissed him with such energy, that she knocked his hat off. As his hands were occupied, Kate had to put it on his head for him, and that made them laugh the more, both being in the excitable state, whereby human nerves revenge themselves for any great shock.

"Oh, mamma, we've lost your bonnet!" cried Winny. "It's in the water—let's go back for it."

"No, indeed," returned Kate; "let it go."

"Well, it wasn't you bes' one," observed Winny, consolingly.

They reached the high road.

"My house is just yonder," Kate said, pointing

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toward the roof of the pretty dwelling, too large to be called a cottage, and not stately enough to deserve the name of mansion, which was visible through the trees.

The gentleman looked at her with the oddest expression she had ever seen on mortal face—a mingling of annoyance, regret and fun, quite indescribable.

"You—you are Mrs. Liscomb?" he stammered.

"And I be Winny 'Iscomb," rejoined the child.

"May I ask to whom I owe such a debt of gratitude——"

But he interrupted Kate's words by saying quickly, in a voice that was in keeping with the expression of his countenance; "Please don't thank me—I—I am Stephen Neville, and I wish to goodness I was anybody else, I do indeed."

Kate's first thought was that he must be indulging in an unseemly jest, and she exclaimed, petulantly, and without realizing what she said; "Mr. Neville is quite black—I saw him the other day."

"No, no—that was Mr. Ruthford, whom you took for the Emperor of Morocco," said he, a little maliciously.

"Well," ejaculated Kate, "it was very shabby of Mary Anderson to repeat my heedless speech."

"Since an unoffending man was the victim," returned he; "at least, please admit I am less black than your fancy painted."

But Kate had been too deeply moved in every fibre of her heart to joke upon any subject regarding him.

"I can't help it—we can't be enemies! You have just saved my child's life!" she faltered.

"And he's beau'ful!" added Winny, giving him another caress, as damp as a mermaid's would have been.

"Enemies! I should hope not!" he cried, energetically. "A lawyer's profession is one thing—the man is a distinct personage. But we can't stop to argue that out now, this small woman must have her clothes changed."

They were at the gate by this time; Neville did not relinquish his burthen till they were in the house.

"Sit down and rest—you must be tired," Kate said. "My servants are all out—I must attend to Winny myself."

When she and Winny returned to the drawing-room, renovated and put in order, Mr. Neville was still there.

"I waited to be sure that Miss was all right," he said. "Now, I shall go. Will you kindly let me come to-morrow and inquire after her."

Kate could not speak; she had been saying her little prayer of thankfulness, teaching Winny to repeat it; words were not possible just yet. He understood, better, perhaps, than many men would have done. He stopped, kissed the child, took Kate's hand, held it for an instant, and left the room in silence.

He was half way across the lawn, before Winny had recovered from her astonishment at this abrupt departure. She bounded after him, and caught fast hold of his coat tails, calling:

"Mamma, mamma! don't let the beau'ful man go. You ain't angry with him!"

So Kate had to follow; they talked for a few instants longer; shook hands once more; Winny was held up to adjust a flower, which she insisted on putting in his button-hole. Then Mr. Neville hurried off, suddenly remembering the fact that he was a full hour behind time, for a pressing business engagement, and that three miles stretched between him and the town.

He did come back the next day, and the next, and the next, and this record held good for the ensuing fortnight.

Of course the romantic story got out, and was told in a score of different ways. Kate's answers, to such friends as considered themselves intimate enough to ask questions, were not satisfactory; and she managed speedily to check them, being the sort of woman with whom it was difficult for people to take liberties.

The town was in a great state of commotion about Neville's visits to the widow; there were a dozen fresh rumors daily, which included every possible statement, from the declaration that he had persuaded Mrs. Liscomb to renounce her title to the land, to that of his having himself retired from the case.

The mayor had gone on a summer excursion, so there was nobody who had any right to ask Neville questions; indeed, few persons got an opportunity, for he went out very little.

So two weeks passed. During that time, odd as it may seem, the affair of the law suit had not once been mentioned between the defendant and the lawyer of the adverse parties. But this reticence on both sides was the cause of a grave and mutual error; each misunderstood the reason of the other's silence.

Kate believed that Neville had no intention of acting in the suit, and was only awaiting the mayor's return to announce this decision. Neville believed that Mrs. Liscomb was such a sensible woman, that she clearly distinguished between the lawyer and the man. Had he known her in advance, he would never, of course, have taken part against her; but having done so, and having no excuse to withdraw, save the fact that she was a charming person, in whose ciety he

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delighted, he could not in honor throw up his brief, after having publicly put himself in the front, especially as he was convinced that Mrs. Jameson's relatives and the mayor were in the right.

The fortnight came to an end. Neville was obliged to return to Albany; he had already prolonged his holiday beyond what his conscience pronounced reasonable; but for once in his life, the young man had been guilty of the weakness of inventing excuses for keeping a little longer away from his work.

It was so hard to go. He had learned so dearly to love this woman. Nay, there had been no preparatory steps whatever: he had loved her from the first instant he looked into her eyes. That first meeting seemed very far away. He had lived so much, and so rapidly since then. All the same, he knew that he had no right to speak, that she would almost be justified in taking offence, if he did, after only fifteen days' acquaintance.

It was this having to go in silence, which gave such a horrible sting to the thought of departure. If he could only tell his love; have the bliss of knowing that she cared, or might learn to care, and so possess the future to rest upon—her letters to cheer him—but to go like this, was being driven out into the darkness indeed.

The sunset of that last day, he rode over to her house; took his horse to the stable, as had grown his habit, and confided him to the care of old John, groom and gardener.

He found Kate sitting on the verandah with Winny. For a whole hour, the child engrossed the conversation, and kept it lively enough, by her exactions, and quaint sayings. Then nurse Babbett summoned her to bed. But she would only go, on condition that Neville carried her up stairs himself, and laid her on her little couch, in her mother's chamber.

Kate was still sitting on the verandah, when he came down. He proposed to go for a walk, and she consented. They took the path through the grove, without thinking. Suddenly, he said:

"I ought not to have brought you here."

"I like to come," she answered. "It was here—" She paused, and added: "I learned here to be thankful. I never knew what an ungrateful creature I had been, all my life, till that awful grief came so near me."

"I wonder when I shall see the place again," he exclaimed.

"Next summer, at furthest, I hope," she replied.

"Shall I come back? Would you be glad to have me come back?"

He looked in her face as he spoke. What he read there, rendered restraint impossible. Their souls had spoken. To think of conventual rules would have been folly.

"I did not mean to speak," he said, really believing that his heart had found utterance in words, during that whirling instant they had stood, gazing in each other's eyes. "I do not ask you for any pledge—but if I may come back? You know now what you are to me. I thought I knew; but I did not fully realize it, until this moment of parting. On every account, I suppose, I ought not to have spoken. Forgive me! After all, what difference do the circumstances make? They have not been awkward to us, for we have not thought about them. We need not now. For the sake of your love I could forego—"

She stopped him by lifting her hand. She felt as if she had suddenly fallen from a great height. It is the only comparison. Those last words had roused her rudely out of a beautiful dream. Alas! in this bitter instant, she knew that it had been the culmination of a vision begun on that first day of their meeting.

"What is it? What ails you?" he cried, startled by the change in her face.

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, vehemently. "Don't let me wrong you. No, no, you could not intend to bargain, to say that your relinquishing that odious, unjust case was dependent upon—upon my caring for you."

"Great heavens! I should think not! You couldn't seriously suspect me of such cowardice! No, no, the case stands where it did. I told you the lawyer and the man were two distinct persons."

Kate's impulse was to cry; then she fell faint; then anger mastered every other feeling.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are still occupied with that infamous matter?" she demanded, hotly.

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"I will have an answer! Have you been deceiving me? Are you Mr. Hodgson's lawyer still?" she continued, rapidly.

He had grown white to the very lips, but he replied, steadily:

"I never supposed you doubted it. I thought you never mentioned the business, because you felt that I could not, in honor, retire from the position I had taken."

"You are his lawyer? You intend to plead in that case?"

"Yes!"

His stern eyes met her fiery ones with cold firmness. For an instant, it seemed to Kate that she must burst a blood-vessel. This man had been amusing himself at her expense. He had

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never been in earnest. He had wanted to lead her on to the last moment; perhaps, make her show some weakness, which would prove that she cared for him.

"What was it you said that I must know?" she asked.

"That I love you," he answered.

She burst out laughing—such a cruel, hard laugh.

"That will do," she said. "I am, perhaps, a silly woman. I believe you said I was, before ever seeing me. But I am not quite an idiot."

"Kate! Kate!"

"By what right do you speak my name? Will you go away, sir? Don't you perceive that you have failed—that I have not been duped from first to last—"

"Stop!" he interrupted. "Good God, are you mad, or am I?"

"Not I, certainly."

"What is it you accuse me of?"

"I accuse you of nothing! You know best what you meant—probably, in some way, to turn my friendship and gratitude to account in favor of your client."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes!"

"May God forgive you. I never will."

He strode off through the wood without once looking back.

How Kate reached home she could hardly have told. Her passion did not abate for hours; but late that night, as she sat by the bed of her sleeping child, she could remember that, false as he was, she owed her child's life to him. She must see him once more; she must retract her bitter words.

Early the next morning she drove to the station; she would meet him there; after that they should never meet again. She waited till the train was ready to start, but he did not appear, and she learned from some chance words exchanged between two of the railway officials, that he had gone at midnight.

She went home. She wrote to him. Before her letter was finished, some friends came in. They talked about the case, of Hodgson's certainty of winning, adding jesting remarks that the vile old man had made about her attempts to win his lawyer. When she was left alone, she tore up her letter; it seemed to her that she tore her heart up with it! The bitterest drop of all in her cup was to feel that she had loved the wretch; yes, writhe, struggle as she might, she loved him still!

Four weeks passed. Her case came up; it was to be tried at Albany. She did not go, there was no reason for her presence. The trial lasted three days. She read Neville's speech in the papers; it was a very powerful one. But Kate won; the jury decided in her favor. Friends came about her with congratulations; her lawyers came expecting compliments. She got away from them all; she felt as if she loathed the whole world. Ten days more elapsed. Then she received a letter, directed in an unknown hand. She opened the envelope; a sealed packet dropped out; on the sheet of paper folded about it were these lines:

"When my son fell ill, he bade me if he died, forward this letter to its address. In his after delirium, he made me understand the whole story. He lives yet. Will you read his explanation? Will you save his life? They tell me there is one hope—it lies in your hands."

And Kate read the letter, written before the case came on, while he felt confident of success; a plain, simple statement of his motives. She believed, now that it was too late, she believed!

That evening she was in Albany, in the house of his mother—beside his bed, and her voice had called him back to life.

Three long weeks more; weeks of suspense, of fear, of hope; at their close, Stephen Neville lay weak as a child upon his pillows, but able to see, to hear, to recognize those about him, and before either Kate or his mother could speak, Winny was saying:

"Get up, beau'ful man, what for do you lie here so long? Nobody isn't dwonded, and mamma and I have come to live wiz you. So get up right away!"

DRIFTING APART.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

In all these days, filled with the autumn gloaming,
The twilight of the year, sad with the rain,
And lowly with the winds in restless roaming,
I've held upon my heart the hand of pain.

Thro' all this time in bitter, hopeless grieving,
I've seen your face grow colder every day;
And knew that Fate relentlessly was weaving
A web to fall between our lives alway.

Ah, God! life holds no sadder thing than loving,
Come let us kiss and part, since love is o'er;
Fate gave it to me for a moment's proving,
Then snatched it from my grasp forever more!

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THE WIDDER DOODLE'S COURTSHIP.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It was about six weeks after Nancy Cyphers'es death. It wus a lovely September mernin', in the fall of the year, when I waked up, and opened my eyes at about 5 o'clock, A. M., in the ferenoon. The bedroom bein' on the back of the house, and secure from intruders, we wusn't never particular to lower, and put down the curtains. And I could see a lovely picture between the folds of snowy white cotton cloth, edged with a deep, beautiful net and fringe of my own makin', that wus tied gracefully back on each side of the winder with a cord and tassel (also of my own makin').

It wus a picture handsomer than any of 'em, framed by Thomas J., that hung up in our parlor. Close by the winder, and right in front of it, wus a rose-bush and a wax bull, full of bright scarlet, and snow-white berries. And over 'em flamed out a maple, dressed up in more colors than Joseph's coat, and eech color perfectly beautiful. The birds wus a-singin' to the branches, sweet, and strong, and earnest, and though I couldn't understand a word they said, still it was a very happyfyin' song to me. Through some of the maple branches I could see the blue sky a-shinin' down; but lower down, through the boughs of the rose and wax bulls, I could see the east, a-lookin' handsomer than I ever remembered seein' the east look. It seemed as if it had fairly outdone itself, a-tryin' to make a lovely and beautiful startin' place for the sun, to set out from on his daily tower. The sun seemed to enjoy it dretfully, havin' such a lovely home to set out from. It seemed to look so extremely attractive to him, that I knew, unless sunthin' uncommen happened, he would be punctual to be back there to the very minute, the next mornin'. And thinks'es I to myself, (for moral eppisodin' has become almost a 2d or 3d nater to me), if home was always made so bright and attractive, there would be other sons and heads of families, that would be more punctual and delighted to get back to their startin' places and homes at the exact minute. But I probably didn't eppisode on this theme more'n a moment or a moment and a ½, though it is as noble and elevatin' a theme as ever wus eppisoded on, for another thought came to me, almost overpowerin'ly, as I see the sun a-settin' out so grand, and noble, and happy on his tower. The thought that come to me wus this: I wished that I too could set out on a short tower. I had staid to home for quite a spell. And though home is the best spot in the hull world for a stiddy diet, still the appetite calls for spices, and different sorts of food. Human nater, and especially wemen human nater, likes a change and variety. And it does come kinder nateral to a wemen to want to go a-visatin', now and then, and sometimes oftener. I had been a-wonderin' it over in my mind for a number of days, though as yet, I had not tackled Josiah upon the subject, not knowin' how he would take it, but knowin' well that men do not feel as wimmen do about visatin'.

The county fair wus to be held the next week, at Dover town, sixteen miles from Jenesville. And I had two aunts there, Sophrenia Cypher, she that wus Sophrenia Burpy, my mother's own sister, and married to Solomon Cypher's only brother, and then she that wus, and now is, Samantha Ann Burpy, my mother's youngest sister. A maiden lady, livin' on a independent property of her own, with a hired girl, and sound and excellent principles. I wus named after her, and set a sight of store by her. She hain't an old maid from necesity, far from it, she had chances. I hadn't visited them for over five years, and never wus to a county fair in my life; and as I lay there on my goose-feather pillow, a secin' the sun set out, and travel gloriously on his tower, I thought to myself how sweet it would be if I and my Josiah could go and do likewise. Could go to Dover town, visit our aunts, and attend to the fair. But studyin' as deep as I had studied on the subject of men's dispositions, I felt that I must be as wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove. And so I gently and almost tenderly punched my companion with my elbow, and says, in awful, affectionate axents:

"Josiah!"

"What is the matter?" says he, a wakin' up sudden. "What are you goarin' me with your elbow for?"

His tone and his demeaner would have strick dismay to the heart of a weaker wemen, but I kep' right on, and said to him, in still more tender and affectionate axents:

"Josiah, you seem to me to be a runnin' down, I am alarmed about you, Josiah Allen."

"Oh, shaw!" says he, and it wus as fractious

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and worrysome a "shaw," as I ever heard shawed in my hull life.

But I continued on and continued, knowin' that perseverance wus requisit' and necessary.

Says I, "You cannot conceal it from your pardner, Josiah; you are not in one-half so good order as you wus in."

"Wall! what of it? What if I hain't?" snapped out awful snappish.

Says I, in still more tender tones, "You need a change, Josiah; you ort to go off on a short tower, you and your pardner, Samantha."

"A tower!"

Oh! never, never did I, durin' my life, ever see a tower snapped out as that tower wus. He acted scornful, and overbearin', and almost haughty about the idee. And some wimmen would have been completely skirt out by his mean, it wus so cold, and threat'nin', and offish. Not so Samantha. No! though his demeaner wus such that I almost despaired of success, still I felt that I would do all that wemen could do, and then if I must give it up, I could have a clear conscience. So inspired, and held up by this resolve, I laid to, and got a breakfest, that exceeded anything that had been seen for months in Jenesville, in the line of breakfes'ses. It affected the widder Doodle dreadfully; she shed tears, she said it was "so beautiful, and reminded her so of Doodle."

And it wus perfectly delicious, and I could see as Josiah partook of it, that his mean wus a gradually mellerin' down, and growin' softer, and more yieldin' and sweet. And finally, when he had got about half through his meal, and he could see that as good as the vittles had been precedin', better was to come, then I tackled him, and then I got the victory. He consented.

The widder Doodle seemed more'n willin' to stay and keep house for us, and suffice it to say, that the next afternoon saw us a settin' out on our tower. Aunt Samantha Ann wus perfectly delighted to see us, and we spent the most of the time with her, though we made aunt Sophrenia a good, honorable visit; she, too, wus glad to see us, very. We staid to Dover town jest a week to a day, attended to the fair, which wus very interestin' and aggreable, both to myself and to Josiah.

The last day of the fair, we laid out to attend only half a day, and start for home about noon, so as to reach home in good season. We had told widder Doodle we would be there certainly that day, before nightfall.

It wus, probably, about half past ten A. M., in the forenoon, I was a standin' in the Hall devoted to picters, and flowers, and piller cases, and tatten, and embroidery, and so forth, and so forth, and I wus jest examinin' a lamp mat, which was perfectly beautiful, when good lookin' wemen came up to me, and says she, a lookin' up above my head:

"Have you seen the phantom leave?" or sunthin' to that effect.

And I says to her, firmly but kindly:

"There hain't been no phantom here appearin' to me, and how could I see it leave?"

And thinkin' she wus in the dark on this matter, and it wus my duty to enlighten her, says I:

"Somebody has been a-tryin' to impose on you, mam. There haint no such things as ghosts or phantoms."

She said sunthin' about "their bein' a case," or sunthin'; she talked dretful low, and the noise around wus fearful, so I couldn't heer her over and above well. But from what I did heer, I see she wus on the wrong track, and says I, firmly:

"I defy you, mam, to bring forward a case of ghost, or phantom, that will bear the daylight," says I, "they are made up of fear, and fancy, and moonshine."

She took up her parasol, and pinted right up to a glass case, and says she:

"I ment them phantom leaves there, up in that case."

"Oh!" says I, in a relieved tone, "I thought you ment a ghost!"

They looked handsome, some like the frost work on our winders in the winter.

Wall, it probably wusn't a ½ an hour after that, my pride had a fall. Truly, when we are a-standin' up the straightest, tottlin' may come on to us, and sudden crumplin' of the knees. There I had been a-boastin', in my proud, philosophical spirit, that there wus no such things as phantoms, and lo, and behold! within 31 moments time, I thought I see a ghost appearin' to me. I was skeert, and awe-struck. The way on't wus, I stood there not thinkin' of no trouble, when all of a sudden, I heerd these words:

"Oh, Doodle! Doodle! If you wus alive, I shouldn't be in this perdickerment."

If I had had some hen's feathers by me, I should have burnt a few, to keep me from given up, and fainting away. And then these words came to me:

"Oh, Doodle! Doodle! You never would have stood by, and seen your relict smashed to pieces before your linement."

And as I heerd these words, I seen her appearin' to me. I see the Widder Doodle emergin' from the crushin' crowd, and advancin' onto me like a phantom.

Says I, in a low voice, "Be you a ghost, or be

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a phantom? or are you forerunner, Widder?" Says I, "You be a forerunner, I know you be."

For even as I looked, I see behind her the form of Solemen Cypher, advancin' slowly, and appeerin' to me. I felt strange, and feerfully curious.

But within ½ or ⅔ of a moment, my senses came back, for on givin' her a closer look, I see that no respectable ghost, that thought anything of itself, would be ketched out in company, a-lookin' so like fungation. I felt better, and says I,

"Widder Doodle, how under the sun did you come here to Dover town?"

Says she, "Samantha, I am married; I am on my tower."

I thought again, almost wildly, of burnt feathers, but I controlled myself, pretty well, and says,

"Who to?"

"Solemen Cypher," says she. "We are goin' to his brother's, on our tower."

As she said this, it all came back to me—Solemen's talk, the day he came to borry my clothes for the mourners; her visits to his housekeeper sense; and his strange and foolish errents to our house from day to day. Why he had made such strange and mysterious errents to our house sense his wife died, that I had told Josiah, "I believed Solemen Cypher wus a-loosin' his faculties," and I shouldn't have been a mite surprised, to have had him beset us to lend him a meetin' house, or try to get the loan of an Egyptian mummy. Now I see through them strange and mysterious errents of hisen. But I didn't speak my thoughts; I only said, almost mechanically,

"Widder Doodle, what under the sun has put it into your head to marry?"

"Wall," she said, "she had kinder got into the habit of marryin', and it seemed some like 2nd nater to her, and she thought Solemen had some of Mr. Doodle's linement, and she thought she'd kinder marry to him, and—"

She tried to excuse it off, but she didn't give any firm reason that carried conviction to my soul. But I says to myself, in reasonable axents,

"Samantha, can you—can you ever obtain anything to carry from an ort?"

I see, on lookin' closer at her, what made her look so oncommen curius. She had tried to dress sort o' bridy, and at the same time, was a-mournin' for Doodle. (She never will get that man out of her head, I don't believe.)

She said, "She didn't want to hurt Solemen's feelins'. She put on the white bobbinet lace to please Cypher. But," says she, "though Solemen don't mistrust it, my black bead collar, and jest half of my weddin' dress means Doodle."

It was a black and white lawn, with big, even checks. The skirt wus gathered in full all round, and it wus made plain waist. It sot pretty well, only it drawed in acrost the chest. (She made it herself, and cut it too narrer.) She had a shawl, with a palm leaf border, that she had when she married Doodle; and a Leghorn bonnet, that she wore on the same occasion. It come over her face considerable, and had a bunch of arteficial flowers on each side of her face. Her veil was made out of an old, white, lace cape of her'n, but the edgin' round it was new—4 cents a yard, for she told me so. And she had a pair of new white gloves, No. 7, purchased with a view to their shrinkin' in the future, and a white cotton handkerchif. But she told me (in strict confidence) that she had got a black pocket to her dress, and she had on a new pair of black, elastic garters. Says she, "I cannot forget Doodle, I never can forget that dear man." I knew she couldn't.

Solemen seemed to use her pretty middlin' well, only I could see that he felt above her feerfully. He acted dretful domineerin', and seemed to feel very, very haughty towards wimmen. He looked down on us awfully as a race, and said we should both probably get hurt, before we left the ground.

He and Josiah went out to look at some cattle, for a few moments, and the widder, bein' very talkative, told me all about her courtship. I says to her:

"Widder, I believe you meen well, but how under the sun could you marry a man six weeks after his wife died?"

"Wall," says she, "Solemen said that the corpse wouldn't be no deader than it wus then, if he waited 3 or 4 months, as some men did."

"And," says she, "he asked me to have him in a dretful handsome way," says she; "the Children of the Abbey, or Thadeus of Warsaw, nor none of 'em, couldn't have done it up in any more romantic and foamin' way," says she. "The way on't wus, I had been to see his housekeeper, and he wus a bringin' me home, and I wus a praisin' up his wagon and horses—a new double wagon with a spring seat, and all of a sudden he spoke out, in a real ardent and lover-like tone.

"'Widder Doodle! if you will be my bride, the wagon is yourn, and the mares,' says he. 'Widder, I throw myself onto your feet, and I throw the wagon, and the mares, and with them I throw 85 acres, of good land 14 cows, 5 calves, 4 three year olds, and a yearlin'; a dwellin' house, a new horse barn, and myself. I throw 'em all onto your feet, and there we lay on 'em.'

"He waited for me to answer. And it flustrated me so, that I says, 'Oh, Doodle! Doodle!

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if you wus alive, you would tell me what to do to do right.'

"And that," she said, "seemed to mad him, his forehead all wrinkled up, and he looked black and hard as a stove pipe. And he yelled out, 'That he didn't want to hear nothin' about no Doodle, and he wouldn't nuther.'

"And I took out my handkerchef, and cried on it, and he said, 'he'd overlook Doodle for once.' And then he says agin, in a kind of a solemn and warnin' way:

"'Widder, I am a layin' on your feet, and my property is there, my land, my live stock, my housen, and my housen stuff, and I, are all a layin' on your feet. Make up your mind, and make it up at once, for if you don't consent, I have got other views ahead on me, which must be seen to instantly, and at once. Time is hastenin', and the world is full of willin' wimmen. Widder, what do you say?'

"And then," says she, "I kinder consented, and he said we'd be married the first of the week, and he'd turn off the hired girl, and I could come right there, and do the house work, and tend to the milk of 14 cows, and be almost perfectly happy. He thought, as he was hurried with his fall's work, we'd better be married Sunday, so's not to break into the week's work; so we wus," says she, "we wus married last Sunday, and we kep' it still from you, so's to surprise you."

"Truly you have," says I. But I didn't have no time to add or multiply any more words, for my Josiah came jest then, and we started off homewards.

After we had well got started, Josiah spoke up, and begun to grumble and find fault about their marriage so soon after Nancy Cypher'ses decease. He took on for as much as a mile, or a mile and a-half. Says he, "If Solemen Cypher didn't have no decency, nor know nothin', I should have thought the widder would have told him better."

But I looked him calmly in the face, and says I, "Josiah, when you are doin' a sum in arithmetic, how much do you usually get to carry from an ort?" And then I came out still more plainer, and says I, "Ort from ort leaves how many, Josiah Allen?"

"Ort," says he. "But what, under the sun, are you a prancin' off into 'rithmetic for?"

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INQUIRY.

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If you had crossed the tide,
And safe were on the shore;
'Mid Amaranthine shades;
With angels evermore—
In that far-off and happy land,
Would you still long to clasp my hand?

Would heav'n be marred for thee;
Its pleasures not so dear;
The music dull and cold,
With me not by to hear?
Ah! sweet, because I was not there,
Would Paradise appear less fair?

From sounds of golden harps,
Say, would you turn away?
With longings for my voice,
And tow'rd the waters stray—
Oh! would you look across the sea,
And watch, and wait, dear love, for me?

"I HAVE SINNED."

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Lo, I have sinned! Yes, sinned, and in *Thy* sight,
Who gave my life and being unto me,
That I might feel the quenchless purity
Of Righteousness; and, turning towards the light,
Might rise above the shadows of my night,
Seeking in holiness Thy face to see!
Freedom was mine. I, loving, more than Thee,
The darkness, drew its veil across my sight,
And choosing self, and error for my guide,
Wandered aside to misery and woe.
But sin and the thick darkness could not hide
My soul from Thee. My spirit could not go
Where Thou art not, and Thou devised for me
The means that brought Thy banished back to Thee.

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OUR NEIGHBOR OPPOSITE.

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THE fact was, that I had said to John, at the very first, when he asked me to marry him, "John, would you be willing to marry Molly, too? For you know that where I go, she must go."

I stood, twisting one of the buttons on his coat, when I said it, and feeling rather serious, I must admit, fearing lest I was asking too much, even from such love and goodness, as I knew his to be.

But in one instant, everything was all bright and easy again, for he put a hand on each of my shoulders, and gave me a tender, little shake.

"Why, Laura," he said, "little woman, what are you talking about? Do you think me capable of proposing to you, and not to Molly, too? Could I love you so dearly, and at the same time have a thought of separating you from the child to whom you have devoted your life so unselfishly? Upon the whole, I do not know, that, without Molly, you would be at all complete. Marry you, and not Molly? It's nonsense!"

Of course, I laughed, and cried together, and hid my face a minute on his lapel; and felt delightfully happy, and comfortable, and surer than ever that there never, never had been, and never, never could be a man so generous, and loving, and worthy to be trusted, as this particular John. Naturally, more than one amiable person had been kind enough to hint to me, that, though a man might be in love, and desirous of marrying, it was not always probable that he cared to saddle himself with a growing girl, in addition to a wife; and I knew that I could not desert Molly, whom I had considered my own special responsibility, ever since she had been born, when I was ten years old. I had nursed her as a baby, and had taught her her letters, and when our father lay upon his death bed, tossing to and fro, and muttering, in unconscious delirium, "What is to be done with the child? Who will care for the child?" I had crept up to him, and taken his hot hand, and said, over and over again, "I will take care of her. I will do my best, father—I, Laura." And somehow, though he could not have understood clearly, and I was only a child myself, it had seemed to quiet him.

Molly was fourteen when John and I were married, and I may as well admit that she was a queer little soul, and that her whims developed as she grew older. She was piquant and pretty, quick-witted, and a trifle wilful, and upon the whole, rather inclined to surprise me at times, by unexpected inconsistencies. She was desperately fond of John, however, and the feeling was quite mutual; indeed, if her nature had been a shallower one, I have no doubt we should have spoiled her pretty thoroughly between us.

We always kept her with us, and so, when, in her nineteenth year, John's business took him to Europe, and I went with him, of course, Molly went, too.

So it happened that, after some months of rambling, we at last reached Florence, quite ready for a rest. We had decided to spend the greater part of the winter there, and Molly and I went first and settled into our quarters, while John was to follow us as soon as he found himself at liberty.

We arrived so early in the season, that we found the weather rather warm, and everything quiet indeed, so quiet, in fact, that when John came, Molly was young Vandal enough to announce that she was dull, and not at all in the humor to appreciate the rhapsodies of her friends on the subject of "Florence, the beautiful," though I will add, to her credit, that she changed her mind afterwards.

"We have prowled and prowled, until exhausted nature protested against the outrage," she said. "We have roamed about in galleries and churches, and stared at frescoes, until life has become a burden. There are so many statues, and so few people, that one feels as if half the world had been changed into stone—only that one never sees a statue with a guide book."

"The truth is, John," I put in, "Molly is pining for her fellow tourist. She wants somebody to stand behind her, when she looks at a work of art, and add to the clearness of her perception of it, by audible quotations from 'Baedecker' or 'Murray.'"

"That is it," said Molly. "I have not seen a person with a guide book, since I reached Florence. And—and there's an aching void. As to the cascine, it is a howling wilderness; and I know every piece of jewelry on the Ponte Vecchio by heart."

"I should think," commenced John, "that you might derive some consolation, from observing the movements of our friends across the way.

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if you wus alive, you would tell me what to do to do right.'

"And that," she said, "seemed to mad him, his forehead all wrinkled up, and he looked black and hard as a stove pipe. And he yelled out, 'That he didn't want to hear nothin' about no Doodle, and he wouldn't nuther.'

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We always kept her with us, and so, when, in her nineteenth year, John's business took him to Europe, and I went with him, of course, Molly went, too.

So it happened that, after some months of rambling, we at last reached Florence, quite ready for a rest. We had decided to spend the greater part of the winter there, and Molly and I went first and settled into our quarters, while John was to follow us as soon as he found himself at liberty.

We arrived so early in the season, that we found the weather rather warm, and everything quiet indeed, so quiet, in fact, that when John came, Molly was young Vandal enough to announce that she was dull, and not at all in the humor to appreciate the rhapsodies of her friends on the subject of "Florence, the beautiful," though I will add, to her credit, that she changed her mind afterwards.

"We have prowled and prowled, until exhausted nature protested against the outrage," she said. "We have roamed about in galleries and churches, and stared at frescoes, until life has become a burden. There are so many statues, and so few people, that one feels as if half the world had been changed into stone—only that one never sees a statue with a guide book."

"The truth is, John," I put in, "Molly is pining for her fellow tourist. She wants somebody to stand behind her, when she looks at a work of art, and add to the clearness of her perception of it, by audible quotations from 'Baedecker' or 'Murray.'"

"That is it," said Molly. "I have not seen a person with a guide book, since I reached Florence. And—and there's an aching void. As to the cascine, it is a howling wilderness; and I know every piece of jewelry on the Ponte Vecchio by heart."

"I should think," commenced John, "that you might derive some consolation, from observing the movements of our friends across the way.

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The advantage of residing, within eight feet of one's fellow-citizens, is not to be sneered at. It arouses in one's bosom a friendly interest in human nature, and there certainly is a spice of excitement, in learning exactly what one's neighbor opposite has for dinner, and precisely when he performs his matutinal toilet."

Molly laughed, rose from her chair, went to the window, and looked across the narrow street, as if his words had reminded her of something.

"By the way," she said, hesitating, slightly, "I wonder who he—who they are."

"He?" said I. "They?"

"I mean," she answered, "the old man and—and the young one, who live by themselves, in that big, queer house opposite."

"How do you know they live by themselves?" added John. "A house of that size is generally the Palazzo something or other, and condescends to accommodate half-a-dozen families, at least. And by the way, there is another advantage in Italian life. What right-minded individual would not live in a 'Palazzo,' however dirty, rather than—"

"How can I help knowing all about them?" put in Molly, rather testily. "I have been staring in on them, in spite of myself, for the last week. My own room is exactly opposite the old man's kitchen, and I cannot open my window, without finding myself regarding his skull-cap from some new point of view. As to their dinners, I see them every day. Doesn't Alexandro—his name is Alexandro—drag them up by a cord, tied to a basket, every time they are brought from market?"

I went and took my stand behind her, that I might glance across myself.

"And the young one?" I asked.

"Ah!" with a half shrug. "I don't know so much of him. He is black, and thin, and tall, and—stares."

Young Italians who were black, and thin, and tall, and who also stared, were so common an occurrence, that I cannot say that I was awakened at the time to any particular interest in this one. But from this state of indifference I was speedily aroused. Scarcely an hour elapsed, before I saw the young man himself, and having seen him, oddly enough I was indifferent no longer.

And yet I only caught one glimpse of him. But as he passed through the black, arched entrance, whose iron-bound, studded doors might have belonged to a prison, he turned his head, and cast a lingering, searching glance at our window.

In a general way, Molly's description was correct. He was tall, he was thin, he was dark. But this was not all. Somehow his face appealed to my heart—it was such a young face, and suggested so much of youthful fire, and romance, and fervor. For the rest, they were significant facts, that the poor, picturesque young fellow's attire was shabby, and yet that he wore it as if it had been the garb of a prince.

It did not surprise me, however, that Molly had rather appreciated his personal charm. Even at seventeen, she was unlike other girls—less prone to romantic fancies, and more apt to be a little scornful of sentiment. And apart from this, it was a theory of mine, that dark people rarely admired dark beauty in others. Molly was supposed to derive her complexion from a legendary Spanish ancestress, being a small, vivid brunette, with the blackest possible eyes and hair.

She was twisting up her hair, before the looking-glass, when, one night, a week afterwards, I went into her room, to tell her of a discovery I had made. I am not ashamed to say that I had been asking questions, and that my questions had concerned our neighbors across the street. The fact was, I had fallen into the habit of watching their incomings and outgoings, and Alexandro and his master—the younger man was evidently the master—had grown upon me.

"Molly," I said, "I have found out who they are, and it is really quite interesting."

I was sorry to remember, afterwards, that the hardened child scarcely evinced any interest at all, and had the depth and audacity to merely raise her eyebrows, and pick up a hairpin, as she replied:

"Is it?"

"Quite!" I responded, warming with my subject. "The young one is the last one of a noble family, or at least of his branch of it. And he is as poor as possible—has nothing to subsist on, but a miserable remnant of land, rented as vineyards. Old Alexandro clings to him for mere affection's sake. He has neither friends, nor money, and lives utterly out of the world. His name is Amalfi."

And it was, at this moment—absolutely at this identical moment, that a rose made its appearance. The night being a warm one, the window was open, and through this window, just as I finished speaking, some object made a swift flight, falling at my feet, exhaling a breath of perfume, and causing me to start backward.

Naturally, I bent down to see what it was. And my feelings may be imagined, when I discovered it to be a rose—a great, lovely, red rose, with a slip of paper twisted round its stem.

"Molly!" said I, picking it up, and speaking in my sternest voice. "What is this?"

She pretended to be as coolly occupied with her

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hairpins as ever; but she could not hide from me the little, dusky flush, stealing over her cheek, and the oddest look in her averted eyes.

"Seems to be a rose," she replied.

I unfolded the slip of paper, and finding something written upon it—a verse of English, written in a peculiar Italian hand—proceeded to read it aloud, slowly, because with some difficulty.

"A rose there bloomed within a garden old,
A glowing rose, whose petals did enfold
A drop of dew, a trembling drop of light,
A star of dew, beneath the stars of night.
And freshened thus, the red rose grew more sweet,
And sweetened thus the clear dew-star, more meet,
To find, within its guardian's gloomy breast,
A prison so perfumed, so fair a rest.
Ah, Love! Ah, Love! thou bloom'st afar—afar—
Thyself the rose, thy soul the dew-drop star.
And thy soul's beauty makes thine own more sweet,
Read thus the rose I fling at thy dear feet."

"Molly," I said, rather unnecessarily, "this is poetry!" For, though I scarcely knew why, the fact of its being poetry seemed to render it doubly alarming.

"It is nonsense," she answered, with the most reckless composure.

"Of course, it is nonsense," I returned, "and most impertinent nonsense. And it is written in English. What Englishman, or American, do you know, who would dare to take such a dreadful foreign liberty, as to throw a rose through your window—a rose, and verses?"

"There is an English, and American dentist, or so," she replied, "and one or two elderly ministers who know me, and who are in Florence this early in the season, but they would hardly—"

Her manner convinced me that she was trifling, and I interrupted her, somewhat sharply.

"You know who has done it," I said. "I can see it in your face. I never was so astonished in my life."

I walked towards the window, with the intention of throwing both flower and rhyme into the street; but before I had taken many steps, she stopped me, in something of a hurry.

"If—if you will come back," she said, "I will tell you all about it. I said it was nonsense, and so it is. He—I really believe—he does not know any better."

Perhaps my curiosity got the better of me. At all events I went back to her.

"Who is it?" I demanded.

She flushed up, looking half shy, half obstinate, and also even a little triumphant.

"It is—Amalfi," she confessed.

"Amalfi!" I echoed, and sat down in the nearest chair, to stare at her in blank amazement.

Then she related to me the whole story, the absurdly romantic facts of which are as follows, namely: that in dearth of other entertainment, she had, at first, amused herself by watching old Alexandro; and that in time she had noticed that young Amalfi appeared to take an extraordinary and rather embarrassing interest in herself; that he stood at his window, and stared at her with great melancholy eyes; that he loitered in the street below at dusk; that he never passed through the black doorway, without casting a backward glance at the house we occupied; that one warm, moonlight night, she had been guilty of the indiscretion of falling asleep at the open casement; and that when she awakened, she had found, lying on her knee, a rose, with a slip of paper twisted about its stem, and upon it written a few passionate words of rhyme, signed "Guilio;" and that though she vouchsafed not the slightest notice, and had kept away from the window for several days, every night or so, a rose had found its way to the floor of her room.

"You should have kept the window closed," I said.

"It was too hot," indifferently. "And I did not think it of enough consequence. It is too ridiculous."

But I could not help feeling convinced that she was not as indifferent as she professed to be; that fast locked in her wilful young heart was the least possible touch of dangerous interest.

It appeared, too, that she knew the whole family history, though she did not tell me how she had learned it, merely saying that she had "picked it up."

It was an old story, the usual story of lost grandeur, and squandered wealth, of the reckless folly of generation after generation. But the last Amalfi, the young man's father, had been worse than the rest. He had married the daughter of a weak-headed, scheming, American woman of wealth, and having wasted her fortune, had broken her heart. From his mother the boy had learned English and honesty. Her life had saddened his own and purified it.

"He has lived in that queer desolate way, ever since his father's death," said Molly. "He is proud and romantic, and will not make debts. People are rather inclined to think him a simpleton—I mean people of his own class. They say it is possible that he will have money, some day, from some rich American relatives of his mother; and that it would be no harm to spend part of it beforehand."

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed. "Poor boy! poor boy!" and I looked at the rose, and its accompanying verse, quite pityingly.

Molly gave them a queer, little, side glance.

"He doesn't mean any harm by *that*," she re-

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marked. "Of course he can't know much of the world, and—and he has sentimental notions."

I tried to shake my head disapprovingly, but when I thought of the poor foolish fellow's loneliness and poverty, my heart failed me. After all he could not have meant any harm, and Molly's glowing, dark-eyed young face, and slender figure, seen across the street, might have proved something of a temptation, even to one more fortunate and discreet.

"Though really," I faltered, "you know, Molly, it ought not to occur again."

But she only shrugged her shoulders.

"I will close the windows, if you like," she said. "*I* don't care."

Perhaps she did not. At least, I discovered, that, from that time, the windows were left closed rigorously; and in the course of a day or so, I saw, one morning early, that a rose lay dying on the pavement below—flung across in the dark perhaps, and so having only struck the casement had fallen. It disappeared shortly afterwards, and the sight of Amalfi's saddened eyes, the same day, smote me with a pang of self-reproach.

But Molly kept her own counsel bravely. She remained discreetly silent upon the subject, and as Florence began to fill for the winter, she found abundance of amusement, and could afford to ignore Alexandro and his master. But it was very plain to my watchful eyes that she herself was not forgotten. The melancholy young face appealed to me every day, and grew in time so much more melancholy that I was even weak enough, now and then, to feel quite angry with Molly, in secret, for her indifference. From one source and another, I heard the story she had told me corroborated. The poor fellow was the soul of honor; and innocent and chivalrous to Quixotism. His handsome face, and old name, might have won him questionable good fortune, by securing a wealthy bride, if he had chosen to use them; but the idea seemed never to have occurred to him.

"He might make a good marriage," said an excellent worldling to me once. "There are English and Americans enough, heaven knows, who would be willing to give him their money for his title. They don't often make such harmless exchanges. Some of them will take anybody. But he lives like a young recluse, which is scarcely wisdom."

It was the same excellent worldling, who mentioned to me, subsequently, that Amalfi was ill.

"My man, Guiseppe," she said, "heard it from Luigi, next door, who had it from old Alexandro, in the market, as he was buying a small piece of kid to make broth of. The fact is," with a pitying shrug, "it is my belief they half starve themselves. Black bread and thin wine do not form the most nourishing diet."

Carrying this information to Molly, I found it made a deeper impression upon her than I had expected. She looked startled and disturbed, at the time, and I observed that she was unusually silent and absent-minded, all the rest of the day.

I did not see Amalfi for a couple of weeks, and when he appeared at the window again, his face wore a blanched look, and his beautiful eyes appeared larger and more sombre than ever. He was so far changed, indeed, that I could not help being filled with pity, and wished that I might have dispensed with ceremony, and have run over to give him a little sensible nursing, as his own mother might have done, if she had been alive.

It was the same week that John brought us news of the *fêtes*, which were going to take place; a series of festivities, celebrating something of vast importance, which was rather incomprehensible to ourselves, and yet quite satisfactory, as the climax was to be a great illumination, wondrous to behold.

I shall not easily forget Molly, as she appeared, when she came into my room, the night upon which this illumination took place.

She wore an untrimmed dress of black, but she had been seized with a whim for copying an Italian fashion, and had added silver ornaments, and pins, high silver comb, and a long veil of soft black lace.

She was in a queer mood, too, and made a queer remark, as she stood before the mirror, clasping one of the silver pins, which looped her veil.

"I feel as if something was going to happen," she said, and she even shivered a little, though the next minute she laughed, and added, "Though I think I am scarcely the kind of person things generally happen to."

She was so abstracted, that I remember she did not utter another word, until the sight of the tower of the palazzo Vecchio, suddenly dazzling our eyes with the brilliant tremor of its hundreds of tiny, star-like lamps, forced an exclamation of delight from her. It had become a tower of alabaster, set with jewels, glittering and glimmering high in the dark, blue vault above. The steady glare of modern gas became unmeaning and commonplace, by contrast with these fairy points of light. The streets from which the illuminations could best be seen were crowded to excess. Passing through the Loggia, we found the Lung Arno a positive "jam" of festive Italians, and ecstatic foreigners, exclaiming, laughing, and elbowing good naturedly. The indiscreet few, who had ventured forth in carriages, were at a complete standstill, and progress upon foot was so slow

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that, after half an hour's crowding with the rest, John stopped short.

"It is useless to waste time, while the lamps are at their best," he said. "Let us turn back, and go to the Piazzale Michael Angelo. From there we can see everything to perfection. We might have thought of that at the outset."

Accordingly we made our way back, as best we could, and until we reached the Piazzale, breathed freely enough. Once there, however, we found a crowd again, though a stationary one, which had reached its destination, and was enjoying itself.

And there it was that, in the height of our pleasure, we arrived at the catastrophe of the evening, or what appeared at the time so like one. There, in short, we suddenly, unaccountably, and in the most extraordinary manner, lost Molly. How it occurred, none of us could tell, not even Molly herself. At one moment we seemed to be standing together, looking out towards Fiesole, at the lights flickering on the hills; and then there was a movement of the crowd about us, and Molly was gone!

The trouble was that John and myself did not make the discovery till after a moment or two. We had even unconsciously moved a few yards, before we found that the child was not with us; and by that time the mischief was done.

"When I turned away from the lights to speak to you," she said, afterwards, "you had disappeared, and of course I looked everywhere, but in the right direction; and darted after half a dozen people I fancied like you, only to find myself mistaken, when I reached them. Afraid?" in reply to my query. "I felt too ridiculous to be afraid—rambling about in the lace mantilla, and so plainly belonging to nobody."

Certainly she had been the least alarmed of the party. Finding herself really adrift, she simply turned to go home.

She had a long walk before her, but she seemed to have had no thought of encountering any more unpleasant experience, than that of being stared at by the people she passed, to whom her pretty face and costume must naturally have looked odd, as she traversed the crowded thoroughfare alone. It was when she left the crowd behind, and found herself in the narrow, desolated streets, that her first sensation of actual fear seized upon her; for, as she turned into one of them, she discovered that she was followed, though at some distance, by the figure of a man. Then she confessed she began to feel some qualms of uneasiness, the more especially as she remembered that, if we had not reached home before her, she had no means of ingress, that even the servants had received permission to absent themselves, and that there would remain no refuge for her, but the black staircase, or entrance.

But she did not reach even these refuges as readily as she had hoped. As she entered the narrow, passage-like thoroughfare, leading to the street upon which we lived, she ran almost into the arms of a group of roysterers, whose drunken songs had startled her before she saw them; and in a second found herself imprisoned, in the rough grasp of the most boisterous of the group.

"Ha!" he shouted. "What pretty night bird have we here? One does not often find birds of this feather far from the nest alone. Pestilenza! not so fiercely, my beauty! All this lace hides your face."

Spirited and daring as Molly was, she must have been terribly frightened, as she stood in their midst, a helpless girl, utterly alone, with the dark faces made fierce, or foolish, by wine. But she lifted her head, and met their glances, with flashing eyes, speaking passionately in Italian.

"Let me go! You shall repent touching me. Release me!" And then she raised her voice, in an indignant, desperate cry of "Help! help!"

Who her preserver was, she had no shadow of an idea at the time. She only knew that a slight figure darted round the corner, and sprang upon her tormentors, creating such a panic among them, that they scattered themselves instantaneously, not waiting to discover the source of their alarm.

"Then—" as she told us in her description of the night's experience, "then, I suppose I fainted. At least, something happened to me, which never happened before. I began to feel dizzy, and sick, all at once—and that was the end of it."

When she recovered, she was lying upon a couch, in a strange, lofty room, dimly lighted by a solitary, antique lamp, and over her bent—Amalfi.

"Signorina," he said, "do not move, I entreat you."

But she sat up nevertheless, looking, I am convinced, like a little ghost, and feeling more awkward than she had ever felt in her life before. Certainly, it was embarrassing, to be brought thus face to face with an adorer, who had had the simplicity to write impassioned rhymes, and make sentimental offerings, without having first earned the conventional sanction of society.

And having moved back a pace or two, there he stood, gazing at her, with pathetic, appealing eyes, and looking as pale as she did herself.

"Why did you bring me here?" she asked, at length. "Where am I?"

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"There was no one at home, in the Signorina's apartments," he answered, gently, "at least, I could make no one hear; and I was alarmed for her safety."

Then Miss Molly blushed impatiently.

"The idea," was her subsequent comment, "of his having dragged me up two flights of stairs. It was enough to make any one uncomfortable."

But at the time she assumed a most stately demeanor.

"I have a great deal to thank you for," she said, "and so have my friends. You rescued me from a very unpleasant position."

His face gained color and light from his emotion.

"It is I who must thank fate, who bestowed upon me such happiness—" he began, and then stopped short, as if remembering that he must control himself.

I have never been quite sure that Miss Molly has recounted to me the events of this interview fairly, and with exactness; in fact I have fancied that I have discovered in her a disposition to touch lightly upon some points, as being scarcely worthy of mention, and to enlarge upon such as tended to prove that she herself had retained her presence of mind, and held her own most incredibly throughout.

In what manner she explained her adventures to her companion, I do not know, or how the next quarter of an hour sped—during which time it appeared old Alexandro was stationed at the door-way, awaiting the appearance of John and myself. Assuredly, however, wonderful progress must have been made, when one considers, that, before twenty-five minutes had elapsed, the noble writer of tender sonnets had reached a point of actual confession.

"Signorina," he faltered, "the figure which followed you was—was mine. I had been near you from the first. I have been thus guilty before. I—at times it has been my consolation to be near you, when I have been unhappy and—hopeless."

In their soft moods, the eyes, with which we credited the Spanish ancestress, were very liquid and ensnaring indeed; when Molly raised them suddenly and a little timidly, I have seen them quite indescribable. And I have an idea that, at this moment, she must have been startled into looking at young Amalfi, as I have seen her look just once or twice in her life. For he made no further attempt at calmness and discretion; he came to her, and flung himself upon his knee at her side, and took—not her hand, but a corner of the mantilla she wore, and raised it to his passionate lips.

"Ah!" he cried. "You know! you know! You know why I have suffered, why I have been content to be your shadow—unseen, unthought of—consoled but to be near you. The rose fell into the darkness of the street, and died; but you could not shut out my heart. It lay beneath your feet. I had no hope, but Love cannot die!"

Heaven knows what followed! But here it must surely have been, that Molly, who was but a child after all, was stirred by the innocent fire of his words, to the emotion which was in the end to seal her fate. At this juncture of her story, it has been her habit to pause, and draw a little breath, quivering and soft, and then for a moment to sit silent. And inquisitive though I may be, it is not I who have ever yet broken in upon her tender memories by a question.

It must all have happened very suddenly, or have been over very soon, for it cannot have been many minutes later, that I rushed up the dark staircase, followed by Alexandro and John, and broke in upon them, breathless and alarmed.

"Molly! Molly, child!" I cried.

But she turned towards me, almost as if she had forgotten all cause for fear—her face pale, and yet glowing in an odd fashion, fairly transfigured. As for Amalfi, he was pale also, and looked like a man walking in a wondrous dream. It scarcely seemed a time for explanations. Their very looks startled us into a recognition of the existence of some amazing facts. As we parted at the door, Amalfi said to John.

"To-morrow, Signor, I will come to you."

In ten minutes I had Molly shut up in her room, and my excitement burst forth.

"What have you done?" I exclaimed. "What strange thing has happened? Child, what ails you?"

She answered me falteringly. She was trembling still, and her eyes were wet, but she did not seem in the least frightened or ashamed.

"I don't know what I have done, quite," she answered. "It—it was he who did it, I think. I have only—only said that I would not—send him away."

And surely enough, the next morning he presented himself to John, and made the most naive, clean breast of everything, from first to last, and really appeared even to advantage, notwithstanding the unprecedented state of affairs. But it was not until he had driven John and myself nearly to our wit's ends, in our character of practical people, that it occurred to him to mention, as an unimportant fact, that he had something to offer, and depend upon, apart from the grand guileless

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passion, which so absorbed him, and overshadowed all else.

"Happiness and fortune are both bestowed upon me at once," he said, in his soft, grave voice. "I have been poor and desolate, but of late—only within the last week have I known it—I am a rich man. From a relative of my mother it has come, and it is wealth enough to restore to my house all the ancient splendor, of which I have known nothing. But without the gift for which I plead—ah, Signor—"

And so the end was that, in course of time, our Molly became a noble lady, positively an Illustrissima. Even John and I gained a little flavor of stately grandeur, from our relationship to the happy, and always adored young person, who united her fortunes with those of "Our Neighbor Opposite."

THE FAIRY'S WORK.

BY ERIC JAYNE.

The stars shone pale at even,
At moonlight's silvery dawn,
And in the midnight watches,
The fairies filled the lawn.

Up in a lady's window,
There was a gleam of light;
A white face vainly gazing
Into the dusky night.

She leaned against the casement,
With mutely praying lips;
The fairies, sorrow-stricken,
They left their honey sips.

Forgot the pansy's wine cup,
The rose's nectar sweet;
Nor danced more in the shadows,
But stopped their tiny feet.

She listless leaned unmoving,
Her yellow waves of hair
Swept to the pensive vi'lets,
Lowly up-gazing there.

Then rose the queen of fairies,
With prince and duke and earl,
Stole to the wall and softly,
She kissed a pendant curl.

She kissed it deftly, lightly,
And straight a pliant stair
Was woven by swift magic,
Of the strands of silky hair.

She called her lord, the elf-king;
He helped her up to climb,
And as she kissed the watcher,
He hummed a tender rhyme.

As soft the languid eye-lids
She touched—the maiden smiled,
Her fair head drooped; and slumber
The doubts of day beguiled.

Dreams soothed her jealous anguish,
The morn brought light and bliss;
Her lover proved him worthy,
And sealed it with a kiss.

So wedding bells rang gaily,
A bride both true and fair;
The years have found no tangle,
Where rose the fairy stair.

The stars oft pale at even,
Yet bright may glow the dawn;
Though all the laughing elf-folk
Have fled from grove and lawn!

OH! DOUBTING HEARTS.

BY NINA LEIGH KENT.

Oh, weary, doubting hearts, bowed down with care,
Whose burden seemeth more than life can bear,
Whose feet along life's dusty, rough highway,
Aching and weary, still must journey on,
O'er the sharp rocks that lay
Scattered along the way,
Through the dark night, and in the misty morn!

Oh, toilers by the way!
Oh, gleaners in the harvest field of life,
Whose hearts are weary with the toil and strife,
The heat and conflict of each passing day;
Who glean like Ruth, from dewy morn till eve,
While hot tears fall upon each golden sheave,
Mourning like her, o'er loved ones early dead;
While in strange lands and ways,
Far from the joys and griefs of early days,
Far from the loved one's tomb, thy weary feet are led.

Oh, weary hearts, hearts weary of the world,
And all its empty pageantry and show,
For whom the brightness of the morn unfurled;
The glare of noonday, and the bright, warm glow
Of summer evenings and of sunny skies,
Bring only vain regrets, consuming sighs.

Oh, sad hearts, all look up!
Above the darkest clouds the warm sun shines,
And deepest hidden in the dark, cold earth,
Are richest mines.
Low at His mercy-seat thy wounded spirit bring,
Close to His cross, in faith and trust still cling.

So shall thy soul have sweetest rest at last,
Nor longer sigh o'er all the bitter past,
Nor longer for Lethean waters sigh,
With passions maddened and despairing cry;
But still content to do His holy will,
Bid thy wild longing cease, thy heart be still.

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THE NOVEMBER NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN THAYER, starting with his wife on their wedding journey, followed, for half a day, the route planned by her uncles, aunts, and cousins. That brought them to the Spottswood House, in Richmond. There he stopped.

"Our life together will have nothing to do with crowds and hotels," he said; "so why should we spoil its beginning with them? I know where we shall go. But first we will take leave of our escort."

Now the escort was the half-dozen bridesmaids and groomsmen, who, after the wedding, according to old Virginia custom, had accompanied John and Lucy on a triumphal progress from plantation to plantation of her kinsfolk—a grand round of balls, hunts and suppers, into which Mr. Thayer, for his wife's sake, had entered heartily enough.

This gay escort had proposed to go with the newly married couple as far as Washington, on their tour through the seaboard cities; and now heard, with a good deal of astonishment, this sudden change of plan.

"This fair-haired, soft-spoken fellow has a will like iron, as Lu will find, to her cost," cried Charley Huff. "Why couldn't she have married among her own people?"

"No girl can tell how a man may turn out, when she knows absolutely nothing about his family," said another cousin, sententiously. "If Lu's father had been living, he never would have been satisfied with hearing that the Thayers were people of condition and means, for that is all that can be found out about them. It's deuced queer conduct to shunt us all off the track with a cool good-bye."

"The oddest point to me is, that he drops Annie with the rest. Of course, Lucy must wish to take her sister to live with her in her new home. But Mr. Thayer has never hinted an invitation to her, or anybody else, to visit them now or at any future time."

"Come, come, now, boys! Thayer's a thoroughly good fellow. Not like us, precisely. But every man has not the luck to be born in Botetourt," interposed Colonel Page.

But the colonel, with her other cousins, had an uneasy conscience, that her family had not guarded Lucy "in her sudden love affair," and marriage with this stranger.

This lack of hospitality, in the Virginian's eyes, was a most alarming hint of character. Even Lucy observed this strange omission on her husband's part, when the time came to say good-bye. Neither to her uncle, who had given her a home since childhood, nor to her sister, did he utter a word of solicitation, when she urged them to visit her in her new home.

"Surely you will love Annie for my sake?" she said, when they were alone together in the cars. "We have been two lonely orphan girls, you know—never separated for a week, before now."

"I must have you all to myself for a little while," he answered, gently.

That was natural and right enough, the little bride thought, her cheeks growing warm. She was pleased, too, that he had carried out this whim about their wedding journey, without consulting her. One of the first things which had attracted her towards this quiet, dreamy man, was his absolute faith in the propriety of his own whims, and the inexorable, but gentle mannered will, with which he carried them out.

They went to a little farm-house in the mountains, north of Christiansburgh, where he had once spent a summer in trout fishing. For a month they were alone together, the great solitary ranges of hills shutting out the world. However John Thayer's after course, may appear to us, this plan for a moment's breathing space, alone with his wife, at the beginning of their journey, seems wisely judged and carried out. Much of the pain and mystery of their married life was, no doubt, lightened by this gleam of plain, honest daylight at the beginning.

The month was over now, however; they had come out to the meadow for the last time, to watch the sun set behind the peaks of Otter.

"To-morrow we go home!" said Lucy.

"This is home to me!" answered her husband, stretching his lazy length out on the grass, leaning his elbow on her soft muslins, and looking up into her face. "Therein," he quoted, "find I home—all fullness, all content."

"Surely he must see the freckles and my unfortunate nose!" thought Lucy. "How can he find content in them?"

She had a great admiration for her husband's power of silence, and frequent dreamy abstrac-

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tions, but she had no sympathy with them whatever. She had not watched the sunset clouds behind the peaks for five minutes, before she began to fidget about the falling dew; looking at her husband, she barely had time to note how noble was the contour of his head, when she saw that his neck-tie was frayed, and wished she had her work-box out of her trunk to hem it. All of his clothes needed mending, she had observed. She saw a flickering little picture of the cosiest of libraries, a glowing fire, John at one side of it, book in hand, and herself at the other, with a work-basket of socks and shirts. Lucy was born a tidy, fussy, little housekeeper. Her castle in the air had never been more than a house of her own. She had planned it since she was eight years old—a palace, a cottage, a two storied brick villa—planned all its furnishing, even to the shining coppers in the kitchen.

"Tell me about our home, John," she said. "Why will you never talk of it?" She hesitated with a flush of sudden perception in her face. "It does not in the least matter how plain it is, you know; it is ours—just ours. It seems to me that must be the very best kind of a woman's life, when she goes into her own home, with the man she loves, to be alone with him. I'll try to be a careful little mistress of your home, John," slipping her soft hand into his.

He held it close, watching her steadily.

"My mother must be its mistress," he replied, slowly, "while she lives. You would not wish to take her place, Lucy, I am sure."

"No. But you—you did not tell me."

The tears rushed to her eyes, and her face burned red; her husband was not sure whether with disappointment or rage.

"The house," he said, gently, "is large. The control of it would only be a burden to you; neither would my mother be willing to resign it to any one."

"I should be very sorry to take her place," said little Mrs. Thayer, promptly. "But cannot we go into a home of our own? I have thought of it so long. A cabin—apartments—no matter how poor, John. But let us have a home."

She clasped her hands about his arm. He looked down into her wet eyes, with a certain pre-arranged look, which somehow told her that her pleading had long ago been anticipated and prepared for.

"Listen, Lucy! There are circumstances which make it impossible for me to own a home of my own."

"Not now, perhaps," coming closer; "but some day, when we are a little richer—"

"Never. It is not a thing to be hoped for, in a year, or in years. It can never be."

Lucy's blue eyes followed his now, shrewdly and steadily. The little pink and white girl had always seemed to him such a veritable baby of a woman, that he had laughed when her cousins talked of her business capacity. Something in her quiet tone recalled their praise to him now, uncomfortably.

"You can explain these circumstances to me, John?"

"No, I cannot explain them, and I ask of you now, not to seek an explanation. Let the subject never be renewed between us again."

"I have little sympathy with petty mysteries," she said, dryly. "And I have always believed that, between husband and wife, there should be absolute confidence. It was a silly, womanish fancy, probably," her voice trembling a little.

Her husband suddenly put out his hand toward hers. Then he drew back.

"He has not finished repeating his lesson," she thought, bitterly, but was silent, waiting.

Now John Thayer was a practical man, and singularly simple and undramatic in his manner. His present forced bearing and words startled his wife with a terror, which she would not acknowledge to herself. She had known melodramatic men, who stalked about, wrapped in secrecy; but any mystery in the sensible, quiet man before her, met her with a chill, like a ghost seen in broad daylight. Some tragedy, worse than death, must lie behind it, for death he could talk of, she knew, coolly enough.

"I have more to ask of you, Lucy," he said. "There may be events and actions in our home and daily life, which you will not understand. I cannot explain them to you. I wish you to ask no explanation. I think it better to say this to you now, rather than to let the knowledge of these things come on you by degrees."

"You shall not need to repeat the warning; I will ask no questions."

She rose from the log where she sat, and walked on down the ravine. Her husband followed her.

"This fog is wet as rain," he said, drawing her waterproof closer about her. She trembled and sobbed, when she tried to speak. It seemed unnatural that he should ever touch or speak kindly to her again, so wide was the space that suddenly had yawned between them. We must remember that Lucy had always been a leader among her kinsfolk: her judgment, her taste, her sound good sense were deferred to, day by day. Now, the man on whom she was to depend, during her life, for true recognition; for love, such as had never been given to her,

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struck at one blow, all her hopes and plans for the future to the ground. He put no confidence in her; shut her out from himself; left her whole life stranded, helpless, and ineffective as that of a baby. She was a woman of hot temper and narrow force of character.

They stood on a ledge of the mountains, looking down to the muddy streams, oozing their way through the fog, to the foot of the heights beyond.

"If you had told me sooner. If I had been given any choice," she muttered to herself.

"If you had known, you would not have married me," he answered.

The change in his voice made her turn suddenly. There was as much difference in his face as death makes in that of many a man.

"Lucy," he said, "hear me one minute longer. I've been a dull fellow. I had none of the family talent. But I might have done better in the world, I often think, if I had not been loaded with this weight—this miserable secret. It has stood in my way at every step; hindered me from every path followed by other men. When I saw you, I resolved not to be cut off utterly from every chance of happiness. I loved you so much that it seemed as if the secret would count for nothing in your eyes, if you were told it. Perhaps I was wrong. It is too late now to amend my mistake."

His little wife had her arms about his neck by this time, drawing the thin, haggard face down to hers. "It was no mistake. The secret is nothing to me, John," she said, with sobs and tears. But secretly, she said, "He ought to have told me. And no doubt, if the secret was told to me now, I could prove it a sheep in wolf's clothing, in five minutes." She had heard so much of her keenness and sound common sense, you see, that she quite believed in them.

She leaned against the rocks, and her husband stood before her. "Whatever may come in the future, Lucy, love me! Trust in me, as you did on our wedding day, against reason—against even the proofs of your own sight and hearing," he urged.

She promised that she would; she was willing to promise anything. Thayer was deeply moved, and gave signs of bodily weakness, which she had never noted before. She received the impression, for the first time, that he had been long overworked, or overloaded, in brain or body. It might be, by this very burden, which he told her was so heavy to bear.

"Trust in you, John? You ought to know little Lucy by this time, too well, to utter such a doubt." With many more such words, and kisses, she reassured him, after the manner of managing women with men. "We will never speak of the mystery again. We will have no ghastly skeletons in our home, I promise you. And your home shall be my home, whatever it is, and your mother my mother."

Whereat, John smiled cheerfully enough. "God knows," he said. "He was only too glad to put all the wretched business out of sight, for a while."

But inwardly, Lucy resolved to have a parlor or closet to herself, where no mother-in-law should enter. "And as for the secret, no doubt, I shall know all about it, in six months," she thought, nodding her head, in a significant way habitual to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE end of the next day's journey found Lucy the most light-hearted, merry traveler on the cars. She laughed at each of John's heavy jokes, or poured out in his ear, long stories of the gossip of cousins Page and Lee, through a dozen counties. She took great delight in such talk. She had an antipathy to tragedy or mystery. While moody women would have exaggerated the wound of the day before into a life-long sore, this practical, little woman, her flash of temper over, had faced the matter boldly, while her husband slept, last night.

"It is not the face of a criminal," she decided, looking down at him; "nor that of a mean man, nor that of a cruel one. I will trust it. As for the secret, it concerns somebody else. I'll make the best of it, if it comes in my way."

Then it actually dropped out of her healthy mind, and she took fresh delight in the changing scenery, her husband's morning greeting, her pretty brown suit and hat. It was a very little mind, if you choose, but with a tough basis of common sense, and of womanish follies atop of that. As for the crime and inexorable pain and passion, with which the most ordinary life is darkly surrounded, she held that they ought to be dispersed, by referring trifles to the ten commandments, as one reads the riot act—to scatter a mob.

It was towards the end of the day's journey, that she was startled into the remembrance of this darker under world, below her own pleasant happy little height. The seat behind her in the car was vacant, until the train stopped at a small, wayside village, when two men, keeping close together, entered, and took possession of it. John Thayer, to tell the truth, was too much absorbed in his wife to see aught around him; but Lucy's keen black eyes, under their thick lashes, took

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instant note of her new neighbors: one of whom was short, with an under-bred, good-humored face; the other slight and tall, and with the indefinable trace, in his movements and tones, of social distinction and culture. His felt hat was pulled down over his face, and a loose, short cloak was folded tightly about him, as Lucy thought, in a melo-dramatic fashion.

When the train stopped at the next station, Mr. Thayer went out of the car to find a time-table. At this moment, the taller of the travelers turned quickly to his companion, and, as a child might plead with its guardian, or an insane man with his keeper, said:

"I must ask a question of this lady. You can hear it, if you choose."

The man nodded, with a curious, mingled air of authority and deference.

"I will hear it," he said, leaning forward.

"Pardon, madam!" lifting the broad brimmed hat, and giving Lucy a glimpse of a high featured face, full of gloomy resolution, but which could just as easily express broad farce. "The gentleman who has just gone out? It is Mr. Thayer, from near Harrisburg, if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes, it is Mr. Thayer."

"And you—you are his wife? It is your wedding journey?" breathlessly.

Lucy bowed, beginning to remember that such a conversation would hardly be considered decorous, by her aunts and cousins.

The man leaned forward, as though he would have caught her hand; he looked at her, with a longing anxiety; his lips moved, his eyes slowly filled with tears: then he turned fiercely on his companion.

"Take me out of this car! That man must not meet me!" he cried, suddenly and passionately.

"I reckon I'll not, till we stop, colonel!" replied the other, coolly, insolently, settling himself more comfortably in his seat.

"You heard? It is his wedding journey, and I—" he whispered the remainder of the sentence in the man's ear.

"Oh—h! I understand. I'll not disturb the lady," with an admiring glance, which brought the blood to Lucy's cheek.

Then both the men rose, and still moving closely together, left the car.

A moment after, a black porter entered by the same door, and glancing doubtfully from side to side, stopped before Lucy. After scrutinizing her for a moment, he offered her a small parcel, wrapped in an envelope, and directed in pencil to "John Thayer's wife."

"Is dat ar for you, madam?" he said.

That is my name, but—"

"It's all right, I reckon. I axed no questions, under de circumstances," retreating with a broad grin.

Lucy tore open the little parcel. The inside of the envelope had been addressed to Colonel Walter Franks, San Antonio, Texas. Within, wrapped in a torn bit of the scarlet lining of his cloak, was a ring, a large fire-opal, set in diamonds.

"The man is an actor, or mad, and the stones are paste," was Lucy's first decision, as she recalled a certain staginess of gesture and voice in the stranger.

She turned the flashing gems to the light. Then she saw they were real, not paste, but certainly real. The emotion was as real, she was convinced of that, the more she thought of it.

"Where is John?" She stood up, looking excitedly up and down the car, which had now stopped again. Her husband came to her hurriedly.

"Come, Lucy, this is our station for changing cars. The train stops but for a moment."

"But the man! the man that has just gone out! I must see him, John."

"Come, come," he answered, neither hearing nor heeding her breathless ejaculations, for the train was now in motion. They had barely time to spring from the platform to the ground, and run to the waiting train. But Lucy caught sight of the two men crossing the crowded platform to a southern train.

"They are there! I must speak to him! Oh! it is too late, now!"

"What is it, dear?" said stupid John, lifting her into the car. "An old acquaintance, eh? No time for renewing old friendships, when trains are waiting."

But Lucy's eyes were fixed on the retreating figures. The evening was dull and rainy, but a lamp threw its full light on them, as they entered the car. The cloak had fallen aside in the hurry, and she saw that the shorter man wore the uniform of a police officer, and that his companion was handcuffed to his wrist.

Lucy sat down in silence, and John wrapped her in shawls. "And who was the man you wished to meet?" he said, when they were comfortably arranged.

She looked at him, keenly, a minute.

"I do not know," she said, calmly; "it was a mistake," and she dropped the ring into her pocket.

John Thayer, the friend and confederate of a felon? She scoffed at the thought. Yet she did not take the ring from her pocket, when the car was in motion, as she had intended to do, and tell him the strange story. She had all her life

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believed that a marriage was faulty, which did not include absolute confidence. She had made haste to lay bare all her little secrets to John, to establish this trust between them. But she did not tell him of the ring. It lay there like a burning, shameful fire. Nor could she frame to herself the vague horror that deterred her from the telling.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN THAYER'S home was a large, gloomy stone house, surrounded by a stretch of heavy pine woods, miles of rolling timber land separating it from the nearest town. Land and labor were cheap when it was built, and it had risen to the proportions of an English country mansion. But the Englishman's house grows slowly, generation after generation, out of his needs, or tastes, or whims, and so becomes a part of the family life; while Pardue's Folly, as it was called, sprung full grown from Pardue's new riches, and as they dwindled away, it fell into disrepair, crumbled at eaves and foundations, and was given over to rats within, and creeping lichen without; so that when the Thayers rented it, a few years ago, there were fewer rooms habitable in it than in one of the snug, yellow, wooden villas, that adorned the outskirts of the town.

The townspeople wondered a while that any family of any social claims should condemn themselves to such discomfort and solitude. There was a vague rumor that the Thayers were of a Southern extraction, of good birth and exceptional culture. But they relished their solitude apparently; returned with great formality the calls made on them by the old county magnates; declined all invitations to dinners or dances; and soon would have dropped out of remembrance, but for the appearance of John and his brother in the town each day. There was no such driving man of business in the county, as this young, slow-spoken John Thayer; no physician as engrossed by his profession, as his brother George. It was matter of common gossip, that the Thayers must be storing up a pretty penny—that their incomes, for two or three years, had been sufficient to keep the family in comfort, while it was equally sure that they lived in the great old house scantily and poorly. Nobody respected them less, however, for their strain of miserly blood, nor for the unknown wealth, which everybody believed it had helped them to amass.

There was something in the appearance of Dr. George Thayer, as he rode up, between the pines, to the house, on the evening when his brother was expected home, which would have justified the suspicion. His thin, eager face bore the anxious lines, which nothing but uneasiness about money leaves: his overcoat was darned, and even patched; the well-polished shoes were of the cheapest; and the daintily white linen was coarse. Dr. Thayer, to a man with such eyes, sallow skin, and flabby muscle, would have prescribed more beef, and less work as certain cures.

He rode hastily to the stables, called the boy, who served as hostler, and hurried into the kitchen.

"Judith, why is there no light in the house?"

"De missus, sah—"

"Mother!" turning into the breakfast room; "for heaven's sake, let us make an effort at cheerfulness to-night. Consider, this poor girl is coming—a bride—to her new home. It is as dark and silent as though there were a corpse in the house."

"Better that there were, George," whimpered the little woman in gray, who came to meet him with a pit-pat fidgeting motion, which belonged only to herself. It always reminded George of a partridge afraid of being shot.

"Nothing of the sort, mother," he cried, heartily. "Come, come. Put all ugly skeletons aside for this one night. Don't drag them out for the poor little bride to see. Remember, John has a right to his glimpse of happiness."

"Oh, yes; I'm willing! He's young, and you're young. It's natural for you to be reckless and giddy. God knows I'm willing! It's better that the load of crime and wretchedness should slip off your shoulders. I can carry it, and I will carry it alone."

Dr. Thayer stroked her thin gray hair tenderly. He did not listen very attentively, it is true, to her heroic offers of self-sacrifice, as he had heard them every day for years. "Make up the fire in the parlor, Judith. Light all the lamps everywhere. Ah, that's better! Now one of your best cooked dinners, such as nobody but you can cook. And little mother, one of your prettiest smiles for our Lucy. Nobody has a sweeter smile; but many a man has told you that, when you were a famous beauty, I know."

"Nobody from whom it was so sweet to hear it as from you, George," with a quick brightening of the poor, up-turned face. "Well, I'll run and put on my silk and lace cap. Lucy would never guess I had been passably good-looking to see me in this dress." She reached the door. "But George," turning back, "it's all very well to put a good face on the matter for to-night. But how are we to live? One more mouth to feed is no slight burden now. It was wicked and cruel in John to marry. But it's natural that young men should be selfish. He always would treat

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himself to a cigar, when he wanted it, and now he treats himself to a wife."

"Poor fellow! He has earned the luxury," muttered Dr. Thayer.

"And Christine. How can you all forget her? The sight of his bride will bring back all she has lost. I am an old woman. I think of others, and consider their feelings, as you can't do, George."

"It will all come right, mother."

"But Lucy should be told all. It is all folly to try to conceal it from her. Why should she sit at ease, and smiling, while we live every day upon the verge of ruin and disgrace?"

"It is John's wish; that is enough. Now, your cap, and a pretty frill about your neck, mother."

It is usually the woman's place in the family to carry in secret, the heaviest weight of the general grief or pain, and to set in order, at the same time, the thousand little hypocrisies and devices, which keeps ordinary life in motion. What if her heart is breaking for the husband of her youth, laid the other day under the clay? She must order a dinner, which will agree with the boys; send their shoes to be patched; find fresh milk for the baby; keep the cook in good humor.

George Thayer played the woman's part in this household. His martyr mother, like all such martyrs in private life, was a dead weight to carry. His brother John took his part in warding off the disaster, which haunted the threshold like a ravening wolf; but he had no mind to fight off the myriad little stinging troubles within. If his marriage had laid any heavier burden on his brother, George showed no sign of any consciousness of it. He came down dressed, presently, a rose in the button-hole of his well kept, old fashioned coat, and began to tie some pale pink buds together, which he had found in the frosted beds, whistling as he did, for it was George Thayer's habit to sing and whistle when other men would have groaned, or to make a joke, bad enough sometimes, when his brother John would have sworn, and gnashed his teeth.

"Judith," he cried, "take these flowers up to the bride's room. You have kindled a fire there?"

The old woman took the flowers, but laying her bony hand on his arm, whispered:

"Foh de Lohd's sake, mah's Gohge, don't try foh to kerry dis stranger along wid de rest! Yoh's de beast ob burden ob dis fambly, chile. She's done mahried foh better an' worst. Let her take de worstest along wid de rest ob us. Tell her de truf. Look at de end ob keepin' de truf from dat poor chile, up stairs. We all hab bin libin lies for years, an' 'twan't no easy work. It's you I keer foh, honey," stroking his arm, her baggy, yellow lips trembling.

"Oh, I know, aunty! You have tried to spoil me, ever since I was a baby!" George took her hand with a keener pang of gratitude than he would have acknowledged to himself. It was quite certain that whatever had been the peculiar work or struggle going on in this household for years, nobody had recognized or thought of his part in it, but his old black nurse. "You must know," he added, "that it would be madness to trust a stranger with the secret, which it has cost us all so much to keep."

"Cost! De Lohd knows it hab cost!" she cried. "It hab been de Aaron's sahpent eatin' de life out ob dis fambly. Dah's Miss Hahyiet, your mother, she wah de puhty creathure—all foh dances, an' Paris gowns, an' high jinks; an' look at her now. An' yoh brudder John. See what a dumb, quiet man it hab lef' him. An' yoh, honey! Yoh wah de jolliest, mos' obstreperous ob de lot. It hab jes sucked de life out ob yoh, an' lef' yoh an ole man 'fore yoh time," pushing back his sleeve to show the bony arm. "Why shouldn't yoh hab de rights ob oder men? Why shouldn't yoh," looking keenly into the patient face, "hab a sweetheart, or a wife, and chil'ren ob your own?"

"Tut, tut, aunty!" he laughed, but a startled heat flashed into his face. "Here comes your young mistress. Do not let her hear such nonsense."

"She! she hears an' sees nuffin!" The old woman shuffled out of the room, muttering and looking angrily back at the lady, who, in trailing white robes, came slowly down the stairs. "De Lohd offers her de bes' gift in de yearth—a man dat lubs her, an' she goes pinin' foh ghosts. Tink dis ole woman am gone blind!"

Dr. Thayer went forward to meet the young girl, who had a finely cut, and languid, indifferent countenance.

"Christine! you have laid aside your mourning?" he said.

"For to-night—for John's wife," she replied. "It would bring bad luck to her, you know. I would not for the world that she should see a scrap of black to-night. Besides," standing in front of a mirror, and looking seriously at herself, "I think it is right for me to do this. The Roman women, consecrated to a sacred memory, always wore white."

To Dr. Thayer, this sounded like sentiment of a weak and vaporous kind. But when she turned, he saw that the sentiment, or feeling, or whatever it might be, had driven all color from her cheeks.

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Languor and indifference had disappeared; she was ready to cry. Christine had no more reticence than a three year old child. Dr. Thayer knew, too, that the absolute solitude in which she lived shut her in with her sacred memories and ill-luck, and their trifling signs of black and white, and made them real and momentous things to her.

"You bear no ill will to John, then, for this—" he hesitated, "this marriage?"

"No. If he can forget, it is not for me to remind him," coldly. "But see, they are coming! Meet them in the hall. I will keep out of sight, until she feels that she is at home," and she turned to leave the room, in a sudden tumult of agitation, which was accountable enough to Doctor Thayer. "If she saw poor, miserable me the first," she said, "it would be like a breath out of the grave, instead of a wedding greeting." She looked back, as she spoke, with her pale face at the door, and motioned, warningly, at him.

Doctor Thayer watched her with a physician's eye.

"Christine was once a clear-blooded, sound-minded girl," he thought, "but she is scarcely sane now, and another year of this loneliness and strain will drive her altogether mad. The serpent has blown its breath on her, too."

CHAPTER IV.

Lucy was a woman after the ordinary type of women. There were none of the qualities of a heroine in her. If her wedding journey had been like other such pilgrimages, she would have alighted at the door of her new home, with all the natural, timid anxiety of a fond young wife, to gain the love of her new kinsfolk. As it was, she had a well-founded suspicion to stifle. There was a shrewd, little brain, too, behind the soft, brown eyes, which asked a hundred questions, as they drove through the gloomy avenue of pines. Was this a millionaire, whom she had married, or a poor man? She never yet had discovered, and she wanted very much to know: had her neat little monthly account-book ready for use in either case. She really did not care very greatly how it turned out, but she felt she had a right to know. The size and stateliness of the house, certain costly bits of furniture, and portraits, caught her keen eye on

"It was not lack of money which prevented us from going to our own home," she thought, "nor fear of offending an imperious mother," she added, after poor, little Mrs. Thayer had fluttered out her welcome, with an odd mixture of the graces of her belle-hood, and the complaints of old age. "The reason has never been given me; but I will know it before long," she resolved, nodding to the pretty face in the glass, resolutely, when she was taken to her own chamber.

She had seen, too, a quick look of significance pass between her husband and his brother, even in the midst of her welcome, a look which she felt had no reference to her.

"Even the old black cook has a share in this secret of my husband's, from which I am shut out," she said, "I saw it in her face, in all of their faces!" and she twisted the long braids of her chestnut hair with angry fingers.

"You have brought me to a much statelier home, than I was led to expect," she said, turning on John, as he entered. "I feel very like the cottage girl, who found herself Lady of Burleigh."

There was no girlish jesting in this, and the sharp, inquiring tone grated on John's ear.

"You are deceived, then, Lucy," he said, calmly. "When morning comes, you will see the bare rooms, and the darns, and make-shifts, all over this great house. I should have spoken to you before, on the subject of my income; but, all I thought of in our marriage was the love which we had for each other. Other matters appeared like straws in that strong current."

"Oh, I know, of course! Yet I could regulate my expenses much better, if I knew. I brought an account-book with me; I always have kept an account-book, even as a girl."

"No doubt," laughed John. "You will have very little to put in it, I fear, dear girl. Your own income—"

"That is the merest trifle," interrupted Lucy.

"Still, it shall be your own, absolutely. The household, I may as well tell you at once, and plainly," drawing a long breath, "is supported from week to week by the earnings of my brother and myself, or," he hesitated and went on, "such portions of them as we do not devote to higher uses. You will soon see that we do not live in luxury, Lucy. We dress coarsely—"

"I thought that was your whim."

"No, I should be very glad to wear the purple and fine linen of Dives, and to clothe you in it, my darling. It was a hard struggle to ask you to be my wife, and know that I must deprive you of all the softness and ease of life. But I thought you loved me—"

"So much, that I have no doubt my love will make your income go over twice the ground it has done. I'm such a capital manager, John! Now a man in the commission business here, with your health and capacity, ought to make—let me see?" her head on one side, speculatively.

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"I really cannot tell you just how much," dryly.

"Dear John, you must not think me a meddler in what does not concern me. It does concern me, and that very much. I am quite concerned that you are an extravagant fellow, and will be surprised to see how far your weekly receipts will go, with the aid of your little wife and her account-book. As for your brother George, he looks as though he were the best soul in the world, but totally incompetent to attend to the management of money. How many members of the household are there, now. Your mother and brother, ourselves, two servants, six in all."

"You forgot my cousin, Miss Noble." There was a marked unsteadiness in Thayer's voice at this.

Lucy felt a sudden chill.

"I never heard of her before, John."

"She is an orphan, who was left to my mother, to rear from her infancy—a beautiful, good girl."

"She is wholly dependent on you?"

Again John Thayer paused, before replying this time, looking at his wife, keenly, as though questioning how far to trust her.

"Yes, entirely dependent on us. She would be a pauper if we threw her off. She is a girl of great delicacy and sensitiveness, and I depend upon you, Lucy, never by a word to make her conscious of her debt to us. We owe her a consideration, which money illy represents."

As John Thayer's voice betrayed growing excitement, his wife's manner cooled.

"Pray, fasten my bracelet," she said, holding out her arm, encircled by a golden hoop, which had been John's gift to her on her way home. "You may trust me. I shall not interfere with your relations—with your cousin. I begin to know my place in the household."

Mr. Thayer offered his arm. "It is time for us to go down to dinner."

They walked in silence together down the stairs, and through the half-lighted halls, the man looking grimly down at the decided, firm-stepping little woman at his side. He never had loved her better than at that moment, when he told himself that he had made a mistake in marrying her.

"I might as well hope to sit down in a tower, on the edge of a crater," he thought, "as bring any woman into this household with the expectation of making a home for her among its skeletons."

George Thayer, meeting them, saw the shadow in both faces. "Judith would say the blight had fallen on this poor girl already," he thought. But he said aloud, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Come, John, let me take my new sister in to dinner. Go and find mother."

Lucy caught eagerly the hand held out to her. George Thayer's hearty voice and laugh reminded her of her old Virginia cousins. She held his hand in both of hers, which he felt were cold and trembling; and so they entered the dining-room.

It was a large apartment. A great fire blazed at one end, close to which was drawn the table, prettily brightened with flowers. George had just placed her in one of the well-worn, comfortable chairs by the fire, when a slow step was heard behind her. A hand touched hers, and a woman's voice said,

"I am glad you have come. I am Christine Noble."

Lucy had unconsciously pictured the dependent cousin as old, ugly, and shrewish. Something in the bearing of this young girl drew her to her feet, by a force as strong and repugnant as an electric current. Before her was a delicate figure, in clinging white; soft frills about her neck, framing a noble head; steady, brown eyes, and a large, finely moulded mouth, full of womanish appeal. Lucy was generous, as the majority of her sex; but she was conscious, every breath she drew, of her own commonplace figure, her freckles, her nose, cut short too soon.

Christine was no beauty. Yet she had that inexplicable power of presence and personal magnetism, which made every woman appear insignificant beside her. Lucy would have been more than woman if she had not resented it.

"*This* is the reason why we could not leave this house, to go to one of our own," she thought. "It would be impossible for John, with his keen sense of beauty, to live under the same roof with that woman, and not love her. He had not been able to marry her. He stays and bears his share towards her support."

The little bride smiled, and jested politely, while her brain ran on headlong in its maddening fancies. There were trifles enough to confirm them. While also due deference was paid to her, Christine was the real point of interest, to every one at the table.

"Only a captive princess, or a poor creature whom God has deprived of reason, might be treated with such reverential care and homage, as they pay to this silly girl," said Lucy to herself.

Her dinner, in short, was eaten in a savage ill-humor, though her manner was unusually mild and agreeable.

Christine came to her when they were in the parlor again; stood gazing down at her as in

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speculation. "You look like a happy, healthy woman," she said. "It will be a great help to us all, only to have you in sight. We shall come to you for daily draughts, as to a healing spring." She ended, with an uneasy laugh.

"Are you not a healthy, happy woman?" said Lucy, forcing a civil tone.

"You do not know, then?" glancing with astonishment to John and his brother.

"I know nothing of this house, or the history of its inmates; and I wish to know nothing!" sharply. "But I shall be very glad to become a healing fountain, or anything else that is useful in it," she added, trying to regain her control. "How can I help you? You spend your time, like other girls, I presume? Visit a great deal?"

"I don't know anybody. I never knew a girl of my own age."

So far Christine had been as unlike real life, appearance and manner, as a Greek goddess in a play or a picture. But she sat down, with these words, suddenly, and was nothing but an eager, childish school-girl. "George rides out with me, and we call at the doctor's, and at another neighbor's, about once a week," she said. "That is all."

"You paint, dear, perhaps?"

"No! George tried to teach me. I like to be out of doors alone, and to have the sky and the mountains all to myself. But when he puts them into a canvas, a foot square, with his chrome-yellows and vermillions, it seems such scrappy, sham work! I'd rather, for true beauty, have one real potato blossom, than all the painted flowers in the world."

"Christine is our gardener," said John, coming up, and joining in the conversation. "She is wise in vegetables and herbs, beyond the share of woman."

"George taught me," replied Christine, with a kindly nod to the man by the fire, watching her.

"You have much time for reading?" said Lucy.

"I read with George. Indeed, he taught me all I know. He is father, brother, uncle—everything to me."

Lucy's wide-awake eyes asked a question, which the girl understood. She flushed a little, then turned on the new-comer a look of steady rebuke. "Everything which a *living* man can be to me, he is," she said. "The place of the dead is never filled," turning her wide, sad eyes on John for a full-breathed minute. Then she left the room.

"What do you think of her?" said John, quickly, to his wife.

The answer sprang to her lips, that it was unfair to ask the new love for a verdict on the old. But the matter was hardly tragical enough to her, to warrant a quarrel with her husband. She herself had had her little love affairs, before John Thayer waited on her. She would try and be just to the girl. But she would have no attempts at drawing her husband into a flirtation.

"She is hardly what one would call a pretty young woman," she said, coolly. "Attractive, probably, to gentlemen. The fault in her to me is that she is playing a part."

"Insincere?" exclaimed John. "That is unjust! You do not understand Christine, Lucy."

"Not insincere, I did not say that. She is playing some *role*, with herself for audience. She thinks, I suspect, that she is a high-souled heroine; whereas, she is, in reality, a simple, sensible, practical woman."

"Of course you could not judge her fairly in half an hour," said her husband, with a good deal of heat. "And women are never fair to each other."

George listened in silence, with a shrewd smile, which showed that he thought Lucy not far wrong in her judgment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESPAIR.

BY JAMES MILTON MONTGOMERY.

I STAND upon life's desert sands,
 Beneath a burning sky,
And weep in vain, with empty hands,
 Where buried treasures lie.
For thoughts that sparkled bright as gems
 Across my spirit's sight,
'Ere they were swept by cloud and storm,
 Like stars from out the night.

For dreams of joy, in shining fields,
 And draughts from leaves of dew—
Alas! the fields were full of tares,
 The leaves were only *rue!*

The dreams are gone, the leaves are fled,
 And sand-waves roll in strife,
Far out upon the desert reach,
 That sweeps before my life.

Fly swiftly from your Eden home,
 Oh, gentle dove of peace!
And fan me with your cooling wings,
 And bring my soul surcease.
Oh, faith! come in your holy calm,
 And bear my weary feet
Where fair Hope sings her blessed psalm,
By quiet waves in groves of palm,
 Beyond this desert heat.

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CHARLEY'S FIDDLE.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

It is small matter to what army, North or South, this drummer-boy belonged! Young he was, his fair skin tanned by the grim old sun, his blue eyes shining out, like very forget-me-nots, in the dull, dark surroundings. They said of him in camp, that he was a boy, and surely they treated him, in their rough way, like a child. Sunburnt men called him "Charley;" talked with him; spoke of scenes far away, where those whom these sunburnt men loved more than anything else in the world lived; and Charley listened to them, and heard what was never told to older, less unsophisticated companions, for somehow his young face and light cheerful laugh appealed to these men, and made them confide in him. There was even a rumor that Sandy Green, the tall, awkward widower from the frontier, had told Charley about his own young days, and made the boy's blue eyes brim over at some little touch of sentiment.

You may, perhaps, say that there is no time, no place for sentiment among big, brawny men, prepared for and experienced in war. It is not so! Around camp-fires, in dim places at night, when the tramp, tramp, tramp of the sentry seems ghostly, and dreary, and full of dire warning, there are tales of love, and sorrow, and loss, and hope remembered and told to listening ears, that hear these faintest whispers as greedily as they do the awful, death-delivering sound of cannon, or swift whistle of the rifle-ball.

Thus was Charley, the drummer-boy, a cyclopedia of the gentler thoughts of the soldiers about him.

Often, in the dusk of evening, when the men were loitering about the camp, and the kindly stars were peeping faintly out above the white tents, there would come a little, wailing sound on the breeze, and the listeners would stop in their game at cards, or their wild talk, smile, maybe, a little, and say, "That's Charley's fiddle!"

And did any one take the trouble to look for the boy, he might be seen perched up on a ledge of rock, or sitting flat on the ground, his chin pressed down, and his bow in his hand, scraping dolefully out of his shabby violin all the old, old tunes he remembered, and some of the newer ones made for the war, and even some silly, love-lorn ditty, which had come by a devious way and a fearful mischance into camp. So, here among the purple shadows, when the fire on the out-posts shimmered, and there was a strange quiet around, while the crickets chirped, Charley would play the tunes of peace and happiness, the same as miles away they were being played and sung by laughing, careless people in the crowded cities, filled with the rumors of war, not understood, but appreciated.

But Charley had never been in an engagement as yet, and the men said, "Don't be so anxious, boy; it'll all come soon enough!"

And it did come soon enough for him.

Charley wrote to his aunt that camp-life was just the thing for him, only it was so monotonous. He also told the boys that this aunt was the only relative he had in the world, and that she was a queer old woman, strong of will and temper, and that she was "mortal angry with him" for going away from her—for, somehow or other, he guessed she "sort o' liked him."

That was all he told them, and they got quite a joke up about "Aunt Teddy," and often spoke of her to Charley, and told him, when they saw him busy writing, to be sure to send much of their love to her.

"You don't know her," said Charley, "or you wouldn't make so light of it. Why she could take any of you single-handed, and you'd never know what hurt you." And so he wrote often and often to her.

But Charley's fiddle! Well, it seemed a part of him. He loved it! He loved the miserable little tunes he could play on it; he loved to sit down anywhere, and at any time, and strike up one of those little tunes, and play, and play, and play, till it was a wonder how much endurance cat-gut has, not to mention human fingers and patience. He would pat his fiddle almost as though it were a little child, and his blue eyes would flash as his hand swept over the strings. And the time went on; and in the intervals of Charley's drum-taps, his fiddle took it up.

The day came, when there were preparations for a battle going on; the enemy were surrounding them; and Charley was glad, but quiet.

There was less time for fun in camp now, and picket duty was not sentimental any more—except that it was tragic. Two men had been picked

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off by scouts, and the grim faces of the boys looked death when they heard.

Yet one pleasant, cool night, while the long white streets of the camp glistened in the moonlight, and it was not yet time for the men to turn in, Charley was seen by Sandy Green busily writing a letter on his drum-head.

"For Aunt Ted, Charley?" asked Sandy Green. And the boy nodded, and laughed.

Then the old man stood there watching him for a long time. He saw the pleasant, brown face, with the blue eyes bent over the writing—and he was a rough, a very rough man, mind you! a tall, ungainly, red-haired backwoodsman, older than middle life, too; and one to whom trouble was no account, because it must be surmounted. And yet he stood here, in the early moonlight, watching the drummer-boy writing a letter to an old woman.

Charley looked up when he had finished.

"Ho, Sandy! you there yet!" said he. Then he folded the letter, and directed it. "Sandy, I'll give it to you to see posted for me. Will you do it? You've got more chances than I have."

So Sandy took the letter, and said, as he turned to Charley:

"Do you know, boy, that we expect a scrimmage, to-morrow?"

Yes! Charley knew it, and he was glad. He got Sandy Green to tell him all over again about the battles that had been fought before; he listened, and was bright and chirpy over the stories; and the older man warmed with his subject, watched the light in the boy's eyes, and ended by patting him on the back.

"You'll do, Charley!" he said. "And now give us a tune, for who knows—well, give us a tune!"

So Charley brought his fiddle, and sat down on the side of his drum; and Sandy laid his sprawling length on the ground, his head on his hand. Then a tune, light and gay, went forth from the little fiddle! And the tune went on and on, till the stars blinked, and grew brighter; and all at once Sandy said:

"Say, Charley! give us the song you played last night."

There was a slight pause—and then quietly, plaintively, on the pleasant air, came the old tune of "Home, Sweet Home," softly and slowly played, filling the air around, and touching with kind fingers the hearts of the listeners. The boy's head drooped over his fiddle, as he sat there balanced on the drum, and Sandy Green's hand was pressed hard into his head. And the tune went on and on, and the stars sparkled, the crickets chirped peacefully, when, all at once, a bugle sounded, a confused noise was borne to them—Sandy was on his feet, Charley's drum was in his hand—and the enemy was on them!

Who can tell of the dreary surprise, of the terrible fight of that night, carried far into the beautiful morning, when innocent daisies were red and horrible to look at, and the leaves of trees were blackened and scorched by powder? Who can tell of the wild smirched faces, turned sightlessly up to the sky; the dead hands clutching the grass; the soiled and torn clothing pierced with a little new hole, whence life had fluttered out? Long into the day it lasted; and there were no more birds' songs heard. The white streets of the camp were gone, and a confused mass of men, some wounded, and all bitter, were here instead. And the fight had ended, the enemy had disappeared, and these men were—victorious!

Throughout the fight they all remembered to have heard the drum. They remembered seeing young Charley hatless, his lithe, boyish form in the thickest of the fight—for there had been small order, it could not be otherwise. And some of them said he had been seen with a musket in his hand, loading and firing, brave and soldierly.

But now there was a silence—these were not his drum-taps. And somebody else sounded the roll, as these men stood up to answer to their names.

There were many gaps in the roll—many men who would answer to but one roll-call more—the mighty Roll of the Last.

And when Charley's name was called, there was no response; and many eyes turned to other eyes, in mute inquiry. So on the roll went; and at last, Sandy Green's name was called—no answer. Again it was called, and then—then Sandy Green's voice answered from far away, and they saw him coming, limping up the hill, Charley on his shoulders, white and wild. The men cheered—yes, they did—they cheered! And Sandy stood in the midst of them, his leg wounded by a ball, and told how he had been found by Charley, when a bayonet was going to make an end of him; but that Charley had used his own bayonet to dreadful purpose, and Sandy had been saved.

But, strange to say, the boy had not seemed to recognize him. Sandy had taken him on his shoulders, for the boy had grown faint and white, had called his name; but a blank look was all the reply he had received. Charley's mind had stopped. There he was, looking at the men, a smile on his face, but an unmeaning light in his blue eyes.

They looked at him, they shook him by the hand; but he said nothing—he recognized no one.

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The surgeon came, and shook his head.

"Fright!" he said.

But Sandy Green cried: "It's a lie, begging your pardon! The boy wasn't frightened."

For all that, it made small difference to Charley. Day by day, as this portion of the army made entrenchments where they were, and prepared for winter quarters, for this point must be guarded, Charley loitered about the hospital, not sick, not ailing, but with his mind clouded. One of the boys had hunted for his fiddle, but only the fragments and the strings were left, and these Sandy Green had taken charge of, as he lay in his cot; for, said he, "The sight of these things might make the boy worse."

The surgeons studied the case. It was new to them; a fine opportunity for experiment; and experiment they did, and made nothing of it. And still Charley smiled, and went about seemingly happy, knowing no one, speaking to no one, missing nothing he had before known.

The men, when they met him, called out, "Hi, Charley!" and he seemed to be pleased at that—nothing more. Often they would look at him, speak of him, for you see they had all so liked him. And Sandy Green was grieved at heart, though his manner was as gruff and rude as ever.

After a while the surgeons came to a strange conclusion. They said that the life of Charley, from the first surprise on that eventful evening, that night when he had seen a fight, was a blank. They said that there was no bridge to connect the time before, and the time after that terrible experience. They cited vast authorities, and confused themselves about them, and so far confused Sandy Green, who was hobbling about, that the rough man looked on Charley as though he were a ghost.

One day Sandy Green, feeling in his pocket, found the letter which Charley had written to Aunt Teddy, and which had never been posted, and had been forgotten ever since. At sight of it, he went for paper and pencil immediately. That night, he told the boys he had written to Charley's aunt, getting the direction from Charley's unposted letter.

"Aunt Teddy's coming to camp, boys," said some of them, in faint remembrance of their old humor, over Charley's relative. "Sandy Green has written to her, telling her all about the boy."

Lo! lo! A few days after, a tall apparition, gaunt and grim, draped in grey, made its appearance in the hospital, asking for Charley Morgan; and in less than an hour, it was known, all over, that Charley's Aunt Teddy had come.

All who could, sauntered past the window, just to peep at her. But they did not go twice, for her fierce look was something dreadful; and it was everywhere at once. They were afraid of her. They might face the enemy, but Aunt Teddy was something more. And Charley. She just went up to the poor lad, and took his face between her two bony hands.

"Charley!" she said. And he turned his smiling, meaningless face to her, and laughed low, and did not know her.

She sat quietly down, and rocked herself to and fro. No! Aunt Teddy could do nothing either.

So the days wore on, and some of the boys saw her sitting beside Charley, holding his hand in hers, and looking fiercely about her, like a lioness guarding her young. She would not have him stir from her, and he seemed perfectly contented beside her.

And when the men saw her sitting there, fierce and on guard, holding the boy's hand in her own, and he smiling and happy-looking, they felt a lump in their throats; and in a way they respected Aunt Teddy more than if she had cried over him, calling him loving names, for they saw strength here, like their own—strength of protection.

And, do you know, it was said, that, when Sandy Green saw her coming in that day, he hobbled out as fast as he could, and with a white face; and he would not go near her, when she asked for the man who had written her about Charley: he, too, was afraid of her—the gaunt, grim apparition.

To the doctors she was a little more conciliating; and, although she told them they did not understand their business, yet, when one of them leaned down, and tried to take Charley's hand from hers to give it a friendly shake, she said:

"Don't, please! I want to hold him to me, for he's all I've got." And the doctor could not help grasping hers, with a great choke in his throat.

"If we could awaken Charley to some memory of the past," said this doctor to her, one day; "if we could bring him back to the day before the fight—if he could recognize something he had known then, we might save him, perhaps."

"I'm not a rich woman," was the reply, "but I'll write, this instant, to my agent to sell my house. And that money—all I have in the world—I'll give to the man who brings my boy back to me."

Now all this was duly reported about camp—all this and more. And it was told to Sandy Green, among others. He shook his head, gruffly.

But in the middle of the night, Sandy Green

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rose up, like one possessed, and searched around, and found an old flat cigar box.

All the next day he worked at the box, worked mysteriously, and kept lookers-on away. For two days he scraped at it. On the third, Charley was to go away with his aunt; for she had determined to take him home.

On this last evening, Sandy Green was seen lurking about the hospital; and once, when Aunt Teddy rose and went to see about some final preparations for departure, he darted in; caught Charley by the hand; and limping swiftly away with him, took him to a little knoll far off; took him to a drum, laid sidewise on the ground, and seating him there, pulled out a cigar-box, shaped rudely like a violin, the strings of Charley's own lost instrument stretched upon it. Then he brought out a rough bow.

Charley sat down there, and smiled vaguely up at the sky. Sandy drew the bow across the strings, but before he could repeat it, a rustling noise was heard, and there was Aunt Teddy, frightened out of her wits at missing Charley, and she was followed by half the boys, the two surgeons among them.

Sandy Green raised his hand to warn them. They stopped, motionless. Then slowly, laboriously, out on the pleasant evening air, came the old tune of "Home, Sweet Home," rudely and brokenly played, but there it was! there it was!

The smile on Charley's face faded out, like the light of the *ignus fatuus*; a startled expression came instead—he leaned forward, he listened.

The boys pressed closer and closer. Sandy Green's fingers trembled so that he could scarcely hold the impromptu fiddle.

All at once, all at once, two tears rolled down Charley's face; he started up, looked confusedly about him, opened his lips.

"Aunt Teddy!" he cried.

He was saved. His aunt was kneeling at his feet, hugging his knees, crying wildly.

The boys stood there, a glitter in their eyes, until the two doctors went up to Sandy Green, and shook him by the hand, for he had done more than they could do, and they owned to it. Then they all, every man of them, went up to Sandy, and wrung his hand. He had let the fiddle fall to the ground, and his rough face was seamed with tears.

"Here! somebody lead me to Sandy Green," cried a voice, the voice of Charley's aunt; "for I can't see, I'm crying so hard; and my legs are clean gone from under me!"

And Aunt Teddy was marched up to him; but not before Charley had caught both Sandy's hands in his.

And what did Aunt Teddy do? She just threw her arms around Sandy Green's neck, and gave him a sounding kiss, before all the boys, too.

And from a score of strong throats came a cry: "Three cheers for Sandy Green—*and* a tiger!"

And she shook hands with them, everyone.

Aunt Teddy did not have to sell her house, as a reward for "anyone who could save her boy."

The cigar-box fiddle may still be seen there; and often *is* seen there by Sandy Green and others; and it is christened "CHARLEY'S FIDDLE!"

EVENING.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

THERE'S a fire away on the hill-tops,
A fire from the setting sun,
A flash as of glowing embers,
For the day with its work is done.

Down here in the depth of the valley,
The ev'ning her skirt has trailed.
She broods in the shadows softly,
In the mists her face is veiled.

She opens her arms to receive us,
And she lulls us asleep straightway.
The black pines sing to us softly,
And the hemlock dreams of the day.

OVER A GRAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

DIED with his harness on—the broad-sword leaping—
The wild fight surging fast.
Sore wounded, weaker with each stroke, yet keeping
His stout front to the last!

When others, faint of heart, sank down despairing,
He cheered the battle on.
To his last life-drop still that gay smile wearing,
As if the day was won.

And was it not? Does truest, noblest glory
In shallow triumph lie?
They longest, brightest live, in song and story,
Who die as martyrs die.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our first illustration, a very stylish skating costume. It has, as will be seen, a rather



short skirt of dark grey camel's hair, with a narrow knife-plaited flounce around the bottom. The long comfortable ulster is of rough grey cloth, made double-breasted, and buttoned with large bone buttons. Rolling collar. Pocket on either side, with a small handkerchief pocket on the breast, and small pockets for the hands on the front. The back is cut with long seams like a polonaise. Black felt hat with a grey wing. The brim of the hat is bound with grey astrachan. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

Next is a mottled woolen serge—invisible green,



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with tiny dashes of red, blue and gold color, all through the material, much prettier than last season's goods of the same description. It is made over a silk skirt of the same color, or else cashmere of the same color. The under-skirt is demi-train, and trimmed with two narrow knife-plaitings. The same ornaments the edge of the Princess polonaise, which is made of the woolen serge, and over it is a sort of Breton jacket, made of the plain material, buttoned on both



sides to the polonaise. This latter fastens at the back. The sleeves are of the plain material, with cuff of the other. There are three lappets, forming the collar at the neck—the middle one plain; the other two of the figured stuff. Eight yards figured material; ten yards of the plain. Price of polonaise, fifty cents; over-jacket, twenty-five cents.

The back and front of a new design for a

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water-proof garment is very stylish, and a great improvement upon those of the past five years. It may be trimmed with wide worsted braid, or quite plain. Price of pattern, fifty cents.



We give, next, a house-dress of black cashmere, Henriette cloth, or alpaca, suitable for half mourning, if desired. It is cut in the Princess shape, and is bordered across the front of the skirt with two knife-plaitings of the material, or black silk. Our design is either to be laced or buttoned up the back, but that is entirely optional. We prefer, for convenience, the fastening in front, although, for very young ladies, the closing at the back is more youthful, certainly. The train is plain, and without any trimming. A long bow with ends ornaments the right side; another at the throat. The pocket is concealed under the side seam, and is underneath. The sleeves are small coat-shaped, finished with three narrow plaitings: a cross-band of silk being carried down the outside seam, and around the top of the plaiting, trimmed with crêpe or black net. It would serve for a very stylish, yet simple half mourning costume, trimmed with silk, suitable for any style of dress. Seventeen yards of single width material, and eight to ten yards of double fold. Price of pattern of robe, seventy-five cents.



Paletot for a girl of eight years is made of basket cloth trimmed with silk. The skirt of the Princess dress, worn with the paletot, is trimmed with a fine knife-plaiting. The edge of the paletot is cut out in square dents, and bound with silk the same color, or contrasting. The silk plaiting and cross bands ornament the entire length of the front, where the paletot fastens. The collar and cuffs are plaited, and square pockets are added at the back. Nothing could be prettier for an outside garment. The basket cloth needs no lining, but if made of basket flannel

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or serge, a wadded lining would have to be added. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.



An overcoat for a little boy, from four to six years, is made of water-proof tweed, and trimmed with rows of Mohair braid, put on lengthwise, back and front. Pockets and collar to match, and entirely covered with the braid. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

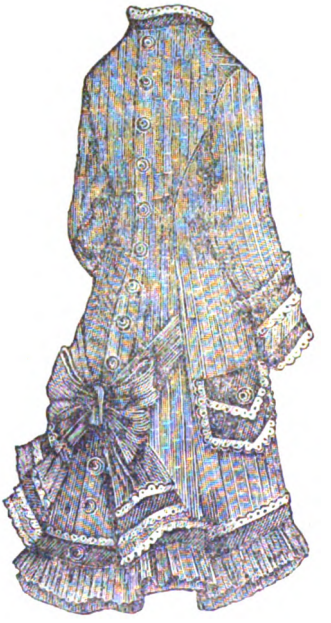


The back and front of a Breton jacket and vest, for a little girl from three to five years, scarcely needs description. Trim with embroidered galloon and mother-of-pearl sequins, or buttons. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

The front and back of an afternoon-dress for a



miss of ten to twelve years, is made of fancy woolen checked material, trimmed with embroidered galloon and lace. The plaited chemisette,



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worn under the Breton plastroon is of white muslin, with a ruffle of Valencienes lace. The back shows the costume made in a striped material, and trimmed with velvet ribbon, but the checked is much the most effective. Price of pattern, forty cents.



A walking-dress for a little boy, of two to four years, is made with pique, trimmed with Hamburg edging. Pattern, twenty-five cents.



Another is of grey cashmere, trimmed with a cross-band of silk, with a little design in braiding to head it. Pattern, twenty-five cents.

We give, in conclusion, one of the new designs for a cloth paletot. The material is dark blue cloth, and the fur trimming is seal. Any other kind may be used; black always looks well, and is inexpensive. There is an endless variety of fur trimmings. The back of this paletot is ornamented with dark blue ribbons and gimp medal-



lions. The front is fastened with a flap and buttons underneath.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

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COAT BODICE, WITH PAPER PATTERN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We begin, this month, our full-sized Paper Diagrams, giving patterns for dresses. The one we present, as a Supplement, with this number is a Coat Bodice, of which we give, above, an engraving, showing how it will look when made up.

This style of bodice will be very fashionable for this season, as it is suitable for thick material.

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We give the half of the entire bodice full size. Join the back and side back together, according to the notches, and the front to the side back in the same way. We give the upper half of the sleeve: the under side is sloped out, indicated by the dotted line. The end of the coat-tail is turned up, as may be seen at the dotted line on the back piece. In cutting out the pattern, cut this piece out, and join it at the dotted line, before cutting the material. Buttons and braid are the trimmings for the bodice. The skirt of the dress is bordered with a plaiting, headed with several rows of gathers. Draperies, edged with fringe, ornament the front of the skirt. Make in silk cashmere, or camel's hair cloth, over silk petticoat.

No. 1. FRONT.
No. 2. SIDE-BACK.
No. 3. BACK.
No. 4. SLEEVE.

BORDERS IN CREWEL WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, two patterns in crewel work, for table-cloths, etc., etc., as shown above.

The crewel used for this kind of embroidery differs from ordinary zephyr—in being harder twisted, something between Saxony yarn and zephyr. It is sold in hanks—equal to about a quarter of an ounce of zephyr—6 cents per hank, or 70 cents per dozen hanks.

The nasturtium pattern is worked on crash, or on the creamy-looking linen sold for the purpose. The crewels required are three shades of green to be used for the leaves, the veining light yellow green, scarlet and yellow for the flowers, with green centres. This design can be used for tea-table cloths; table borders worked on serge or brown lawn would look well; it is also intended for aprons, pinafores, dressing gowns, etc.

The bird design is for tea-table cloths worked on crash or linen, or for a table border worked on serge with crewels; two shades of pink, two shades of green, black, yellow, and brown are required, all worked in crewel stitch. This design would also be suitable for mantelpiece vallances.

DESIGN FOR POINT LACE.

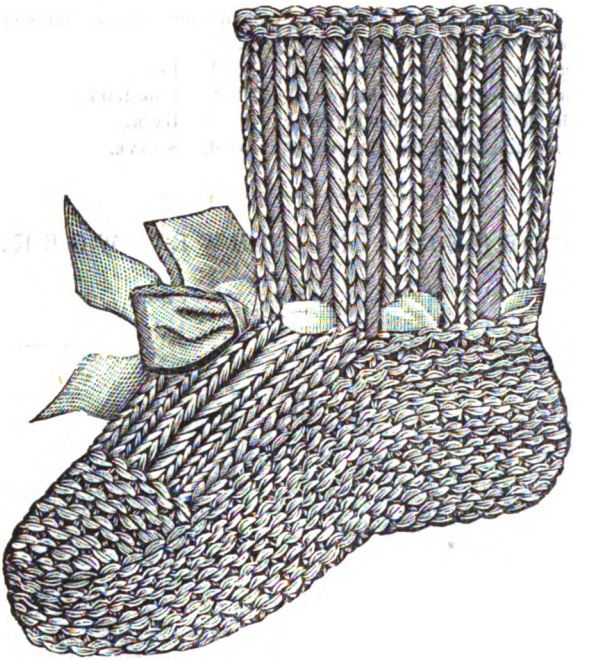
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a full-page design in point lace. The pattern is complete, it will be seen, and needs only to be reproduced *ad infinitum*. The materials required for one yard are twelve yards of linen braid; two balls of Mecklenburg thread, No. 250; one reel of cotton, No. 60. All materials for the lace designs, if they cannot be procured where a subscriber lives, may be had in Philadelphia, or New York, prices *upon application*.

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INFANTS' KNITTED BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

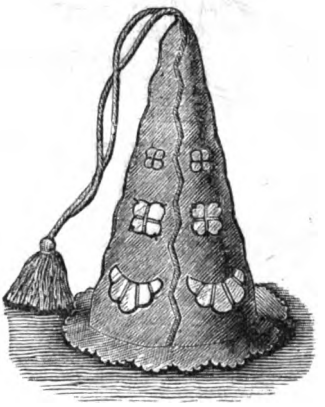


MATERIALS.—You require a pair of No. 12 needles (this number would be too fine for a tight knitter) and half an ounce of white Saxony wool. This wool is particularly recommended for all knitted goods that require constant washing, as it is very soft, elastic, and does not shrink as some other makes of wool do. Cast on 41 stitches. 1st row. Knit plain.—2nd row. Purl.—3d row. Knit plain.—4th row. Purl.—5th row. Slip 1 for the edge stitch, * wool forward, slip 1 as if for purling, knit 2 together, repeat from * to the end stitch, knit 1.—6th row. Slip 1 for the edge, then wool forward, slip 1 as for purling, knit 2 together, repeat from * to the end, knit 1 at the end, the two stitches knit together in this row lie over one another.—Knit 28 more rows like the 6th row, there should then be 15 stitches of brioche stitch, on one side only of the work.—35th row. Knit plain 28 stitches, then turn, leave 13 stitches on the left needle, knit 15 plain, turn, therefore leaving 13 on the right needle, on the 15 stitches work 18 rows of wool forward, slip 1 as if for purling, knit 2 together, when these 18 rows are finished knit 12 plain rows, then 6 rows, knitting 2 together at the *end only* of each row. You have now 9 stitches on the needles. Take up 3 stitches on the last 6 rows, taking up the side of the rows, 6 stitches on the 12 rows, and 10 on the side of the brioche, and 1 plain row, then knit the 13 stitches left on the left-hand needle, turn, knit all these back, the 9 on the toe, and take up the same number of stitches on the other side of the foot, then the 13 left on the other needle. You have now all the stitches on one needle; 73 stitches, knit 8 plain rows.—9th row. Knit 32, knit 2 together, knit 5, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain.—10th row. Knit plain.—11th row. Knit 32, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain.—12th row. Knit plain.—13th row. Knit 31, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain.—14th row. Plain, knit 2 together, knit 28, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 28, knit the 2 last together.—15th row. Plain.—16th row. Knit 2 together, knit 26, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 26, knit 2 together.—17th row. Knit plain.—18th row. Knit 2 together, knit 24, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 24, knit 2 together.—19th row. Knit plain, and then cast off, sew up the back of the leg, then the sole. The toe in this boot is a very well-shaped square one. Run a ribbon in the last row of brioche above the foot.

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PENWIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This penwiper is formed of several leaves of black cloth, with small appliqués of crimson cloth. In the inside there are black cloth leaves, pinked out at the edge; a cord and tassels terminate it at the top. This penwiper can be made of any size desired.

CURTAIN FOR DOOR-WAY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for curtain for door-way, or *portière* as the French say, richly embroidered. These curtains are now very fashionable, and need not necessarily be expensive, or elaborate like this. In our May number for 1877, we gave a design for a window-curtain, both cheap and elegant, which would answer also for a *portière*. We have been asked, since, for something more elaborate, and accordingly give this. The design is mediæval, and would look particularly appropriate in Gothic rooms.

The *portière* is worked on brown velvet, and is a combination of embroidery with appliqué, the idea being to produce effect by work done boldly, without being necessarily rough and coarse in execution. With this view, while both leaves and flowers are rendered in appliqué, the latter are done entirely in satin, giving thereby a fine tone of color and brilliancy. The forms of the petals and the shading are worked on the flowers in crewel before being appliqué on to its ground; the crewel is of the same color as the satin, but of a darker shade and is worked in lines following the form of the flower, as shown by lines indicated in the engraving. The leaves are of different greens, all of serge, and relieved with crewel, the entire leaf being of one-colored serge. The stem and stalks of the branches are embroidered in brown crewels.

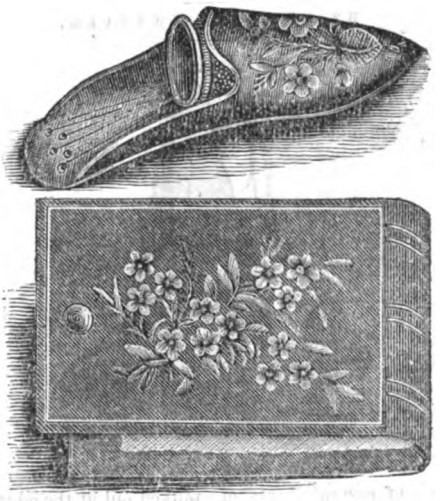
With regard to the coloring of the flowers, the treatment is not perforce arbitrary. In the work done, following the design accurately, the large flower at the base to the left is represented in rich red satin, its large spiky leaves being in green serge. On the reverse side, at the base, the principal flower is in two yellows, with the centre red. The flowers growing upwards to the middle of curtain are in shades of blue. The large flower in the middle on the right is in two yellows, with the alternate back leaves in green. The large flower seen almost in profile near the top is in two pinks, with a gold-colored centre; while the smaller flowers are blue, yellow, and red. The berries which are shown in centre of blue flowers are represented by yellow satin with semicircles of brown crewel worked over it. The pink flowers have green satin centres worked over with another shade of brown crewel to indicate berries.

This curtain is of larger size, nearly three yards in height, and two in width.

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FANCY NEEDLE-CASES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER

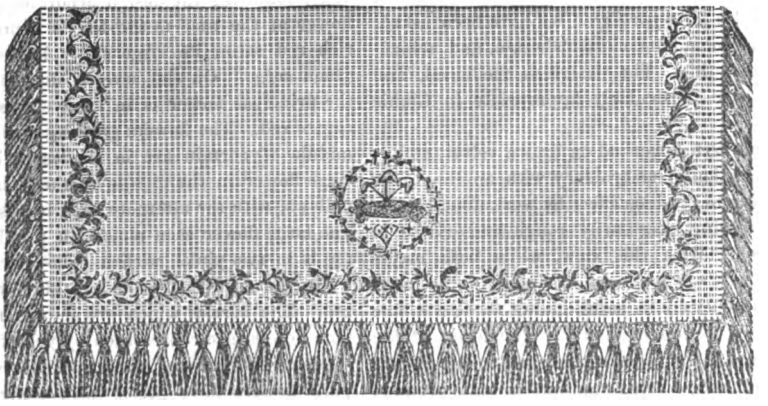


These are in leather or cloth embroidery. The slipper-shaped needle and thimble case is made of brown leather or cloth, lined with rose-colored silk, and the sole with matelassé. A ring of velvet prevents by friction the thimble from slipping out. The top of slipper is embroidered with a suitable floral design in colored silk.

The needle case in the shape of a book is covered with light brown leather, and lined with satin of a similar shade. The embroidery on the cover, representing a bunch of forget-me-nots, is done in silk. The leaves of the book consist of fine flannel, and are vandyked and hemmed at the borders.

COVER FOR SIDE-BOARD, OR AFTERNOON TEA-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

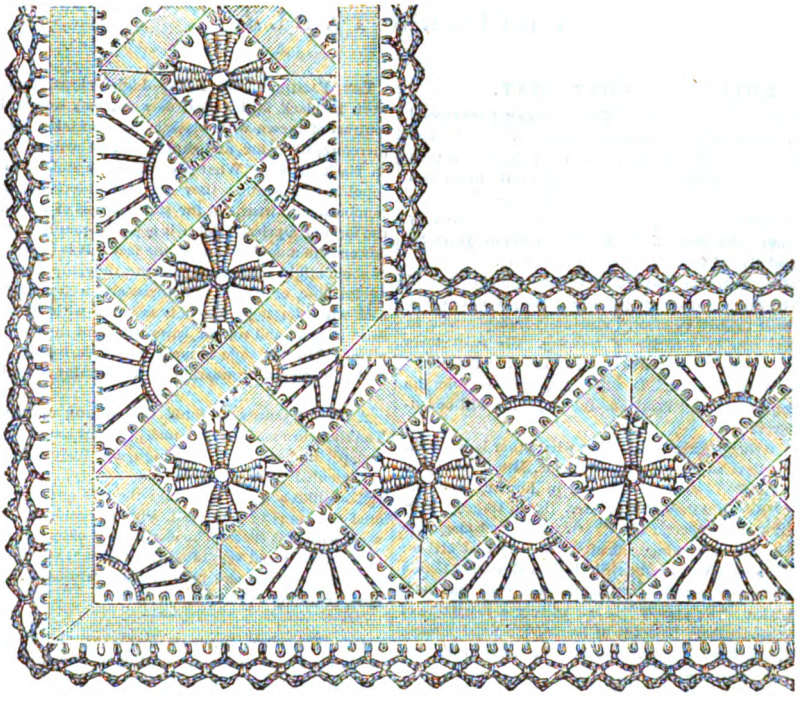


This cover is of white honeycomb canvas, embroidered with crewels or colored ingrain cotton. We have given many designs in previous numbers suitable for the embroidery. The fringe may either be a knitted one, or a bought cotton fringe sewn on.

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CORNER-PIECE FOR COVERLETS, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

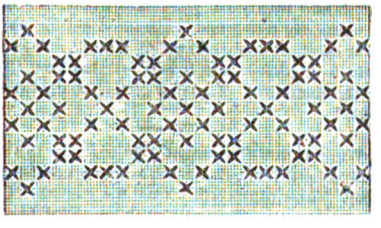


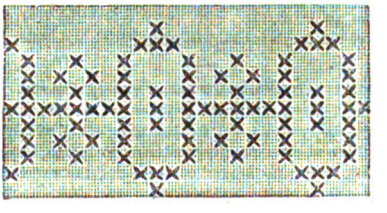
Russian braid, lace stitch, and crochet. Trace the design on tracing-paper, and go over the outlines with Russian braid. Then work the bars in overcast stich, and fill up the designs in point de reprise. The connecting scallops are embroidered in button-hole stitch. The outer edge is finished off with 2 rounds of crochet as follows:—1st round: 1 double in the 1st purl of braid, 5 chain; miss 1 purl; repeat. 2nd round; *1 double in the centre of the 5 chain, 1 chain, 1 purl of three chain, and 1 double, 1 chain; repeat from *. For the corners consult the illustration.

CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY

IN COLORED COTTON, FOR TOWELS, FRUIT NAPKINS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





This style of border is very fashionable for ornamenting house linen; but is likewise popular for trimming dresses. A strip of canvas is tacked over the material to be ornamented, and two colors of ingrain thread are used for the pattern. When completed, the threads of the canvas are drawn out, and the design remains on the material.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1878! FULL-SIZE DIAGRAM PATTERNS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1878 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

For 1878, "Peterson" will deserve this circulation still more. The full-size diagram patterns, to be given, in every number, will make "Peterson" absolutely indispensable in the family, *even as a matter of economy.* Old subscribers write that this was all that was wanted to make "Peterson" perfect as a lady's book. In other respects, also,—in the stories, engravings and fashions—the magazine will be better than ever.

This is saying a great deal. But what other lady's book has such writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett, Frank Lee Benedict? Or, in humor, than the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife?" &c. Or, in tragedy, than the author of "The Second Life?" Or what other magazine gives such steel engravings, all after the very best artists: Bougereau, Meyer Von Bremen, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Comte Calix, Hayter, etc., etc.? Or what fashion book has such colored plates. "Peterson's" is not merely a magazine of literature, remember; it is one of *literature, art and fashion.* Its object, in a word, is to combine more than any other, and to give it at a lower price.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving. For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1878. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Every lady will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before her. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to get up the club with.

OUR COLORED PATTERN.—In the front of the number, we give, as a New Year's gift to our subscribers, two superb colored patterns, for the now very fashionable crewel work. This splendid and unrivalled embellishment cost us as much as a "chromo," and has as many colors. It is a rival to the beautiful one given in our December number. In other magazines such patterns have never been attempted. We give them as proofs, that, with every returning year, this, the best of the lady's books, will grow better and better.

FASHION IS GETTING PRACTICAL, we are glad to say. We have short skirts, petticoats guileless of starch, woolen stockings, shoes, and a net for the hair; all of which are comfortable and consequently conducive to health, because, the toilette being no longer cumbersome, the exercise of walking is more readily undertaken.

"NO CATCH-PENNY."—A lady writes to us: "Last year, I was induced to subscribe for a somewhat cheaper magazine, but I found it a mere catch-penny affair, promising everything and performing nothing. So, this year, I came back to my old love."

THE FASHIONS FOR FURS.—Light-colored furs will be worn in black faille. Seal does not look well with it, the contrast of brown with black being a mistake. Chinchilla, therefore, silver fox, and skunk, will be arranged as bands on black dresses. What are called fur stoles will be very popular this winter; they are elegant-looking, and most comfortable to wear. A fur stole consists of a band, taking the form of a priest's stole; it is passed round the neck, and descends in a double band to the feet. It is lined with satin of some bright color, such as flame, ruby, sapphire blue, turquoise blue, or straw; and there are deep cuffs to match, sold with the stole, which is fastened with three bows of satin ribbon; and similar bows ornament the cuffs near the elbow. The fur stole is made in skunk, beaver, otter, and sable. For evening wear, grebe and ermine are substituted.

A NEW FASHION IN SHOES has sprung up, this winter. The shoes are made of kid, and the front comes high on the instep; the heel is not very high, and frequently the toe is ornamented with white silk embroidery. It is tied with ribbons like a man's shoe, and the toes are rounded. Colored stockings of fine wool, with embroidered clocks, are worn with this shoe. The clocks, be it observed, are always of light silk; and very often the stockings are checked with two colors—green and blue, or plain cardinal red, peasant's blue, or bishop's violet.

OUR FULL-SIZE DIAGRAM PATTERNS, the first of which we give, as a Supplement, with this number, are pronounced everywhere, "the only thing needed to make the magazine perfect." A lady writes, "You are always progressive, as this shows; the patterns will be simply invaluable." We undertake this additional expense, and it is a very heavy one, confident that an increased subscription list will indemnify us for the cost. The patterns, like that given, this month, will always be after *the very latest Parisian styles.*

OUR SUPERB "GEMS OF ART," with twenty-five steel engravings, each of the size of "Borrowed Plumes," in this number, will be sent, as a premium, if preferred, instead of "The Angels of Christmas." Or a copy of "The Pictorial Annual," also with twenty-five steel plates, but different from those in the "Gems," will be sent on the same terms. Or each will be sent to subscribers (but to those only) on the receipt of fifty cents.

"TWENTY-ONE YEARS."—We have a letter, which says: "It is now twenty-one years since I (then a little girl just entering my teens) first commenced getting up clubs for your excellent magazine, which, I think, still continues to gain in excellence, and is, as it ever has been, 'The Queen of the Monthlies!' I am now getting up my twenty-second club."

WHAT IS THE ETIQUETTE?—We begin, in this number, a series of articles on Etiquette, to be continued through the year. These papers will discuss the etiquette of dress, behavior, etc., etc. They will, when completed, form a perfect manual on the subject.

BEAUTY MAY ATTRACT love at first, but remember, it cannot alone retain affection. It is the sterling qualities of the heart and mind that win in the long run.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING for 1878, "The Angels of Christmas," proves even more popular than we had expected. We have scores of letters, from persons raising clubs, expressing their admiration of it. The newspapers are equally enthusiastic. "Of rare excellence and beauty," says the Lyons (N. Y.) Press, "and engraved in the most brilliant manner." Says the Centralia (Mo.) Guard, "It is not one of the cheap, colored lithographs, with which the country is flooded, but a first-class line and stipple engraving, executed in the highest style of art. In artistic merit and beauty, it is, we think, the finest 'Peterson' has ever issued."

We will add that it is no old plate vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with most of those offered by other publishers, but has been designed and engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers. The infantine beauty, the cherubic innocence of the angels' faces, in this engraving, have never been equaled on canvas. This part of the picture is after Sir Joshua Reynolds. These angels' faces are hovering in the sky, gazing, from afar, on Bethlehem, over which shines refulgent the Star of the East. It is an engraving that ought to be on the walls *of every home in the land.*

In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the advertisement on the cover.

A CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS, according to an eminent physician, is to eat an onion, raw, or stewed. Those, with whom this does not agree, may, however, induce sleep by other means. The same physician says: "Sleeplessness is caused by the fact that the blood is in the brain, not in the stomach. The remedy, therefore, is obvious. Call the blood down from the brain to the stomach. This is to be done by eating a biscuit, a hard-boiled egg, a bit of bread and cheese, or something. Follow this up with a glass of milk, or even water, and you will fall asleep."

MEDICINAL HERBS, ETC., ETC. — Dr. Livezey, whose "Mother's Department" has been so acceptable to our readers, begins, in this number, a series of articles on Medical Botany, the design being to describe the ordinary plants, that grow in field and wood, with the ulterior intent to set forth their medicinal virtues. No such articles have ever before appeared, and they will, we think, be found invaluable. They will be continued under our "Mother's Department."

FOR FIFTY CENTS extra, a copy of "The Angels of Christmas," or any other of our premium engravings, will be sent to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1878. But as this represents only the cost of printing an impression, we must confine this offer strictly to subscribers.

"NOT DIFFICULT."—A lady, who sends us a club for 1878, writes:—"It is not difficult to account for the world-wide popularity of 'Peterson.' It is easy work to obtain subscribers; it is just splendid; every family ought to have it."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Woman's Thoughts About Women. By Miss Muloch. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another volume of that cheap and popular "Dollar Series," which has attracted so much, and such deserved, attention. Miss Muloch's works, "John Halifax," for instance, place her in the front rank of women who are entitled to speak for her sex. Every lady ought to have this book. It is full of valuable suggestions. It is also a most eloquent plea for woman. The volume is handsomely printed, and bound with great taste.

Baby Ballads. Illustrated by Oscar Pleitch. 1 *vol*, 16*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very prettily illustrated little volume of poems adapted to the capacities of children.

Music in the House. By John Hullah, LL.D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—This is a plea for music in private houses as distinguished from music in public halls. As such music must be principally vocal, it is, therefore, a plea for vocal music, and further for choral music. The book is well written, and if it can gain its end, if it can improve the taste for music, and extend its cultivation, it will have performed a great service. Though originally written for the English public, it is suitable also for the American. The volume is handsomely printed.

That Girl of Mine. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This new novel comes out anonymously, and seems to be by an entirely new hand. We certainly do not recognize any known author in its style. The scene of the story is laid in Washington city, and society there is described with such evident knowledge of the subject, that we take the writer to be a resident of the political metropolis. Under thin disguises, too, we think we recognize more than one celebrity.

He and I; or, Was It He? By the author of "Annals of a Baby." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—The present story is a much more ambitious effort than its predecessor. The plot turns on the legend of the Wandering Jew, of which Croly, in his "Salathiel," so skilfully availed himself. The scene is laid partly in Asia, and the pictures of life in the desert are exceedingly well done. We can sincerely recommend the book.

Lil. By the Hon. Mrs. Fotherstonough. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is one of that very popular "Star Series," former volumes of which we have favorably noticed. The heroine of the present story is an impulsive, warm-hearted girl, who will become as great a favorite with the reader as she was, according to the narrative, with all who knew her.

What a Boy. By Julia A. Willis. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Another of those books, like "That Girl of Mine," which are so popular just now. This one is divided into three parts, "What Shall We Do with Him?" "What Will He Do with Himself?" "Who is to Blame for the Consequences?" It is a volume of nearly four hundred pages.

The Telephone. By Professor A. E. Dolbear. 1 *vol.*, 24*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A very excellent description of the instrument, which has aroused so much curiosity, during the past year. The phenomena of electricity, magnetism, and sound, as involved in the action of the telephone, are clearly explained. Directions are also given for making a speaking telephone.

Fret-Sawing. For Pleasure and Profit. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: H. T. Williams.*—A capital little treatise, profusely illustrated, showing how to use the fret-saw. The tools to be used are described, and numerous patterns given; the whole forming a perfect guide to this kind of work.

Adrift in the Ice-Fields. By Capt. Charles W. Hall. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A story for boys, the scene of which is laid principally in Lower Canada. The tale is well told, the descriptions vigorous, and the incidental knowledge imparted very considerable.

Bessie's Six Lovers. A Summer Idyl. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A pleasantly told story, ending happily, as all orthodox love stories ought. The volume is printed in bold, clear type, which is a very great recommendation.

The Coquette. By the author of "Misserimus." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The principal character, in this novel, is a very graphic delineation. Lord Davenant also is well hit off. On the whole the novel is quite good.

The Life of Edwin Forrest. By James Rees. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The author of this memoir knew Mr. Forrest intimately. The work abounds with reliable anecdotes.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

When You Get up Clubs, show, to those you ask to subscribe, what others think of "Peterson." The newspapers, for example, are unanimous that *it is the cheapest and best.* Says the Decatur Republican: "We recommend it to all as the cheapest and best now published. It comes to us, ever fresh and interesting, *with literary contributions by the best authors*, etc., etc." The Portland West Shore says: "As a magazine of fashion, it is *at the head of the list.* Its engravings are always well executed, and its colored plate admirably done. The reading matter is much better than any other magazine of the kind." The Sunset (Chicago) Times says: "Everybody who subscribes, *wonders how they ever got along without it*, and are ready to make all sacrifices necessary to renew their subscriptions. It more than fills the programme laid out in its prospectus." The Cardwell (Canada) Sentinel says: "It is the *best two dollar* periodical in the whole range of literature." The Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph says: "The December number is a miracle of beauty: all things considered, this magazine *has no equal at its price.*" The Vincennes (Ind.) Times says: "The superb colored pattern in the December number is alone worth the price of that number." The Marseilles (Ill.) Plaindealer says: "It is always so charming, we cannot see how the ladies can do without it. *The reading matter is the very best* of its kind." The Oxford (Mich.) Journal says: "Every household in the land should subscribe for this fine magazine, as its patterns, receipts and other valuable instruction will save the price it costs." The Le Roy (N. Y.) Gazette says: "*Every taste is satisfied* by this magazine." We could quote pages of similar encomiums.

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany.—Of the Garden, Field, and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

I.—Allium, its Species.

Allium Sativum.—Sexual system, hexandria monogynia; natural order, liliaceæ. This species of *garlic* is a native of Europe, particularly of Sicily, Italy, and the South of France. It is cultivated in all civilized countries, and is almost universally found in our gardens. Allium is a very extensive genus, including more than sixty species, mostly European. Gray describes seven species.

Allium Sativum, commonly called *English garlic*, to distinguish it from those which grow wild in our fields and meadows, is the only species now *officinal* in medicine.

The English are said to detest it, while the Russians, Spaniards, Jews, and Irish everywhere relish it. So penetrating is its odor, and the volatile oil obtained from the garlic, that if a poultice even be applied to the soles of the feet, the odor will be exhaled from the lungs, and the taste will be perceptible. The flesh of fowls, their eggs as well as milk and butter, are liable to be impregnated by it.

The use of garlic, both as a medicine and condiment, can be traced up to the highest antiquity. It often proves beneficial in enfeebled digestion and flatulence, when moderately used as a condiment. A syrup of garlic is often used with decided benefit in chronic catarrh, and other pectoral affections, especially of children, as well as in the nervous and spasmodic coughs to which they are liable.

A few drops of the juice has been employed to check nervous vomiting, and applied warm to relieve ear-ache. The expressed juice is also an old remedy for deafness.

Fresh bulbs of the garlic rubbed to a pulp, with as much sugar as can be incorporated with it, is frequently efficacious as a vermifuge. Dioscorides advised garlic as a remedy for tape worm, venomous bites, coughs, etc.; and Celsus employed it to prevent paroxysms of ague. One of the oldest uses was to apply it to the spine of young children, to relieve them of whooping cough.

The external uses of garlic are more extensive and more important than its internal. Bruised and applied to the feet, it relieves, by revulsive action, disorders of the head; and in febrile disorders of children, it quiets restlessness, and induces sleep. In dysenteric affections, hot poultices of bruised garlic placed on the abdomen, are very soothing; and the same laid over the bladder, will often overcome retention of urine, especially of children. A fresh cut clove of garlic applied to a spot stung by a hornet or bee, will promptly allay the pain.

Allium Cepa (*Head Allium*), Garden Onion.—This vegetable is noticed in connection with garlic, merely to say, that its native country is unknown, but is itself universally known, and esteemed, and cultivated for culinary purposes; that the expressed juice is a popular remedy for *croup* and *catarrh* of children; and a poultice of hot, mashed onions applied over the lower part of the abdomen of infants and others, in retention of urine, is equally as effectual as garlic. Raw onions eaten before breakfast is a popular remedy for ague in some sections of country. The peculiar effect or property of the onion is thus playfully referred to, by Shakespeare:

"And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An *onion* will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall, in despite, enforce a watery eye."

A few remarks upon three other species of garlic, though not medicinal, may be interesting to the general reader.

Allium Porrum, Garden Leek.—This species of garlic is still found in many gardens, particularly of foreigners, and is used as an ingredient in soups, etc. It seems to be regarded as a sort of national emblem by the Welsh, and is thus noticed by the poet Gray:

Leek to the Welsh. To Dutchman, butter's dear;
Of Irish swains, *potato* is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts, the Scottish shepherds grind, etc."

Allium Schœnoprasum, *Chives.*—Like its kindred, too well known to be described, is a native of Europe, but cultivated in gardens, more formerly than at present, and used as a culinary herb. Chopped fine, it is used as a kind of medicinal food for young poultry, mixed with their other food.

Allium Veniale, *Field or Crow Garlic.*—The "oldest inhabitants" say that this species of garlic was brought to Pennsylvania, by the first Welsh immigrants, for the purpose of obtaining an early spring pasture for their cattle. Be this story as it may, it is now completely naturalized, and in some districts so abundant as to be a pest and a nuisance —not only imparting (to most people) a disgusting flavor to *milk, butter*, etc., but when the bulblets are abundant among the wheat, they seriously injure flour, and render the proper manufacture of it difficult.

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ETIQUETTE.

ETIQUETTE FOR MORNING-DRESS.—For a lady, dress is so important, that, even as a matter of etiquette, it must be given the first place. In other words, there is an etiquette of dress as well as of manners. Certain dresses should be worn, at certain times, and in certain ways: one is fit for the house in the morning, another for promenade, another for an evening party; and one who dresses differently, in cultivated society, is apt to be thought underbred.

We would premise that we do not encourage extravagance, when we say there should be this variety of dress; for if a lady uses one dress, she cannot be wearing out another; and one suitable dress for each occasion will not only last for one season, but for two or three, if the material is good, and it is well made, and is not cut, or trimmed, in too pronounced a style. For, be it remembered, a very showy dress is one that will date itself; in other words persons will say, "She has lived in that dress for years; it was made at such and such a time." With this preliminary observation, we proceed to speak, this month, of the etiquette for the dress a lady should wear at home, and for morning callers.

For the morning, at home, a dress ought to be longer than one for out-of-doors. The demi-train is much more graceful than the short skirt; and with a ruffle, from a quarter to half a yard deep basted on the inside of the skirt, the train is kept clean; and the ruffle can be taken out, and washed, and replaced, as often as is necessary: this ruffle need only start from the side gores. One of the prettiest fashions for morning dress is the Princess, straight down the front and almost close-fitting there, but quite so at the back, with a train that is untrimmed: the front is usually trimmed all the way from the shoulders down, and buttoned the full length. This dress can be made of camel's hair, cashmere, merino, or any of the hundreds of varieties of woolen goods, that now come, varying in price from twenty cents up to two dollars a yard, and therefore can be brought within the means of all. Silk can be used, but it is not so soft and pretty. For those whose occupations are no more arduous than making point laces, embroidering in crewels, or reading the last new book, light blues, or pinks, or delicate buffs, even whites, or soft grays, or fawn colors, trimmed with knots of pretty gay ribbons, are suitable. In such a case, frills of lace, zigzaggod down the front, with bows or knots of ribbon, add very much to the effect. For those who are older, and require a more sober style of dress, darker shades of blue, violet, crimson, deeper grays and fawns are in keeping.

The busy housewife should have the train of her morning dress made shorter than that of the woman of leisure. It should be without the lace, the many bows of ribbon, buttons alone being the only ornaments down the front, with ribbons at the throat and pockets only. Pretty flannels, in small plaids, or some simple-figured goods, will stand the wear of much use better than a plain material. Of course, for summer, the simplest chints, or pique, or any white goods, may be worn, trimmed with braids, or ruffles: a belt or sash would add greatly to the summer morning dress. To protect the dress, while busy, a neat white apron should be worn; it may be full of pretty, suggestive pockets, if liked, or it may be made of one of the towels, that are now embroidered in red at the ends (for which embroidery we have given patterns), and pinned on. In our next number we will give an engraving of a morning dress with one of these towel aprons. When the breakfast cups have been washed, the room dusted, and the flowers watered, the apron may be laid aside.

Neatness, above all things, is necessary to the true lady. One woman will look perfectly thorough-bred in a shilling dress, while another may have on the most expensive toilet that Paris can produce and yet look—vulgar. No crimping pins, or curl papers are allowed after a lady leaves her chamber: the hair should be simply, but becomingly adjusted; the collars and cuffs should be spotlessly fresh; the shoes and stockings neat; and above all no jewelry is to be worn in the morning; rattling bracelets and dangling chains are utterly out of place then. If the ears are pierced, only the simplest ear-rings should be worn, and the fingers should be divested of all rings, except the wedding or engagement ring, or a seal-ring. By following these hints, any lady can be prepared for either the privacy of her own home, or for early morning callers. But no matter what the material of the "breakfast dress" may be, nor how pretty made, is it allowable to be worn during the whole day; the half tight fitting dress that looks so comfortable and appropriate in the morning, looks slovenly when morning occupations are over.

In large towns, where calls are so usual from one to four o'clock, the morning-dress, which we have described, is not appropriate after one o'clock: that is if the lady is "At Home" to any except her intimate friends. Then, a dress, with a demi-train skirt, made of silk, cashmere, or any other material that is preferred, should be worn. In winter, the tint should be rather dark for ordinary occasions; but it may be of some rich color. Plain linen cuffs and collars, with a little lace edging, or embroidery; a locket, suspended around the neck, by a velvet; a bow of bright, or light-colored ribbon; a bow of ribbon in the hair, suitable to be worn with the dress; neatly arranged hair, and well-fitting shoes. If the throat is pretty, a dress cut open at the neck, with a plain frilling, is admissible. A dress of this kind is suitable for a house-dress all day, let the material be what it will; and if the stuff of which the dress is made is not too cheap, the ruffling, etc., etc., may be rather elaborate, otherwise such ruffling would be out of place.

For more ceremonious occasions, such as a "Reception," or a formal "At Home," the dress should be of lighter tints, brighter colors, and more elaborate in make. It will be quite appropriate to have more trimmings on skirt and waist; and the hair may be a little more showily dressed. A small bouquet of artificial flowers may be worn on the breast, or in the belt: or if the window garden will afford it, a few geranium leaves, with a cluster of the rich flower, or a rose-bud, may be substituted and will be much better. The sleeves, for a ceremonious morning-dress, may, if desired, only reach to the elbow; but in that case the gloves should have four, or five buttons; and for these ceremonious occasions gloves are indispensable. Or the long mitts, which have been introduced within the last year, may take the place of the gloves. A fan will often be found necessary, in the heat and excitement of such a reception; but it should never be of lace in the daytime. All morning-dresses, it must be remembered, should be high at the back and on the shoulders; but, if preferred, they can be cut open, square, or heart-shaped, in front. A good deal of lace may be worn about the neck, or tulle can be crossed over the bosom. The neck should not be too open, however; or, if the dress is very dark, a soft, white fichu, or one made of soft, light-blue silk, or crepe, pink, buff, or scarlet, will add very much to the "dressy" look of the costume. Very little jewelry should be worn, even with a "reception-dress;" but more is allowable than with other day-dresses.

A hint or two as to what is etiquette in dress, for gentlemen, in the morning. For an ordinary call, the ordinary walking-dress is all that is required. For the more ceremonious "Reception," or "At Home," either it, or a frock coat. But at a very ceremonious affair, such as a wedding reception, the frock coat is more desirable. Of course, on all ceremonious occasions, a gentleman should wear gloves; but they should be of some color to suit his dress, and never, except at very ceremonious affairs, even light-colored. Neither the swallow-tail coat, nor a white cravat, should be worn, except in the evening.

Next month, we shall speak of the etiquette in dress for promenading. Or for driving, or making calls, with a carriage.

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PARLOR GAMES.

HOME-TRUTHS.—A diplomatic game, showing how the same fact is capable, if properly manipulated, of being drawn to any inferences, however opposite they may be. One of the company—supposing it to be a lady—informs her neighbor that she wishes she were some animal or object supremely disagreeable, and asks if he knows why. The person addressed is bound to give a passable reason, and at the same time to avoid paying a compliment in giving it. The lady then asks the person on her right the same question, and in this case must be answered with a compliment. For instance, the lady may say, "I should like to be a coal-scuttle; can you tell me why?" The first person addressed may answer, "Because you are less fair than useful, and your heart is only fit to be burnt." The second person, of whom the same question is asked, replies, "Because you furnish the charm of home, and when appealed to never fail to produce a flame." Or a gentleman may say, "I should like to be a centipede; can you tell me why?" The first person appealed to, replies, "Because you would be the better able to run away from your creditors." The second answers, "In order that whenever one of your friends had not a leg to stand upon, you might lend him one of your own." Each one of the company takes a turn at the choice, and by the time the end is reached a pretty crop of disparagement, and an equally plentiful supply of compliments, will have been obtained, between which the truth as to any particular player may be discovered.

QUALIFICATIONS.—In this game, the player possessing the most inventive genius writes a story, leaving blank spaces before each noun and proper name which occur in it, and then appeals in turn to each of the company for an adjective, until the whole of the spaces are filled up. The tale is then read aloud, and much amusement will probably be derived from the quaint and utterly inapplicable way in which the adjectives come in. For instance, the narrator writes: "The (metalliferous) Mr. Barkins, walking one (rectangular) day in company with the (calcareous) Bishop of Pennsylvania, met the (straw-colored) Mrs. Barkins driving in an (empty-headed) barouche, with the (iron-plated) baby, the (kilted) nurse, and the (hypothecated) Queen of Honolulu, whereupon he naturally went to the (dessicated) canal, and precipitated his (multifarious) body into the (incongruous) water, which resulted in a most (felicitous) suicide, and a (vicarious) verdict of *felo de se*." The more far-fetched the adjectives the better, since they add the more to the startling nature of the history told.

HORTICULTURAL.

FERNS IN THE HOUSE.

Nothing is more beautiful, in a room, than ferns. And they can be made to grow so easily and with comparatively little expense. Without any curtailment of necessary space, without any inconvenience, these beautiful plants may be so arranged as that every house, "be it ever so humble," may become a "Fern Paradise." The hardier kinds, if kept within doors, will survive the winter, and look fresh and green throughout; and the more delicate and fragile of the species may be preserved in all their natural freshness under a covering of glass. Plant them in a case and cover them with a shade, and then you will have, even in midwinter, a miniature fernery. Do you want a sweet smell as from a country lane? Take off the covering of glass, and your tiny imprisoned favorites will exhale the sweet familiar odors; and where the moisture has rested on their feathery tips, there you will see as if it had been dewdrops. Have you a dark, damp corner in your garden, where you cannot get your flowers to grow? If you have—and few there are who have not, for everything has its shady side—throw some loose stones together in rockery form, and plant ferns there. They will revel in the obscurity of the retreat which you have chosen for them, and smile gracefully and thankfully upon you from out of their dark corner.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Boiled Turkey with Oyster Sauce.—Grate a loaf of bread; cut up twenty oysters, one-quarter pound of butter, pepper, salt, two tablespoons of cream, and three eggs; stuff the turkey with these ingredients, and make into balls, and boil what is left; sew up the turkey; dredge it, and put it in cold water enough to cover it; set it over the fire; let it boil slowly for an hour; take off the scum as it rises; then take off the kettle, and cover it closely; if it be a middling size, let it stand in the pot for half an hour, the steam being kept in will cook it enough, and keep the skin whole or very white. When you dish it, pour on a little oyster sauce; lay the balls around the turkey; serve the rest of the sauce in a boat. Let the turkey be put on in time to stew as above, it cooks it toperfection. The turkey should be put on the fire and heated before it is served.

Irish Stew of Mutton is made by cutting a loin of mutton into chops; put them in water and let stew for half an hour. Stir a cup of rich milk or cream in twelve Irish potatoes that have been boiled, peeled and mashed while hot; put half the potatoes in a deep dish, and then put in the chops, and then the rest of the potatoes. Put them in the oven, and bake them a light brown. When ready to serve, pour over them a gravy made of the water in which the chops were stewed. Season it with pepper and salt, and an onion; let it stew for twenty minutes, and then thicken it with one tablespoon of butter rolled in one tablespoon of flour.

Croquettes of Meats.—Take any kind of meat; mince it. For one dish, put three tablespoons of minced ham; seasoned with pepper, salt, and nutmeg; one tablespoon of butter, rolled in three of flour; moisten all wth one-half a pint of cream, or boiled milk; stir until it is ropy; stir in the fresh meat to the consistency of hash; let it get cool; the meat to have been previously cooked. Make in forms; roll in beaten yolk of egg, and bread crumbs; form with a knife, not touching them with the hand; fry in hot lard, with a little parsley.

VEGETABLES.

Hominy is Indian corn freed from its yellow skin, and perfectly white, but unground. It should be washed in two or three waters, after which it is to have boiling water poured over it, to be covered up, and left standing all night. It is then to be taken out and put into a saucepan (one quart of hominy to two of water), and boiled four or five hours, or till quite soft. Drain it, put it into a deep dish, add some butter to it, and send it to table hot, but uncovered. It is eaten with any sort of meat, but particularly with corned beef or pork. What is left cold may be made next day into thick cakes, and fried with butter. *Small hominy* or *Carolina grits* must be similarly treated, but is cooked with only a pint and a half of water to two pints of corn. It must also be served uncovered, as otherwise it is thin and watery. *Samp* is Indian corn skinned, and then pounded or ground till it resembles very coarse meal. It is cooked and eaten, like small hominy, with butter and sugar, or molasses, or with sugar and cream.

Celery Sauce.—Wash and pare one large bunch of celery; cut in small bits; boil until tender. One-half pint of cream, mace, nutmeg, a small piece of butter. Boil it gently; and, when the sauce is quite thick, serve.

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Brown Onion Sauce.—Cut off both ends of the onions; fry them in two ounces of melted butter, until they are a light brown; pour into them one pint of gravy to six onions.

To Fry Sweet Potatoes.—Wash, and pare them. Parboil them for half an hour, and then fry them in boiling lard. Split them in two after boiling them.

DESSERTS.

Arrowroot Shape.—Mix two ounces of arrowroot in half a pint of cold water, let it settle; pour off the water, and flavor the arrowroot with a little orange-flower water. Boil one quart of milk with some sugar and a little cinnamon, strain through a tammy on to the arrowroot, stirring all the time; simmer a short time, still stirring; put it into a well-oiled mould, turn it out the following day, and serve it with a custard made with one pint of milk, four yolks of eggs, and flavored with orange-flower water.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat well together four ounces of fresh butter to a cream, and eight ounces of sifted sugar; to these add gradually the yolks of six and the whites of two eggs, with the grated rind and strained juice of one large lemon. This last must be added by slow degrees, and stirred briskly to the other ingredients. Bake the pudding in a dish lined with very thin puff-paste for three-quarters of an hour, in a slow oven.

Apple Dumplings.—Make a crust of one quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of butter or lard, a little salt, and milk enough to make a dough that can be rolled out; cut this dough in eight places, roll them out thin, put slices of sour apple upon them, fold them up tight, and steam or bake. Baking will require twenty minutes, steaming an hour.

Sago Jelly.—A teacupful of sago, boiled in three pints and a-half of water till ready. When cold add half a pint of raspberry syrup. Pour it into a shape which has been rinsed in cold water, and let it stand until it is sufficiently set to turn out well. When dished, pour a little cream round it.

CAKES.

Water Muffins with Eggs.—One quart of flour, nearly a pint of water, two eggs, three tablespoons of yeast, one teaspoon of salt. Beat the eggs very light; add the water and flour, beating all the time; then add the yeast, and beat until they leave the spoon. Wet the spoon, dip it in the batter, and drop a spoonful on the griddle and bake.

Washington Breakfast Cakes.—Three eggs, one pint of milk one pint of flour, one teaspoon of butter. Beat all well together and add two tablespoons of yeast. Set to lighten in a warm place. Put in greased tins and bake in a quick oven. Beat the eggs light before adding them to the other ingredients.

Lynn Rice Cakes.—One pound of ground rice, two teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder, the rind of two or three lemons finely chopped, one half pound of sifted sugar, three-quarters pound of butter beaten to the thickness of cream, and four eggs well beaten. Bake in a well-buttered mould in a moderate oven.

FOR INVALIDS.

Lemonade.—Peel a fine lemon as thinly as possible, and let the peel lie for half an hour in a quart of cold filtered water; then add the strained juice of the lemon, remove the peel, and sweeten to taste with lump sugar. Capillaire, or simple syrup, is very good for sweetening all invalid drinks, and is useful for a variety of purposes. To make it, take a pound of the finest loaf sugar, and drop it in four lumps at a time into a pint and a half of boiling water; let it boil gently, removing every particle of scum as it rises, until it begins to thicken and assumes a golden tinge. When finished, it should be perfectly bright and clear, and if well made will last a long time. It should be put away in small bottles, and be well corked. Provision should be made in families for supplying lemonade at any moment. This may be done by putting the peel of lemons when cheap into a bottle, and covering them with gin, draining away the liquor when it has stood a month, and bottling it. This can be used to flavor lemonade with citric acid, which is perfectly wholesome. A syrup can be made of the juice of the lemons thus: Add half a pint of strained juice to a pint of capillaire made as directed above, and allow both to boil together for an hour. If care is taken to remove all scum as it rises, the syrup will be clear and bright. Put away in small bottles closely corked, and it will keep for years. A little of this syrup, with a few drops of the extract of lemon peel, makes a delicious and refreshing drink.

Black Currant Jam Water.—Put two tablespoonfuls of the jam, with a pint of water, into a perfectly bright tin saucepan, and allow them to simmer for half an hour; strain it, and if for a cold, take it as hot as possible. When required to allay thirst, the drink will be given cold. In cases of sore throat a tablespoonful more jam will be used. This method of making jam water is better and more economical than merely pouring boiling water on the jam.

Apple Water.—Wash three or four fine sharp apples, and bake them slowly until done; then break them up, put into a jug with a quart of water, stir up briskly with a silver spoon, and allow it to stand an hour or two. Strain through a fine sieve, and sweeten to taste. Lemon flavoring may be added.

Dysentery Cholera Cordial.—Two ounces tincture cayenne, one ounce spirits camphor, one ounce tincture rhubarb, two ounces essence peppermint, two ounces best brandy, two drachms laudanum. Dose for an adult, one teaspoonful every hour until relief is obtained.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—DINNER-DRESS OF PEACH-COLORED SILK; the whole of the front skirt is laid in deep kilt plaits; the bodice, which is cut low in front, is coat shape, and continues down the back in a long square train, which is edged with a ruffle of the silk, and caught to the under-skirt by loop and long ends of ribbon, of the color of the dress. A drapery of white gauze, embroidered in tea roses, passes across the front of the skirt, and mingles with the train at the sides; the drapery is finished with a white and peach-colored fringe. A shawl drapery of the same gauze forms the trimming about the neck, where it is fastened in front by a large rose. Half-wreath of roses on the head.

FIG. II.—DINNER-DRESS OF GREEN SILK, trimmed with bias scarves of silk of the same color, striped with satin of a darker shade; white cashmere dolman, with long square fronts, large oval sleeves, and a rather close-fitting back; the back and part of the front has a white braid put over it in a diamond form, and white bugle beads are sewn in each diamond; the sleeves and hinder part of the front is also trimmed with braid, and beads, and a deep fringe.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK FOR A YOUNG LADY; the skirt is quite plain, except the train at the back, which has a couple of widths of silk gathered in a fan shape, rather low down, and is trimmed with a wide, plaited ruffle. Over the skirt is worn an embroidered Chine crêpe shawl, higher on the left side than on the right, and simply knotted low at the back; the waist is of the cuirass shape, and plain. Pink roses and blue ribbons in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE TULLE OVER WHITE SILK; the front of the dress has two aprons of the tulle edged with knife-plaitings of the same, and below the lower is a white lace flounce, which goes to the back, then passes up the sides, forming a cascade of lace, caught by great bunches of red and yellow roses; the bottom of the train is finished by two deep plaitings of tulle; the cuirass waist is edged top and bottom with a plaiting of tulle; a wreath of

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red and yellow roses crosses the left shoulder, and joins the upper bouquet on the lace cascade; the second wreath, which passes across the front, is attached to the lower bouquet, and to one back, on the left side, higher up. Single large red and yellow roses on the right shoulder, and in the hair.

FIG. V.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the front of the skirt is slightly gathered, but the sides and back are much fuller, and are trimmed with knife-plaitings of silk; deeper plaitings trim the bottom of the skirt; the cuirass waist is formed by a short coat basque, and a close-fitting vest in front, which reaches under the coat basque at the sides; the sleeves and basque are trimmed with flat silk buttons; they are also finished by cording, and bows of yellow satin ribbon. Bonnet of black velvet corded with yellow satin, and trimmed with black and yellow plumes.

FIG. VI.—LONG SEMI-FITTING PALETOT OF BLACK DIAGONAL CLOTH, enriched with bands of fox fur with silver points; it is fastened the entire length of the front; loose sleeves; square pockets simulated with fur, and a gimp drop ornament. The dress is of cypress-green serge, edged in front with a flounce having a gathered heading. Gainsborough hat of cypress-green felt, trimmed with plush to match, and wreathed round the crown with a pale blue feather, clasped in front by a steel buckle.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF RICH BROWN known as "toasted bread brown." The skirt is of silk; the train is plain, and the front is ornamented with a deep-plaited flounce. The cashmere tunic is square on the right side, and trimmed with silk bows of the same color. The left side of the tunic is attached to the side breadths. The brown silk braid, in which silver is interwoven, is arranged in pointed pattes at the bottom of the tunic, but is put on in straight lines around the back of the skirt, around the waist, neck, etc.

FIGS. VIII & IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF HOUSE-DRESS OF MOSS GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR; this style of dress, if made a little shorter, is equally appropriate for street wear, as the jacket makes a most suitable wrap, and should only be worn as a morning-dress if used in the house. The under-skirt is of moss-green silk, trimmed with plaitings of silk and camel's hair, and is trimmed with a band of rich colored galloon. The upper-skirt and jacket are also trimmed with this galloon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, also, this month, our usual variety of head-dresses, bonnets, etc., etc. The first head-dress is for a young lady, has the hair combed straight back with the puffs and plaits confined by a comb; the second head-dress is not quite so simple, and is better suited for an older person; the hair is arranged in loose braids at the top. The hat which we give, is of black felt, with a twist of soft black silk, and two or three curled ostrich tips on the right side, where the brim turns up. The bonnet is of soft smoke grey velvet trimmed with satin strings of a lighter shade of grey, and a dark and a light grey ostrich plume, matching the velvet and satin in color; the coronet front has a shirring of light grey satin; strings tied at the side.

We also give a toque of felt for a little girl; the brim is faced with black velvet, and it has a grey-colored wing on the right side. The very pretty beaver hat is trimmed around the edge of the brim with a band of curled ostrich feathers, and on the crown with cord and tassels, and a curled ostrich tip.

The hood may be made of either white flannel or cashmere, and the embroidery is worked with blue crewels. The hood also forms a cape, and is tied under the chin with a bow of blue ribbon. There is a similar bow at the top of the head fastening down the plaits. The scolloped edge is bordered with a cross-band of the material, piped with silk.

The large collar for a child is of white linen, with two rows of machine stitching, and a plaited ruffle on the edge.

The short dress for street wear is slowly gaining in favor on account of its great convenience. All dresses, both for the street, and for the house, are made to cling as close as possible to the figure; all house-dresses are made with either a full long train or demi-train; some are very much trimmed, and some but slightly; the latter are the most stylish, but not the most worn as yet. The coat or redingote shape is the newest for basques; these admit of but little trimming on the skirt, especially at the back; sometimes only one or two plaited ruffles are used. The broad belt, made of the material of the dress (if it is not too thick and clumsy), is very becoming to slender figures; these belts only reach across the front, and are sewed in at the seams under the arms. The polonaise or Princess dress is still very much worn, but the palm is disputed by the cuirass or coat basque, and simple over-skirt. The rich heavy looking materials worn this winter suit admirably for the rather stately looking coat basque, and the slight drapery, for even the lower priced goods are heavy and coarse looking, though they fall in soft enough folds. The old-fashioned corderoy has been used in Paris for dresses; many winters ago, it was much worn here for jackets, and will, no doubt, soon reappear in that form in this country.

Some ladies add the Garrick or coachman's capes to their house-dresses, but only slender figures should do this, and the trimming on the cape should be flat like a galloon. Fine black cashmere and de lain are considered quite as stylish as black silk for polonaises. These are sometimes trimmed down the front with black woolen lace quilled very full, and interspersed with bows and ends of black satin ribbon, or else a bit cardinal red or blue silk is put under the lace, and just shows through it. Sometimes bands of gimp formed of claire de lune, or some highly colored beads, is used as a trimming for these polonaises, and sometimes only a full quilling of pinked silk.

But the description of the fashions were so full in our November and December numbers, that we need add nothing more here.

The question of winter mantles may be summed up thus, first premising that the figure should look both long and slender in them. For general wear double-breasted paletots, of medium length, buttoned down the front, and with coat flaps at the back, made in rough dark cloth, and smooth grey and brown cloths. For more dressy occasions, long close-fitting paletots, with flowing sleeves, made of plush cloths, black repped silk, knotted camel's hair, brocaded and stamped velvets. The new waterproof is called the Garrick; it is a long ulster, with a triple or coachman's cape.

BONNETS have not changed in shape since those described in our earlier numbers; the coronet front is popular, but hard looking on many faces, and so not becoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF MULBERRY-COLORED KERSEYMERE: the trousers reach to the knee and are rather close fitting; the jacket is quite long, has a rolling collar which shows the shirt front and tie, and opens over a vest of the same material as the rest of the suit; heavy ribbed blue stockings.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF MOSS GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR; the skirt is laid in large box plaits all the way round; the jacket has three bias bands of green silk down the back, each band being corded with a silk of a lighter shade and reaching about half a finger length below the bottom of the jacket where they are fastened by buttons; the front of the jacket has a Breton vest, and each side is edged with a band of the green silk.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF FLEECY CLOTH OF TWO SHADES OF GREY; this costume is in the polonaise style, and is worn over a black velveteen petticoat; the skirt is trimmed to simulate two skirts with black velveteen; the cape is cut in one, but that also is made to represent two capes of the velveteen trimming; large velveteen collar; black velvet hat trimmed with roses.

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AT EVEN-SONG.

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ANNETTE. [See the Story, "Her Creditor."

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WALKING DRESS. BAG FOR EVENING DRESS. BELT.

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WALKING DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE. BELT.

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NEW STYLE FOR HATS. BOY'S HAT. GIRL'S HOOD.

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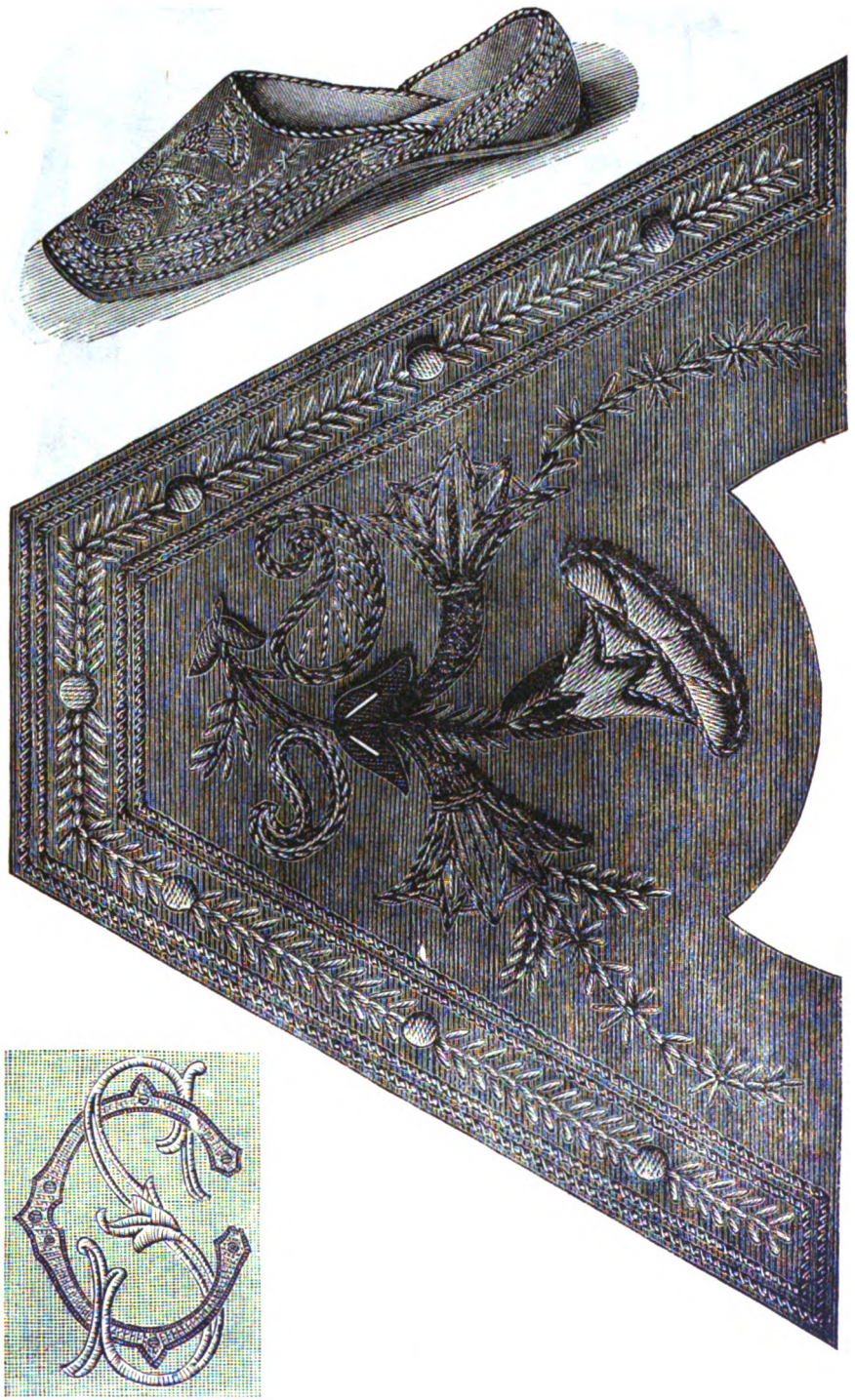






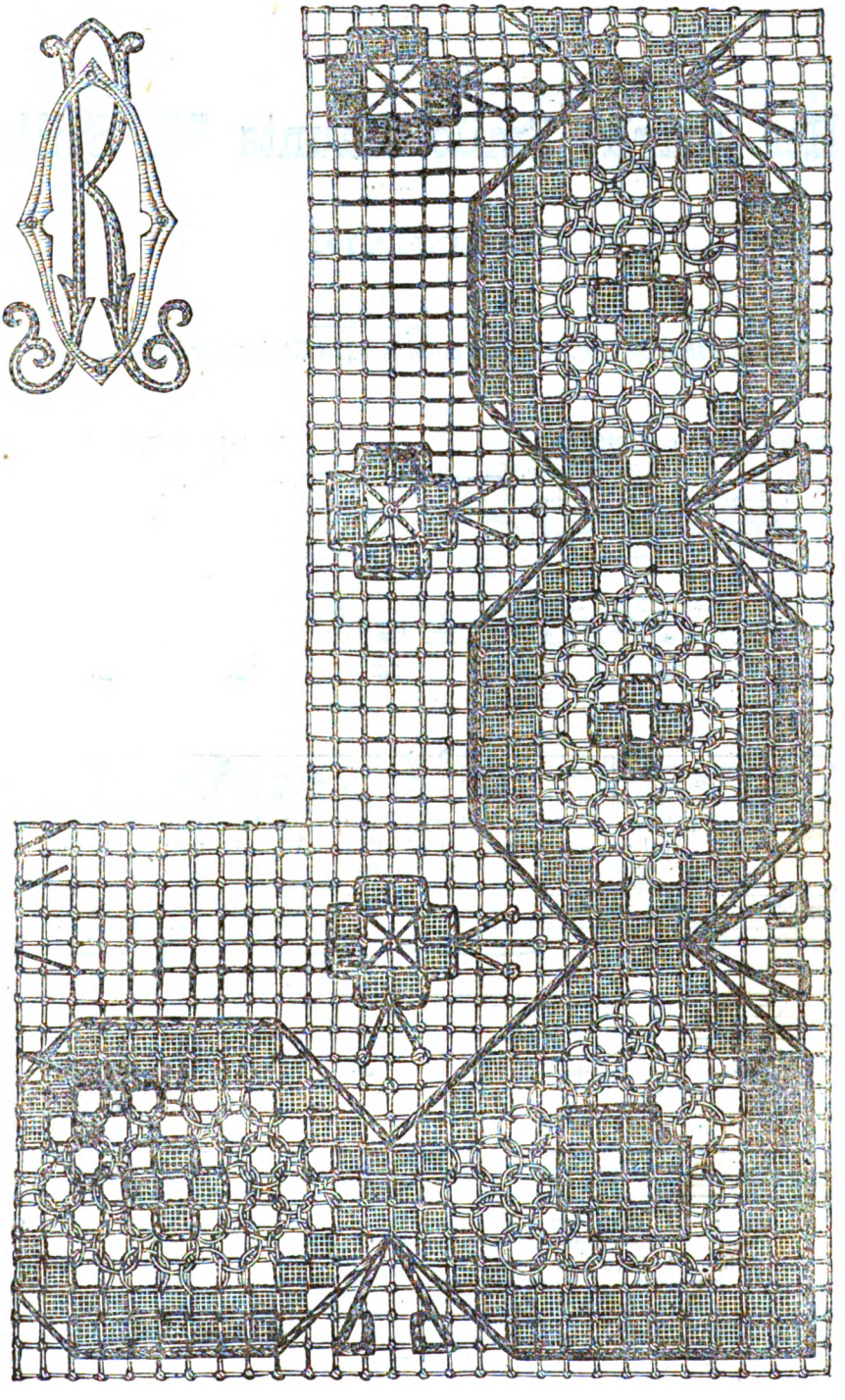
NEW STYLE HEAD DRESS. CHILD'S GARRICK: BACK AND FRONT.

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LADY'S SLIPPER. MONOGRAM.

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GUIPURE DARNING ON SQUARE NETTING FOR CURTAINS, Etc. MONOGRAM.

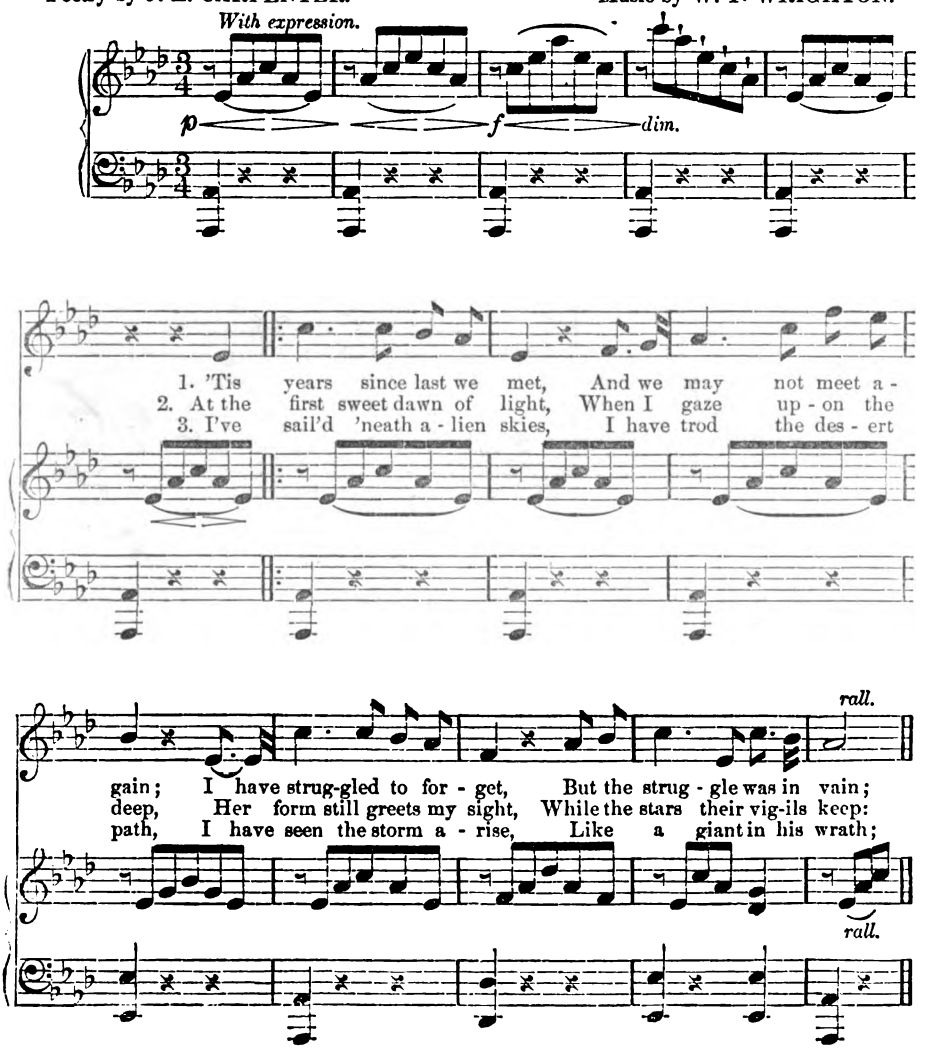
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Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

BALLAD.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Phila.

Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

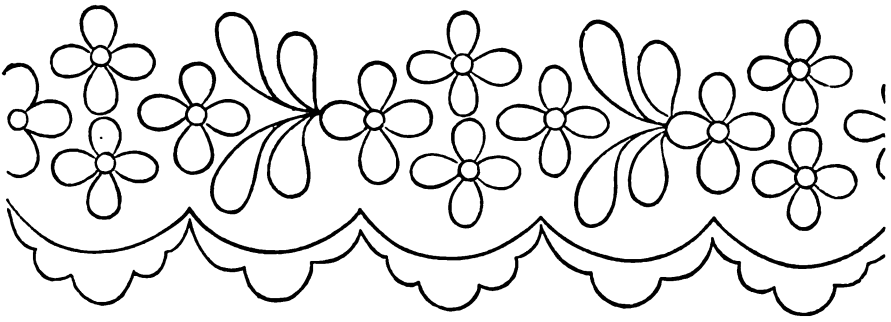


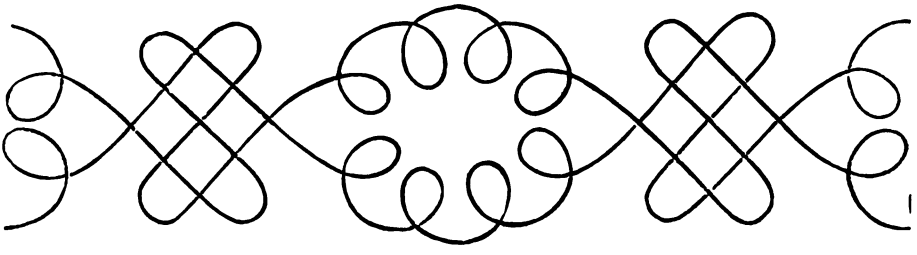
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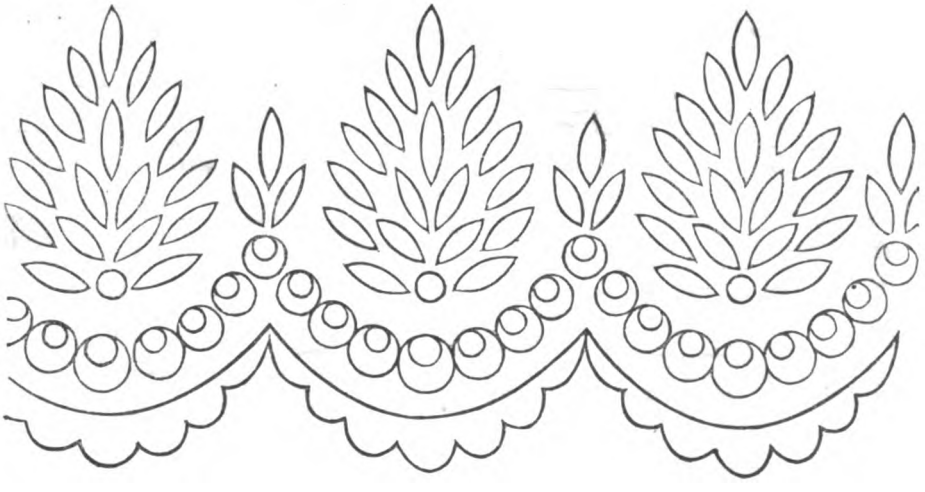


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Jeannette.







EMBROIDERY. BRAIDING. NAME FOR MARKING.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1878. No. 2.

NELLIE'S LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"REALLY, Catharine, I do not wonder at Mary's surprise at your behavior. You forget that you are Frank's widow. You are too forward."

I hesitated a moment, really anxious to keep my temper; for I was Frank's widow, and the speaker was his mother.

"Forward!" cried Mary. "Indeed, you would have been shocked, last night, mother. There was Mr. Vance urging her to sing, and she hanging back, as if she were a young, bashful girl; and acting as if Herbert Halstead was her old friend, when it was only as a married woman—"

"Yes," interrupted Julia; "I think, mother, if you can't make Kate realize that she is a married woman, with a daughter nearly six years of age, you had better—"

"Send me away," I broke in, unable longer to control myself, "it 's not the first time the hint has been thrown out; and, if it were not for little Nellie, poor child, I would go away to earn my living at once. You drive me desperate. I declare I will marry again, and get rid of all this—" and then I burst into tears.

"Marry again! How will you do it? Oh, yes! A good joke!" cried Julia, with a shrug at my tears. "Don't you see, Mary, it 's leap year!" and she laughed, derisively.

"Who'll you ask?" sneered Mary. "Herbert Halstead? Julia, you'd better look out!"

"You may sneer," I cried, checking my tears; I was now thoroughly angry. "But I tell you, if no one would ask me to marry him, I believe I should ask Mr. Halstead, and—he'd have me!"

I had fairly taken up their own weapons of personalities, which I scorned. The moment after, ashamed of myself, I ran to my room, to put on my bonnet and get out of the house. I looked in the glass, as I put the crape bonnet, with its widow's cap and heavy veil, on my head. I saw a face to which black was certainly becoming, though it was not a remarkably pretty face. It looked not more than twenty-five, some said not more than twenty; but I was, really, a little over twenty-four. Married at eighteen to Frank Stevens, I had been a petted wife for four years, and now a widow for two. The thought of the happiness of the four, and the loneliness of the two, as I looked at the face surrounded by crape, made the tears come again; but I brushed them away, resolutely, and went out, knowing that a brisk walk would do me more good than anything else. I went out without my darling, my inseparable companion, my little baby girl, Nellie. This alone showed how troubled I was. Truth to tell, I was too angry to trust myself with the little one, who might have asked to have our conversation explained, for she had been in the room at the time. I could only hope, that, at five years old, a child did not understand me.

Soon after I left, my mother-in-law and her daughters went out for a drive. They invited Nellie to go; but she, feeling, perhaps, that they had not treated mamma well, refused. Soon the front door bell rang, and like all children, Nellie must needs run to see who was there. She managed to open the door herself, and there stood her prime favorite among the gentlemen, that visited the house, Mr. Halstead, or, as she had called him, since her babyhood, Uncle Herbert. He had been her father's chum and dearest friend, and loved the child for Frank's sake.

"Ladies home, Nell?"

"I'm home," she said, "and I *dess* mamma 'll be in soon."

"Very well. Let's go in the parlor, and have a chat."

Nellie sat in his lap, discussing the merits of cocoanut cakes and sugar almonds a little while; but suddenly, dropping her candies in her lap, she asked, "What's leap—leap—I fordet. Do you know what's it?"

"Leap? Leap frog? Leap year? Is that the word?"

"Yes. What is it?"

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"Why, its a year when you ladies can ask the gentlemen to marry you. But you see, Nellie, you're too young—or, wouldn't you ask me?"

"Oh, no! *I* wouldn't ask you. Mamma's going to ask *you*."

The young man nearly dropped the child, and then folded her close to him, lest (perhaps) he should forget her again. "What do you mean, darling?" he asked. "Now think, Nellie, but don't tell Uncle Herbert anything 'make up.'"

"Oh, no! Really, truly, bless me, sure's alive—isn't that what you say when you'se *true?* Well!"—the little tot gave a long sigh, and paused, Herbert not daring to interrupt her, lest she should see his anxiety, and miniature woman that she was, should refuse to satisfy him.

"Well!" she repeated, "you see, they *does* scold my mamma, so they does. To-day morning, they maked mamma cry, and to-morrow morning," (she would call yesterday to-morrow), "they scolded her again, because she wouldn't sing, and then they said she was fordard. What's fordard?"

"Forward, indeed!" ejaculated Herbert, under his breath. "If it had been some others now. But Nellie, what about leap year?"

"Oh, yes! I most fordot, didn't I? Well, you see, mamma said—but oh, Uncle Herbert! I never showed you my two weenie, new little kittens. They's only little sings, wivout eyes. Come out to the pizaza, and I'll show you."

It was no use to be impatient;. the young man knew the child too well for that; and so they went out, and inspected the kittens. Then he tried to coax Nellie back to the subject.

"Oh, I fordet," she said. "Only they made mamma cry."

"What did they say, darling? I'll give you a big doll—"

"With real hair?"

"Yes, yes! Real hair and eyes, and—oh, anything. But did they say I wanted to marry—"

"They said mamma wasn't a girl, and she was old; and mamma said—oh, there's mamma. Mamma, didn't you ask Uncle Herbert to marry you? He wants to know."

I had come in, looking for the child, and that was the speech I heard. I felt ready to sink with mortification.

"Kate, darling, can't I hope you'll let me ask? You must know that I hoped, when these" (touching my veil and black dress,) "were put aside, that I could ask you to let me care for you. And from what I hear, I think Frank, even, would wish me to care for you, and at once. Come, darling," as I hid my face in my hands. "You've asked me to marry you; and I must name the day; and I say now, at once. Let's give them a good, thorough surprise. I can guess how they've treated you. Come, now, get ready this fairy, this blessed little darling that has brought me my happiness, and we'll go to your own minister."

I tried to refuse, but I was so weary of living with my mother-in-law, that at last we three slipped out of the house; and dear Dr. S——, who had baptized me, married me to Frank, and knew Herbert well, married us.

We drove back, and reached the front door, as the family were returning. Julia, who *would* appropriate Herbert, stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Halstead. So you met Kate on the steps? Strange!" with a glance at me, as if I had planned to meet him.

"Not at all, Miss Julia," said Herbert. "My wife and I just called in to receive your congratulations, and to leave little midget here for a few days."

No tableau I have ever seen, was half so comical as the one those three made. I really felt for Julia; for I knew she cared for Herbert. She gained her self-possession quickly, however, and congratulated me, whispering, as she kissed me, "So you asked him?"

My husband heard, and answered.

"No, Miss Julia, she did not ask me. Through other means, thank God, I learned the one I loved was unhappy; and, as I had hoped, for more than a year past, to soon ask her to be my wife, I persuaded her to marry me at once. Leap year privileges are still open for those who choose to use them."

We are quite an old married couple now; for four years have passed; but Herbert and I still often laugh over NELLIE'S LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

AT EVEN-SONG.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE day must end, however chill,
However dark, or long,
However full of grief, or ill—
Peace comes at Even-Song!

The saddest lives, with cares opprest,
With suff'ring and with wrong,
Find peace at last—in heav'n is rest.
Death is but Even-Song!

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THE CHALLENGE.

BY GRACE ELDREDGE.

"Now, for goodness sake, Miss, do behave yourself," said my governess, "and don't play any of your pranks. Remember, this Honorable Mark Wilton is the son of a lord."

"And I'm a free-born American," I broke in, irreverently. "What do I care for the son of a lord, or for a lord himself, for that matter?"

They all said that I was a born romp, or a "Tom-Boy," as they called me, when I was particularly in disgrace. The fact is, I had excellent health, high animal spirits, and was fond of fun; and at thirteen, when they told me I ought to have been thinking of being a young lady, I was still devoted to bird-nesting, and climbing trees.

My father was a banker, and often brought home with him travellers from Europe, who had letters of credit on his firm; for we lived in the country, an hour by rail from the city, in what was called, in the phrase of the times, a "shew place." What led to the lecture of my governess was the expected arrival of a young Englishman, whom my father had telegraphed he was going to bring down with him, to stay for a day or two.

The young Oxonian came, a handsome man, but reserved, like all of his nation. "A stuck-up swell," I pronounced him. Perhaps my vanity had something to do with this. For while, generally, our visitors always noticed me, more or less, the Honorable Mark Wilton rather ignored my presence. Except for a patronizing word or two, when we met by accident, he had nothing to say to me. This went on for two days. "I'll be even with him yet," I vowed; and the opportunity soon presented itself.

It was winter, and there was snow on the ground. I was dressed for my usual morning walk, and was waiting, on the lawn, for my governess, when my dignified gentleman appeared at the hall door. He looked up at the frosty sky, apparently hesitating whether to go out, or not. "What a muff!" I thought. "Afraid of a little cold." This was my chance. "Don't you want to play snow-ball, mister?" I cried, saucily, emphasizing the last word, and hastily making up a snow-ball. "This is the way we play it in America." And as I finished speaking, I let fly, full at his face.

The missive went straight to the mark, and for the moment he was blinded. I broke into peals of derisive laughter. But my triumph was short-lived. "Oh, yes!" he cried, darting after me, catching me, holding me down by a snow-bank, and rubbing my face with snow, till the tears came into my eyes, "and this is the way, missy, we play snow-ball in England," laughing all the time, and mockingly emphasizing "missy," as I had emphasized "mister."

Angry as I was, I could not help liking his masterful way. "He is not such a muff after all," I said to myself.

Just then my governess came up. "What ever have you been doing?" she cried. "Oh! sir, my lord, I mean, pray forgive her, she is incorrigible." "There's nothing to forgive," he said, courteously. "Miss challenged me to a snow-balling, and I don't know which of us has had the best of it," and he looked at me and laughed.

But his chivalry was of no avail. My mother was speedily informed of my offence, and though nothing more was said on the subject till our guest had left, yet, the very day after that event, I was packed off to a fashionable boarding school, in New York, where I remained till I was eighteen.

"It 's too bad," I said to my governess. "He was a real good feller, after all; and if he had staid, we'd have had lots of fun together. I'll never forgive you, you old tell-tale." And I made mouths at her.

By the time I had "finished," I had sobered down considerably, But I was still, in my mother's opinion, quite too unconventional. "We shall never make a fine lady of her," she said, in despair. "She is fit only to live on a ranche, in New Mexico or California." "Take her to Europe," said my father, sarcastically, "and try that: girls that go there generally come back too much of the fine lady: in her case, it may strike the average."

My mother accepted the proposal in earnest, and to Europe we went. After an extensive tour, we found ourselves at Heidelberg, on the eve of a magnificent ball, which was to commemorate the birthday of the Grand Duchess. It was then, for the first time, that I became conscious that I was beautiful. Up to this point, strange to say, I had never thought about the matter at all. I was to wear a dress of fleecy white tulle, with sprays of natural ivy trailing over it, the veins delicately traced in gold, It was on seeing myself, in the mirror, thus attired, that I felt I was beautiful.

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I beheld a merry, light-hearted face, with laughing eyes, framed in masses of golden chestnut hair; a form graceful and willowy; exquisitely moulded arms; hands that might have satisfied even Madame de Sevigne. I was admiring all this, as I would have admired a picture, forgetting entirely that it was my own reflection, when peals of laughter from my cousins, who were of our party in Europe, recalled me to myself. How furiously I blushed. How mortified I was. And I never, I repeat, had thought of my personal appearance, until that laugh made me.

I could not complain of want of attention that night. My card was soon full. But of all the persons, in that gay assemblage, the one who most claimed my attention was a little, old man, in spectacles and an undeniable wig. I suppose it was because he watched me so intently, that I noticed him. At last, he was brought up, and introduced to me.

"Pardon me, mam'selle," he said, after a few conventional words, "but I am an artist. Guido Erdmann. I have fame, and you have, perhaps, heard of me. But your fair American type is what we look for in vain here." And he bowed low.

After that, he called, and we saw him often. Finally, he said, one day, half addressing my mother, half myself.

"I am painting a new picture, but I searched in vain for a face for my chief figure, till I saw mademoiselle at the ball. Do I be soliciting too much—pardon—to ask her to sit to me?"

It was a small favor, and easily granted; and I had not the heart to refuse. My mother, believing the artist's age was a safeguard against danger, made no demur.

The picture, for which I was to sit, was already, I found, partly finished. It represented a lady, in a dress of golden brown, coming down a winding stone stair-case. She held a candle over her head, which was intended to throw a soft, mellow light over her face. A golden band divided this picture in two. On the other half, a man, in a cloak, stood in the moonlight, knocking on the door, which the lady was hastening down to open. It was an odd conceit, and only an idealist, who was almost a dreamer, would have thought of it. Still, it promised to be very effective. The picture was to be called "The Artist's Return."

I took, from the first, a strange interest in the other half of the picture. Day by day it grew into the likeness of a handsome, dark-eyed man, with a half look of melancholy in his face that fascinated me.

"Who is my husband?" I asked, one morning, "for I suppose the lady, who is being made to resemble me, is waiting for her husband."

"He is an old friend, Miss Craven, who is kind enough to sit for me. But he can't be your husband, for he has a wife, though I have never seen her. A little that way, please."

"Oh! if he is married," I cried, with a touch of my old sauciness, "he doesn't interest me. What is his name?"

"Waldman."

"That is German. But he doesn't look like a Prussian."

"All Germans are not Prussians," dryly said Herr Erdmann, who was a Bavarian.

"No. You are not, as I've heard you say. This gentleman must be an Austrian. He looks, by the bye, like a Titian I have seen in Vienna, dark, and stately, and grand."

"Humph!"

"Why don't his wife sit?"

"She is not in Heidelberg."

There the conversation ceased, for somehow Herr Erdmann did not seem disposed to talk: he appeared rather cross, this morning. But I could not help thinking of the original of the portrait. Perhaps he was not happily married. If so, that accounted for the look of melancholy in his face; and I fell into a reverie, and pictured myself really welcoming him home; and all at once I felt myself blushing.

A few days after, I entered the studio, a little before my time, my watch, as I afterwards found, having deceived me. A gentleman stood, looking at my portrait. He started at seeing me, and then said, with a pleasant smile, in German.

"You ought to recognize me, Miss Craven: we have been looking at each other long enough." And he pointed to the picture. His face was the original of the one that haunted me continually.

"Of course you are Mr. Waldman," I said, frankly, answering him in German. He bowed.

"Our friend, Herr Erdmann, has caught your expression wonderfully," he said. "It is a great success."

I found my acquaintance a charming talker, and the time slipped by, unconsciously, till the artist came in. Mr. Waldman and I often met, after this, at the studio, and grew to be fast friends. The fact that he was married made me more unconstrained than I should have been otherwise. We talked of everybody, and found a strange sympathy and a mutual one.

I never met him in society, however, and I spoke of this, one day, to Herr Erdmann. "He is not fond of society," gruffly replied the artist. "What sensible man is?"

One day, as Mr. Waldman and I were alone, Herr Erdmann having gone down stairs to see a patron, my companion said:

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"Would you think it absurd, Miss Craven, for a man to buy his own picture?"

"That depends," I said; and looking archly up at him, I added, "Wouldn't it be rather vain?"

"Perhaps it would," he replied, after a moment's hesitation. "But suppose the picture reminded him of some of the happiest days of his life. Was, in fact, something more than his own likeness."

"That would make a difference. But I do not quite understand you."

"Don't you? I will tell you then, sometime," and there the conversation dropped.

A few days after this, he came into the studio quite briskly, and plainly in some excitement.

"I was at Baden yesterday," he said. "An old friend of yours, Miss Craven, was there, and he wants me to introduce him." He looked at me, keenly, as he spoke.

"An old friend of mine! I don't know anybody in Baden."

"He knew you, it seems, in America, some six years ago. An Englishman. Mr. Mark Wilton."

I felt myself blushing under his half mischievous glance, for it flashed on me, at once, from his manner, that he had heard of my rude, tom-boy "challenge."

"I never want to hear his name again," I said, pettishly.

"I beg pardon," he replied, and bowed profoundly, and was silent.

At my next sitting, Herr Erdmann told me that Mr. Waldman had purchased the picture. When I heard this, I felt a strange uneasiness. Of course, this was the portrait of which he had spoken so mysteriously. What could he, a married man, mean, by saying that the painting reminded him of the happiest days of his life? I felt hot and cold, by turns; and was very angry.

From that morning I avoided Mr. Waldman as much as possible, and when I met him, was cold and reserved. Fortunately the sittings were now over. This was a relief to me. Yet, curious to say, when day by day passed, and I no longer even saw Mr. Waldman, I began to feel listless, and as if something had gone out of my life. Often, the dark, eloquent eyes, such as I had seen them on the canvas, would look at me, from vacancy, till I turned away, half hating myself, and altogether angry with their owner.

One evening a party was made up to go to the castle by moonlight. We sang merry student songs, told thrilling ghost stories, and danced on the deserted *Altan*. Then, when all other amusements failed, some one proposed a game of hide and seek.

In the play I got separated from the rest, lost my way, became entangled in a ruinous corridor, stumbled, and fell down what seemed to me a bottomless abyss. I retained my consciousness throughout, however. I knew that I was lying on the hard, damp ground, and that the stars were shining over my head; but everything else was darkness. For awhile I heard no answer to my screams for help. But at last I distinguished steps hurrying towards me. In a moment more, Mr. Waldman stood over me, not less surprised than myself. "Great heavens!" he cried. "How came you here? Are you hurt?" I tried to rise, and then had to confess that my ankle, I feared, was sprained, for I could not stand. He made no answer, but lifting me in his arms, carried me up the steps down which I had fallen. As soon as possible, I disengaged myself from his clasp, and stammered something about my friends, and asked, "would he go for them?"

He turned to obey me, but came back, and stood before me. "How fortunate it was," he said, "that I had strolled out to the castle, and heard your cries."

"Yes, yes," I answered, feeling alarmed, I could not explain why, I only knew my heart was beating frightfully, "and I owe you a thousand thanks. But please, won't you go for my friends? I believe I am more nervous than hurt, and that, by the time my friends come, I shall be able to walk."

He did not move. He stood looking down on me, somewhat sternly, his arms folded on his broad chest.

"Yes! I will go—presently. But first, as I may never see you again, as you seem so anxious to get rid of me, tell me what I have done to make you treat me so coldly lately, and—to-night."

I hesitated. But I thought truth was the best, after all. "Because—because," I stammered, "I did not like what you said about the picture."

"I did not mean to offend," he said, softly.

I flashed up hotly at this. How did he dare to address me in such tones?

"Would you care to have your wife hear that speech?" I said, with austere dignity.

"My wife! Who told you I had a wife? I have none."

"Herr Erdmann told me," I answered, drawing a long breath, half of relief, half of amazement. Why did my foolish heart give such a bound of joy?

"The old scamp," he said.

I rose, and tried to walk: I was afraid of betraying myself. He put his arm about my waist, in a strange, masterful manner.

"You must not; you will faint, if you persist,"

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he said. "Miss Craven, Kate, don't you know I love you, and that you are the only wife I want?"

He spoke in English, and for the first time since our acquaintance; and he spoke it, accent and idiom, even more correctly than German. I looked at him with a start. For suddenly there seemed something strangely familiar in his face. He began to laugh, pleasantly, almost mischievously: perhaps the more so, because I made no effort to escape from his encircling arm.

"You are not," I said, catching my breath, "you cannot be—"

"Who?"

"The Honorable Mark Wilton."

"No. And very lucky for me, as you never wished to see him again. I am Lord Waldman. Mark Wilton ceased to be, when I inherited the title, five years ago."

"But I thought you were an Austrian," trying now to escape. "A Mr. Waldman."

"I never said I was an Austrian, or a Mr. Waldman. Somehow, you fell into that error, and my speaking German, perhaps, assisted it. To that extent I am to blame."

"But you said Mr. Wilton was in Baden."

"So he was, for I was there. Don't you see I *was* Mr. Wilton, and *am* now Lord Waldman? Must I be thrown over on that account?"

His face was dangerously near to mine. He stooped down, and in his masterful way, took his answer by a kiss.

"You do not say no," he whispered, "and I will not persist in your saying yes: you hate 'swells,' I know of old, and it will take time for you to tolerate me." And he laughed gaily, and —repeated his offence.

We were married, that season, and went on a delightful wedding tour to the Engadine. Herr Erdmann, when I asked him why he had said my *vis-à-vis* was married, confessed that he feared, if I knew the truth, I would refuse to sit. No doubt I should. And then I should never, perhaps, have known him, who got to be my soul's idol before I was aware of it.

"When did you begin to love me?" I said, to my husband, with that fond persistency, in which lovers like to indulge. It was during the honeymoon, and we were alone together. "Was it at that first interview, or at a later sitting, or—"

He interrupted me, a quizzical look coming into his dark eyes.

"It was, I begin to believe now, long before. Do you know, I never quite got rid of the picture you made, that day, when you challenged me to a match at snow-ball? I often said what a fine, spirited girl the saucy minx will grow up to be—"

"Saucy minx, indeed!"

"Saucy minx," he repeated, coolly. "When I saw your face, on Herr Erdmann's canvas, I recognized it at once; what you didn't do, as to me, remember," he said, teasingly.

"Oh! you had grown so ugly."

"Ugly! What punishment is great enough for such a slander?"

"Forgive me," I said, and lifted my face, and pouted. "You are not ugly to me—or ugly at all."

"Well," he said, stooping and kissing me, "I suppose I must—for the sake of," saucily, "this second CHALLENGE."

THE TIME SHALL BE.

BY MILLIE C. POMEROY.

I WISH some magic pencil,
From out the earth or sky,
Would paint me in my coffin
As I shall lie,
And round about me fling
Spring roses blossoming.
A clear or cloudy sky,
And fresh green grass,
Or snowflakes white,
And day or night—
As it shall come to pass,
The day and hour shall be
When Death shall come for me.

The picture—is it fair,
With curls of sunny hair,
Smooth dimpled hands;
Or is it grey and old,
Wrinkled and faded out,
No trace of youth or joy
Lingering about?
I would not, if I could,
Live one year o'er,
With all its pleasure, and its pain,
Yet I ask more!

No picture comes to view:
I cannot say
What circumstance is true
Of hour or day;
And only this I know—
The time shall be
When death shall come and bring
My shroud to me.

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HER CREDITOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

She owed three thousand five hundred dollars, and beyond a checque for seventy, which she had just received from her straitened grandfather, she had not a penny.

Under the circumstances, most girls of her age —for she was only nineteen—would have tried to ease their consciences, by trying to throw the blame upon the person who had helped to lead them into this wanton extravagance, but Annette Guernsey was too honest to do this.

This was the history in a few words.

Annette had been brought up by her grandfather, in a quiet, secluded country neighborhood in Pennsylvania. The old gentleman was wealthy, Annette, the darling of his heart; and every pains was lavished upon her education. The grandfather's health was not good, and they traveled a great deal—often spending the winters in the South—straying over to Cuba, and once awhile visiting Europe. They had been there when the crash came—Mr. Guernsey lost his money.

He was the most honorable man alive; he returned home; paid his liabilities to the last farthing; sold the beautiful country-seat where Annette had spent her childhood; established himself in a picturesque old farm-house, which still remained to him, along with a few scores of tolerably arable acres, and had exactly two thousand dollars a year to live upon.

So from fifteen to nineteen, Mr. Guernsey and his grand-daughter stayed quietly enough in their retreat. An excellent musician, an admirable linguist, a highly cultivated man in every way, Mr. Guernsey had been able to complete his granddaughter's education much more thoroughly than it would have been done, had destiny left it in his power to confide her to the charge of masters, finishing governesses, and similar unconscientious incapables.

So far as the old gentleman knew, Annette had been happy, but in truth, she had girded against her life, fed secretly on novels and poetry, grown a morbid dreamer, always waiting for some wonderful change, which was to free her from the humdrum existence, in which her girlhood was passing. She had possessed one slight alleviation in the devotion of as noble a hearted young fellow as ever lived. Arthur Beaufort's widowed mother moved into the neighborhood when Annette was sixteen—he a youth in college at the time—and when vacation brought him home, he proceeded to fall madly in love with the girl. About the time his university course ended, reverses of fortune forbade his studying a profession—he needed money at once to aid in the support of his mother and an invalid aunt. He put by his aspirations and ambitions, accepted a post in a great commercial house in Philadelphia, and worked uncomplainingly on.

Each summer brought him to Fairdale for a few weeks, but Annette had long ago determined not to let herself love him. He lacked ambition; she should be unhappy; outgrow him mentally; her nature craved excitement, the pleasures of the world; romance was folly; and so on through the round of diabolical teachings of modern life and modern literature.

During the year antecedent to the period when my story begins, the change which Annette had so craved came to her. She had a very distant relative in New York—a Mr. George Leyden—still a young man, one of those enviable creatures, as they were thought, a few years ago, a rich stock broker. Annette had once seen his wife—a pretty, frivolous, fascinating creature, of a type more common in our day than one could wish—a compound of American excitability and French theories, which render her anything but a desirable intimate for Annette. She fell ill, at last, and the doctors declared, unless she had a few months of entire repose, physical and mental, she would be a confirmed nervous invalid all her days.

Mr. Leyden wrote to Mr. Guernsey, who was delighted at the idea of receiving the wife, and persuaded Anne to go to Fairdale. She remained from June to the end of October, recovered her health, enjoyed the entire change, turned the young clergyman's head, and did further as much mischief generally, during those months, as an ordinary woman would have required years to perform.

But the deepest wrong she did—unintentional, like the others—was to Annette. She fostered all the dangerous qualities of her nature into hot-house blooming, and stifled the others, at least, for the time.

Arthur Beaufort came in August. Anne exercised her power of fascination upon him, and failed; then she laughed about him; spoke slightingly of his talents and appearance; confirmed

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Annette in her belief, that "he would only be a wretched book-keeper all his life," and that to dream of marrying him would be madness.

Poor Arthur chose that very time to tell his love; received a definite refusal; and took his sore heart back to his duties, to try what hard work might do towards curing his ills.

Return to New York without Annette, Mrs. Leyden would not, and she easily persuaded Mr. Guernsey to let his grand-daughter go. He had seen only the nicest side of Anne's character, and adored her, and indeed she had hosts of good qualities, if she had ever given them a chance.

The Leydens belonged to the gayest, wildest coterie in New York. The winter passed like a dream to Annette; she was greatly admired, had two offers of marriage, and Anne went quite crazy over her, determined that she should be the belle of the season, and make a match unequalled in brilliancy.

Annette's extravagance began in trifles—a new bonnet, a love of a mantel—"*une petite toilette de bal.*" Everything was procured from the grand modiste, Madame Harfleur, who was only too happy to have Mrs. Leyden's beautiful friend run up bills to any amount, having conceived the idea that she was rich.

Once launched, Annette floated on. Sometimes she woke enough to think she must be incurring debts to a considerable amount, but she knew nothing of the real cost of dress, and Anne assured her that the bills would not be large, and, indeed, she could settle them herself, and Annette should pay when she achieved her grand marriage. And Anne believed her.

But now the awakening had come, and the horrible night which surrounds the hasheech-eater when deprived of his poison, was not blacker than that which enveloped Annette.

She had seen very little of Mr. Leyden. He dined at home sometimes, was present for awhile at his wife's parties, occasionally went out with them to dinners or balls, was always agreeable and gay, but he led a life apart from theirs. Annette knew vaguely that people said he speculated audaciously, lived in a notoriously dissipated way, but that was all. The husband and wife were always good friends. Sometimes Anne laughed over his misconduct; sometimes she grew sentimental and said to Annette:

"Do you wonder that I flirt, dance, rush after excitement? See what my life is!" But beyond this she never complained.

Toward the end of April the bubble burst. Leyden had "cornered" some wonderful stock, to a vast amount, and the venture failed. The news came suddenly to the two women. If not ruined, he was completely crippled. There was a hope of arranging matters, so that he would not lose his seat in the Board of Stock brokers—money enough to keep actual poverty aloof—but not much beyond.

Before "society" really knew the worst, or at least believed it, the lower stratum of humanity, with whom the Leyden's had dealings, began to tremble for their dues. Bills poured in. In the midst of the torrent, down upon Annette's head swept the accounts of her winter's expenditure.

It was a Thursday evening. Anne had several days before recovered from the hysterics in which she had indulged, when her husband told her the fate in store for them—had begun to think of a sojourn in Italy, till Leyden's affairs "got straight." The gentleman himself had gone off to his night's amusements—a club dinner, a whist party, a supper with sundry bewitching members of the French theatrical company afterward. The two ladies went to the opera. When they returned home, Annette found Madame Harfleur's account and an almost curt note from Madame, requesting a speedy settlement. Anne was in the same case, only her bills were to an amount past my counting.

Annette went out of her senses, and Anne could do little to console her. All she could manage was to pay a portion of her own debt. She tried to comfort her friend, and promised to use every effort to get Annette's bill added to that portion of her own which must remain unpaid. To do her justice, she did try. She went out, and endeavored to soften the organ, which Madame Harfleur, with a degree of imagination worthy a poet, styled her heart. To keep quiet was impossible for Annette. During the suspense of this absence, she walked up and down her room, seeming wherever she turned to see those dreadful figures, written in letters of fire, to hear the voices of invisible tormentors repeating them in her ear.

She thought nearly the whole day must have gone in that terrible waiting, and could scarcely believe her eyes when a glance at her watch proved that Anne had been absent less than two hours. Just then some one tapped at the door; it was Mrs. Leyden's maid, with a message from her mistress, begging Miss Guernsey to come down stairs for a moment, as she was obliged to go out again.

Annette found her friend in the breakfast-room on the ground-floor, a gem of an apartment at the back of the house. One glance at Anne's face showed the girl what she had to expect. She thought she had had no hope, but she perceived her mistake now. Paler she could not grow, but her limbs seemed giving way under her, and a

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mist appeared to gather before her sight, through which Anne's countenance showed indistinct and far off. But she managed to cross the room; to get into a chair.

Mrs. Leyden was a creature of impulse. A momentary pang, keen as a knife, shot through her heart as she looked at the wretched girl, and her conscience told her that she was the one in reality to blame. She absolutely could not speak; it was Annette who first found voice.

"You have failed," she said, in a dry, hard tone.

Anne bent her head with a sob.

"Please don't cry!" exclaimed Annette, almost fretfully. "Tears cannot do any good now."

"The woman is a brute—a fiend!" cried Anne. "I did everything—said everything—promised for us both. I might as well have talked to a stone!"

"What does she mean to do?" Annette asked.

Before Mrs. Leyden could reply, there came a knock at the door; both women tried to compose their faces.

"It is one of the servants," Anne whispered. "Take care!"

The man entered with a card for Miss Guernsey. Anne rose and read the name, too—Arthur Beaufort.

"Say that Miss Guernsey will see him presently," she said. The servant went out. "You must do it," Mrs. Leyden continued; "of all days, what should bring the goose here now?"

"Tell me about Madame," pleaded Annette, unable to fix her mind upon any other subject.

Anne began another torrent of abuse against the stony-hearted Frenchwoman, but Annette finally induced her to give a coherent account of the interview. The narrative resolved itself into these plain facts: Madame Harfleur meant to have her money; she would not abate one sous from her bills; she would have her three thousand five hundred dollars; she had been deceived; regarded herself as a martyr; she had supposed Miss Guernsey an heiress; and now she was promised by a certain person the address of Miss Guernsey's grandfather, and the instant she obtained it, she meant to appeal to that person's sense of honor, if he had any.

"It will kill him!" cried Annette. "He will never forgive me! He will pay it if he has to sell the roof over his head. But, oh! but, oh! Anne, if she writes to grandpapa, I will poison myself!"

"For heaven's sake don't talk in that crazy fashion!" cried Mrs. Leyden. "There may be some way—you know I will try every means! I must go out. I have a note from George. He wants me to go and see George Carroll, his godfather, you know. He thinks I may be able to soften the miser into helping us. I am rather a favorite with the old man. If I can screw anything out of him, I vow a portion of it shall go to settle your affairs."

She ran on with a list of her own private afflictions, and Annette sat listening mechanically. Both had forgotten the visitor. Presently the door opened again, and Kirkham once more appeared; this time he brought a card on which a few lines were scribbled.

"The gentleman could not wait," he explained, and retired with a bow, as respectful as if he did not know the misfortunes which hovered over the house, down to the minutest detail, even to the amount of Miss Guernsey's debts, and had not just been abusing the two to his fellow-domestics, as no better than thieves and swindlers.

"What does he write?" Anne asked.

Annette read aloud:

"My Dear Friend,

The servant tells me you are engaged. I cannot wait, as I have important business to transact. I leave town to-morrow morning, and I fear that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you as I am greatly occupied, but I am always,

Yours, very sincerely,

Arthur Beaufort."

"The prig!" exclaimed Anne. "Well, at least, I am glad he had the sense to take himself off. Heigho, if he only had money, there would be an easy way out of your difficulties."

Annette too was glad that she had been spared seeing him; she felt so wicked, so guilty, so degraded, that she could scarcely have borne the glance of his honest eyes; yet, all the same, it seemed to her as if the sight of an old friend, of a man so strong and upright as she knew him to be, would have given her a kind of courage in spite of her dread.

"I must go," Anne said. "Try and eat some luncheon. I shall just be in time to catch old Carroll's. I'll make him drink some of his precious Burgundy, and that may warm his heart."

Kirkham appeared a third time, with a note.

"Now what, in the name of goodness?" cried Mrs. Leyden.

Annette had allowed the letter to drop into her lap, without glancing at it.

"I dare not look," she said, in a hoarse whisper; "it may be from grandpapa."

"Let me see," Anne said, seizing the missive. "Good gracious, no, Annette, it is from Gould Donaldson! For mercy's sake, open it, and see what he says."

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"Only theatre tickets, or something of that sort," Miss Guernsey said, absently, not offering to take the letter.

But Mrs. Leyden had her own ideas upon the subject, insisted on finding out what the epistle contained, and Annette too opened the envelope, to put an end to her companion's importunities, not because she felt the slightest curiosity in regard to the contents.

She unfolded the sheet. Anne saw that it was a letter—not a billet—a letter of almost four pages. She forgot all about her husband's commission, and sat in breathless silence, while Miss Guernsey read. Anne saw her look first surprised, then startled; then varied emotions chased each other across her countenance, in which a kind of dread became predominant.

She reached the end of the epistle, raised her eyes, and met Mrs. Leyden's eager gaze.

"He has proposed to you!" exclaimed Anne.

"Yes—I think he is very—he has had no encouragement—no—"

"Heavens!" Mrs. Leyden interrupted. "You are the luckiest girl that ever lived. You ought to go down on your knees, and thank your stars. Why he is worth sixty thousand a year, if he is worth a cent. He could—"

"Stop! for pity's sake, stop!" Annette broke in, cowering back in her chair, and holding up both her hands. "I cannot, Anne, I cannot! You know that I always disliked the man. You know how we have laughed about him. How—"

She broke off with a shiver.

"Nonsense!" retorted Anne. "One did not dream then that he would ever propose to you; nobody supposed him a marrying man. One views him in a totally different light now."

"He is odious—his manners—his looks—"

"Oh, come, come! he certainly is a rather handsome fellow in his style. As for manners—dear me, his are better than those of half the *nouveaux riches*, who force their way into society. To be sure, he is not intellectual, or cultivated; but, my dear, he is something better—rich—rich!"

"Do be still!" groaned Annette. "I feel as if a fiend were tempting me to sell my soul."

"Did you not say you would, to get out of that horrid Frenchwoman's clutches?" demanded Anne. "My dear, be as melo-dramatic as you please, as miserable as you choose—but for the love of heaven, do not throw away this chance! Why there is not a girl in town, except the heiresses, who would not take him and be thankful. Annette, dear Annette, you could not be so mad as to refuse!"

Her listener only shivered again from head to foot.

"I have noticed, since he came back from Washington, that he seemed inclined to pay you more attention than he ever did any unmarried woman. But I did not dream he was serious, and I thought you were right to snub him," continued Anne. "My dear, dear child, say that you will not hesitate, that—"

"Anne, I would rather die!" she broke in.

"You can't die," replied the other. "You will have to live—face your grandfather! Good patience, Annette, I do think you are mad! Have you forgotten Madame Harfleur?"

Annette started up with a cry. She glanced about as if looking for pen and ink—as though ready to write her answer at once. Then the wild resolve faded from her face, and the hopeless, dreary despondency dimmed her eyes again.

"I could not exactly begin my engagement by asking him to pay debts," she said, sinking back into her chair.

"What a baby you are!" exclaimed Anne. "As if there would be any necessity of ever telling him! Let Madame discover you are going to marry him, and she will be in the depths of contrition and penitence—wait as long as you please, and provide your trousseau into the bargain."

"Do you think I could be so mean—"

"Now stop! That is rank nonsense! You are drowning. There is no time to ask who holds out the plank to save you, or who else is lost—save yourself! I did not say so before; but, Nettie, if the story of the bills got out, you would be utterly disgraced. I know it is my fault—I ought to be murdered."

"No, Anne; the fault is mine!"

"Indeed it is not! But I always meant to pay the bills. I did not dream George was in trouble. But that would not help you; all the world would blame you. Oh, Annette, Annette! think, think!"

"If I were to deceive the man, he would never forgive me. I am sure he is harder than a nether millstone."

"He could never know. The bills may lie your own time—come in gradually. Oh, Annette, promise me to take him! What does he say? Let me see his letter."

But the girl had womanliness enough not to betray the man's secret. She put the letter in her pocket.

"Unless I forbid him, he is coming to-night," she said.

"And you will not—you will let him come?"

"Oh, leave me alone!" she cried. "Go away!

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Have you forgotten what you had to do? At least, I promise not to write until you come back. Only go."

Anne was too wise to expostulate further for the present, and hurried off upon her errand. Annette went up to her room, and lay down on her bed, so thoroughly exhausted that she could not even think. It was nearly dinner-time before she was disturbed, then Anne appeared, her mercurial spirits greatly risen. Old Carroll had given no pledge, but he had promised to inquire into Leyden's affairs. That meant a great deal from him.

"I have sent George word," she continued. "He dines out. Now dress yourself, and come down stairs. Let me help you. We will not be bothered by that prying Felicie."

She dressed Annette to suit her own taste. The girl objected to nothing, not even when Mrs. Leyden brought rouge and rubbed a little on her cheeks. Each knew what this all meant. But neither spoke. Annette was to accept Donaldson —there was no release.

Not a word of serious conversation took place during dinner. Mrs. Leyden talked for both, and seemed unconscious of Annette's abstraction. The girl fully realized her situation. A strange calmness, like the apathy of despair, had come over her. She was able, for the first time, to perceive what her conduct, the past winter, had been; now she must set the seal to her degradation, by promising to marry a man whom she could never love.

At half-past eight, Gould Donaldson was shown into the salon, a handsome fellow of eight and thirty, whose natural vulgarity was poorly hidden under the externals of etiquette, which these later years had taught him, but clear-headed and shrewd.

Mrs. Leyden left the pair together, and when she came back to the room, Mr. Donaldson presented her to his betrothed wife.

Anne got him away as soon as she could; put Annette to bed, almost in silence; and went off to dress for a ball.

"I must show myself," she said, "else people will believe the whole truth. The longer we can hide matters, the better. Old Carroll may give way."

Two days later, Annette received Madame Harfleur's bill receipted, and there came a penitent note from her to Mrs. Leyden.

"Donaldson must have found out in some way and done it," Anne said. "You must never speak of it to him; men are odd. If he ever wants you to know, he will tell you. Now own that he is not a bad style of fellow, after all."

There was no one but he who could have paid the bill, though how he learned anything about it, they could not imagine. Annette tried to be grateful to him; but delirious with joy as she was, at the idea of being free from Madame's clutches, and her secret safe from her grandfather, she felt nevertheless that death would have been preferable to this obligation to her future lord and master.

Madame herself had no explanation to give, when Mrs. Leyden spoke to her. She only knew the bill had been paid to her cashier. She supposed it was by some person Miss Guernsey had sent; and Anne took care to ask no questions which could rouse suspicions.

Annette was to return home at once. Donaldson wrote to Mr. Guernsey, asking for his approval. As the old gentleman had heard nothing but glowing accounts of the suitor, of course he did not refuse a permission, which he believed involved Annette's happiness. So the engagement was duly announced, Anne Leyden triumphed, and hosts of fashionable young women hated and envied the fortunate Miss Guernsey.

Annette went home. Before she left that quiet retreat, she had told herself that, when she came back, her destiny should have opened a future, as brilliant in a worldly point of view, as that of any heroine sensational novel writers ever depicted.

She had kept her word. But, lo! in the very acceptance of the fate, she had yearned and thirsted for, a bitterness, worse than that of death, smote her soul, and her head ached and rebelled, like some hapless wretch shut living into a noisome tomb.

She could not find a moment's forgetfulness, even when removed from the presence of the man she had promised to marry, and when safe in the quiet of the old haunts, a quiet which had formerly been so irksome to her, to which she clung so desperately now, shuddering to note how rapidly the days sped on. Two or three times each week there came letters from Donaldson; she had to answer these, and unsatisfactory responses they must have been, so far as regarded expressions of affection; but she tried to atone for that lack by being as witty and bright as possible, and the *blasé* man was content with anything which could amuse him.

Anne Leyden wrote frequently. Her husband had received aid from Mr. Carroll, and told her his affairs were prospering, so Anne was in her wildest spirits. She constantly counselled and congratulated Annette; talked of the pleasures before them both; rang the changes in Annette's luck and her golden fortune, till the girl grew so

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disgusted that she used to fling the epistles aside, unread.

In June Arthur Beaufort came to Fairdale for a week. He was looking thin and pale. He only visited the Guernseys twice. How Annette lived through the congratulations which he offered her, she often afterward wondered.

He went away, and his going taught her a secret, which she had many times suspected during the past weeks, but had thrust, angrily, from her mind. Not only had she promised to marry a man, who was positively abhorrent to her—at least now, however mildly indifferent her feelings might at first have been—but she loved another, and that other was Arthur Beaufort.

She marvelled at her own blindness hitherto; but it was useless to think. Even if she were free, he loved her no longer. His manner had shown her that. Her utter heartlessness had cured him. Well, well, she must endure the fate she had accepted; there was no appeal! Anne and her fellows said that no affection lasted; nothing lasted, save the good which money could give; she had avowed this for her creed, too. She must abide by her decision; she was bound, tied hand and foot; she could no more return that money than she could have paid a million!

July came, and brought Gould Donaldson to Fairdale. The very first evening of his arrival, Annette read in her grandfather's face his verdict of the man. His efforts to be at ease rendered his manners more objectionable than usual; he showed vain, boastful, vulgar to the core.

Days elapsed. Luckily, Annette was not doomed to much love-making. The truth was, such heart as Gould Donaldson had to give was bestowed elsewhere. He wanted a wife, a woman of good position and talent, possessing beauty and education, because such a woman could help him socially. He had found these qualities in Annette, and had, therefore, chosen her.

Gould Donaldson was a man of indomitable will. Most plans upon which he had set his heart had been crowned with success; but he had to learn that even for him there was a limit, beyond which his arrogant determination could not pass.

Before his visit ended, Mr. Guernsey received a letter from an old friend, lately returned from South America. He had heard of the engagement between Annette and Donaldson. He wrote to the grandfather certain facts, which had come to his knowledge; promised to follow up the clue, and if the stories were correct, to come to Fairdale, armed with proofs, which would cause Annette to dismiss the suitor, who was so distasteful to the old gentleman.

The proofs were not difficult to obtain. Gould Donaldson had done no more than cast the veil of decency over his vices. The record of a grossly immoral life, of a disgraceful connection, whose relations his engagement had not disturbed, was the history which Mr. Chester brought.

Donaldson was absent, when the visitor appeared upon the scene. He had gone up into the mountains with a party of men, for a few days shooting.

Mr. Guernsey laid the facts before Annette. With death in her heart, remembering the fatal chain which bound her, she professed to doubt; tried to be haughty, and carry matters with a high hand.

Mr. Guernsey could scarcely credit his eyes or ears.

"You cannot love the man," he said; "I know you do not. I have known it all along."

"I have promised to marry him," she replied.

"Would you do it after what we have learned? Marry a wretch like that—a gambler—a libertine—"

"About the same as other men, I dare say," she interrupted.

She was so nearly out of her senses, that she scarcely knew what she said or did; but she clung to her secret still.

"Can this be you, Annette?" groaned the old man. "Has last winter made you so utterly worldly and heartless, that you are lost to every womanly instinct, every pure feeling?"

"Grandfather, grandfather!" she sobbed.

"I shall argue no further," he said. "This much I can do—that man shall never enter my doors again. Until you are one and twenty, you are under my control; until that control ceases, neither by word or letter shall you exchange communication with him."

Her first thought was of the reprieve. Then a mad dread, lest in his anger Donaldson should reveal the truth, overwhelmed her.

"The day you do marry him," pursued the old man, "is the last time you will ever see my face. I have not many years longer to live—I—"

His assumed sternness gave way; he sat down in a chair, leaned his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud—utterly unnerved and unmanned—he whom Annette had never seen moved by any calamity.

Another instant and she was at his feet, telling her whole story, keeping nothing back. As she ended her rapidly uttered narrative, she slid forward, and would have fallen full length upon the floor, but he caught her in his arms. Half insensible as she was, she could hear him saying:

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"Thank God, I have found my child again! I have found my child!"

Later, when rest and sleep had somewhat restored her strength, he told her that the rise in value of a large tract of land, which he owned, would restore him to comparative affluence—the money she owed could be paid at once.

"But if he should tell—if—"

"I do not think he will," interrupted the old man, sternly.

"Oh, if he did, what does it matter?" she cried. "I deserve to be disgraced. How can you ever forgive me?"

"Dear child, do you not think what you have suffered is atonement enough?" he asked. "I saw that you were unhappy; I hoped and believed that you would trust me, before it was too late."

Donaldson had his quarters at a hotel in the village, not having chosen to submit to the restraints, which a stay in Mr. Guernsey's house would have involved. When he reached Fairdale, he found a note from Mr. Guernsey awaiting him—that gentleman desired an interview at his earliest convenience.

The next day Annette learned that Donaldson was gone. She had given her grandfather the engagement ring, and the man's letters. She received her own in return.

So this dismal episode in her life had come to an end, and as she looked back on its horror, she felt as if recalling some dreadful dream. But the lesson she had learned sunk deep into her soul.

That autumn, Arthur Beaufort came again to Fairdale, and when Annette heard of it, her heart beat fast. He had once loved her; perhaps he did still; if he would speak, she might yet be happy. But though she met him often, he came only once to the house, and at their meetings, while courteous and friendly, he exhibited no show of interest. She learned that he was now able to commence the practice of his profession, which he had continued studying, all through the years which he had been compelled to devote to uncongenial pursuits.

When Annette heard finally that he had gone, gone without even a leave taking, gone with nothing but a card dropped at the door as at the door of a mere acquaintance, she thought she would have died. She sank into a low fever, which the doctor called an intermittent, and which name the neighbors exaggerated into typhoid, but which was simply the result of her having lost all interest in life. For she realized, what alas! so many women do, that there was no future for her. Never would a husband clasp her in his arms, never would she have children to climb into her lap, never would her dying bed be watched over by sympathy and love. She must walk her dreary path alone. Her grandfather could not survive for many years, and when he was gone, she would have no friends, no near relations, she would be utterly destitute. If she could have died, then and there, on her sick-bed, if an all-wise Father had called her to Himself, she would have welcomed the message gladly. "Life is over for me," she said. "Why should I recover?"

But she did recover. She came down stairs to dinner, for the first time, at Christmas, and crept about the house, during the winter that followed, the shadow of her former self. With the returning spring, strength began to come to her. As the trees began to leaf, as the flowers began to bloom, as the warm, soft winds from the South began to blow, the color once more showed itself in her cheeks, and her interest in life re-awakened, at least in a degree. But it was only in a degree. At times all her old melancholy returned: often with added intensity. "So long, so long yet," she would murmur, amid tears. "Perhaps, I shall live to be eighty: I had a grandmother who lived longer: eighty years of misery, oh! my God!"

There was a secluded nook, by the river-side, at one end of the farm, where she often went in these days. It had been a favorite spot in the old time, when Arthur and she had been all in all to each other. Lush grasses grew there; birch trees fluttered the tender green of their young leaves; the stream went murmuring by; the sunshine dappled the water with alternate gold and black; the quiet and seclusion were profound. Here she often went now. Here, in a seat that Arthur had rudely fashioned for her, she would sit, leaning against a tree, her face half hidden in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks. A stranger, coming upon her unawares, might have thought her another Ophelia. Perhaps, a year before, in the first madness of her despair, she might, if she had found herself there, have imitated Ophelia. But now, she was resigned, at least. She could never be happy. But she had learned to endure.

She was sitting thus, one day, in the early summer. The morning had been excessively hot, and she had put on a white dress. A black lace scarf was folded across her chest, bound round her waist, and tied behind like a sash. It was a costume she had often worn, in the old, dear days, and she assumed it now, with a sad feeling that Arthur had admired it especially. Suddenly, the sound of a footstep roused her from her

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melancholy reverie, and looking around, she saw Arthur himself approaching. She started to her feet, her heart beating fast, the color mounting to her very hair. There was a look of eager expectation on his face. What could it mean?

"Annette," he cried, not giving her time to speak, though she could not have spoken for worlds. "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I am, at last, in a position to do it. Success, after long struggle, has come to me. But, heavens, you are ill, you faint—"

For Annette had turned deathly white, and, after grasping at the beech tree for support, would have fallen, if he had not caught her in his arms.

He threw water in her face, he chafed her hands, he kissed her passionately. At last, she gave a sob, and opened her eyes. For a moment she did not quite realize where she was. She only remembered a great shock, and now —was this heaven?—had she died?—and had Arthur died also?—were they reunited, where there was no more misconception, or sorrow, or tears?

But gradually the truth, the blissful truth, danced on her consciousness, and she felt Arthur pressing kisses on her lips, saying:

"I have always loved you. I wanted to speak, last year, but dared not—I was too poor. Now I can offer you a home worthy of you. That is if you care. Will you come, Annette?"

They were married that same autumn, and on her wedding-day, Mr. Guernsey told Annette a secret. It was Arthur who paid the debt. Arthur, who had unintentionally overheard the conversation between Mrs. Leyden and Annette, while waiting in the adjoining room. He had saved and made, outside his salary, money, which he meant to use to start himself in his profession; the greater part of it went to satisfy the Frenchwoman's claim.

When Mr. Guernsey discovered—luckily before he had spoken plainly—that Gould Donaldson was not the person who had aided his granddaughter, he of course could not rest till he had learned who her creditor really might be. Mr. Chester had taken the matter in hand, and found means to persuade Madame to show him certain notes which she had received from Arthur.

"If I could love you better, this would make me," Annette said, as she wept her happy tears on her husband's breast.

He was inclined at first to resent the old gentleman's having betrayed his mystery, but when he saw what a comfort it was to Annette, to think that it was to him she had been under obligations, he was glad she had been told: and they lived to laugh over the incident which had once appeared so tragic.

A good while before this, George Leyden ended his difficulties, by blowing his brains out to escape detection and arrest, on the charge of having used for his own purposes, money which had been confided to his charge, and of having forged certificates of stock to a large amount.

Anne departed to Europe to spend her season of weeds and seclusion, and Annette, not long after her marriage, learned that the unfortunate creature had put the climax to her follies, by wedding Gould Donaldson.

"And a very proper arrangement," old Mr. Guernsey pronounced, when the news was told him, "but I am mistaken in the woman's character, if Donaldson has not found more than his equal, at last—morally or immorally speaking, as you please! Anyhow, shrewd as he is, before he has done, he will find himself in all ways Her Creditor."

THE TEST.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Oh, eyes of blue!
Sweet eyes of blue!
What deeds I would have dared for you!
With all the eagerness of youth,
Risking my life upon your truth,
And feeling that the bliss I knew,
Depended on those eyes of blue!

There came a day
I turned away
From eyes of blue, to eyes of gray,
And thought within their depths to find
A strength and solace for the mind,
As friendship's pure and steadfast ray
Beamed on me from those eyes of gray.

Sweet eyes of brown!
Dear eyes of brown!
On me so tenderly looked down,
Fairer than any orbs of light
That shone upon the face of night.
My soul delightedly would drown
Itself within those eyes of brown!

But eyes of blue,
And eyes of gray,
And eyes of brown may have their day;
And each, by some mysterious art,
Lead captive many a trusting heart.
Broken the spell, whate'er the hue,
If I, alas! lose faith in you!

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THE NOVEMBER NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68.

CHAPTER V.

THE days that followed, were cheerful enough. The ghost, if ghost there was, was laid. When Lucy went down, in the mornings, she usually found George and a brown-eyed, dogmatic girl in a short working-dress, planting, or weeding in the garden; quarreling, very likely, over the best treatment of beets, or the time to trench celery. This was a very different person from the Christine of the first evening, the tragedy queen, wrapped in classic robes and inexorable memories.

Mrs. Thayer, too, relaxed from her pale martyrdom, to look at Lucy's dresses, and even to feebly attempt an imitation of a polonaise, and George was always ready to listen, or to laugh. Christine, as they grew more familiar, took Lucy to the stables, where she proved to be wise on the relative values of French ponies and Morgans, or Normandy draught, or to the rabbit hutch, or pigeon *cotes*. In the evenings, too, she learned new stitches in embroidery, or showed Lucy her lace work, which was curiously dainty and quaint.

The little bride would almost forget that there was any miserable tragedy, behind this commonplace exterior, until some sudden word, whose purport she could not understand, would drag it to light. Christine, pale and silent, would retreat to her own room. Mrs. Thayer would betake herself to sighs and misery, and even Judith would come in with the tea-tray, looking like a prophet of doom.

All this concealed horror would, I suspect, have troubled our practical Virginian very little; but there were matter of fact incidents, which roused her curiosity, and annoyed her intolerably. First was the niggardly economy practiced in the house, which her training made unendurable to her; the sums, which she knew her husband brought home, vanished unaccountably. Still more vexatious was the peculiar tenderness, with which Christine was treated. No jealousy, nor anger on her part, could alter her husband's demeanor, one whit. A curious little incident occurred, the week after her arrival, which showed Lucy how absolute was Christine's power over him. John was in the habit of bringing to his wife little daily gifts, flowers, fruit, or a bit of finery, so pretty and delicate, that it did not occur to her that they were inexpensive. One day, in the town, passing a jeweler's window, with Christine and John, they paused to look at a locket—an onyx shield, on which was fastened, without setting, a moon-stone.

Lucy could not keep back a longing sigh; and looked up, to find her husband's eyes, full of pain, fixed on her.

"I wish I could give it to you, my darling," he whispered. "But it is impossible."

"Indeed, I don't want it," she cried, earnestly. "Do you think me so foolish, you dear boy?" clinging close to his arm.

They had left Christine at the window. She joined them, the next minute. "Mr. Thayer," she said, "there is a jewel yonder, that seems to me to have peculiar meaning—and a meaning for me. Can I have it?"

His face burned scarlet. But he answered, promptly:

"If you wish it, Christine."

They drove home, almost in silence. That night, he brought out a little jewel box, and laid it, without a word, on the table before the girl. She opened it. The luminous stone was hung to a light gold chain. She rose, carried it to him, and, bending her delicate, noble head, said, "Fasten it about my neck, I will wear it *in memory*."

The breath seemed to leave Lucy's chest, as her husband, his face pale and red by turns, stooped and clasped it about the white neck, while the girl, quite forgetful of the wife's presence, lifted his hand to her lips.

He turned instantly, and came to Lucy.

"For God's sake, trust me, Lucy," he said, with emotion. "If you knew all, you would pity and forgive."

"I know nothing, and have nothing to forgive," said little Mrs. Thayer, coldly.

A day or two later, several of the neighboring families called on the bride. The news of her arrival had been whispered about, and they were not unwilling to gain admittance into the mysterious house. In the afternoon, two or three stately carriages brought the wives and daughters of John's business friends, who, finding Thayer's wife was of a good Virginia family, made the effort to show their liking for him.

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Lucy was radiant with pleasure. She dearly loved society gossip, the little excitement of dinner, and tea-parties. Mrs. Thayer looked, it is true, as though she had been routed out of her coffin, to play hostess; but as though she liked the business, albeit with fear and trembling. Christine, watchful and grave, as Lucy shrewdly observed, enjoyed the little stir and excitement of the arrival of the visitors, and in her judgment proved herself human.

The visits passed without incident, until the last was nearly over, when one of the guests, a leader of the society of the little town, cordially urged Lucy to visit her.

"Dine with us, on Tuesday," she pleaded. "I shall send formal cards for yourself and Mr. Thayer. But promise me, now, that you will come."

Before Lucy could reply, Mrs. Thayer rose like a ghost, and stood before the lively lady.

"My daughter and son will be obliged to decline all invitations, Mrs. Soame," she said, "for the coming winter. A family grief—a—the loss of a near relative. We are compelled to live in strict retirement."

Lucy had tact enough to add her regrets and refusal promptly, without any betrayal of surprise or annoyance. She left the room with the guests, and went to her own chamber. She meant to hold a reckoning as to the conduct of her future life; but it would be with her husband, not his mother.

In a few minutes, there was a tap at the door, and Christine entered.

She went straight up to Lucy, and began to speak at once. The girl had none of the bride's address, or tact, or small-talk.

"You do not know why we cannot visit, or receive visits?" she said, inquiringly. "Nobody has told you?"

"No. I am not sure, either, that I want to know. My husband warned me that this house was full of little mysteries—unpleasant ghosts of all kinds. I seem to be fumbling my way among them every day. When they grow intolerable, I shall go out from them. I do not propose to spend my life among the tombs," smiling, and tossing her chin.

"I know no ghost to be seen in the house," said the girl, slowly. "By anybody but me, at least. The mystery is easily explained. It was death."

She was standing by the open window. Outside was the cold, gray November sky; parched stubble-fields; a wisp of thin black smoke blown upward. Lucy saw her as if set in a frame, and noticed how warm her coloring was to-day; how the impatient red lips trembled. There was nothing, in consonance with mystery and death, in this warm-blooded, strong, young creature.

"I will tell you the story," said Christine, still looking out at the bare fields. "It is a common one enough; and there is no reason why you should not know it. There was another of the Thayer brothers—Shepard, the oldest of all, and different from the others, as—as a god is from common men."

"That is his portrait in the library?"

"Yes. You see that he looked like a hero going out to battle."

"Or a good looking actor coming on the stage, and waiting for the cheers in the gallery," thought Lucy. But she asked, "Did he always move and speak in that heroic fashion?"

"Oh, always!" enthusiastically. "So witty and light-hearted, too. He was like a king in the house, when I first came to it. His flowers, and his music, and his rare books, and pistols, and pipes—they filled every room. Late at night, you would hear the young men—his friends—singing and fencing. Oh, it was quite different from now. His brothers were such dull fellows beside him. We lived in Kentucky then. All the world admired Shepard; and paid court to him: and I was but a child of fifteen, and yet he—"

"Go on, Christine."

"He preferred me to all the world."

"You were engaged?"

Christine did not answer for a moment. Then she said, half hesitating:

"Yes."

"There was a great difference in your ages?"

"So great that his mother objected to our marriage. She and Shepard were my guardians. He never could bear opposition. There was a terrible scene, that day. But he left us, and went to New Orleans. The yellow fever broke out, in a few days; and then came the word that he was dead."

All this was told in a subdued whisper, as though she narrated the incidents of a tragedy, seen upon the stage, which had taken a strange hold of her imagination.

"This is not real love, nor real grief," decided sharp little Lucy. "How long ago was this?" she said, aloud.

"Four years."

"Quite time," thought her companion, "that Mr. Shepard Thayer, who must have been a bombastic, unpleasant sort of a fellow, was buried comfortably out of sight, and remembrance."

But this commonplace story, by no means accounted to her for the mystery in which the

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family was wrapped, or the niggardly economy which they practised.

"Have you lived, since then, in this absolute retirement?"

"Yes. I must be true to his memory. I *am* true to it," heaving a sigh. "But sometimes," she added, after a pause, "do you know, Lucy, this story seems like a dream, or a thing that happened in somebody else's life? So far off, that I am not sure that it was I that knew Shepard and loved him. Sometimes," her honest eyes fixed with deprecating entreaty on Lucy, "I think I should like to dress, and go to balls as you used to do. I felt, when Mrs. Soame was here, I would have given the world to go to dine with her, if she had asked me. I know I am true to his memory, but—I am so young."

She pushed up her sleeve, passing one hand lightly over her arm, and looked at it. It was full, round, white: the strong pulses beating at the wrist.

Lucy did not speak. Her eye sparkled, angrily. What right had the Thayers to keep this poor child, as within prison bars, sacred to the memory of a man, whom she began strongly to suspect had been a scamp?

Christine continued, after a while. "We came here, soon after Shepard's death. We moved hurriedly, and none of our friends followed us. I do not believe John, or George, left a trace of themselves, for any to follow. I had some acquaintances there, planter's daughters, whom I used to meet at the races—but I have had none here. If I had not George for a brother—and the memory of Shepard, of course I did not mean to leave that out—I should find it very lonely."

"You poor child!" Lucy threw her arms about Christine's head, and drew it down to her breast. "*I* will be your friend. I'll see that justice is done you—and me. The idea of making the house a tomb, and shutting up two women in it, because—! Well, no matter! We'll bring a little common sense to bear on it; and that at once."

"You mean to be a friend of mine? Now, do you know," with a searching look at her, "I fancied you disliked me, Lucy?"

Lucy's face burned; but she laughed.

"I was mistaken. I—I'll tell you the truth, Christine, I fancied it was John Thayer you had loved. I never had heard of Shepard. I had no key to the peculiar relations you held with my husband and his family."

"On the contrary, John was always indifferent to me. I have been nothing in his eyes, but the woman who should have been Shepard's wife; while George—"

"Yes, what of George?" asked Lucy, with a shrewd smile.

Christine's color deepened. "Nothing. There he is. He has been kind to me, that is all. And I have not taken up the lilies to-day. What will he think of me?" tying on her hat, and running down to the garden.

Lucy followed the girl with her eyes.

"When she talks of Shepard, she forces herself into a heroine of tragedy," she said to herself, "but when she is with George, she is a girl of nineteen—and a very simple, lovable girl, too." And practical Mistress Lucy gave a knowing little nod.

CHAPTER VI.

When John Thayer was alone with his wife, that evening, before their dressing-room fire, that astute little woman determined to begin her wholesale reform, and opened the attack by an account of her guests, the invitation to dinner, and its refusal.

Mr. Thayer rose, leaned on the mantle shelf, looking down at the piquant, pretty little figure before him, with vexation on his face, which gradually deepened into absolute pain.

"It does not need this to show me, Lucy, that I made a mistake, in bringing you to this life of solitude and gloom. You have been used to society; you cannot be happy without it. We have grown used to our hermitage."

"It has been no more healthy a life for you than for me!" replied Lucy. "Look at your mother. Look at Christine. You must see how distorted and morbid their natures have grown. Remember the old French saying—'A man must be a god or a brute to live alone.' We are neither, John. We shall grow querulous and moody, strive against it as we will, if we shut out the whole outer world, with all its wholesome influences. The curse will fall."

"Then it must fall," answered John Thayer, lifting his pale blue eyes, doggedly. "There can be no change in our mode of life. When I did not ask your sister to visit you, Lucy, you might have inferred that your life must be a solitary one."

"Why shall there be no change?" said Lucy, rising and coming towards him, urgently. "Listen to me a moment. Christine has told me all—the story of Shepard Thayer, of her engagement to him, and of his death."

Mr. Thayer turned from her suddenly, so that she could not see his face.

"I would have spared you this," he said. "But as you have been told, forget it, Lucy. Do not speak of it again."

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The man, pale-colored, slight and nervous, was shaken with agitation. This firm, buxom, and energetic, little woman, went on undaunted; not being subject to hindrances of delicacy, or sensitiveness.

"I don't know why I should not speak of it again, John," she said. "I, being a stranger, can see the matter much more impartially than any of you; and I tell you that the wreck you are making of that girl's happiness, of your own and of mine, is worse than absurd folly. It is unjust, cruel! *I* know what sort of man your brother Shepard was! I have seen plenty of his like: brilliant, selfish, reckless. I have seen a whole family bend down and worship such greedy idols. You cannot deny that your brother was such a man?"

John Thayer made no answer, even by a movement. His face was shaded by his hand, and his back turned to her.

"Well, he is dead, so it does not matter," Lucy said. "But being dead, and for four years, why should all our lives be sacrificed, as a hecatomb, on his grave? Why should we immure ourselves, as in a gaol? Why should Christine be forced out of her natural healthy life, and made to perform unceasing devotedness to his memory? You treat her as a sacred thing, because she was unlucky enough to be betrothed to him. You humor her silliest whims, indulge her most expensive fancies." (Here John visibly winced). "Now, my dear love, this is all absurd!" laying her hand on his arm. "Wear home mourning as long as you please, and mourn in your hearts, but let us have done with this mystery, and stifling, and repression. Why should they make us miserable all our lives?"

"Because Shepard Thayer holds all our lives in his dead hands!" answered John, vehemently. "Because all that you said of him, poorly described the curse he has been to me and mine!" He turned on her, almost fiercely, so that she shrank back. "Now you have the secret. Do not strive to look in to it any farther, or betray it to Christine. For God's sake, be satisfied."

He left the room, with these words, and she knew the subject was closed, forever, between them.

CHAPTER VII.

No grief or mystery, as vague as that which shadowed the Thayer household, will altogether repress young blood and instinct. Lucy and Christine spent many a day in laying girlish plans, or in gossip, and the two men devised innumerable little merry makings and pleasures for them, independent of society.

One day, for example, George came home, flushed and excited as a boy.

"I have a plan!" he cried. "Why could we not explore our mountains in these last two weeks of October, taking tents and provisions, as Lucy's cousins did, in the expeditions through the Blue Ridge?"

The plan was no sooner heard than it became a certainty. In fact Lucy was amazed, every day, at the ease with which these Thayers thrust aside every obstacle to their purposes, provided these obstacles were not the close observation of other people. The only things of which they apparently were afraid were human beings.

In a week, Lucy and her husband, Christine and George, were encamped among the gorges of the Bald Eagle range, in Clinton county. They had two or three little shelter tents, a larger one for cooking. John and his brother caught mountain trout, or shot small game; and Lucy, who was as skilful a cook as ever graduated in a Virginia kitchen, instructed Christine in the mysteries of biscuit, broiled fish, and deviled wild duck. At night, about a blazing camp fire, they told stories, sang songs, or talked that bright, significant nonsense, which at twenty is so much better and wiser than knowledge.

The girls grew tanned, bright-eyed, red-lipped; they ran when they might have walked; sang as they worked; even Christine produced, each day, stories of absurd and sweet little ditties.

John turned out to be most zealous of fishermen, and George an old skilled woodman. The truth was, that, clear of the unwholesome atmosphere of their home, and close to Nature, life was no longer a melo-drama, but a practical, joyous reality.

It was at the close of a long, cool afternoon. The shadow of the mountain peaks fell over the little shelf of table rock, where they had pitched their camps. The fire burned brightly. John was stretched, lazily beside it, smoking. Lucy came bustling out from the tent, buttoning the sleeves of her chintz gown about her red wrists.

"The biscuits are ready to go on the baking stone, and the squirrels for the pot," she said. "Where can those young people be?" And she shaded her eyes, as she scanned the sweep of wooded hills, bare peaks, and narrow gorges, over which the low sun darted lingering red rays.

"Young? If they had not come here, they would have forgotten that they were young," said John.

"They will never forget it now," replied Lucy, significantly.

"What do you mean?" raising himself on his elbow.

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Lucy hesitated, with the annoyed look of one pushed to action, before being ready.

"Part of my meaning is, that Christine reminds me, since we came here, of the old story of certain children, forced to live in their dreams a different life from their real one. Christine has had her dream, and a very false, unwholesome one it was, John. Now she is awake, and living through the actual experience of every woman of nineteen."

John made no reply. His pipe had gone out, as he listened. He took it from his lips, and knocked the ashes out, his delicate light-tinted face hardening into the stern resolve, which his wife knew well by this time.

"If you mean," said Lucy, answering his look, "that this girl is not to be loved, nor ever to have her chance to be a wife and mother—because of your—because of this curse upon the family, you are mistaken. You have seen one side of Christine; you think her a weak, dreamy child. You will see the other, some day, and find her to be a strong woman—more self-willed than any Thayer."

"It is not a question of will. It is necessity," said John, in a low voice.

Lucy began to lay the cloth for supper, on the great, round, Indian altar, in silence. She was not going to allow Shepard Thayer, his mystery, or his crime, to be dragged into the mountains, to ruin her happy holyday.

CHAPTER VIII.

George Thayer, following Christine, climbed into the rutted bed of a long, dry, mountain stream. It led them far up the mountain, till a broad, bare rock abruptly barred their way.

"We cannot reach the top!" cried Christine, throwing herself down on the crisp, green moss.

She panted for breath. Her long hair was loosened, her skin all flushed and moist. "I cannot go any further."

"I am contented to stay here," said George, glancing at her, with a queer dry laugh.

She had fancied his manner constrained all day. She looked quickly up at him now. "Perhaps I tire you, George?" she said. "I forget what a stupid, ignorant creature I am; and follow you about too much. You are used to talk, every morning, to sensible men."

"No. You have not tired me," he answered. He was looking beyond her now, with a grave and even sombre face. Too grave, Christine thought, eyeing the thin, tall figure, closely buttoned in its long, brown coat, one hand thrust, as usual, into his breast, and the broad rimmed hat shading his face. It was the dress and attitude of a priest; and Christine was in no humor for any ascetic companion. The girl, to tell the truth, had been forcibly dragged into middle age; and when she escaped from it, the reaction made her a child.

"George," she cried, irritably, "can't you be happy, a little while, with me? Everything is glad and at ease here." She clasped her hands behind her head, and lay back against a fallen tree, following with her eyes the sleepy, floating clouds, a fluttering bird, the crickets in the hot grass. "Sit down!" she said, nodding imperiously.

He sat down, but apart from her, and watched her, furtively.

"I could be happy here always. But you—you bring all the misery and care of home with you."

"I do not bring it! God knows," he answered, passionately, "I am willing to leave it behind me forever."

"Are you, George?" with a sigh. "It is good to forget sometimes!" half closing her drowsy, brown eyes.

"You do forget, Christine?"

Not that he would tempt her from her allegiance to his brother, and yet—he leaned forward, breathlessly.

"Oh, no!" she replied, rousing herself. "I never forget Shepard. How could I? He was the noblest of men. But sometimes, since we came here," nestling back into the grass, as if surrendering herself to a pleasant sleep, "I am so happy! And my brother George has been so good to me!" smiling up into his face.

He changed his position suddenly, threw off his hat, complaining of the heat, and was silent for a long while.

Christine was motionless. It is a peculiar charm, and a rare one, the ability to be still, especially in a woman as finely moulded as was this one. She was very tired, and, probably, half asleep. But George Thayer seemed to himself to have fully wakened, for the first time in his life.

In the dreary, unwholesome house below, he might have lived for years longer, with this girl, as he had lived for years gone by, loving her with every fibre of his nature, knowing he had the right to love her. Yet held back from her by not only an implacable, dreadful barrier, but by a thousand commonplace difficulties.

Here there was nothing to bar her from him. The air was free, the light warm. The curse upon his life faded out of sight. In the solitude about them, they seemed, for that moment, to be but a man and woman, free as the air to love and be loved.

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He turned, and looked directly at her now: at the mellow tints in her face; the loose, coiling hair; the half-closed, dreamy eyes, which answered his, with a faint smile; the slow-heaving bosom; the soft palms laid together. His own breath came quicker. He opened his lips to speak. Yet it was a curious fact, that, at that moment, observing that her cape had fallen, and left bare her shoulder, he suddenly stooped and covered it, remembering how jealously Shepard guarded her beauty. So long had she been set aside as the property of the dead.

"He would not wish that I should know how fair she is," he thought; and then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he came up, and stood close to her, asserting his own right.

"Christine!" he said.

She looked up, startled at his tone.

"You say you would be happy here, always," he said, passionately. "What if you could leave our home, would you be willing to do it? Understand me. To leave these past years, and all their memories, behind, forever?" And he dwelt slowly, emphatically, on each word, as he spoke.

She sat up, quickly, looking at him, fixedly.

"George! Do you know what you say?"

"Yes. I mean to speak plainly. Could you forget the dead? I do not wish to plan any treachery to Shepard. But—oh, my God! I think I have played a brother's part to him!"

There was a long silence, which he broke in a quieter tone. "At least, it is no treachery in you to forget. You were a child when you knew him. You are a woman, now."

"Do not let us talk of him now—some other time. What was the question you asked me? Could I live here, and forget my old self? Become a new Christine?" smiling archly up at him. "I think I have done it. You, too, George. You are a moody stranger to me, here. You draw me, and drive me away, every day, with your heats and chills; while down at home—"

"No matter what we are at home. We have played a part there long enough. I am not your brother, Christine. I never loved you as a brother. From the day you first came into our house, a little, grave creature, with your dogmatic, slow ways, I determined that you—stay; do not turn away from me—that you should be my wife. It was my love for you that drew Shepard's eyes on you; and I gave you up to him. I was only a boy, and gave up everything to him. Stay!" as she would have risen. "You must hear me. I have been silent such a long time, and I shall never speak again."

She stood up, in front of him. "Is this right, George?" she said, excitedly, looking from this side to the other, to escape his eyes.

"It is right."

He did not come close to her. Indeed, she suddenly remembered now, that he never, in all their close intercourse, had touched or kissed her, as a cousin might have done.

But there was in the still figure of the man standing apart from her, in his eyes and repressed voice, a force and passion, that held her motionless, as with iron hands. It was a new influence, something which had never entered into her life before. It terrified her, angered her, and yet drew her towards him. She would have fled down the hill, nevertheless; and she even turned to go, pale and trembling. But a word from him stopped her.

"Stay, Christine," he said, quietly, without moving: and she came back, flushed, red, and trembling still.

"I know why I should not claim my share of happiness" he said. "There are reasons why Shepard's property should not be touched by his brothers—least of all, his promised wife. You are his—living or dead. My mother has told me that every day since he left you; and it is true, provided—you love him."

She put out her hands, as if to keep back a threatened blow. "I thought I loved him, George. I always said I loved him!" she cried.

"But if you have been mistaken—if you loved *me?*" He took one of the outstretched hands in his, and as quickly let it drop.

"Listen, little girl!" falling into the playful half sad tone she knew so well; and with the half smile, with which he was used to argue with her. "We cannot make a mistake here. Don't think of poor old George. Don't pity him. Put him out of the question altogether. It is you whose fate is to be decided. If you love Shepard still, as a wife should love her husband, it is no longer a matter of comfort or happiness. You must live as miserably as you have done, but you must be true to his memory. But if—"

He held out his arms, without speaking, his breath coming slow and deep, his eyes reading hers.

"If you can come to me, my darling," he went on, more eager, "I can make you a very happy wife."

Still she stood irresolute.

"I'm dull, and homely, and poor, Christine; but I think my love is great enough to make up for all. Will you put your hand in mine? You need not speak. I shall know that you love me."

"Yes, I love you, George," she answered, at

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last, drawing a deep breath, as if awaking from a spell.

But she did not lay her hand in his.

The whole man was irradiated with a sudden triumph. But he only quietly raised her hand to his lips, and laid it gently down. No long-controlled passion could make him forget to treat her like a child, who was easily frightened.

This silence was unbroken. She stood apart from him, looking down, while he watched her.

"What is it, Christine? What is it that keeps you from me?"

She answered so promptly, as to startle him.

"This ring, George," and she held it up to the light.

It was a thin, gold circlet, worn and old.

"Shepard gave it to you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must put it away from you, before you give yourself to me. Shepard Thayer has no part in my promised wife."

He spoke sternly, and unlike his usual self.

She drew the ring off, and walking a few steps from him, threw it into the depths of a mountain pool. Then she came back, with shy yet hasty steps. The wind blew her hair about her like a veil, her eyes sparkled, her blushes were deep; both hands were held out.

"I am free, George."

"I too, thank God!" cried George, as he caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

CHAPTER IX.

SHARP-EYED little Mistress Lucy, watching for George and Christine at the top of the gorge, ran back to her husband, with a triumphant laugh.

"They are coming!" she cried, exultingly. "And they have found out that they love each other. I could have told it to them long ago. Nobody can deceive *me*."

"You do not mean what you say?" cried John. He followed her out of the tent, excitedly, and keenly regarded the couple, walking side by side up the hill.

"Absurd!" he cried, after watching them, for a moment. "You are full of your fancies, Lucy. George cares for Christine as I do, but no more."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. I always did think your regard for the girl sufficiently warm for a married man. But George Thayer has lived for her, as anybody who was not blind might have seen. He's a good, honest, faithful soul, too; and will make her an excellent husband. I wonder Christine has had sound sense enough to appreciate him. She has done it though. I'm thankful she has made such a good match."

"Match! It is impossible, Lucy, that Christine should marry George. If I thought there was any truth in your imaginings—" He broke off suddenly: then resumed, with some heat. "But there cannot be. Don't speak of it again. It annoys me more than I can tell you."

"Very well," she answered, demurely; "I shall say no more." She went back to her squirrels, and biscuit, as she finished speaking, and was stooping over the savory stew in the pot, when Christine's shadow darkened the opening of the tent, behind her.

"Oh, it is you, dear child?" she said, looking round, nodding and laughing, a spoon in one hand, and a dish in the other. "Come here and give me a kiss! Oh, I know all about it. You need not look so white and scared. I saw it all, the day after I came. George is a thorough good fellow. He'll make a good husband. Hold the dish for me, until I take up the squirrels. We are nearly starved, John and I. We were not making love. What are you trembling for, child? You'll break the dish."

Christine had always found it easy enough to talk of her love for Shepard: in fact, had rather relished passing as an inconsolable mourner over his grave. But it was impossible for her to bear Lucy's well-meant, but untimely assault upon this new-found love. It was something too delicate and sweet; something not to be dragged to the light, even for her own handling.

"I cannot talk to you of it, Lucy. Indeed I cannot!" she said, ready to cry.

Meanwhile, Dr. Thayer had beckoned his brother out of the tent. They walked together, a few paces, down the hill, George eagerly talking, his brother listening without a word.

"Whatever may be the result," said George, in conclusion, "I must abide it. We have always sacrificed the whole family to the one unworthy member. I will not allow Christine's life to be wrecked. I can make her happy, I think." He spoke humbly. "She loves me, John."

"So Lucy has told me, for some time," drily replied his brother. "I suppose you cannot both be mistaken, though I thought her grief for Shepard would never be assuaged. Well, well!" after a pause, "of course, you have counted the cost. One of the first results, you know, is that Christine must be told the truth about her property.

"No," cried George, hastily. "I cannot do that, John. I mean to take Shepard's place to her. I think I am justified in doing that. But I will not damn him in her eyes."

"Then you see the difficulty, which lies before you. Christine believes herself an heiress. She

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thinks she brings to you every dollar of the money, which we know Shepard gambled away. It was comparatively easy for us to deceive her so far; but it will be impossible for you to do it, in the confidence of married life. You must tell her that her guardian and lover swindled her; and that we have cheated her all these years, to save his memory, and our own pride."

Dr. Thayer rose impatiently.

"There is no use in heaping up difficulties before me, John," he said, a little hotly. "You have had your dream of happiness. I did not grudge it to you."

"Why, old fellow! I did not think you would take it in that way!" cried his brother. "You know I care for your happiness. It is no lack of feeling that has made me seem cold or cautious. But this matter of Christine has been so wretched throughout—the miserable secret has come between my wife and me. It has been such a curse to us all, that I often question, whether it would not have been better to have dragged the whole affair open to the world, and let the family and family pride go to the gutter, where they belong. Any shame would have been easier to bear than this anxiety, year after year."

"It is too late to propose any other course now; and while mother lives, it would be impossible to carry any other out. We will go on as we have done. Let us go in. Supper is ready."

Lucy had spread the little table on the Indian altar, and the brown biscuit and hot coffee sent out savory whiffs into the cool air. George sat down, near Christine, and his brother watched him, grimly.

"He is in a fool's paradise! He quite forgets that he is a middle-aged man, and facing a sea of troubles," said John to himself, forgetting how lately he, too, had entered the same paradise.

The difficulties, whatever they were, which lay in the way, were not referred to again by either of the brothers. They accepted the inevitable, in a business-like fashion, according to the habit of men.

Lucy, however, the excitement of the discovery over, was quite willing to keep it up, in any legitimate way. Half the zest of life to her lay in "talking things over." She kept Christine beside her, during the whole of the next day, planning the details of the wedding: the dresses and the tour that she must make with George; to all of which the girl listened eagerly, although with much confusion and many blushes. She had lived so strained, and melo-dramatic a life, that all these womanish plans, so familiar to other girls, came to her as revelations of a new, beautiful, bewildering world. The love, too, for George Thayer was healthy and sweet, and threw a glamour over the poorest trifle connected with it. But she could not suggest ideas on the subject of dress or wedding gayeties: in fact, Lucy had long ago decided that Christine, though a good girl, had a slow, stupid brain. Her own active intellect, therefore, having exhausted the range of gowns, table-linen, gifts, etc., appropriate to a wedding-talk, was forced to fall back on other matter for exercise.

"What do you suppose, Christine," she said, as they sat alone, in the tent, next day, "can be the 'inexorable difficulty' which lies in the way of a marriage between you and George? 'Inexorable.' That was the word my husband used. Something about Shepard Thayer."

She began the conversation with an unctuous relish. Nothing was so delightful to Lucy as a bit of gossip or a mystery to comfortably talk over. "It's a secret, I think, some horrible secret about Shepard," she continued, stopping short, at seeing the agitation of Christine, who half rose, sat down, and looked at Lucy with undisguised alarm.

"There was a secret. But it was known only to Shepard and me. I know of only one event, in which it could interfere with our marriage."

"You have told George?"

"No, not yet. I dread to tell him. But I shall before—"

"You certainly should do so," authoritatively. "There should be perfect confidence between husband and wife. I am married, Christine, and see these questions from another stand-point than yours."

"Then you have no secrets from John?"

"Assuredly not."

She opened her work-box, at the moment, to take out a finer needle, and her eye fell upon a little case, fastened in one corner. In it she knew was a blazing fire-opal. Her face burned, as though it suddenly felt a real heat, but she said nothing.

"There is no need to bother John with annoying trifles," she thought; "and, besides, *I* am competent to manage my own affairs; but this pretty dunce will need direction, at every step. If she does not confide in George, she will drag both him and herself into the mire."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. John Thayer certainly did not coincide in his wife's theory of perfect confidence, at least, as far as his business was concerned. A messenger, the next day, brought up a note to him, on the receipt of which, after a hurried consultation with George, he began to strike the tent, and

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prepare for their immediate return home. "Business affairs," he stated, "required his presence at once."

Mrs. Lucy was a little chagrined and testy. Even Christine looked disturbed.

"Cannot the people wait?" demanded Lucy. "Is the affair of great importance? It takes my breath to think of returning to that house."

Her husband's face grew more anxious, but he made short, evasive replies, working with George, as the case brooked not a moment's delay.

"George and Christine have been so happy here," she said, fretfully. "Why could not we stay here, John, and let you return alone? I should even be willing to be separated from you, for a few days, to give them a little longer respite from that house—that valley of the shadow of death."

"Poor child!" John said, and paused, turning towards her anxiously. "It is hard for you. God knows I would spare you all that is to come, if I could! And Christine—it will be worse for her. George," drawing him aside, "you hear what Lucy says? What if we should carry out that plan? I will go down, and see what can be done in this strait; and do you remain here with the girls. They will be kept out of reach of all danger and all suspicion."

"No," said George, with a dogged resolution. "We have dodged issues and cheated ourselves long enough. Let the play play itself out, and come to an end now. I am willing, for one, to look the worst in the face. And Christine must do the same before she can be my wife. Let us go home together."

"As you please. You are right, I think," he added, after a pause.

But his wife had caught a few words of their whispered colloquy, and saw, too, how anxious both men were. They spoke no more privately, but each grew, as the day passed, more thoughtful; and a settled, dogged resolution gathered in their faces.

"This is no business matter," thought Lucy. She had a shrewd suspicion that the note was in Mrs. Thayer's queer, cramped hieroglyphics. "The time has come when we are to be brought face to face with this mystery," she whispered to Christine. "Take my word for it. There's no use in smothering things up from *me*."

"What are you going to do, Lucy?" answered Christine, with the admiring glance, with which she always welcomed any display of her friend's sagacity.

"Do? I cannot tell, until the crisis comes. The fact is, Christine, I believe that your family have been made wretched, for years, by some snarl in their affairs, which a sensible woman could have set right in ten minutes. An unprejudiced woman, like myself, of course. John and George have a contemptuous opinion of women, I fancy, or they would have consulted me long ago. They drew their opinion of the sex, from their mother, no doubt; and now really, Christine, while I have every respect for the old lady, you yourself must see that she is weak—weak. But never mind. Do you just give yourself up to deciding on the arrangements of your wedding. I'll attend to this other affair. I shall keep my eyes open, and when the proper time comes to interfere, I will quietly step in and set matters straight for poor John."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MAKING HAY.

BY CHARLES EDWARD PRATT.

Raking the fragrant new-mown hay.
Beyond them blue hills lift their heads;
And o'er them lo! the sunshine sheds
Its glory; singing as it goes,
The ever peaceful river flows
Beside them, while upon its breast
The golden-hearted lilies rest,
Dreaming their happy lives away.

Rarely is maid so passing fair:
Shielding from view her shoulders bare,
Fall low, bright waves of sunny hair,
In richest splendor to her feet.
The thrushes song is not more sweet
Than is her voice; her laughter seems
Like music of some mountain streams,
Flowing from heart that knows not care.

Fringed with thick lashes half from sight,
Blue as are summer's bluest skies,
Shine luminous as stars, her eyes!
And idly leaning on his rake;
More close than need be, for her sake,
The young man stands; the precious hours
Are bright with hope's resplendent flowers,
Bringing to both supreme delight.

Thus making hay, the hours speed fast;
Unheeded, as if golden wings
Were lent to old Time, as he brings
To these fair fields and sunny ways,
The happiest of happy days;
One that they never will forget,
Like a rare gem in memory set,
Whose charm life never will outlast.

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"UNE DISCRÉTION."

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE Prince Kamontsine was one of the most brilliant officers of the court of St. Petersburg. For several years he had been prominent at balls, reviews, receptions, or wherever a young officer would show to the best advantage. He had only the grade of captain, but had had an astonishing success in society, and was renowned for his practical jokes. No one knew better than he how to successfully play them off.

He had been twice banished for playing pranks on his superior officers, and had even privately received an admonition from the highest quarters.

But neither the risk of losing rank, fortune, or even his handsome head, kept nonsense out of his reach. He always aimed at high game, too. Stupid, unknown people, he regarded as quite unworthy his attention. His victims must be as clever and well-known as himself.

At last, he was so successful, that the Emperor Nicholas, who didn't much approve of fun, sent him an order, one fine morning, to pass a month at a great country house, which the young gentleman owned, "to give himself time for reflection," in the words of the formal command.

Three days he had in which to make his adieux, and arrive at his château, which was twenty-four hours from the capital, by carriage route.

He took two days for his farewell visits. Four policemen were to form his guard of honor, his antecedents justifying this rather injurious precaution. For it was now publicly known that he had passed his last term of banishment in a fashionable restaurant, disguised in the costume of a waiter, to the great delight of all his friends and acquaintances, who were in the secret, who had nearly made the *restaurateur's* fortune, by the time the prince's exile was finished.

Kamontsine went from friend to friend, receiving ironical felicitations and laughing condolence. The second day nearly done, he presented himself *p. p. c.*, at the young Countess Dainerof's, one of the most adored beauties of the court.

"Won't you dine with me?" said the lovely lady, after a little.

"A thousand pardons! Impossible, unless you invite my policemen, too."

"Policemen? What is that for?"

"Imperial munificence furnishes me with a body-guard. They are at my house by this time. In an hour we shall be all five rolling over the route to Kamontska, the home of my fathers. That is to say, we shall not roll, but we shall glide. Sledging over this splendid snow will be delicious. To-morrow I shall dine at home."

"The poor prince?" laughed the countess. "How stupid to get yourself banished in full carnival! The governor's ball will have to do without you."

"True—that ball—I had forgotten it, in the grandeur of my disgrace, countess. It is for to-morrow?"

"To-morrow night, at ten, we shall dance without you. Don't go and hang yourself," teased his lovely friend.

For a moment, he twisted his moustache, thoughtfully.

"You will dance?" he asked, suddenly.

"Can you ask, when all Petersburg will be there? The new governor tries his keys—he's just come from Irkontsk, you know; and he gave splendid *fêtes* there. It will be delightful," tormented the countess, "and the Imperial family are to honor us. I must be there early, for their reception."

"Countess," said the prince, tenderly, leaning over her chair, "will you honor me by giving me your first waltz?"

"You are mad!" responded she, pushing back her chair a little.

"Not more than usual. I repeat my request; for you have not yet answered me. Will you honor me?"

"But, my dear prince, you will be at your *château* at that hour, sleeping the peaceful sleep, which follows on a journey. Your servants will have given you some tea—"

"All this home picture, countess, rests upon the hypothesis that I *shall* be there. But if I am not there—if I am at the fortress—will you give me the first waltz?"

A little touched, the countess gazed at him. Kamontsine spoke seriously. It was an unheard of thing, and she was touched.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I will give it you."

"Don't make any other and conditional promise. At the first bar, I shall be there to claim it."

"Prince," said the lady, rather frightened, "You are risking your head—"

"One waltz with you is worth more than my head," he answers, looking deep into her eyes.

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"I shall be more than paid, if you keep your word," he murmurs, taking and kissing her small hand, just above the glove, as he rises to depart.

"I hope this is only a pleasantry," smiles the countess, a little anxiously.

"Will you make a wager?" said the young man, bowing low.

"No—yes—I don't know. With you one never knows—"

"I will wager *une discrétion*, countess; and I beg to believe that you pay your bets. Till to-morrow," and again his moustache brushes her soft wrist, and he departs, without leaving time for a response.

As he had said, his guards awaited him at his house. A traveling *Kibitka*, a strong, covered sledge, was before the door. He started without letting his armed guard dine. This made them grumble a little; but they kept it to themselves, as is proper in the presence of a superior.

The journey was enameled with incidents in prodigious quantity. Kamontsine's valet, who had been sent on as *courrier*, must have become suddenly idiotic; for the post horses were never ready, the postillions were always missing. In short, the first part of the night was full of misadventures, among which the absence of supper was the most annoying.

Near midnight, however, this enchantment ceased. The sledge, drawn by strong horses, driven by good postillions, and flying like the wind over the solid and glittering snow, reached, about two o'clock, a post-house, where, to the eternal question, "Have you something that we can eat?" an affirmative response was obtained.

Kamontsine, up to this time sleeping profoundly, got down from his sledge, rubbing his eyes, and invited his guard to sup with him.

The repast was delicious. They then served in jugs, a sparkling *Kvass*, which foamed like champagne—in fact, it was champagne slightly prepared for the occasion.

Kamontsine, like a prince of good fellows, offered his guards a final glass of brandy—it was pure alcohol—and, at the end of about twenty minutes, with the coming in from the icy air without to the warmth of the post-house, the prolonged fasting, and the drugged and mixed drinks, the four emissaries of the law were lying under the table, sound asleep.

Kamontsine, in great glee, making the sign of the cross over each, to keep away evil spirits and bad dreams, took his fur wrap and valise, and going out, found, before the door of the inn, a peasant's sledge. In spite of their meagre appearance, the horses—who had been eating oats since the night before—went off at a swift trot. Excellent relays were ready at all the posting-houses, and at eight in the morning the prince entered the gate of the city, which had so wickedly banished him from its bosom.

Before the door of the restaurant, where he had once experimentally exercised the noble functions of a waiter, he drew up his equipage, and entering the house, changed his uniform for a civilian's dress, which awaited him.

Coming out thus equipped, he again entered the sledge, and under the hands of his faithful valet, the three horses abreast took the audacious joker bodily into the fortress, and with a tremendous racket, up to the door of the governor-general's palace.

The servants rushed to receive him, as if he were expected.

"Announce his excellency's nephew," commanded Kamontsine, in the most placid manner.

The domestics precipitated themselves upon the staircase with his valise, while the prince mounted leisurely.

The governor-general hastened to meet him with open arms.

"Thou art most welcome, my dear nephew; I have awaited thee since eight days."

"I beg a thousand pardons, uncle—I was delayed—I will explain—"

"Yes, yes; I understand. But how thou art changed! I should not have known thee. Thou art fatigued—*hein?*"

"I have traveled three successive nights to arrive the more speedily—"

"Poor boy! *Eh bien*, come and have some tea—I was just breakfasting. Thine aunt is still sleeping. Thou knowest we give a ball to-night?"

"A ball! I did not know—but in traveling dress—I could not—"

"Thou hast not brought thy dress coat."

"Yes, but it is with my luggage, which is to follow me."

"They shall send thee one from the tailor's. We're not quite in the country here, thou knowest. One finds everything ready to hand here, eh?"

The governor-general gave him awfully hot tea, and plied him with questions about the family, about friends, and about Odessa, which he was supposed to have just quitted. Kamontsine answered with imperturbable calm. He did not once trip, and it was not on a solemn occasion like this, that his imagination was likely to play him false.

"Mon Dieu!" said the general, in a moment of expansive affection. "How thou art changed! When I saw thee last, thou wert about as high as that table. Thou wert five years old—"

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"Four years and eight months, my dear uncle," corrected the prince.

"Yes, just that. What a prodigious memory! And tell me—thine Aunt Elizabeth—"

"If you could excuse me, my dear uncle—I am dying of fatigue. I think I told you I passed three nights traveling—"

"Thou art right, and I am an imbecile. Thy chamber is ready. Go and rest awhile. Thine aunt will excuse thee."

"And if I do not wake till evening?"

"*Bien*, provided you are ready for the ball."

"And the costume—I couldn't go out for it—I should fall asleep—"

"Rest tranquil. Give thy clothes to the servants. They will get what is necessary, and thou wilt only have to dress when thou wakest."

Kamontsine went to bed, and read over a letter, which he took from his dressing case. It was the scrap of paper which had helped him towards winning his bet. It ran thus, and was from a comrade at Moscow:

"We have had great fun since the day before yesterday. The governor-general's nephew arrived from Odessa, and since the first evening, has been well plucked at *écarté*. As he has lost more than he had, and is a pleasant fellow, he has constituted himself prisoner on parole, until his friends send from home. We go often to see and condole with him. He has a great dread of his uncle the governor, and wouldn't for all the world, that the old fellow should know of this escapade, so be discreet if you hear the old cock. The boy is probably here for a good ten days more, at the present rate of post-traveling. He's quite idiot enough to keep to his promise to the bitter end—"

"In ten days," said Kamontsine, quietly, "I shall be quite tranquil. But where shall I be? Perhaps *en route* for Siberia—bah! meantime I will sleep."

He buried his right ear in the pillow, and never woke till dinner, which he caused to be served him in his room, under pretext of extreme fatigue. Then he dressed at leisure in the clothes they brought to him from the tailor, who had fitted him well. Seated in a big arm-chair, at the window, he observed the carriages arriving in line, and depositing upon the carpeted steps below, a rustling current of velvet, satin, lace, diamonds, and uniforms. He listened tranquilly to the soft clinking of the silver plate, which was preparing in a hall near by for the supper, but with the melancholy reflection that he should probably eat nothing. After, the fearful groans of the orchestra—under pretext of finding a mutual *la*—this struck his ear agreeably.

At last, on the stroke of ten, a servant hurried in.

"If monsieur pleases," said he, "his excellency sends to say that it is time to descend."

He went down the red-carpeted staircase, without haste, as a member of the family would do. The national hymn was sounding forth the announcement of the emperor's arrival. Kamontsine entered after, with the crowd.

He threw a rapid glance over the great hall, and soon recognized the lovely Countess Dainerof, who, quite pale, and visibly agitated, had kept her eyes fixed upon the principal door.

He begged his uncle—who multiplied himself, in order to be everywhere at once—to present him instantly. The countess scarcely saw this young civilian, so occupied was she in looking for him in the guards' uniform.

The last notes of the National hymn expired solemnly, and then began one of Strauss' waltzes.

"Countess," said Kamontsine's own voice in her ear.

The young woman shivered, and turning, looked at him in astonishment.

"Permit the *general's nephew* to claim the fulfilment of your promise," and he enlaced the lovely waist of the Countess Dainerof, and they glided away into the maelstrom of the dance.

"Mon Dieu! how droll you look in *mufti!*" cried she, hiding her emotion, in a burst of soft laughter.

They made thus the tour of the vast hall. At every turn Kamontsine saw well-known faces, and received the stares of astonished and questioning eyes. Before he had reached the other end of the room, more than thirty persons had recognized him, in spite of his dress; and that little rustling sound, which indicates the birth of some very public drollery, spread from group to group.

When he brought back the countess to her place, he pressed the tips of her tiny fingers. "I have won my bet," said he. "I shall come and *choose* my forfeit, as soon as *superior authority* permits. *Une discrétion*, you remember?"

The pretty countess colored slightly, but said nothing.

"I have risked my head, as you did me the honor to say yesterday. Will you be good, and pay me?" he said.

"I will try to be generous," she said, softly. "*Au revoir.*"

He saluted her, and then turned about, as he tried to reach the door. The governor-general took him by the arm to present him to the chamberlain.

"Permit me, your excellency," said he, "to

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present to you my nephew, just arrived from Odessa. I recommend him to your good graces."

"Delighted," murmured the minister, absently. He raised his eyes to see this new aspirant for his favor, but Kamontsine was gone.

"A little shy," pleaded the governor-general, in excuse. "A provincial still."

The chamberlain endeavored to follow the young man with his eyes, but Kamontsine had already made way for himself in the crowd, and disappeared.

An aid-de-camp here arrived, quite breathless.

"The emperor wishes to see your excellency," stammered he, addressing the chamberlain. "His majesty is furious."

"What is it?" vainly demanded the minister, following the emissary.

"Kamontsine is here!" announced the emperor, in a tone of anger.

"Your majesty! Can it be possible?"

"He is here, I tell you! Have him instantly arrested, and find out what brings him!"

The chamberlain hurried away to the master of the house.

"Kamontsine is here. Have him arrested instantly," he commanded.

"Kamontsine! Who is he?"

"The young man who was banished. Make haste. The emperor is furious."

"Ah, mon Dieu! instantly," he cried, waving his hands wildly above his head.

"Kamontsine is here," said he to the first servant he encountered. "Have him arrested, and find out who brought him." The servant flew to give the order, and they began to hunt for Kamontsine.

"Have you seen Kamontsine?" said one to another.

"Parbleu!" said one. "I saw him dancing with la Dainerof."

They went after the pretty countess.

"Madame, you waltzed with Prince Kamontsine, and the emperor is furious. His majesty wishes to know who brought him here."

"Not I, certainly. I have made but one turn, and that was with the governor's nephew, just arrived from Odessa," she said, quite simply.

The governor-general joined them at this instant, wholly beside himself. The pretty countess said, resting her fan on his arm: "It is true, general, that you brought me your nephew?"

"Certainly, countess, but that is not the question. It is Kamontsine that we want; the emperor is furious to know who has brought him."

The countess turned her back upon him. At the same moment, the grand chamberlain fell upon the distressed host anew.

"The emperor is furious," he repeated.

"I am well aware of it," sighed the governor-general.

"And you are not ashamed to get up such a mystification."

"But, your excellence, I know nothing of it."

"The emperor is furious, I repeat," and he went away, glowering.

A young aid-de-camp took pity on the governor-general, and whispered in his ear:

"Excellence, it is you who brought Kamontsine."

"*I*, who brought him, monsieur!" said the governor, loftily.

"It was you who presented him to the Countess Daincrof." The young aid insisted.

"But, not in the least. I presented my nephew."

"Your nephew is not your nephew at all. It is Kamontsine; and, you understand, the emperor has a right to be furious."

The governor-general dropped upon a chair, and beat his forehead.

"Idiot that I am," he moaned; "and I thought he didn't look like my nephew!"

They found out, at last, who brought Kamontsine; but to arrest him was not so easy. He had evaporated, taking with him, in his haste, the dinner dress which the governor-general had procured for his nephew. He had taken, however, the precaution to leave upon his toilette table, the letter, which would excuse the unfortunate governor-general. This letter was quickly placed before the emperor, who deigned to laugh. It was really a well played farce. But the imperial good humor did not extend itself to Kamontsine. Detectives were employed in every direction, but no one thought of sending them to Kamontsine's place of exile, until every other spot had been searched. Twenty-four hours were thus lost. When the police finally arrived at Kamontsine's hereditary chateau, they found him tranquilly reading a review, while he took his coffee.

"You have been lacking in respect to the emperor," said the officer to him.

"I?" he answered, with an air of innocence. quite astonishing. "Why, how?"

"In going to the governor-general's ball."

"What do you mean, by making fun in this way of a poor exile? I feel as if I had been here a year. This sentence of banishment is awfully hard on me."

"You intoxicated your guards—"

"Heavens, what calumny! They got drunk of themselves, with the utmost pleasure. Do you fancy that it is difficult to make a policeman drunk?"

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"You intoxicated them for the purpose of escaping."

"More calumny! When I saw how they were stupefied, I came on here myself. It was too humiliating to be police-guarded."

"You disobeyed your exile in presenting yourself at the governor's ball."

"That is too good! Some one has been playing a trick on you, my good man."

"But thirty persons recognized you!"

"Thirty at a time! Has Providence then kindly made me ubiquitous? Your thirty persons have been victims of an illusion sufficiently strange, for you yourself see me here quietly established, and my servants will assure you that I have not quitted the house since my arrival."

"It really seems possible," said the officer, who began to doubt the evidence of his senses, "but I am ordered to bring you back to Petersburg—"

Kamontsine coldly regarded his confused interlocutor.

"If this is a joke, it is far from being a good one," said he, with dignity; "but it seems that I must submit, since it is to my emperor."

During the return journey, he wore such an air of wounded dignity, that his guards, one and all, were absolutely persuaded of his entire innocence.

The emperor had laughed, but he was nevertheless determined to visit his wounded *amour propre* upon some one. He put Kamontsine in a fortress; but this time it was not the one which contained the governor-general's palace.

Two months passed, and Kamontsine began to bore himself terribly, while the pretty Countess Dainerof lived in such fear of a new escapade on his part, that she found in her heart a desire to become his permanent jailor.

No week passed without his risking his life, and her reputation, by some reminder of the wager between them, and before the first month had ended, the emperor had been furnished by his spies with the key to the position.

At an imperial ball, the pretty Countess Dainerof was surprised by signal and extraordinary marks of her sovereign's attention, and she found her heart in her mouth, as she noticed a tendency in the emperor's retinue to leave her alone within imperial earshot.

She was in a blueish-greenish, tinted robe, a triumph of Parisian art, just the color of her aqua marine *parure*, and which made her fairness somewhat pale, as she lifted frightened blue eyes in response to an imperial question, which she had not understood.

"Pardon, your majesty—"

"Is green the color appropriate to one forsaken? And if so, why do *you* wear it, countess?"

She saw a world of meaning in her questioner's kind face, but had not the key to his thoughts. A quick color, from embarrassment, made her lovelier than ever, as she hesitated.

"I shut up your cavalier, who was willing to risk his light head, for only a waltz with your fair self. If you will take the key and him, and keep him in order, I will give him into your little hands, sure that they will know how to avenge me of any new treason. Shall it be so?" And the emperor kindly stood before the pretty woman, that the world might not notice the tell-tale crimson to which her roses had turned.

"But majesty," stammered she, "he has not asked—no word has passed—"

"Is it so, then? Pardon an old man's blundering, countess. No one but ourselves will know of it. All the same, you shall give the scapegrace his liberty, and I will see what he does with it."

"Your majesty will not—" she began, anxiously.

"My majesty will do nothing, my dear girl, that your woman's delicacy cannot sanction. Let be. I am not such a *very* stupid old man," he laughed.

Something she murmured about "divine goodness," as he handed her over to a dancing man; and an amused smile rested upon his august features for some time thereafter. All at once it changed to a puzzled expression, and finally to something like anger.

His eyes were resting still upon the countess, who had, by this time, changed her *valseur*. The new cavalier, in a guardsman's uniform, was flying down the room, with the Dainerof in his arms, and an expression of beatitude on his countenance, while the lady looked more dead than alive, as she compelled him to cease their rapid gyrations, and lead her into a great gallery, now almost deserted.

As they disappeared, the emperor's face cleared, but he shook his head doubtfully, and soon retired from the ball, when his absence was the signal for the true gayety of the evening to begin. Two figures stood in the shadow of a knight's armor, at the end of the great gallery. To them a third was soon added, though concealed from their notice, by a curtain over a private doorway near.

"Are you quite mad?" the newcomer hears the Countess Dainerof say, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, quite," responds the guardsman, calmly. "Not another twenty-four hours without a sight

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of you, if I die for it." And then in broken, passionate accents:

"Oh, sweetest and dearest, how can you ask it? Have I not lived years, in that vile den, since I last held you to my heart! No, no! don't frown upon a man, who will pay, with his life, for these few moments. Pay me, too—pay me well for my worthless head, with one touch of your sweet lips. You wagered a 'discrétion,' and the choice is mine; one kiss—only one, but not unless your heart is on your lips."

He was kneeling, the audacious wretch, and looking up into her face. She could not resist, and he saw it in her sweet eyes. One long, perfect moment, and then they started apart, as a strange voice said, quietly:

"A happy moment. A long one, too—but I don't like to interrupt."

The two delinquents fell at his majesty's feet, wordless, the countess' face quite hidden in her trembling hands.

"There is nothing left me to say," murmured Kamontsine. "His majesty's wrath is just, and I have foolishly thrown away my life; but this time, believe me, I was rendered quite desperate, by a story of the countess' approaching marriage. If his majesty will but believe that it is no caprice, no lack of respect and veneration for him, I will accept my fate, and die as a man should."

"Does anyone know of your presence here?" asked the emperor.

"No one, majesty. I have stained my skin, and worn blonde hair, and no one even suspects."

"Ah! countess, how did you recognize him?" said his majesty, teasingly. "Your heart told you the truth, I suppose, as your blushes tell it to me. Madame," and he changed his tone to one of assumed severity, "will you join your friends? This man we do not know." And he disappeared, in a flash, by the private door, as the countess went away, not daring to reply.

Some days after, Kamontsine was seen at the *Anglishky* club, looking paler and thinner, but as gay as ever. It was still another month before his relatives made proposals for the hand of the Countess Dainerof, which were welcomed with enthusiasm, as people began already to say that he was leaving off his tricks and caprices; "and then he's a splendid *parti*," said her relatives, thinking her somewhat indifferent to her good fortune.

For some mysterious reason, the emperor consented, actually consented, to grace the wedding, besides sending a wonderful *parure* of emeralds, which choice of jewels made the countess smile.

As they received the imperial congratulations, his majesty was heard by the bystanders to ask:

"It was *une discrétion?*"

"Yes, majesty, and the *discrétion* is to continue all my life," said Kamontsine, with fervency.

"Ma foi!" rejoined his majesty; "it had sometimes entirely the air of an indiscretion." Then, suddenly, "But, countess, if I am not deceiving myself, you had already paid your wager. I think I was witness to the *choice* and its *payment*," he pursued, hugely enjoying the pretty new princess' blushes.

"Pardon, majesty," explained the saucy bridegroom; "that was only the ratification, and, so to speak, a small payment in advance. It is my sovereign, who has given me my life's content, in the choice of my DISCRÉTION."

FEBRUARY.

BY W. E. PABOR.

OLD Winter with a firmer hand,
His impress leaves on sea and land.

And many a quaint and weird device,
He shapes in pencilings of ice;

He leaves, where'er his footsteps roam,
Some token of his arctic home.

As if the knowledge that his power
Draws near its close, he marks each hour

With sharp suggestions—icy chills,
That freeze the plains, that seal the rills,

And drops a mantle bleak and bare,
On all that once was bright and fair.

Then yield him tribute while we may!
But there shall come a fairer day,

When from her hiding in the South,
The Spring, with smiles about her mouth,

Shall come this way, and all the flowers
Open in rosaries of hours,

And beauty, like a robe of grace,
Shall rest upon earth's emerald face.

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THE KING'S OWN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I.

ALICE GRAEM rose from the piano, where she had been playing dreamy, mournful music, in accord with the desolate, November day, and went to the window, though *why* she did so, she could not tell.

She made a picture, that an artist would have delighted to paint, as she stood there in the dull, grey light of the waning day, holding back the scarlet curtain with her hand. Her high-bred, cultured face showed like a clear-cut cameo against the scarlet of the drapery. There was beauty in every line of it; not so much the mere beauty of color and curve, as it was the beauty of intellect and soul, which found its strongest expression in her pure eyes. Strong, tender eyes they were; you knew that they could soften with dreams, or flash with the fire of some grand thought; they could kindle with the earnest enthusiasm of a thorough woman's heart, or grow suddenly sweet, as a blossom in the rain, when the heart beneath them was touched into sympathy. A dress of some soft grey cloth fell about her lithe form, brightened up, at the lace about her throat, by a cluster of wine-red geranium blossoms, and a cluster of the same vivid flowers flamed out among the heavy masses of brown hair, which had been coiled away from her fine face in a careless way, that was far more effective than any studied arrangement of it would have been.

A young man walked down the street opposite the window, where she stood. A soft flush came into her face when she saw him, and her brown eye lighted, as the surface of an eddied brook breaks into sunshiny ripples, when it is stirred.

"I wonder if it was to see *him* that I came to the window?" she said, softly, as she watched him. "I wonder if there is any truth in the theory of a mental telegraph. Perhaps he was thinking of me, and his thought was transmitted to me over the invisible wires, which connect our souls, and that drew me to the window. Who knows? If I were to 'call' him, I wonder if he would receive and understand my message? John! John Trevor!"

She whispered the name, and strange to say the man looked that way suddenly, and saw her standing at the window. A quick, swift light came into his face, at sight of her, and he bowed, with a rare smile on his lips.

She watched him out of sight, as women are apt to watch the men they love. When she turned away from the window, her face had a thoughtful look in it. She was thinking of John Trevor, and wondering if their path would run on together, or diverge.

She sat down by the fire, and thought it all over. She had known John Trevor six months. He had come to fill the place of the Fernley rector, while that gentleman was away on a quarter's vacation. There was something so winning, so earnest and magnetic in the young minister, that he had had no difficulty in making himself friends in the rather aristocratic old place, and Alice Graem, with the true Graem hospitality, had invited him to make himself "at home," with herself and aunt, whenever he felt inclined to do so. And he had come there often, and she had found in him, a man who understood her, and who was fitted by culture and intellect to meet her on her own ground. Because she wrote poems now and then, and was considered "literary," people had come to be somewhat afraid of her. But John Trevor was not. And because he was so frank, so thoroughly honest with her, she liked him from the first; there was novelty in having a man disagree with her, and talk to her about matters and things as if she were a man, and capable of understanding them. He met her as his equal, and for that reason, if no other, from the outset of their acquaintance, she had given him a place in her friendship that no other man had ever held. He was young, talented, and enthusiastic. He threw his whole heart into the work he had to do for the Master, and people who heard him preach, said he would be famous some day. There was fire in his sermons. There was genius there, and the world would find it out. When the old rector came back to Fernley, he brought to Trevor a letter from a church in a western city, asking him to come and settle with them. His friend congratulated him on the prospect before him. Here was a chance of making himself popular, and the salary was good. But John Trevor was not ready to say yes to the offer. There was plenty of work in Fernley. There was a church in the poorer part of the town, whose finances were in a feeble condition, but he felt that the souls there were worth as much as they would have been, if their

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owners had been worth more of the world's goods. They needed some one to labor among them. There was a chance of doing great good there. Was it not his duty to stay with them? A line kept haunting him.

"Do the duty that lies nearest thee." But, in that western city, there was waiting for him an opportunity to make his mark in the world. It would be a stepping-stone to higher things, and he yearned so much to reach the heights above him.

And so, thinking it over, and trying to decide what he ought to do, John Trevor waited, and worked. Every Sunday he preached in the poor, little church, whose occupants were in the habit of thinking more of the sermon than of their fine clothes. And as the weeks went by, and it came nearer to the time when he must decide what he was to do, he felt more and more that here was his mission for the present. Was it not God's work that he had undertaken? Then what right had he to think of himself?

People who had listened to him in the pulpit of the aristocratic church, and prophesied success for him, wondered at him for hesitating to accept the brilliant offer. They thought it foolish in him to squander his eloquence on a congregation too poor to pay him a decent salary. They could not understand his motive. They could not see that he was trying to satisfy himself, whether he was acting for God, or for himself.

Alice Graem thought of all this as she sat there by the fire, and she hoped he would accept the offer, but she hated to lose him. When she thought of his going away, she almost wished he would decide that duty told him to stay where he was. He had told her of the struggle in his heart, and asked her to advise him. But quick to appreciate the situation, she had declined to have anything to do with his decision. Her interest in him might prompt her to give advice that would keep him from doing what he ought.

While she sat there, her aunt came in. Alice looked round at the sound of her footsteps, and made room for her before the fire.

"I saw Mr. Trevor go by a little while ago," Mrs. Graem said, folding her hands across her lap, and looking at her niece, whose eyes had gone back to the fire. "He hasn't been here in a long time."

"Yes," answered Alice, "it has been a long time since he was here last. I suppose he is too busy to visit much."

"Is he going to stay here? Or will he go west?" asked her aunt.

"I don't know," answered Alice. "I fancy he has not decided yet. What would you think of it, Aunt Lucia, if he were to decide to stay here?"

"I should say that he had done a very foolish thing," answered Mrs. Graem. "A man has no business to let such a chance slip by. If he declines that offer, and settles down here, the chances are that he won't amount to anything. The idea! A man of his talent contented to take charge of a poor little church, among the very poorest class of people."

"But they have immortal souls, haven't they?" asked Alice, with a little flush coming into her face. "For my part, though I hope he will accept the offer he has received, I can see a noble self-sacrifice in his consenting to remain here and take charge of 'that poor, little church.' Whatever he does, he will do because he thinks his duty points that way."

"Are you quite sure it is his love for the people he preaches to, and his sense of duty, that keeps him here?" asked her aunt, watching her keenly. "People have hinted to me that there was another reason why he hesitated to accept the offer. *You* ought to know whether there is any truth in it or not."

"I know of no reason except the one I have spoken of," answered Alice, with flushing cheeks. "I know what you mean. John Trevor has never said one word of love to me. He is my friend, but nothing more."

"You mean that he has not *said* anything, which would give you to understand that he felt a deeper regard for you than that of friendship," said her aunt. "You are not blind."

Alice made no answer, but a tender light came into her eyes. It might have been a reflection of the fire.

"Understanding the situation as you must," went on her aunt, "you ought to take measures to prevent his—his—making any mistakes. A word or two from you would show him how the case stands."

"I don't think I understand exactly what you mean," said Alice, lifting her eyes to her aunt's face.

"Why, yes you do!" exclaimed Mrs. Graem. "You know well enough that Trevor loves you."

"No, I don't," answered Alice. "He has never told me so, and I have no right to suppose that his regard for me is more than friendship, until I learn the fact from his lips. And if he does love me, what then?"

"Sure enough, what then?" asked Mrs. Graem. "It doesn't make any difference about what *right* you have to suppose anything. You can *see* that he loves you, if he doesn't *say* so. And if you encourage him to tell you so, the probability is

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that he will be perfectly willing to be encouraged. Of course, you'd never do such an insane thing as to marry him?"

"Why not?" answered Alice, looking into the fire again, with a soft color in her cheeks. "If he loves me—if I loved him, there would be nothing insane about it. It would be a very sensible thing to do, I think." And straightway Alice's face took on a thoughtful look, which gave her aunt to understand that the conversation was at an end.

That evening John Trevor came in to spend an hour or two, in that delightfully informal way which was a fashion of his. Alice met him with that rare smile, she kept for her best friends. He held her hand in his for a moment, in a way that was more lover-like than otherwise, and the woman, whose hand thrilled beneath his touch, saw a sudden wistful tenderness come into his eyes; a look that held the power in it to bring the roses out in June-time brightness upon her cheek, and make her eyes droop and waver before it. But he dropped her hand suddenly, almost rudely, and she looked up to see his face grown cold and stern, as if blaming himself for the exhibition of some weakness.

"Play for me," he said, motioning her toward the piano. "I don't want to talk just now."

She sat down and played softly the pieces, which she knew he liked best to hear. He heard them as in a dream. He was trying to gain the mastery over himself. Every time he saw this woman's face, his heart cried out for love. Tender words would come rushing to his lips, and only by the force of his strong will could he keep back their utterance.

"Fool that I was to come here to-night," he told himself. "The sight of her, the sound of her voice makes me forget myself Why can't I put the thought of love for her out of my mind, when I know that she can never be more to me than she is now? I try to remember that her world and mine are far apart; but with her smile on me, I forget everything, except that I love her."

She ceased playing, by and by, and came and sat down near him.

"You have come to tell me that you have made your decision, I am sure," she said, presently.

"Yes," he answered, in an absent way; "I have decided at last."

"And is it to go, or stay?" she asked, with her earnest eyes upon his face.

"I shall stay here," he answered. "Oh! Alice, my friend, you don't know what it has cost me to make that decision; but, it is my duty, I think."

"I understand," she said, softly, and her face was full of reverence for the man, who could sacrifice his hope of reaching higher levels, for the good of those in lowly places. "I do not think you will regret what you have done. If I can help you in any way, in the work you have to do, down there among your people, let me do it. I shall be glad to."

"Oh! you might help me so much, if you would," he cried, and put out his hand, as if to draw her to him, in a swift, impulsive way. "I need you so much." Then, as if suddenly remembering himself, he shut his lips tightly to keep back the words that struggled for utterance.

"Forgive me," he said, and there was a sound of pain in his voice, that he could not hide. "I forget myself sometimes. I must not come here any more."

"Why?" she asked, with her frank, pure eyes looking into his.

"Don't ask me why!" he cried. "I think you know. If a child sees a star, and cries for it, isn't it better to keep him out of sight of it, than to have him striving for that which is out of reach?"

"What star are you striving for?" she asked, with wavering eyes, and scarlet cheeks. "Are you *sure* it is out of reach?"

"Don't tempt me!" he cried. "You are cruel, cruel! I have enough to fight against already. I am going away, and I shall not come here again. You might have spared me this."

And before she knew it, he was gone.

"He thinks I am leading him on, and is too blind to see that I love him," she cried, bitterly, pacing up and down the floor. "Oh, John! I would gladly give you as true a love as any woman ever gave, if you would take it."

II.

After that, John Trevor kept aloof from the woman he loved. He felt that he was not strong enough to fight against himself, when the sight of her face and the sound of her voice woke into fierce struggle the passion he held for her. He loved her, yet believed that she had led him on for the sake of bringing him to her feet. It shocked him to think her capable of doing that; but, since their paths in life were so far apart, and he had always told himself that women of her station never stooped to one so lowly as his, he could explain her conduct in no other way. Sometimes he asked himself if it might not be possible that she loved him. But the thought of what she was, and what might be hers, made that idea seem preposterous to him. He lacked confidence in himself. He undervalued his own

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merits, and took it for granted that the barriers of social inequality and wealth could never be removed. He forgot, in his blind way of reasoning, that there is no social inequality for kindred souls, and that the true woman or man ignores wealth as an attribute of merit.

For weeks he did not meet her face to face. He heard that she had been among the lower class of society, doing good deeds in a modest, unassuming way, and winning for herself the reputation of a sort of modern ministering angel.

Then, one Sabbath morning, when he stood up in the plain little pulpit of the church he had chosen as his appointed place of labor, he saw her in the congregation. He saw her, with her face lifted to his own, just as he began to read the morning lesson, and, for a moment, he saw nothing else. That face! the one face in the world to him! It haunted him for days after. It haunted him at all times, for that matter, but for a long time after that Sabbath morning, it would come between him and his book or his manuscript, and the soft, tender eyes dazzled and bewildered him. They were like will-o'-the-wisps, and he felt as if they were luring him on to forget the cold realities which his life held. He *tried* to forget them, or hide them away with his dreams, but many stronger men than he was have tried to put such things out of sight, and failed, as he did.

When his sermon was over, that morning, he came down the aisle, and spoke to her. He saw that she was expecting him to. And he was eager to hear her voice again, and touch her hand, and yet he dreaded it. It woke all the wild hopes he had tried to lull to sleep. She met him with a glad light in her face.

"It does me good to see you," she cried, putting her hand in his. "Why have you ignored us so, of late? I have not seen you for weeks."

"I have been busy," he said, evasively. "I go but little, anywhere. How did you happen to get strayed so far from aristocratic St. Mark's, this morning?"

"I heard so much of you, that I wanted to hear what your preaching was like. You are getting to be famous, in this part of the city, do you know that?"

"I am glad if my people like me," he answered, modestly. "It keeps me in my work, to know that their sympathy and appreciation are mine."

"I want you to come up and see me, as you used to do," she said. "I want to talk to you about so many things. You talk to me as if I were not a woman. Now no one else can forget that fact. I hate to be talked to in the way most of your sex seem to think it necessary to talk to us. When will you come?"

"I—I do not know," he answered, pale with the sudden unutterable longing to claim her as his own, by the right of love, that took possession of him. "I cannot promise to come at all. It is better for me to not come." Something compelled him to say those last words.

"Why?" she asked, with her clear eyes seeking to read his.

"Because—" he hesitated for a moment, wavering between an impulse to tell her the truth then and there, and a man's dread of owning his weakness. "Because, it is safer, it is better for me to keep away from you. I could not work, if I were to think of you as I should, if I were to visit you as I used to. Don't come here again. Our ways are wide apart. Don't make me forget where my way lies, if you care for me as a friend. Let me keep my heart for my work."

He spoke in a swift, impulsive way. He was very pale. When he had done, he turned away abruptly, and went out of the little church, never once looking back. Perhaps he did not dare to trust himself to do so.

"Oh! blind, wilfully blind!" she whispered to herself, and went down the aisle with a strangely thoughtful look in her eyes.

III.

The days came and went slowly, and autumn gave place to winter. And John Trevor worked hard and tried to forget. But he could never do that.

It was Christmas Eve. He sat in his study alone. To-morrow was the Sabbath, and the children were down at the church, trimming it with evergreens. It would be more beautiful to-morrow, in its Christmas greenery, than ever before in its existence; and to-morrow he hoped to speak nobler, and more earnest words to the men and women, who would listen to him, than he had ever done before.

Some one knocked at the door. He went to it and opened it. A little boy came in.

"Please, sir, mother's worse, and the lady says she's going to die, and sent me to ask you to come right away." Then the boy broke down, and cried, softly, in the shadow of the open door.

"I will go with you," Trevor said, putting on his gloves and cloak. Then he went out into the stormy night, with the child's hand in his.

It was bitterly cold, and the wind blew the sleet into their faces. He felt the boy shivering, in the keen breath of the north-easter, and took off his cloak and wrapped it about the thinly-clad form.

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"Oh! don't do that," the child cried. "You need it. I'm used to the cold."

"You need it most," Trevor said. The boy smiled up into his face, through tears.

"You're a good man. I know so. She said so."

"Who?" Trevor asked.

"The lady that's with mother. She's a fine lady, but I ain't a bit afraid of her."

Something told Trevor whom the boy meant, without further questioning.

They climbed two flights of rickety stairs, and he followed the boy into a small, scantily-furnished room. The dying woman's face shone out against a background of gloom, white and wan. By the bedside, there was another woman, and he knew who it was before she rose and turned to him.

Alice smiled softly, and gave him her hand. He thought he had never seen so beautiful a face, with such a tender, womanly sympathy looking out of it. One thought came to him in a swift way. He had feared this woman might be trifling with his heart. Now, he knew that she was incapable of doing that. She was a woman, with a true woman's soul, and he blamed himself for his injustice to her.

He went to the bed, and bent over the dying woman.

"Pray," she whispered. He saw that she was very near the open gates, and knelt down to obey her last request. Alice Graem knelt beside him, while the boy clung to his mother's wasted hand, weeping bitterly.

It was a tender, simple, earnest prayer that went heavenward in that little room, and it bore on its wings, the soul of the weary pilgrim, who had longed for rest, for when prayer was done, and they rose up, the woman was dead.

"She will keep her Christmas in heaven," John Trevor said, softly.

When, shortly after, two or three women came in to care for the dead body, Alice prepared to go. Trevor waited for her at the door. When she came out, he drew her hand within his arm, and silently, thoughtfully, they went down the white street. The storm had ended, and the city was transfigured in the moonlight. Everything was pure: it seemed like a new world.

But little was said between them, but both were full of busy thoughts. He was thinking of what life might be, if he could have the woman at his side to walk with him forever. And she was thinking how glad she would be to walk by his side forevermore.

They reached her home. He went up the steps with her, and left her at the door, with a wild yearning to fold her to his heart, and tell her that he loved her, and that neither wealth nor pride should keep them apart. But he still held back.

He went down the path, he had almost reached the gate. Suddenly he stopped, and looked behind him.

In the moonlight he saw her still standing at the door, gazing after him.

Before he realized what he was doing, he was at her side, again.

"Alice, my darling," he was crying, "I love you! I want you for my wife. Can you—can you care for me?"

"Oh, John!" she cried, putting both her hands in his, while her face was sweet with that beauty, which a woman's face never wears, until she listens to her lover's story. "I have loved you a long, long time! And you have been so blind!" And she fell upon his breast.

"My heart called you mine," he whispered, pressing her to him. "But I dared not speak out before the world—dared not be called a fortune-hunter—dared not do what my heart longed to do."

"The king may claim his own," she said, softly, lifting her eyes, full of tender light, to his, for one brief moment, and then hiding them on his broad chest.

And he held her to his breast, and kissed the beautiful face, in the rapture of an unutterable gladness. At last, at last, he had His Own!

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In the glory of the sunset,
Sailing down the river bright,
O'er the silver verge of twilight,
Out into the purple night;
Past the lustrous water-lilies—
Shoals of snowy stars we glide,
On through dreamy deeps of even,
We are drifting with the tide.

Hark! from out the odorous thickets
Fringing all the dusky shore,
Call the melancholy plovers,
Wild and sweet, and o'er and o'er.
Stars hang out their golden splendors,
In the heavens far and wide;
Love and peace our hearts enfolding,
We are drifting with the tide.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER V.

A GRAND affair was that Christmas night in the Oldham mansion. The great hall was ablaze with light, and musical with the merriment of preparation. A vast fire of logs blazed under the tall mantel-piece, sending out broad sheets of radiance on the hearth-stone, leaping over the massive silver fire-dogs, tipping the antlers on the wall with fiery gold, turning the spear heads, uplifted by armor-laden statues, into fitful flambeaus, and quivering up among garlands of oaken foliage and drooping birds, carved around the armorial shields, on the noble old chimney piece, with all the power of genius, and the delicacy of lace work.

Everywhere the lustre of holly leaves and the glow of red berries broke through the antique ornamentation. They fell in garlands down the walls, and drooped from the ceiling, tangled in with mistletoe and trailing ivy. The statues held them up in wreaths on their spear heads, and were crowned with them like Roman warriors returning from battle; wound in massive coils through and through the oaken balustrades of the grand stair-case, they lost themselves in the golden light of the upper hall. But all this glow and warmth was nothing compared to the merry confusion made by as joyous a crowd of guests, as ever had graced the mansion, since the first foundation stone was laid. Through the hall, in and out of the great drawing-room, passing each other upon the stair-cases with smiles and jests, a bevy of young girls came and went busily among the evergreens; busy as a flock of birds among the blossoming branches of an orchard, in the spring-time.

The younger portion of the guests had assembled in the drawing-room in full dress, and eager for the evening festivities to commence, though the graver and more dignified of the personages had not yet made their appearance. All necessary preparations had been made there, as in the hall. At one end of the spacious room, the vast Persian carpet was rolled up, and lay a billow of gorgeous coloring, leaving the polished ashen floor ready for the dancers; cataracts of crimson drapery fell from the windows, and twined the great oriel up one end into a tent, where a group of young people fluttered in and out; some lifting the silken drapery, and peering into the night; some discussing, with great anxiety, the chances that the expected musicians could reach them through the bitter cold, and almost impassable snow-drifts, which she late storm had left. They were to come from a town at some distance, and should have reached Oldham an hour before.

"They will not come," said a fair girl, dropping the damask curtain, with a look of despondency. "The wind howls like a demon."

"Poor fellows! what if they are buried in the snow?" said another, shivering in the warmth of the room. "I am sure they would make an attempt to come; for no one ever dares to disappoint my lady, in anything."

"But I fear the storm will, for once, be more powerful than my lady," said a young man, who came in from the hall, and joined the group at the window.

"Then you really think they will not come," answered the girl, blushing, for she was somewhat ashamed of her own eagerness. "It will be such a disappointment! What would Christmas night be without all the old dances?"

"Oh! we have plenty of games, old as the hills. And we young fellows would be despondent indeed, for, without them, who would be caught under the mistletoe bough?"

The young ladies laughed graciously, as they were in the habit of doing, when the heir of Oldham made himself pleasant among them, and more than one heart in that fair group beat the faster when he drew near.

"But your father and my lady? They always join in the dances, but never in the games," pleaded the handsome blonde, who had so imprudently manifested her discontent. "Without music, we cannot expect the pleasure of having your mother like one of us."

The young man laughed.

"No," he said. "I can hardly imagine the mother in a game of blindman's-buff! But here she comes to speak for herself."

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That moment there came sweeping down the grand stair-case, a lady, clad in purple velvet. The rich fabrics fell adrift as she moved, and trailed in glowing folds along the steps, catching the light, as it falls on the bloom of ripe grapes. Diamonds gleamed through the gossimer of fine old lace on her bosom, and sparkled in the black depths of her hair, forming a semi-coronet over the white forehead; for, though her eyes and hair were black as midnight, the complexion contrasted it with that opaque fairness, which we find on the magnolia leaf, a fairness that would be perfect, but for its unchangeableness. No wonder the young man laughed, when his mother's guest spoke of her in connection with their Christmas games, for Queen Elizabeth herself could hardly have entered a room with more queenly dignity, or joined her guests with more gracious condescension. Quietly after her came other ladies, dowagers, beyond their "dancing days," but who might be expected to forget their years, and join in the festivities of the occasion, without regard to ages.

Thus, as Elizabeth might have entered a state chamber, surrounded by her court, Lady Carew came across the hall and into her own drawing-room, followed by the more dignified portion of her guests.

"Waiting for us?" she said, meeting the fair bevy of girls, with smiling graciousness. "That was quite unnecessary. This one day of the year is given to amusement all over England. It must not be said that I put a check on the old usages."

"But the music, my lady! the music has not come!" said the pretty blonde, who, being a beauty and an heiress, was less awed by the majesty of her hostess, than her companions had been. "How are we to get through Christmas night without that?"

"No music! Where is the band? Heron, can you tell me what this means?"

"It means," answered the young man, "that no human beings can be expected to cross the moors on a night like this."

"Not expeted to cross the moors! Were they not ordered to come?"

"They were certainly engaged; but I hope that no one of them will be mad enough to set out."

The lady looked down at her white arms, bare, but for the jeweled bracelets that clasped them; then turned her eyes on the girls crowding around her; fair, blooming, and clad in gossamer dresses, as if they had just come in from an atmosphere of June roses.

"Is it really so cold?" she questioned.

"So cold, that a strong man out in the storm might lose himself, and perish on the moors," answered the young man.

"Still, it is inexcusable," answered the lady, turning haughtily away.

"We still have the piano," suggested the heiress, blaming herself somewhat.

"But who among us can play the dear old fashioned airs?" broke in another. "As for waltzes on Christmas night, who ever heard of them!".

The conversation was interrupted, for a moment, by a great sweep of wind, that came howling and rattling around the house, like a pack of wolves over a prey, crying piteously for help in its death agony. For an instant the old house seemed to quake under the shock; then the wind went moaning off among the chimneys, and was hushed into such wierd stilless, that the listeners drew a deep breath. All at once, those nearest the great window started back, and looked into each other's faces with wild, questioning eyes.

Music, soft, tremulous music, coming out of that great storm gust, rising above the rattle of the snow, that drifted against the casements—but still music.

Had the expected musicians made their way through the storm, or was some death angel wailing over their loss?

The young ladies rushed to the window, and flung the red draperies back, letting the light shine through and pour its warmth outside. Something was there, shadows perhaps, possibly human beings.

Down dropped the curtains from half a dozen trembling hands.

"It is music!" said one, holding her breath.

"I saw shadows moving!" answered another.

The young man did not speak, but hurried into the hall, and flung the great entrance door open.

CHAPTER VI.

"SISTER! sister! are you dying?"

The agonized cry of Rufo was torn from his lips, and carried away by the storm, which was raging through the wood, behind the house, where the orphans fled for shelter, when the keen winds had driven them from the road. There was little protection in the gnarled boughs, that tossed and moaned and whipped themselves like despairing penitents in an agony of self-torture; but the trunks of these old oaks stood between them and the fury of the wind, which drifted the snow all around, but not directly upon them. They had been standing there scarcely a moment, when the strength of the girl gave way. She sunk to the earth, gasping for breath. This it was that wrung that frightened cry from the boy.

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"No, no!"

It was all Beatrice could say, for she had yielded to the fury of the blast, that grew sharper and keener every moment, stinging her like wasps.

Rufo dropped upon his knees by her side. He rubbed her hands, he tried to warm her blue lips with kisses. He took off her hat, and shook the hail from her hair.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!"

"Yes, Rufo, I hear!"

The poor girl could only whisper the words; but Rufo held his face close to her, and knew that she had spoken. She moved a little, and lifted her arms to his neck.

"There," he said, turning his face aside, that the cold tears that wet it might not drop on her, "this great tree is almost as good as a fire. You will grow strong here. Then we will go up to the house—you said you would, after night-fall—and they will let us in, perhaps will ask us for music, so that we will not be beggars. See, the windows are all afire with warmth. Look up! look up! the sight will make you strong again."

The girl struggled up, and with her back to the oak, looked toward the warm gleams of light, that broke from the Oldham mansion.

"How warm it looks! And so near—so near!" added Rufo, trembling from eagerness, as well as cold. "Come! come before you get chilled to the heart again."

The girl lifted herself from the ground, shielding her guitar from the storm with her cloak, as she had done when so near insensibility; for it was all she had, poor child! and a mother could not have shielded her infant more tenderly. When she saw the warm light, tinted with various shades by the draperies, through which it reached the windows of Oldham, a laugh broke through the chill of her lips; and then she began to cry from a great outburst of thankfulness; for the lights were near, and hope was sending her strength back. She could walk; oh, yes! she could reach the house yonder.

"With the wind at our back all the way, that is everything," urged the boy, encouraging her.

Clinging together, each giving momentary strength to each other, the orphan children went out from their shelter. At last they came within the glow of the lighted mansion.

Then it was that Beatrice shrunk back, and looked toward the oak trees, as if she were tempted to seek their shelter again; but Rufo seized upon her cloak, and drew her forward. In this the wind helped him, for a great gathering of the elements burst upon them, and they were literally driven upon the entrance steps of the great hall.

The door was closed against them, but a light came through the oriel window, and flooded the snow around them, like a rain of red wine. The very richness of the color seemed to give them warmth, and the cold lips of the girl parted with a sob of delight, when a group of young girls, peering over each other's shoulders, looked out, and seemed to be smiling upon her.

Rufo saw this beautiful picture, also, and obeying the artist's impulse of genius, took the violin from under the shelter of his arm, and poured a soft strain of music into the tumult of the wind. There seemed to be a moment of consternation and doubt within the window. Then that bright group of girls broke up; the curtains swayed together; and, directly, the hall door was flung wide open, amid a clamor of sweet voices, and much laughter.

"Come in! come in! it was brave to cross the moor, heroic to bring your music, through all this storm," cried half a dozen welcoming voices, and before he could speak, Rufo was seized upon, and led into the hall. Then the fair blonde ventured a step into the snow, and seizing upon Beatrice by the cloak, drew her in also, thinking that she was another of the musicians so anxiously expected.

"These two are first," said the pretty heiress, in great excitement. "Both are perishing with cold; bring the tankard of spiced wine, and let them drink it here. The rest will come soon!"

Then the girl remembered that she was not in her father's house, and blushed rosily, but laughed a little at the liberty she was taking, when Lord Heron, the young heir, came in, and repeated her orders regarding the wine. He had cast one glance at the boy, who stood shivering on the hearth, and at the taller figure of the girl, who, shrouded in her cloak, and with a felt hat, wide-brimmed and broad, drawn over her forehead, stood trembling near him, with her eyes bent on the ground, and whose sex, thus disguised, he, like the rest, entirely mistook.

"Give these to me," said the young man, as a servant came in, bearing an antique silver tankard, and a gold cup. "Take the lad's hat and cloak."

The servant obeyed, while Lord Heron lifted the tankard, and poured spiced wine into the cup.

"Take this, my lad, it will soon warm your fingers—ha!"

Benumbed by the cold, and a certain terror that had seized upon her, Beatrice had allowed the servant to uncover her cloak. The man raised the hat from her head, just as the cup of wine was handed to her. When the slight and quickly suppressed exclamation broke from the young heir, she lifted her great, half frightened eyes, and instantly a flood of crimson swept the pallor of her face. It was then, for the first

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time, that Lord Heron saw that he was addressing a woman. For one moment, he seemed to hesitate: then he said, quickly,

"Take it—drink—drink." And more than one of the young ladies, who had crowded into the hall, remarked that his voice changed, as he urged the cup upon her.

She was half famished, and seized upon the cup with both trembling hands, held it a moment irresolutely, then drank greedily, turning her grateful eyes upon him all the while. Then she seemed to remember, and taking the cup from her lips, that had grown red in the drinking, held it, with piteous humility, to her brother.

"Oh, Rufo! I did not think! I did not think!"

The boy made a gesture of resistance, but yielded to the pleading in her eyes, and drank the wine eagerly, as she had done, while the Christmas guests stood looking on, wondering at the scene.

"It is a girl, young as we are, and so strangely dressed, now that her cloak is off," said one to another, scanning the young creature in critical amazement. "That jacket, with all its faded embroidery, was never made in England. In Spain they are worn, I think, and it may be, in Italy; but here on a Christmas night! What can it mean? Those eyes, too, they are enough to make one cry—so sad, so mournful. These cannot belong to our musicians."

"Then what brought them here, through the storm?" demanded the heiress, rather abruptly, for, in some unaccountable way, she felt aggrieved that the youth she had been so ready to patronize, had turned into that picturesque young creature, whom the young master was serving, as if she had been a lady of rank.

Lady Carew came into the hall just as this discontent began to manifest itself, and was shocked to find two weather-beaten wanderers standing there among her guests, seemingly unconscious of the impropriety; for the color was coming into the girl's face, and the eyes that had thrilled others with their misery were growing brighter and brighter, whenever she lifted the long black lashes that shadowed them, as rushes darken the waters of a spring.

"What is this?" questioned the lady, glancing from the girl to her guitar, overlooking Rufo altogether. "Some one told me the musicians had arrived. Surely this is not one of them."

Beatrice drew back, feeling as if she were confronted by an enemy. She hurriedly took her guitar from one of the statues, against which it had been placed, and looked around for her cloak and hat.

"It was not my fault, lady, nor Rufo's either. The door was opened for us, and the fire-light seemed glad to have us come; but we will go away again."

The broken English, and sweet Southern pathos of this speech thrilled the young girls with sudden compassion. They crowded around Lady Carew, and began to plead for the stranger.

"No, no! let them remain. His music was sweet, and strangers play the guitar as no one else can. It seems as if the fairies had sent them to complete our Christmas," entreated more than one voice. "Think how they must have suffered coming over the moors!"

"Over the moors! How does any one know where they came from?" persisted the lady.

"It was from Italy we came—Sorrento on the Bay," said the boy, going up to the lady, with a world of pleading in his beautiful face. "If you will only let Beatrice be warm a little, I will give you music."

"Dancing music?" questioned one of the young ladies, who had just graduated from school.

"Dance music? Oh, yes! I give that very beautiful."

"But how will 'Sir Roger' and the rest go with his Italian airs?" said the lady, with a lift of the eyebrows, that was, generally, an indication of great positiveness. "English dances must have English music."

"But I play English very well," urged the boy, seizing his violin. He struck up an air, that had been played years and years before any one present was born.

"That is not the most," he said, appealing to the lady, with trembling eyes.

"But where did you learn so much?" she questioned.

"In Sorrento on the Bay," answered the lad, with tears swelling into his eyes. "Ah! there was no need of fire there. She never felt the cold before, and it kills her. Besides—"

"Well, what besides?"

Beatrice looked up suddenly, and the boy faltered in his answer, but recovered himself.

"Besides, one never sees a storm like this. Some wind, now and then, among the olive trees, and smoke from the great mountain, but they never freeze one; and then if one is hungry, there are the goats to be milked."

"But why did you leave Sorrento?"

"Mother!" said the young man, who had been very restless. "Would it not be wisest to try the lad's ability to play? Our guests are kept waiting, and we certainly can expect no better musician to-night."

The lady smiled, bent her head, and swept into the drawing-room, followed by her young guests, all in a tumult of expectation.

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Rufo lingered behind, looking wistfully at his sister, who stood trembling there. The young heir saw this, and turned back, deeply interested.

"Poor child!" he said. "This has been a terrible walk. You need rest."

Beatrice attempted to speak, but her lips only quivered.

Rufo stole to her side, took her cold hand, and laid his cheek against it.

"Oh, sir; it is worse than that," he said, turning his dark eyes, full of pathetic trouble, on the pale face that bent helplessly towards him. "She was brave—so brave in the cold, but this heat makes her faint, besides—besides. Ah, Beatrice, I must. He is so good—so good, and not strange, like the rest—but just as he was in the orange grove there in Sorrento, when he bought your chain of beetles."

The young man's face lighted up. He drew close to Beatrice, and took her hand.

"It is true, then, and I am your debtor. I did my best to give you the value of your chain, but you were not to be found, though I went back to Sorrento twice. Neither the landlord at the inn, nor that strange old woman in the pretty cottage, could tell me where you had gone."

"They did not know—we did not know ourselves," said Rufo, "but went on and on, till your gold was all gone, and oh, good signor—she will not let me say it—but since two days she has eaten only the snow."

"Only the snow—two days!" repeated the young man, shocked beyond measure. "While I had her jewel in my pocket, not half paid for? Oh, my poor—great heavens, she has fainted!"

It was true. Utterly exhausted by her struggle against the storm, famished and rendered deadly faint by the heat, the poor girl grew giddy. The room whirled round like a maelstrom; the living persons and the statues seemed crowding around her, and whirling with the room; then all was darkness, and she sunk to the floor.

The young man looked around as if to cry for help, but a swift after thought checked him. He took the girl in his arms, and carried her up the great staircase, along an upper corridor, and, without pausing to knock, flung open a chamber door, and laid his burden on a low couch, drawn up before a blazing fire.

"Ring the bell, Jane, and call your maid," he said, addressing a fair, shadowy female, who occupied an easy chair on the opposite side of the hearth. "This poor creature has been out in the storm, and is half famished—hungry. Do you understand? Have her cared for. We must not leave her with the servants, poor child. I must go now. Will the woman never come?"

"Leave her to me," said the lady, rising painfully from her chair; "poor thing—leave her to me, Egbert."

As the young man left the room, Rufo, who had followed him, come forward.

"Is she better? Oh, tell me, signor. Is she better?"

Tears streamed down the boy's face. His hands were clasped in a passion of distress, as he waited for a reply.

"She is in the hands of an angel."

"An angel! Oh, not dead—not dead!"

"No, no; come and see for yourself."

Again the door was flung open, and the lady turned, in some alarm.

"It is only a boy—her brother. He is frightened — poor fellow. There, she moves. She knows that you are near. Come, now. They will be searching for us."

Rufo broke away from the young man, fell upon his knees before the couch where Beatrice lay, and looked down upon her white face, with the stillness of hushed dread.

"Her lips move, her eyelids tremble. Ah, *anima mia.* You are not dead—you are not dead!"

Though still half unconscious, the girl felt Rufo's tears and kisses on her mouth and eyelids. She tried to speak, but the words only trembled on her lips. She thought she was kissing him back again, and fell into an ecstasy of thanksgiving, that was inexpressibly touching to the persons who looked on.

"Now I will go with you. The good, sweet lady will give her more wine, and some bread—much bread. Then she will be well again, and I—oh, the beautiful ladies shall hear how I will make music for them."

Saying this, Rufo followed the young master out of the room, forgetful of his own wants, and strong in the excitement of his gratitude.

"This way," said the young man, passing through the hall, down a flight of steps, and opening the door of a room, in which a little motherly woman sat at a table, carefully measuring the ingredients for a glorious Christmas punch, into an enormous bowl of Dresden china. Several dusty old bottles, from the innermost wine cellars, were ranged around her, and on one hand lay a mound of lemon skins with all the juice crushed out.

"Ah, we are just in time, Mrs. Colt," said the young man, seizing upon the heavy silver ladle, and filling a glass with the punch, laughing lightly, as the little woman uplifted both hands, protesting that the ingredients were not all in. "My young friend here is not particular. Now

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a mouthful of something. Not that—not that!" he continued, as the good woman drew an enormous snow-crusted plum cake toward her, and prepared to thrust a knife into its rich fruitiness. "A biscuit or two. That is right. Here, my lad. What is your name?"

"Rufo—Rufo Geacome."

"Well, Rufo, break your fast on these," he said, taking some biscuit from a plate. "After awhile we will do something better," he added, with a touch of feeling, as he saw the great hungry eyes of the boy fasten on the cake, then turn with ravenous craving on this biscuit, which he seized with both hands, and devoured, shrinking back with shame of the greed he could not control.

"What, another? Well, just one. More might harm you now; but after awhile you shall have a famous supper."

"Shall I—shall I?" exclaimed the lad, and the wild craving in his eyes was drowned in tears. "And Beatrice?"

"Ah, she is cared for. Have no fear for her."

"Then I had better go," answered Rufo, turning his eyes resolutely from the loaded table.

"Yes, the ladies up stairs will never forgive me, if I keep you longer. You feel strong, now?"

"Oh, yes—as a lion."

The young man laughed at the comparison, as he hurried the frail creature up stairs, and into the drawing-room, now crowded with guests, all eager for their coming.

Now the Christmas festivities commenced in earnest. The warm drink and food he had taken flushed even the half starved Rufo with a glow of pleasure. It stirred his very heart. Half hidden behind the curtains of the great window, with his cheek bent lovingly to the violin, he sent a strain of exhilarating music through the grand old room—rare English tunes, that seemed a marvel to the dancers. Had that strange boy come out of the storm by a miracle? Had some fairy gifted him, an Italian, speaking their language so brokenly, with airs that were scarcely known beyond the country, and taught him to play them with dainty completeness, unknown to native performers? The music stirred his blood more pleasantly than the spiced wine had done. It spoke in his eyes, and smiled upon his lips. Now and then his feet kept time to his own genius, and he felt as if dancing on the violet-laden turf of Sorrento, with Beatrice by his side.

"How beautiful he looks!" said Miss Norton, the heiress, as she stood at the foot of the contra dance, flushed and pouting after the delicious exercise of winding down twenty couples. "One never sees that type of face out of Italy, or Spain. He puts one in mind of Murillo's fruit children, with his olive skin, and gray-black eyes. Where can he have come from?"

"We can only judge from his own very broken accent," answered Lord Heron, her partner, with a friendly glance at the young musician.

"Do you know," said the young lady, whose quick wit was always on the alert, where the heir of Oldham was concerned, "do you know I had a fancy that you and the girl, who is really common-place compared to the boy, had somehow seen each other before?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes. There was something in her face, when she saw you, that struck me as—as singular."

"Very likely! After breasting a storm like this, it must be strong features that could hold their own, and this poor girl has a delicate face."

"You think so. It certainly was pinched and white enough; but what has become of her and her guitar? Of course, she is a street musician, like her brother, hoping to pick up a little money at Christmas time."

"She is with my sister."

"With Lady Jane! Well, I never heard of such a thing!"

"What, as womanly compassion?" rejoined the young man, smiling, but yet with irony.

The young lady gave her head an impatient toss, and blushed as a sense of the rebuke came more forcibly upon her. Lady Carew, who was weaving her way down the room, through the intricacies of a ladies' chain, broken with promenades and serpentine side issues, smiled as she saw this evidence of emotion; for, just then, she had nothing nearer her heart, than a union between her son and this young lady, who, in addition to being possessed of great wealth in her own person, had some of the best blood of England in her veins. This thought, more than the exercise, sent a shade of color to the lady's face, and when the dance broke up, she made her way to the hall, thinking to find her husband.

The lady was not mistaken. Lord Carew stood in front of the hearth, where the genial glow of the yule logs fell warmly on his back and shoulders, while he listened to the riot of laughing voices and joyous dancing close at hand.

"Come this way," said the lady, with more elation than was usual to her. "Then tell me if all this lies in my fancy."

With a little urging, the peer allowed himself to be drawn out from the fire light, to a convenient position by the door, through which he saw, with inward delight, the picture those two

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young people made, while they were almost quarreling together.

"Is that indifference?" questioned the lady, with an exultant smile.

Carew did not answer; for glancing past the couple, his eyes fell on Rufo, who had drooped wearily forward when the dance ended, and, with one hand, which held the violin, falling wearily toward the floor, supported his head with the other. What there could be in this picture of weariness to drive the blood from Lord Carew's face, it is impossible to say; but without heeding the triumphant appeal of his wife, he turned upon her, almost fiercely.

"Who is that?" he demanded.

"As if you did not know," answered the lady, still intent on the young people.

"I mean the boy—that strange little creature sitting yonder in the shadow of the evergreens."

"Oh, that is a vagrant musician, who has drifted in, just as we were at our wits, for the old amusements," she answered. "There was a girl with him."

Lord Carew shook off the hand which rested on his arm, and passed into the drawing-room. Paying no heed to the greetings that assailed him as he went through the gay throng, into which the dance had broken up, he went directly up to the half sleeping lad, and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

Rufo started and glanced up in affright. Then Lord Carew's hand dropped away from his shrinking shoulder. The eyes looking into his were so piteous in their wild beauty, that they might have disarmed a sterner man; but there was no visible reason why they should have so affected the master of Oldham.

"I was so tired—so sleepy! Indeed, signor, I couldn't help it," pleaded the boy, lifting his violin, and drawing some faint notes from its strings.

"But how came you here? Who are you?"

As he spoke, the nobleman looked around to be sure no one was listening.

"I am Rufo—Rufo Geacome, and my sister is Beatrice. The storm drove us before it. That is the way we come. I hope you are not angry.

Just then, Lady Carew joined her husband.

"You seem interested in this strange waif," she said. "After all, there is something picturesque in these Italian wanderers, that one never sees in our English vagrants."

"Picturesque! You can see that, but nothing more."

"What more should I see?"

A short laugh preceded his answer.

"Nothing, except that the butler is coming to announce supper."

Lady Carew took her husband's arm, and moved toward the hall, where the entrance of the butler had just broken up one of those old traditional games, brimming over with fun, that complicated innumerable struggles and chance encounters under the mistletoe boughs, for which no human being was responsible. There Lady Carew found her son and the heiress, just as the crowd of young people came flocking out from behind statues, curtains, and every conceivable hiding place, flushed with glee, and ready for any new phase of merriment, that might present itself.

As he went out with the rest, Lord Heron paused long enough to give orders that Rufo should be properly cared for, an order that the butler transferred to a subordinate, who, in his turn, forgot it in the manifold calls for his services at the supper table. Thus it chanced that the lad was overlooked, and after long, anxious waiting, hid his hunger and weariness behind one of the statues in the great hall, and fell asleep there, hugging the violin to his bosom; for, next to his sister, it was the dearest thing in life to him. How the festivities of the night broke up, or where so many guests bestowed themselves in that vast house, Rufo never knew; for when he awoke, the lights were all out, the Christmas garlands seemed to have turned black on the walls, and flung fantastic shadows all around him, when the smouldering yule logs broke apart, and sent up little jets of flame, before they sunk into ashes.

Bewildered by the darkness, and the fitful firelight that shot through it, the boy sat up, and listened in breathless awe. The wind still raged; he could hear it moaning among the chimneys, and rushing against the windows.

The vast hall was cold now, and full of black shadows that, with the moaning of the wind without, struck a chill through his frame; and, pining for both light and warmth, he crept to the hearth, and flinging one arm around the head of a silver fire-dog, now half buried in ashes, laid his cheek against it, stealing courage and a little warmth from the cooling metal. Thus the boy lay in forlorn loneliness, listening to the gale, in which his imagination found a thousand weird voices, that thrilled him through and through with sympathetic agony; but directly came a sound from within, that hushed the very breath in his body. He lifted his white face, and looked over his shoulder. A faint sound of footsteps came from the upper hall; then, slow and wierd in their stealthy consciousness, they were heard descending the great staircase.

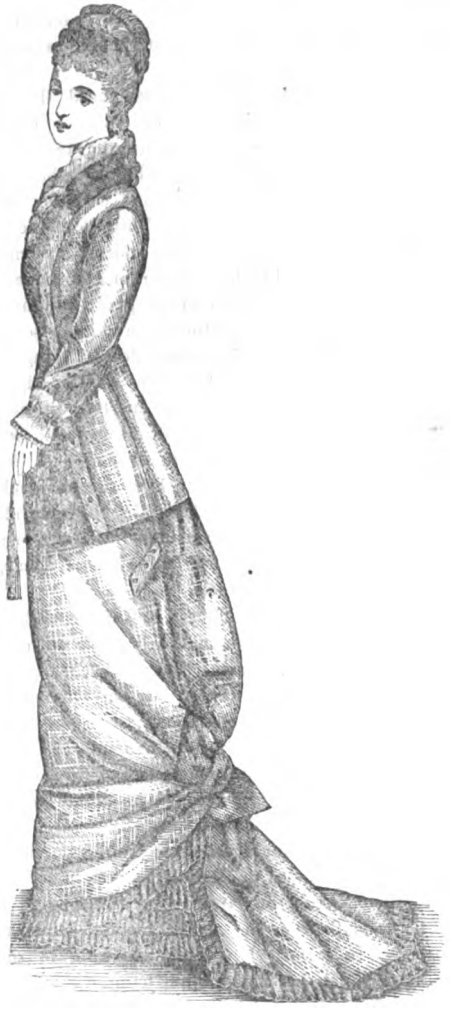
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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a house toilette, with a tunic train, suitable for dinner, or for evening wear. The under-skirt, vest, and trim-



mings are of plain silk; the tunic and basque are one of those pretty matelassé woolen fabrics, now so much worn. The under-skirt is cut with a demi-train, and trimmed with three narrow knife-plaitings, which style of trimming is still the most popular. The tunic is cut with one straight width at the back, slightly sloped, as may be seen. The front fits the figure as closely as possible, and all the looping is done quite at the bottom of the skirt. When the front meets the back train, it is plaited and finished with a large bow of the silk. The edge of the tunic has a narrower plaiting of the silk, as a finish. The pocket is underneath, and only the narrow flap is to be seen. Long jacket, fastening at the side, over a vest—a modification of the Breton jacket. Rolling collar. Coat sleeves, very tight, with pointed cuff to match. The chemisette and cuffs are of muslin and lace, and the cuffs are worn over the sleeve. The basque may be heart shape at the throat, or closed, as may be preferred. The surplice, of course, is the most dressy. Of these double width woolen goods, four and a-half to five yards is an ample pattern for any sort of a polonaise. Twelve to fourteen yards of silk will make a skirt vest, and trimming of knife-plaiting. The plaitings three inches deep each, when finished.



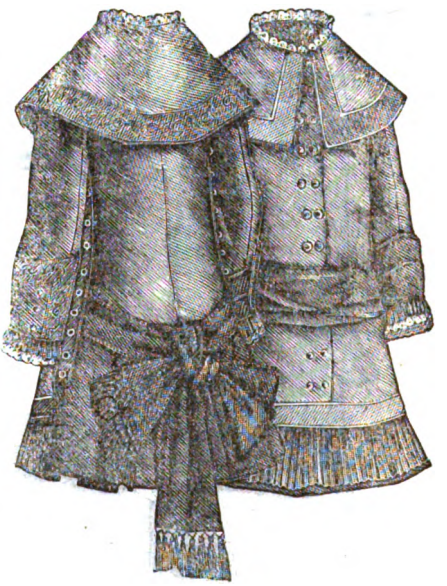
The back and front of a Breton costume for a little girl of six to eight years, is of navy blue

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serge flannel, or merino, trimmed with a pale blue galloon. The under-skirt, which is perfectly straight, is laid in large box-plaits all round the waist. The Breton jacket has the vest in front, and fits tight to the figure, buttoning under the trimming on the left side. Narrow braid simulates the button-holes, and the buttons or sequins are of mother-of-pearl. Six yards of galloon. Three and a-half dozen buttons. The sash and plaiting around the bottom of the skirt, should be of silk, yet the trimming looks very well made of the material of the dress, and many mammas prefer it, on account of the durability. Fringe out the ends of the sash, and tie in tassel groups.



Next, a walking costume of silk and camel's hair cloth. The skirt is bordered with a deep flounce, mounted in clusters of plaits—one box plait, and two flat plaits. A cross-band and plaiting forms the heading. Princesse polonaise, fastened down the front. We give the back view to show how the back is cut, and how the garment is looped. There is no seam in the middle of the back, only the side-body seams. This is quite new, and a relief from the five and seven seams some of the garments are cut with, and we must say, we think it an improvement; although the many seams running up into the shoulders are still popular with the majority of dressmakers, but the most fashionable adopt this latest style. An embroidered galloon edges the polonaise; trims the square envelope pocket, and the pointed cuff to the tight coat sleeve. High standing collar. For buttons, use smoke pearl, crochet, or moulds covered with silk, medium size. The whole costume is exceedingly stylish.



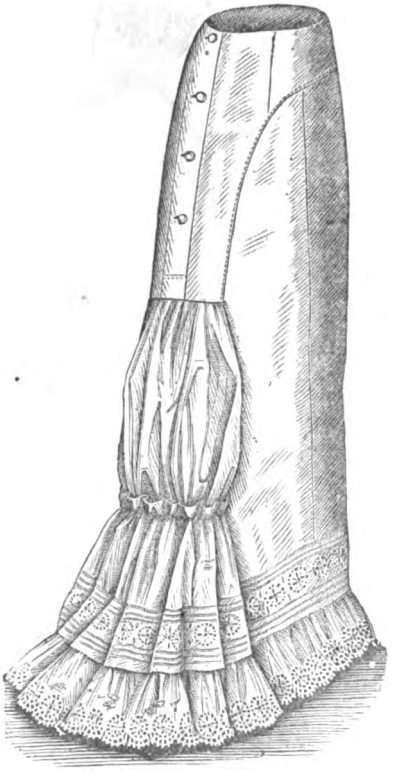
The front and back of a walking suit, for either a little girl or boy, of four or five years, is just lovely, as we have seen it. It is of twilled or Armure flannel, to be had in delicate greys, pale blues, dark blues, and greens. It is cut Princess in front, and the skirt of the back is box-plaited into the elongated waist. The knife-plaiting across the front, at the cuffs and the sash, may be either of silk or cashmere to match. The coachman's cape is quite new, made separate, and only worn in the street. Without it, the dress is a house-dress, with the addition of a wide linen or lace collar. The heading above the plaiting, trimming for the cape and cuffs, may be either plain silk, cashmere, or embroidered galloon, as

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may be seen in the back view. These flannels cost seventy-five cents for single width, and one dollar and a-half for double width, to be had at all good stores.



A simple toilette for an evening at home, a fair, or a church tea-party, is of pale blue cashmere. A Princess polonaise, cut heart shape at the throat, and with elbow sleeves, with plaiting of fine French muslin, or crêpe lisse, for the neck and sleeve trimming. The bottom of the polonaise has a box-plaiting of the cashmere, four inches deep in front, and eight inches deep across the back breadth, which is cut en train. This is worn over a plain skirt of blue silk, or black silk, faced with velvet, or, if preferred, the under-skirt may be of the blue cashmere. These cashmeres can be bought for a dollar per yard, double width, and nine to ten yards will make the whole dress. The Neapolitan apron worn with this costume, is both pretty and useful for the occasion mentioned. Any lady can make it for herself. It is of coarse white linen, embroidered in cross-stitch (many designs for such embroidery will be found in the work-table), with red and blue working cotton. Fringe out the ends. Cut the linen in shape of a long towel, one and one-eighth yards in length, twenty-three inches wide at the bottom, and sixteen inches at the top. Two pieces like this will be required. Embroider the bottom of one piece, and the top of the other. Sew both together. The top is turned over about nine inches, as may be seen. This is fastened to a narrow ribbon band or belt passing around the waist, to which the apron is attached only in the front, as may be seen.



Petticoats for Princess dresses should be cut without any fullness at the waist, even at the back. We give here the best model we have seen. The long coat-tail-pointed yoke holds all the fullness at the back, which is of one width of muslin, and two widths are put into the cut flounce at the bottom. Trim with Hamburg insertion and flouncing.

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Another walking costume for a larger child, is of dark green woolen goods, twilled or Armure,



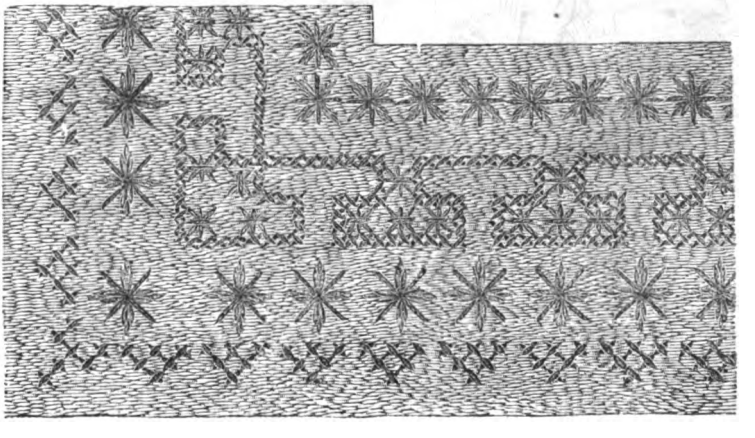
trimmed with Torchon lace. The pardessus is double-breasted, and ornamented with a double row of buttons. Similar buttons on the sleeves and back. Pockets at the side. The centre of the back is pointed and simply corded. The skirt is mounted in box-plaits to an under-waist.

We give, here, a very pretty design for a collar. The cuffs and collars, made of linen and Torchon lace, embroidered Swiss and lace, etc., are among the novelties of the season, and the most charming. Some of the collars are large and flat, others are for surplice dresses, and are of several rows of lace and pleisses of lisse, furnished with a jabot of the same, and ribbon bows. Our design is of the last named.



PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

CROSS-STITCH DESIGN.



We give, here, a design in cross-stitch, for embroidering house linen, in red, or blue, working cotton. This kind of work is just now, all the rage.

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PALETOT AND MUFF. (SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our Supplement, for this month, is a full-size paper pattern of a PALETOT AND MUFF COMBINED. The diagram represents five pieces, as will be seen by referring to it. A copy of it is folded in with each copy of this number.

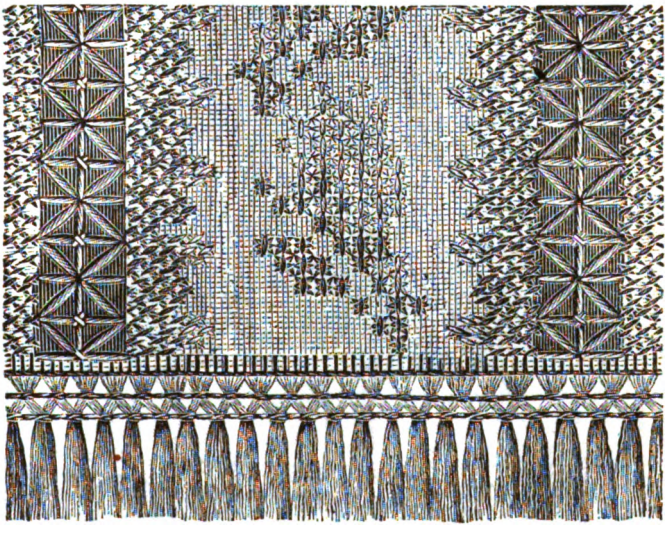
This pattern, as we have said, is a paletot and muff combined, and consists of five pieces—two pieces for one front, and two pieces for one back, and half of sleeve. There is no join down the centre of either back or front over-piece, consequently, the pieces representing them must be laid and cut double in the material. As will be seen in the illustration, these pieces are arranged and trimmed, so as to simulate being buttoned on to the paletot. The front piece is the longer, as it combines the muff. Both the over-pieces

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are a couple of inches shorter than the paletot, when complete, and the ends of both, as well as the muff, are trimmed with fringe. The front piece must be fastened about twelve inches from the throat, downwards; the muff then falls, and the lower portion must be arranged, as stated, to within ten inches of the edge of paletot, and this leaves the muff in the centre; its height must be regulated to the comfort of the wearer. Matelassé, cloth, camel's hair, corded silk, or drap d'ete may be used for this useful garment. There is nothing out, this winter, more stylish.

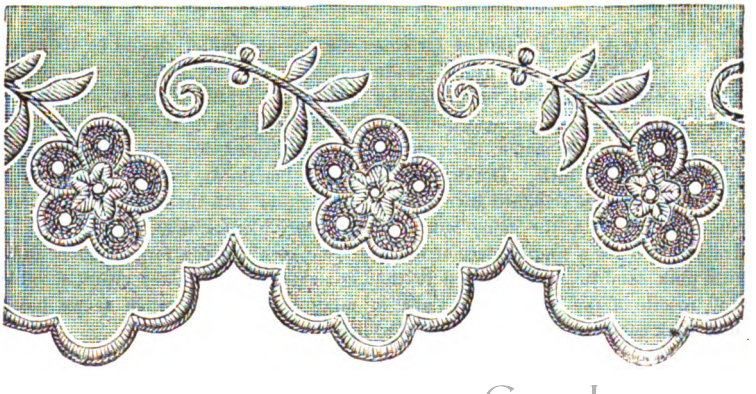
OBLONG RUG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for one of those oblong rugs, now so fashionable. *Smyrna, Pique and Point Russe.* Ground of jute canvas embroidered with thick soft wool. A brown braid is sewn on with brown wool in point russe. Round the outer edge buttonhole stitches of brown wool. The strands of canvas are then drawn out and knotted into a tasseled fringe, with brown wool. The colors of our model are four shades of red, three shades of green.

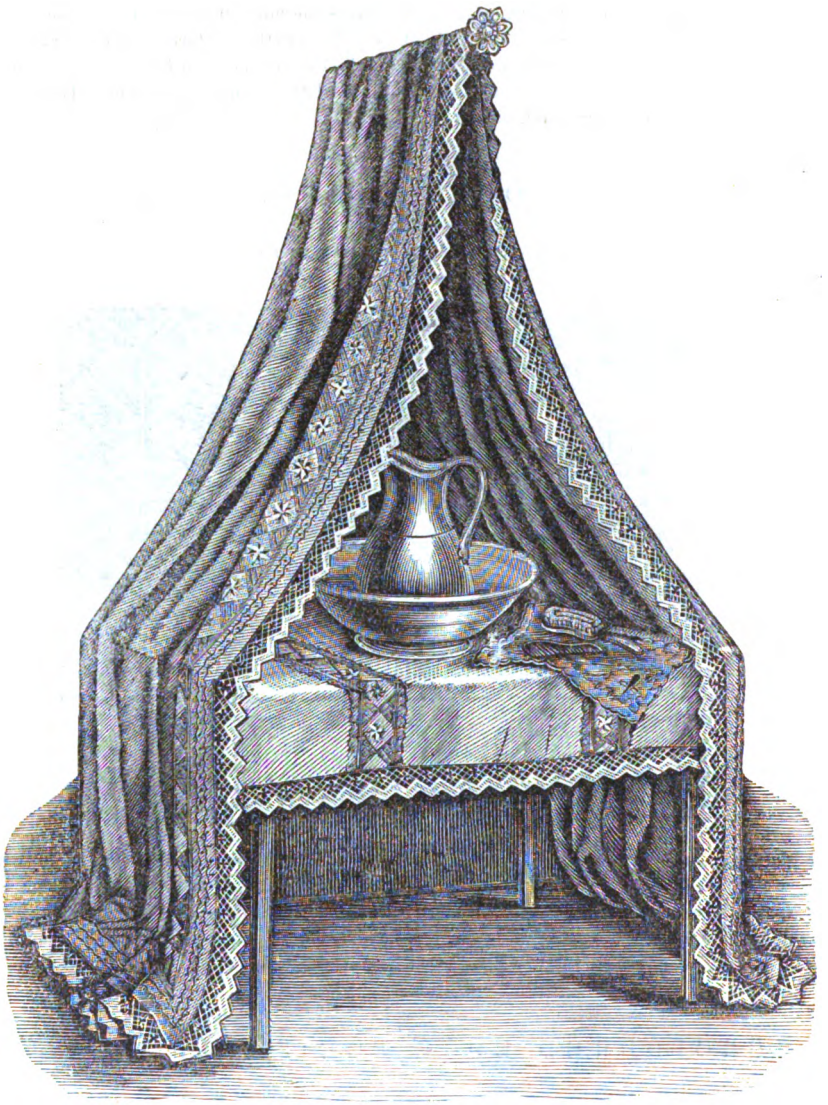
EMBROIDERED EDGE FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



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TOILET TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



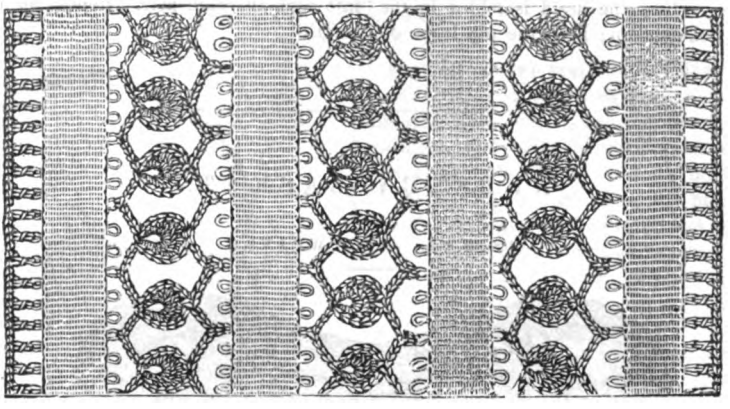
A simple deal table is the foundation for this pretty toilette. The cover for the table is made of white Swiss over pink cambric, separated by two rows of guipure or Torchon insertion: the edge trimmed with a lace to match, from two to two and a-half inches in width The drapery is also of Swiss, with the edge trimmed with a band of insertion, finished with the same lace. To hold the drapery there is a simple piece of wood, covered with pink cambric, and fastened to the wall. A full rosette of the lace, gathered over a foundation of pink cambric, ornaments the end of the bracket, which should be about ten inches in length. If preferred, there may be added a gathered curtain of Swiss over the cambric, to conceal the legs of the table. Dotted Swiss may be substituted for the plain, if preferred. It can be bought for twenty-five cents per yard, and trim either with the lace and insertion described, or with Valenciennes

We give designs for insertion and edging, in crochet and point lace braid, suitable for trimming a toilet-table, such as we have described, on the next page.

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INSERTION: CROCHET AND POINT LACE BRAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for insertion, in crochet and point lace braid, suitable for a toilet table; and follow it, in the next article with a design for edging in crochet and point lace.

First row: Take a length of braid, and work one single into a picot, nine chain, pass over two picots. Repeat throughout the row.

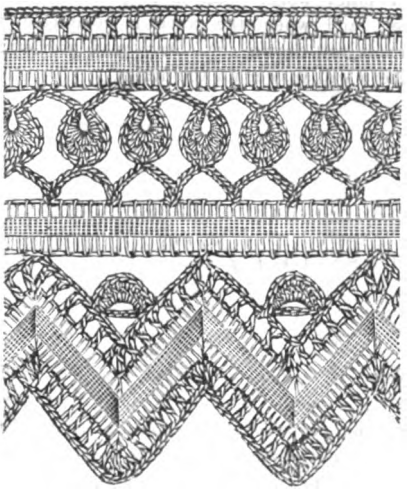
Second row: Take another length of braid and work one single into a picot of braid, eight chain, one single into the fifth, two double and five treble under the picot formed by the eight chain, draw through the fifth of nine chain on opposite length of braid (see design), five treble and two double under the same picot, draw through the fifth of last eight chain, four chain. Repeat throughout the row.

Four lengths of braid are required for each stripe, all of which are joined by the two rows described.

For the edges, one treble separated by one chain into each picot of outer edge of the braid.

EDGING, CROCHET AND POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The insertion for the heading of this edging is worked like that described above, except that in working the singles into braid, instead of passing over two picots, pass over four holes on the edge of the braid. For the top of the scallop, fold the braid into a sharp point, work two treble, separated by three chain, into a hole at the edge of the braid, five treble, separated by one chain, into each alternate hole at the edge of the braid; fold the braid (see design), keep the top loop of the last treble on the hook, and work one treble into the folded braid, one treble into the next hole but one, on the edge of the braid, draw through all the loops on the hook together, two chain, pass over one hole, one treble into the next, six chain, one single into the top of the fourth treble, from the first point (see design), two doubles, four trebles, two doubles under the chain, one double treble into the top of the treble

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the single was worked into, pass over one hole of the braid, one treble into the next, two trebles separated by one chain into each alternative hole of braid; one chain (repeat).

For the edge, one treble into each of four successive holes, where the braid is folded in the deep part of the scallop; keep the top loops on the hook, and draw through all together; six treble separated by one chain into each alternate hole on the edge of the braid, seven treble into the point where the braid is folded (see design), one chain, six treble separated by one chain into each alternate hole. Repeat for the entire length.

NURSERY BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The basket is of fine yellow cane, and the lining is dark blue linen. The diamonds are appliqués of linen, the centre red linen, and the four corners white. The ornamental designs on these appliqués are formed of cross-stitches in colored threads, the white diamonds being stitched with red, and the red diamonds with white. The lining round the border is ornamented in the same manner. Cross-stitch on linen is now popular fancy work. Canvas is placed over the linen, and when the work is completed the threads are drawn out. Any good geometrical pattern will answer for the design.

LADY'S TOILET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a lady's toilet slipper complete, and also an engraving of the toe of same slipper, full size. The front of the slipper is sloped off. The back requires only the edge design in the embroidery. The foundation may be of kid, velvet, or cloth. The embroidery is of curled cord and purse-silk. The natural colors of the flowers and leaves may be used, or two or three shades of one color.

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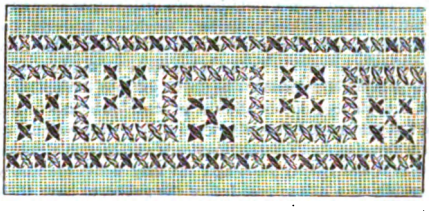
WORK-BAG: JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



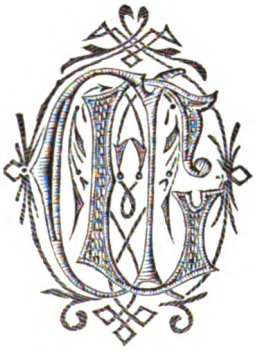
First cut out two oval pieces of Java canvas of the size required, and then trace the outlines of the diamonds, which are formed with brown chenille. Embroider the stars in the centre with gold-colored filoselle, likewise the inner lines of the diamonds. Fasten down the points of the chenille with cross-stitches of black silk. The ovals are lined with brown cashmere, and joined with a puff of Java canvas. A quilling of ribbon covers the joint, finished by a bow at the top. A double cord of silk is twisted for the handle, and the bottom of the bag is ornamented by four tassels, made of the different colored silks. These bags are very fashionable to carry fancy work, into the parlor, &c., &c.

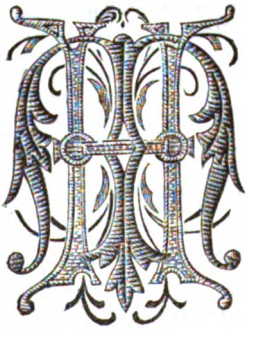
CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.



MONOGRAMS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.







These new and pretty monograms, C. E., M. H., and E. C. are to be worked in satin and overcast stitch in white and colored thread. Such monograms, for handkerchiefs, are very fashionable.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FASHIONABLE JENKINISM, ETC.—It has come to be quite the fashion, within a few years, to announce marriages beforehand in the newspapers, frequently accompanying the announcement with long descriptions of the bride's trosseau, the bridesmaid's dresses, etc., etc. When the wedding actually takes place, another glowing account appears, describing the flowers that decorate the rooms, the sumptuous repast, the guests at the reception, how the bride looked, the costliness of the presents, and a multitude of other gossiping details.

Now we venture to suggest that all this is in excessively bad taste. It used to be thought, by well-bred people, that to give publicity to private affairs was essentially vulgar. When this social "puffing" first began, for it is nothing more, and stands exactly on the same platform as the paid "puffs" of a quack medicine doctor, it was called "Jenkinism," from the assumed name of the correspondent who originated it. At that time there was a universal cry against such an unheard of breach of social privacy; and, for a long while, the faces of everybody in really good society were set against the practice.

But, we regret to say, this is no longer the case. At first, only under-bred people, ambitious of a little vulgar notoriety, permitted such notices to appear. Gradually, however, the contagion spread. People were invited expressly that they might write a "puff." At last it has come to that pass, that even persons of refinement begin to tolerate the practice; and, though they do not allow it in their own cases, shrug their shoulders indifferently, when they see their acquaintances favoring it. Yet the practice is as thoroughly vulgar now as it was twenty years ago. It may tickle the vanity of people, who like to *pose* before the public, to have their names appear in print, in connection with a dinner-party, a wedding, or other social entertainment; but no person with true self-respect, especially no really modest woman, desires to *pose* before the public, and naturally shrinks from such vulgar notoriety. Unfortunately, use blunts even the keenest perceptions, and custom, which, at first, shocked every refined mind, may come to be indulged in, thoughtlessly, by even nice people.

But is it not time to begin a reform? Or rather to return to the good old days, when the privacy of home had a meaning, and when the pride of a true woman revolted at seeking, or even permitting, vulgar notoriety? A moment's reflection must convince any one, that this modern "Jenkinism" is as under-bred, as it is impertinent.

REMIT TO US.—We caution the public, once more, against swindlers, who go about the country getting subscriptions for "Peterson." *Do not trust any stranger.* Either remit, direct, to us, at our risk (see end of Prospectus), or else join some club, the getter up of which you know to be reliable. *We have no agents for whom we are responsible.*

ORIENTAL PATTERNS for rugs, carpets, etc., are becoming, more and more, the fashion. Only a few years ago, it was nearly impossible to buy a Turkish rug in America; while to get carpets, with Turkish, Dohganistan, or Persian patterns, was simply impossible. Now even the cheapest Ingrain is often made in these patterns.

TO MAKE FEATHER SCREENS.—Bake the feathers in the oven before mounting them, and only use the smallest and fluffiest kind. The others are almost too stiff to work with. The best way is to arrange them in rings, commencing at the edge, and working towards the centre. Dip the tip of each well into stiff gum. Let each succeeding row hide the quills of the preceding one, and put the feathers close together, so that they look full. A pretty humming bird is a great improvement, placed in the centre of the screen. This must be sewn on after the feathers around are all dry and firm. Canvas, stretched on a wire frame, is the best foundation to work upon. Let the feathers stand out about an inch beyond the wire rim all round to hide it. The strongest gum must be used, mixed with a little warm water, to make it of a proper consistency. Ducks' feathers make lovely screens. The handles should be firmly sewn on before the feathers are put on, and a colored, particularly a red, satin bow is a pretty addition and finish. If the kind of canvas, frames and handles that used to be sold for working beads and wools can be got, they are the best.

FLOWER-POTS OF PINE CONES.—Very pretty flower-pots, etc., etc., can be made, by taking an ordinary light bucket, and removing the handles. Then paint the bucket black, and arrange pine cones on it, in any pattern that may be most liked. Both large and small cones should be used, to give a variety. The cones can be attached by very strong glue, or, if they are very large, they should be nailed on; when quite securely on, they should be gilded, if it is possible to do so; if they cannot be gilded, leave them of the natural color; but the bucket in this case may be painted in a brighter color than black. Small buckets, such as are used by children at the sea-side, ornamented in the same way, make very pretty table ornaments, either for a drawing-room, or dining-room table, with a maidenhair, or some other fern, or a flower planted in. A hole must always be bored, in order to let the water out, or the roots of the plant are apt to rot after a time from the moisture. Baskets decorated with nuts, tiny cones, little twigs, are very pretty, either gilded, or painted black, or brown.

"GOES ON FOREVER."—The Philadelphia Daily Times, itself the most progressive of newspapers, always has an eye for progress and enterprise elsewhere. It says of this magazine, that it begins "with the number for January its seventy-third volume, and with growing years it loses none of the attractive features, which have made it the guide, philosopher, and friend of more than one generation of American women. Men may come, and men may go, but *Peterson's* goes on forever, with the same well-chosen original stories, the same careful description of dresses and patterns, the same colored plates of pretty young women, attired in the very latest fashions. There are thousands of homes throughout the country, in which no greater calamity could be conceived than the failure of *Peterson's* to make its monthly visit." And we may add, that, for 1878, the magazine will be more indispensable than ever.

SO NEAR PERFECTION.—A lady, an old subscriber, writes: "I have taken several magazines, but have never seen one that was as near perfection as yours." This seems to be the general opinion.

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OUR PRINCIPAL CLUBS.—We will send, at $1.70 each, four copies of the magazine for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club: or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. See the Prospectus, for these, as well as other clubs. No magazine gives *as much for the money* as this.

Additions to clubs, we may add, can be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied.

OUR COLORED PATTERN.—We give, this month, a double-size colored pattern, an "Indian Smoking Cap, with Border." It is, as will be seen, to be worked in appliqué, in yellow on black or blue. It is a singularly pretty affair, and is also quite a novelty. No other magazine, remember, gives these colored patterns.

FOR FIFTY CENTS extra, a copy of "The Angels of Christmas," or any other of our premium engravings, will be sent to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1878. But as this represents only the cost of printing an impression, we must confine this offer strictly to subscribers.

THE BENEFIT OF EXERCISE is strikingly shown, at the Normal School for girls, in Philadelphia. Formerly, nine-tenths of the pupils complained of head-aches, but since the introduction of a gymnasium, that complaint has almost entirely ceased.

CREWEL EMBROIDERY.—Either serge, or bunting, is an excellent material for drapery, when embroidered with crewels; serge is heavier, and keeps better than bunting, for chair covers; and dark woollen satteen also wears well, if good.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Souci. A novel. By Mrs. J. H. Tvells. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new fiction is already favorably known to the reading public. Her "Mills of the Gods" was a story of very marked characteristics. We noticed it, with approbation, when it first came out. But "Souci" is, in every particular, an advance on the "Mills of the Gods." The same thorough culture, social as well as intellectual, on the part of the author, distinguishes both books; the same large experience of travel; the same vivid imagination; the same eye for strong dramatic effects. But there is much more artistic finish in this story, than in its predecessor; the characters are better thought out; the touch is everywhere finer and broader. The pictures of the early life of the heroine, and of Turic, friendless, homeless, waifs, drifting on the wide, sad waste of Paris life, fighting for mere bread, are especially effective. We might instance numerous other bits, if we had space. We cannot, however, help saying that few chapters, in any recent novel, are as pathetic as that, in which the death-bed of the poor musician, Heinrich, is described. The volume is neatly printed, and bound in good taste.

Ballads of Bravery. Edited by George M. Baker. With Forty Full-Page Illustrations. 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of the choicest books of the season. The ballads are well selected, and beautifully illustrated; the paper and typography are especially elegant; and the binding is in exquisite taste. Many of the ballads are well known to the public, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night," "The Ride From Ghent to Aix," "Sir Galahad," "The Beggar Maid," and "Herve Riel," among them. One of the most effective of the many excellent illustrations is "The Fishermen." The book is especially suitable for a Christmas, New Year's, or Birth-Day gift.

Our Artist in Cuba, Peru, Spain and Algiers. By George W. Carleton. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.*—This is a book of rare humor, full of grotesque engravings, with racy notes, that add greatly to the fun. Cuba, Peru, Spain and Algiers are all caricatured in turn. Yet the caricatures, after all, give a better idea of those countries than many more pretentious works. We believe we do not infringe on the proprieties, when we say that the author, who, with pen and pencil, makes us laugh so heartily, is the senior member of the well-known firm, the publishers of the volume.

The Budget, a Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls. 1 *vol., small 4to. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A book for boys and girls, full of wood-engravings, which illustrate something like a hundred articles in prose and verse. It is neatly printed, and prettily bound. From the same firm we have also "My Picture," "My Pet Book," and "My Own Book," all works for juveniles, and all freely illustrated.

Abide With Me. By Henry Francis Lyte. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. 1 *vol., small 4to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A beautiful edition of this well-known religious poem, printed on the finest paper, and illustrated by numerous effective and appropriate first-class wood-engravings. The volume is of exceptional beauty in every way, and is especially suitable for a New Year's, or other gift.

Lilliput Land; or, The Children's Peep-Show. Edited by the author of "Lilliput Farce." With 300 *Illustrations.* 1 *vol., 4to. New York: Baker, Pratt & Co.*—This volume is evidently of English manufacture, but whether printed in England, or not, we cannot say. The engravings are on wood, and many of them very spirited; and they make, with the text, a cheap, yet interesting gift-book.

The Red-Hill Tragedy. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—One of those powerfully-written, dramatic stories, in which this author so pre-eminently excels. The novel is published in the same neat style as "That Girl of Mine," and other recent issues of the house of Peterson Brothers.

The World Well Lost. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This lady is already known by her novels "Patricia Kimball," and "The Atonement of Leam Dundas." We consider this, her latest story, quite her best. The text is illustrated, having numerous spirited wood-cuts.

The Bar-Rooms at Brantley; or, The Great Hotel Speculation. By T. S. Arthur. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—This is a temperance story, told with all that minute realism, and pure moral purpose, which distinguish Mr. Arthur. The volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated.

Tom. A Home Story. By George L. Chaney. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—The design of this little story, is, as the author points out in his preface, to show what it is to be—brothers. The word, of course, is used in its largest sense. The tale is well written.

Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag. My Girls, etc. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Another of those charming books, which nobody writes so well, of their kind, as Miss Alcott. The volume is neatly printed, and illustrated.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER has been pronounced, everywhere, the most beautiful ever issued. The newspapers are unanimous in this opinion. Says the Trenton (N. J.) Gazette: "The most superb number ever issued of this popular lady's book." Says the Painted Post (N. Y.) Times: "The steel plate, 'Borrowed Plumes,' is the prettiest picture we have almost ever seen." Says the Vincennes (Ind.) Times: "The stories are by the very best writers, all powerfully written." The Muscadine (Iowa) Tribune says: "The full-size patterns are alone worth the subscription price." The Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph says: "All things considered, this magazine has no equal for its price." Everybody, this year, is seeking "Peterson." We have, already, increased our subscription list, *by more than twenty thousand*, and the indications are that we shall double that increase before another month. "Peterson," for 1878, will have a circulation nearly *twice as large as all the other lady's books combined.*

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—ANTHEMIS NOBILIS.

GARDEN chamomile, from the Greek Anthemos, a flower, in allusion to the profusion of flowers the plant produces, of the natural order, compositæ, subtribe Anthemidæ, is a well-known, pleasantly strong-scented herb, familiar to all mothers in the country. Though there are several species of Anthemis, the *nobilis* is the only one much employed in medicine. This plant, with its fellows, is a native of Europe, growing wild in all the temperate parts of the continent, and is generally known in France, Germany and Italy, by the name of Roman chamomile. This plant has become established in Laurelton, Delaware, and some other parts of the country, and is mostly cultivated in our gardens for domestic medical purposes. I well remember in early boyhood, the following distich:

"Let doctors and quacks say what they may,
There's nothing so good as chamomile tea."

It is an old and still prevalent opinion, that this plant thrives the better for being trampled upon, whence it was called the "Whig plant," during the Revolutionary war. This notion is also alluded to by Shakespeare, in King Henry IV., thus: "For, though the chamomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

The flowers, as sold by druggists, are large, almost spherical, of a dull, yellowish white color, a pleasant but strong scent, and a bitter aromatic taste.

The flower of the *Matricaria chamomilla* (or camille), called German chamomile, and generally preferred by our German population, is a much smaller flower (when dried), of yellowish color, and resembling, somewhat, dried tansy blossoms.

The flowers of both plants are possessed of valuable remedial virtues, and can be often used by mothers in domestic practice with advantage. They are highly valuable in enfeebled states of the digestive organs, and acceptable to the stomach generally; giving tone to that organ, and restoring appetite. Combined with serpentaria (Virginia snakeroot), says Scudder, it is one of the most valuable tonics known to the profession, during the period of convalescence. With Peruvian bark, it has been thought to give more power to the latter, than when used alone, in intermittent fever. In strong tincture (merely filling a wide mouthed bottle with the flowers, and covering them with dilute alcohol or whiskey), I have given it in one or two teaspoonful doses to delicate women, laboring under suppression, with marked benefit. Repeat 3 or 4 times daily.

In warm infusion, chamomile may be given in the early stages of fever to promote perspiration, or to assist emetics. For this latter purpose, it is often used with good effect in ordinary sick headache, to unload the stomach, and relieve the head, by revulsive action. As a poultice with bread and milk, Prof. Meigs strongly recommended the flowers in inflamed breasts of women, and Prof. Mitchell speaks highly of the flowers stewed in vinegar, and applied as a fomentation to painful swellings, etc. Thus this simple garden plant can be made quite useful and even valuable, by heads of families, in domestic practice. Along lanes, roadsides, and in cultivated grounds, from June to August, can be seen the ANTHEMIS ARVENSIS, *wild or field chamomile*, closely resembling the garden species in several respects, save this plant is nearly inodorous, stem more erect, and branched. It must not be confounded, however, with the worthless little *weed*, *Maruta Cotula*, Dog Fennel, or Richardson's Pink, a plant of a strong, repulsive odor, which is so extensively naturalized among us, and is found everywhere, *in omnibus locis*.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

DECORATING DINNER AND SUPPER TABLES.—The prettiest way to decorate a dinner or a supper table is with plants, as every lady knows. The best way to keep your plants fresh, is to wrap the pots in cotton wool, tying with white cotton, and arranging ferns on the wool. The ferns are merely laid against the wool with their stalks downwards, and fastened by the cotton, which passes over and is not discernible. Sometimes a little alum sprinkled on the ferns and cotton wool, having had a previous touch of gum, is an improvement, as it gives a sparkling, bright look to the whole. A pretty way of decorating, for a party, console tables and mantel shelves, is to lay moss thickly on with a quantity of fern laid underneath and bent downwards, forming a fringe, then touching the ferns here and there lightly with gum, and thus fastening on a flower. The flowers should be very small and light, such as geraniums, particularly the scarlet ones, and little blooms should be selected, or the effect will be spoiled. A piece of brown paper should be laid on first, or the damp moss is apt to stain or mark a table or shelf. It is best to arrange a long fern and a shorter one alternately, as the effect is more graceful. Brackets for lights can be decorated in the same way. For decorating the back of a piano, for a party, a trellis work of ivy or box, with a flower at the cross bars, looks very well. A quick way of arranging ivy leaves is to pass the stalk of each leaf into that of the preceding one, tying it in a knot at the back. Another kind of decoration is with long-stalked dry grass. Take two small handfuls, cross them and tie them together, then put a flower, with its stalk in a little damp moss, where the grass crosses, and tie that. Make the grass stalks meet, and form a straight long piece of about nine or ten inches, and then join on some more grass and flowers in the same way, and so continue. The effect of the grass is very delicate and feathery. Grain, for harvest decorations, can be used in the same way, and looks remarkably well, as the yellow shining stalks look like a bar of gold.

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ETIQUETTE.

ETIQUETTE FOR STREET-DRESS, DINNER, ETC.—Having, in the January number, spoken of the etiquette in regard to morning-dresses, we now proceed to that for promenade, for driving, making calls, dinners, etc., etc.

The dress for the street, or for the dusty and muddy country road, ought always to be made with a skirt that will just escape the ground. This very sensible fashion is slowly gaining favor, though most people are very loth to dispense with the more graceful, half-trained, walking-dress, which gathers up so much dirt.

For the ordinary morning walk, for shopping, and all the many occasions, in which the mother, or the useful daughter of the house, is required to be out of doors, the quietest of dresses should be worn, unobtrusive in color, and plain in make. This, we say, without reference to the money the wearer may possess. Good taste calls for the sober tones, and few trimmings for this kind of dress, in the woman who spends thousands on her toilette, as in the one who goes out early in the morning to gain her daily bread, and comes home late at night. Dark greys, browns, greens, or blues are appropriate, or a black cashmere, which always looks lady-like. If it is objected that this has too much the appearance of mourning, that can be remedied by a bow of some bright ribbon, at the neck. Silk, at the early morning hour, is not suitable, unless it is a plain black silk. From the myriads of woolen goods that come now, a cheap and pretty dress can always be made.

The hat or bonnet should have but few flowers or feathers; and felt is more appropriate than velvet; if a hat is worn it should be of some shape not too pronounced. But the middle-aged woman should be chary of wearing this style of head gear. The face, that has lost its youthful roundness and bloom, often looks hard and grey, under the severe lines of a hat. When large shade-hats were worn in summer, they had common sense on their side for usefulness; but the hat of the present day does no more than the bonnet to protect the face.

The outside wrap should correspond with the dress, in quietness. A deep plain sacque, like the dress, is the prettiest; but many persons wish to utilize an old garment, and cannot always afford to have the new wrap. In that case, take off all superfluous trimmings from the old one, and make it look as neat as possible. The colored street petticoats are more appropriate, for morning than white ones; they should be a little trimmed, but not gaudily so. The boots should always be neatly laced, or buttoned, so that the wearer need not fear a puff of wind. Plain linen collars and cuffs, always fresh looking, and carefully mended gloves, if new ones cannot be afforded, are very important. No jewelry, except a watch and chain (which latter ought not to be conspicuous), and small ear-rings. These remarks apply, in all respects, to women of all stations; the rich woman will have more latitude in the *quality* of her dress, not more in the quantity of ornament, or in color.

For the woman of leisure, who passes her morning on the promenade, or in calling on her friends informally, more richness of dress is quite allowable, but not much more ornament. Silks for out-of-door wear are now used much less than the rich, woolen materials; but if the silk is considered more desirable, it can be worn for visiting. We must admit that the fashion here is for the slightly trained skirt; we wish it was otherwise, pretty as it is; and some ladies have boldly taken up the cause of the "round" skirt, and had their nicest out-of-door dresses made in this way.

The dresses for the promenade and visiting in winter should not be of light or showy colors; but they may be more dressy-looking then than those worn earlier in the season, or worn for business. More trimming is allowed; but both color and trimming should be unobtrusive. Either a felt, or velvet hat or bonnet, may be worn, with feathers or flowers; the hat has greater latitude in shape also. A velvet sacque, or cloak, should never be worn with a woolen dress; a cloth one is much more stylish, as well as appropriate, for such a dress. The cloth sacque or cloak, however, may be worn over silk; a velvet wrap is, of course, appropriate for silk. Dark gloves to match the dress are very suitable; but those of a medium shade are a little more dressy.

For a carriage-dress, or for more formal visiting, the skirt can be longer, the colors of the dress a little lighter, or brighter, if it is desired (though the rich dark ones are in quite as good taste), the mantle or sacque more trimmed, the bonnet or hat gayer, the whole toilette with a more holiday look. Yet the costume for the promenade, or visiting, of which we have just spoken, is quite suitable for a carriage-dress.

For "Receptions," weddings, calls, etc., even more latitude is allowed; the dress may be dark, if it is wished (*never* very light), but the bonnet or hat may be much brighter, and the gloves light. But little jewelry is admissible with out of door dress, even in a carriage.

It is only in our large cities, as a rule, that dinner parties are given late in the day, or by gaslight, which is the universal custom abroad. Even at Newport the dinner is at three or four o'clock, as a rule: this is, that people may drive afterwards. In the country, or even in the city, where the dinner is early in the day, the hostess should wear some pretty, quiet dress, brightened up by ribbons and jewelry, if she likes; but she should always endeavor to be less dressed than her guests. This is a rule for a hostess, under all circumstances. The guests at a dinner, at this time, should never wear silks that are too light; but otherwise may make their dress as festive-looking as will be suitable by daylight. For small dinners, later in the day, the kind of dress, which we suggested, in the last number, for a lady to wear at a formal "Reception" in her own house, is quite appropriate for either hostess or guest. Even for small evening companies such a dress is suitable. Of course, the lightest shades of blue, pink, etc., are not to be worn at home, when a lady has a "Reception;" neither, as a rule, should they be worn at a small dinner at her own house, though, if she is sure that her guests will be much dressed, she may do so. But these light colors can be worn most suitably, when the lady is a guest at a small dinner, having the dress made as we suggested for the "Reception," in our last number. A few artificial flowers in the hair, and on the dress, can be worn; the hair may be more elaborately done up; jewelry is very appropriate; gloves are indispensable; and these are not to be removed till the seat is taken at the table. The dress open in front is very pretty, and cooler at a hot dinner table; but if that is not liked, the dress can be high in the neck, with a pretty lace fichu over it. Shoes and stockings must be neat, and ought to match the dress. If silks are too expensive, very light shades of cashmere make beautiful dinner, or small evening party dresses, especially for young ladies; in fact, are more appropriate for them than silk ones are.

For large, and very formal dinners (by gaslight), the dress may be still more elaborate. Rich silks or satins trimmed with velvet, or lace, or a few rich flowers, are suitable. For many years, nearly all dresses for formal dinners were cut low on the shoulders; now, dresses high at the back, and on the shoulders, are the rule. Elderly ladies may wear ostrich tips in the hair, or caps trimmed with flowers, lace, and ribbons. No dress is now considered too rich for a large dinner table. But as a true woman should never exceed her means, let her, if she has not the bright, rich dress, wear the best and prettiest she has, brightening it up as well as she can; and with a determination to be amiable and agreeable, she will hold her own with the best-dressed at the table.

At dinners, given in the day, as the informal ones of which we have spoken at Newport, etc., gentlemen do not wear a swallow-tail coat; but appear in morning costume. Of

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the cape to simulate a pointed hood. Grey felt bonnet, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and pearl buckle.

General Remarks.—We also give, this month, one of the newest style of hats; it is made of grey felt, is turned up on the left side, and is trimmed with grey satin and grey plumes. Also, a new way of arranging the hair, which is exceedingly becoming to some shaped heads; the loose Apollo knot in front, with a rose nestled at the side, is easily made from either the wearer's own hair, or from a little false braid.

The two belts of which we give engravings, are of black belting, or heavy *gros grain* ribbon lined, and the buckles may be of pearl or metal. The collar and sleeves are of fine guipure lace, and the collar is of the large size, that is again coming into favor for full dress; the sleeve is to be worn as a finish of lace to the elbow, or half long sleeve.

The little boy's hat is of felt, with a turned up brim, and is trimmed with a band and rosette of wide galloon. The little girl's hood is of dark blue flannel, trimmed around the face with a plaiting, each edge of which is scalloped with black; it has a deep cape, which is trimmed with a worsted ball fringe, and the jacket is of the same, and trimmed in the same way. We also give the very fashionable Garrick paletot, suitable for a child of from two to three years old or upwards; the paletot is double-breasted, and the cape, which buttons on beneath the collar, can be omitted at pleasure; the cloth is light almond color, and the collar and buttons are of brown velvet.

Short skirts are decidedly gaining the victory over long ones. They progress in popularity daily; and not only are they to be seen in woolen materials, but in silk and velvet. It is now considered probable that the train, be it either of the peacock or foxbrush form, will be renounced for all walking-dresses, and that the embarrassingly long skirts will be reserved exclusively for reception and evening wear. And this is common sense; for anything more absurd than a long walking-dress, would be impossible to imagine.

For house-dresses, the polonaise front has been abandoned (except for morning-dress), but the back is cut in Princess or polonaise style, with either a fan or empress train; the front has the corsage and basque only, and a separate apron skirt or petticoat. For more dressy wear, nearly all dresses are made open on the bust, either square or heart-shaped. Many persons dispense with the basque front, and have the waist round in front, and wear a wide belt, which fastens with a buckle on the left side. If a basque is preferred at the back, instead of the polonaise, it will be of the newest style, if it is made with each form made long, and turned up, and simply corded; some basques have four loops, some only two. The bodies plaited from the neck to the waist, and confined by a belt, are very suitable for young girls, but not so appropriate for older persons, though very slender women look well in them; they will soon grow common.

Bows of narrow satin ribbon are a favorite trimming at present. There are three sorts of bows—the "butterfly," which is flat, and with ends of the same length as the loop, and so called because it recalls the form of the butterfly; the "flot," which consists of a quantity of falling loops, all made of narrow ribbon; and thirdly, the "trèfle bow," which consists of three loops and two falling ends. The flot bow is always made of a single color, but which must contrast with the shade of the dress; for instance, ruby flots trim black velvet dresses, pale blue flots trim brown dresses. The butterfly bow is composed of two colors, and the trèfle bow of three. The mixture of colors is most varied; myrtle-green and sulphur, to which ruby is added, if three are desired; réséda, pale blue and pale pink is another mixture; dark red, vert de gris, and pale yellow a third.

Some of the newest black silk dresses are trimmed with black satin, the deep basque being bordered with it, and the bows in front being of black satin ribbon; in others the plastron or band in front is satin, and the buttons are either Japanese or old silver; the collar is entirely black satin. In other black faille dresses black embossed velvet takes the place of satin, the plastron, collar, and gauntlet cuffs, as well as the border to the train, being all of the brocaded velvet. Mandarin yellow is likewise used for brightening up black toilettes. It is not sewn to the dress permanently, but a small bow of ravelled silk or satin ribbon is made for the throat, also a chatelaine bow for the left side at the bodice, and long-looped bows are put on the sides of the skirt for drapery. Tea roses and a mandarin feather are then fastened in the black satin capote, and a long-looped yellow bow trims the black *en tous cas*.

Large collars and deep cuffs are daily advancing in favor; in this way a *furore* for fine lace will again be revived; very fine linen cambric, trimmed with lace, will be becoming in these large collars, but the mass of dead white against the face will prove very trying to even the youngest and fairest woman. The small collars and plain linen cuffs will soon be only used for street wear, and the plainest home wear.

Wraps continue of all makes, so they only give the appearance of being tall and thin.

Bonnets were never of such various shapes, so that all styles of face can be accommodated.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Walking Costume of Dark-Brown Cloth for a Girl; the paletot is quite long, loose in front, and just defining the figure at the back; it has a Garrick cape, and is trimmed with fur to imitate seal skin; boots with fur tops, and seal skin cap with a blue wing at the side.

Fig. II.—Little Girl's Walking Costume of Smoke-Grey Camel's-Hair; the under part is plain and buttoned down the front, and the back is laid in kilt plaits, the over sacque is of the same camel's-hair, is half tight fitting at the back, and is cut away with rounded sides at the lower part; it meets on the breast and is tied with a grey ribbon; it has a deep collar which meets in front, where it is tied; the whole is trimmed with three rows of braid; dark-grey hat with feathers of a lighter grey.

Fig. III.—Young Lady's Walking-Dress of Coffee-Colored Bourette; the petticoat is of silk of the same color; the *bourette* is shot with spots of red, blue, and green, and is trimmed with fringe to match; the paletot is rather long, close-fitting, and is of dark fawn-colored cloth, scalloped down the front, and finished with braid. Fawn-colored felt hat and feathers.

Fig. IV.—Little Girl's Walking Suit; the dress is of navy-blue serge edged with a gathered flounce; the loose paletot is of matelassé cloth trimmed with fox fur; it has deep square pockets; the turban hat is of blue felt trimmed with blue velvet, and a sulphur-colored wing.

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LITTLE BESSIE.

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THE BROKEN BOWL. [*See the Story, "My Wife's Bric-a-Brac."*

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WRAPS FOR SPRING WEAR.

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BACK AND FRONT OF SERGE COSTUME.

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BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING DRESS.

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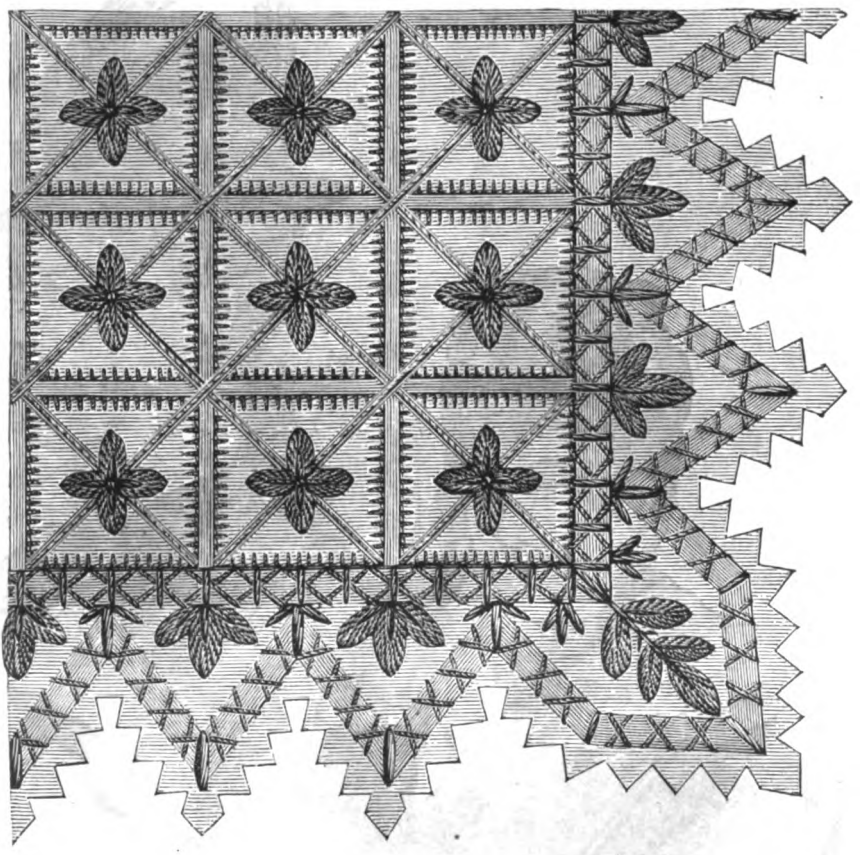
THE "PIEROTT" COLLAR AND CUFFS. BONNET.

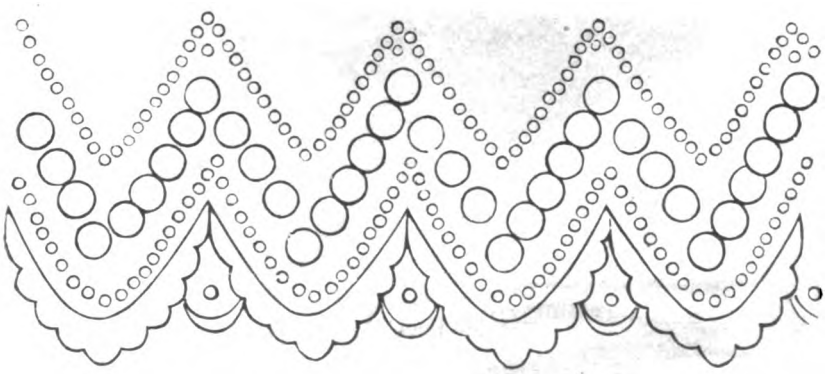
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ANOTHER NEW STYLE FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS. HAT.

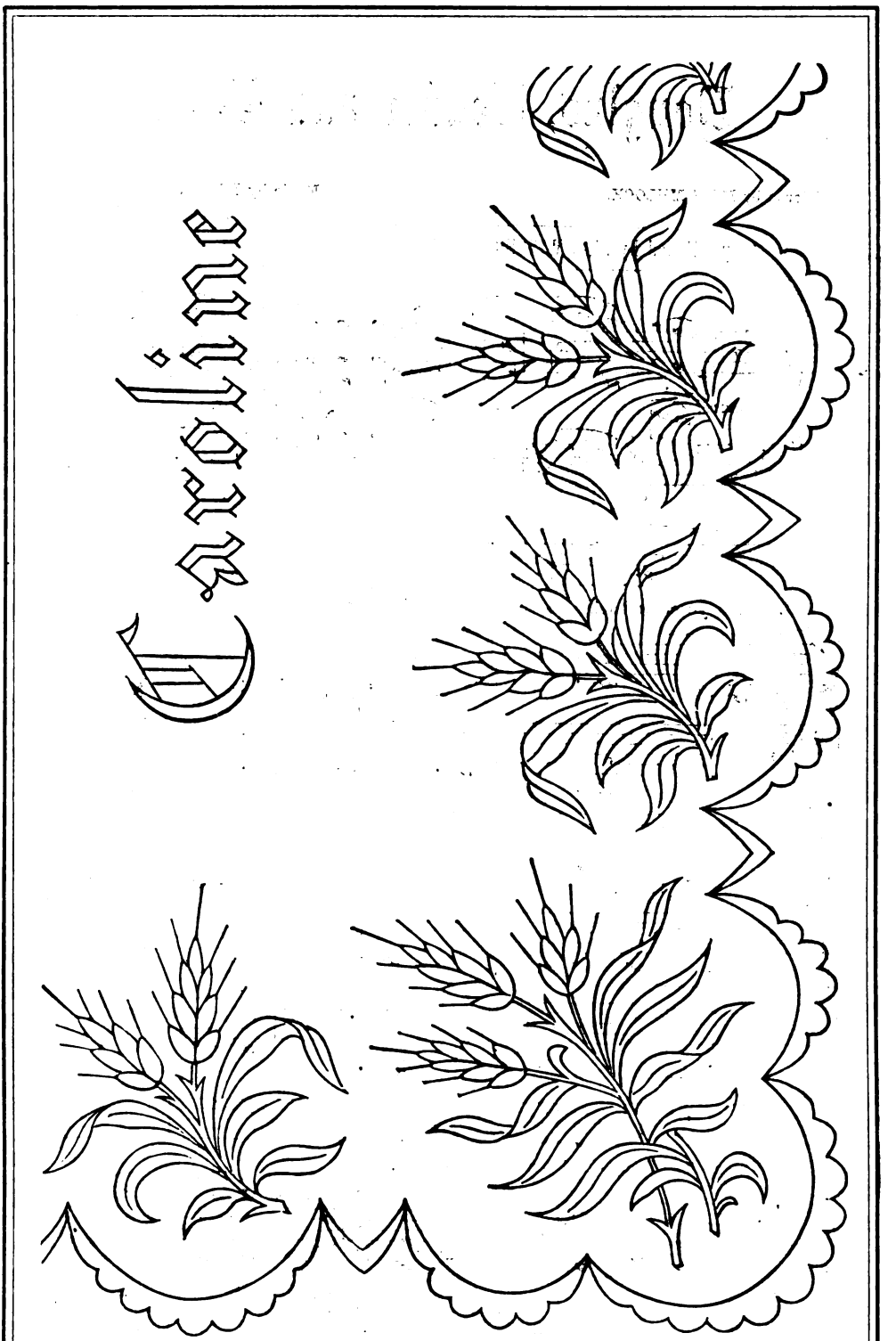
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CORNER OF TABLE-CLOTH. ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

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EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR CASHMERE. NAME FOR MARKING.

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Douglas, Tender and True.

Words by MISS MULOCK. Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.



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4 I was not half worthy of you, Douglas!
Not half worthy the like of you,
Now all men besides are to me like shadows,
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

5 Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true.

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YOUNG GIRLS' WALKING DRESSES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1878. No. 3.

MY WIFE'S "BRIC-A-BRAC."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE JONESES IN ONE BLOCK."

My wife, Jemima Jane, is a dear, sweet creature; but she must have a hobby. At one time her hobby was collecting autographs; at another it was "the cause of woman;" then it was making the acquaintance of literary lions; and now it is "æsthetic furniture" and "bric-a-brac."

"Bric-a-brac" is a felicitous phrase. It is so like "break your back." Let your wife, good sir, once catch the epidemic, and you will realize this to your cost. Nor is this the worst. Your house will be turned topsy-turvy, with a litter of old brasses, old crockery, old everything, till, at last, it will look like a junk-shop in the Bowery.

Now I have always thought, in my plain way, that the first object of furniture was to be useful, and the next was to be beautiful; and that it was really possible, at least sometimes, to combine the two. But I have lately learned that a chair only begins to be "æsthetic," when it has ceased to be comfortable; and that a room is never "æsthetic" until it is papered, or painted, so dark, that you cannot see anything in it. Moreover, nothing "æsthetic" is cheap. To be cheap would be vulgar, and nothing vulgar is "æsthetic," Q. E. D. Professor Analysis was at our house, the other night, at the meeting of the "Social-Cult Club," and lectured on house-decoration. He talked a long while about Queen Elizabeth, Queen Anne, Rococo, and Louis Quinze, but I am sure nobody knew exactly what he meant, and I suspect he did not know himself.

The first hint I had that Jemima Jane had taken up "æsthetics," was when we sat by the fire, one cold, winter night, and listened to the sleet rattling against the windows. I had just dined, and dined on my favorite dishes, and had smoked one of my favorite cigars, and was feeling a good deal like Tennyson's Lotus Eaters, only, I suppose, more so. Suddenly my spouse came behind me, and leaning fondly over the back of my chair, said:

"Absalom, my dear. don't you think we could afford new drawing-room chairs?"

"New parlor chairs!" I cried, starting up in astonishment. "What is the matter with those we have, my dear? We bought them, only a few years ago, and I paid, I remember, a pretty penny for them. You thought them, at that time, the pink of perfection. They're comfortable—"

I had begun very bold and positive, but as I proceeded, my wife fixed me with her eye, as the Ancient Mariner did the wedding guest; and my courage began, from that moment, to ooze out, and my speech to falter.

"My love," said Jemima Jane, in a tone of benign compassion for my ignorance, "the chairs are not the 'correct thing' at all. Why, they have curved legs; and you heard what Professor Analysis said, the other night, about curved legs."

"No, I had forgotten. But now I think of it, his legs are curved; in fact, he is frightfully bandy-legged. No wonder he—"

"Absalom," interrupted my wife, sternly, "no improper levity. I was speaking of curved legs to chairs as not being æsthetic, as you well know."

"Not æsthetic," I cried. "Good gracious, what is æsthetic, then? Our chairs follow the flowing curves, not only in legs, but everything; the flowing curves which the Greeks held to be the line of beauty—"

Jemima Jane interrupted me again.

"You are incorrigible, Smith." She always calls me Smith, when a trifle vexed. "You know, or ought to know, for Professor Analysis made it very clear, that wood should only be worked in straight lines, and that, therefore, curved legs to chairs are an outrage."

"Oh?" I ejaculated.

"The grain of wood is straight, and therefore, chair legs should be straight."

"Ah!" I groaned.

"You are enough to provoke a saint," cried Jemima Jane. "A block of wood couldn't be less æsthetic."

"Especially if it went against the grain."

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If Jemima Jane had been the wife of a "navvy," her answer, I suppose, would have been to fling the tongs at my head. Ladies, however, do not fling tongs. But they have an equally effective way of punishing their liege lords, as others than Bishop Proudie know. There are terrors to which the terrors of tongs are nothing, To make a long story short, I bought my peace, by buying, for Jemima Jane, dear, sweet, forgiving soul, an entirely new set of parlor chairs. The chairs were purchased on the recommendation of Professor Analysis. I was not consulted at all. I have found them straight, stiff, and fearfully uncomfortable. They are black, and have sage-green coverings—sage-green that looks as if it was faded before it was born. My back aches whenever I sit on one of them. But then they are "æsthetic," and that ought to be a consolation.

The new chairs of course led to new carpets, new hangings, new everything, including of course, new bills, and very big bills, too. Jemima Jane soon discovered that the old carpet was not the "correct thing" either: in fact that a carpet, covering the whole floor, was not "æsthetic:" the proper fashion was to have the boards stained, or laid in colored woods—*parquetry* I think she called it—and then a square carpet put down in the centre. "If we can not afford the harlequin woods," she said, "let the floor be stained to imitate walnut."

"Isn't that a sham?" I said; "and I thought no sham was 'æsthetic,' my dear." But she did not deign to reply. So we had the woods.

When the pocket handkerchief of a carpet was set down in the centre, with the chairs and lounges ranged around on the cold floor, it looked, as Jemima Jane said, "perfectly bewitching;" though, I confess, the mere sight of it made me sneeze, for it was a winter night.

She had lighted, not only the side lights, but the chandelier also, the first evening after the transformation, and was walking up and down the parlor, with her hands behind her back, like a sort of female Napoleon after Austerlitz. "Confess now," she said, exultingly, "that it is an improvement, Absalom."

"Oh! to be sure, my dear," I replied, "Yes!" But I said to myself, "it looks as if we couldn't raise money enough to carpet the whole floor."

The new curtains were of some loosely woven fabric, called, I think, raw silk, that looked like coarse teazled cloth before being dressed. They were striped horizontally, like a convict's garb, or a burnt beefsteak, and were hung from walnut poles, the old gilt cornices being pronounced, as so many other things were, "not correct." The new curtains were followed by new cabinets, one especially, in so-called black oak, vouched for by the dealer to be medieval, and really believed by Jemima Jane to be so.

"My dear," I said, in a tone of mild expostulation, "you surely don't believe that. Real old work is exquisitely carved, clear and sharp in every detail; and the wood of almost a satiny surface, the result of age. This looks as if made of cork, dyed; and the carving is not even second rate."

"That proves its antiquity," quickly retorted Jemima Jane. "The wood is worm-eaten with years. The carving was done when the execution of artists was weak, but when their divine inspirations of form and combination were colossal."

"Humph!" I said. "Divine inspirations! My dear, if you go on, you'll turn out as eloquent as Professor Analysis," and I thought to myself, though I did not say so, "and as incomprehensible." But I did say, "The very price ought to convince you the cabinet is an imitation: real, old work would be worth five times as much."

"I would rather take the opinion of Professor Analysis, who is an expert, than yours, my dear, who know nothing about it," said Jemima Jane, icily. "The professor assures me the cabinet is of the fifteenth century."

"Fifteenth nonsense," I ejaculated. "They make ship-loads of just such stuff in Venice, Flanders, France, and even, now-a-days, in New York, staining it, to make it look antique."

Her last hobby, I may add, is old china. There are half a dozen other ladies, who have the same mania, and when they meet together, at an "æsthetic" tea, as they do often at our house, the clatter is worse than it was at the tower of Babel. I hear Augustus Rex, old Chelsea, Delft, Rose Du Barry, Kaga, Kiota, Satsuma, Buino Retiro, Capo di Monte—what that means, heaven only knows—Celadon, Fleuri, old blue Nankin, Crown Derby, Lowestoft, old Worcester, Prince de Gallè, Hague, Chantilly, Neiderviller, soft paste and hard paste, incised decoration, the Imperial dragon, the Tycoon crest, Limoge, painting under the glaze, imperial yellow, old Vienna, Marienburg, a resistless torrent, a Niagara, of incomprehensible terms and phrases. As the discussions wax hotter, the fair critics all talk in the same breath, and together, till Mrs. Cent-per-cent, by the sheer force of shrill tones and powerful lungs, out-talks the rest, her voice soaring above the din, like the scream of an angry fishwoman, over the expostulations of a customer she is cheating.

It was in vain that Jemima Jane sought to initiate me into these mysteries. I could see no reason why I should be called on to admire an ugly thing, merely because it was antique. "Why,

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my dear," I expostulated, "you might as well ask me to say that old Mrs. Million, with her sharp shoulder-blades, hatchet face, and thousand wrinkles, is alluring to gaze upon. By the bye, she looks like what you call crackle ware, with those wrinkles of hers; and her skin is as green."

One day my wife brought home a blue vase, adorned with cameos in white, and said enthusiastically, "Even you, Absalom, can see the beauty of this. It's old Wedgewood."

"Yes! I like the classic shape, and the delicate cameos—"

"Oh? it's not that, stupid," broke in Jemima Jane. "It's the lovely surface. Feel it. It's like a baby's skin."

"A baby's skin!" I cried, bursting into laughter. "The softest thing I know of, my dear, is a lady's cheek; and I'm sure this is as rough as rhinoceros hide, compared to one I know."

She snatched the bit of Wedgewood away.

"Nonsense!" she cried. But I could see, that, nevertheless, she was flattered.

"Baby's skin," I went on, encouraged now to dare some more truths. "Oh! I've heard that story. How a Jew, in London, got his new china to feel like that, by immersing it in a tank of water and decayed leaves, till the slime became a part, as it were, of the porcelain. That's your baby's skin, my dear; and perhaps this is one of his pieces."

But Jemima Jane had walked out of the room; she did not wait for me to finish.

I come now to the climax of my story, for even a simple sketch like this must have its climax, just as much as the high tragedy of "Rare Ben" or Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. There happened, awhile before Christmas, a great sale of Japanese and Chinese goods, which threw all collectors of china into a fever, my wife among them. Day after day she sat, for six mortal hours, in a crowded auction room, bidding, or listening to others who bid. She did not buy much, however. Generally her friend, Mrs. Million, or her other friend, Mrs. Cent-per-cent, happened to want what she wanted, and so out-bid her, though with many apologies, and regrets, and nice little speeches, such as very fine, "tip-top society" ladies know how to indulge in, while wishing to cut your throats. She secured, in consequence, only what they did not care for, as a jackal gets merely what the lion of the forest leaves.

The last day, however, brought its compensation. Providence had been kind, and laid up Mrs. Million with a sore-throat, while Mrs. Cent-per-cent had over-eaten herself, at dinner, the night before, and was in agonies in consequence, with two doctors dosing her with draughts. There was a famous Satsuma bowl to be sold, on this last day, "marvellously decorated," as the catalogue described it, "a Buddhist deity, with incense burner," etc., etc. On securing this bowl, my wife, dear soul, had set her heart. I shall never forget the enthusiasm, with which she recounted her triumph, for she bought the bowl, I may as well say, after a brisk competition, against a host of competitors. She kindled, as she told the story, as Addison kindled on hearing Chevy Chase.

"My love," she said, leaning, eagerly, over the dinner table, and letting her soup get cold, "when the time came for that bowl to be put up, I was all in a tremble, would you believe it? The auctioneer held it up, turned it round so that all might see it, made a short speech about its merits, and the 'æsthetic' beauty of the principal figure, and then said, who bids? I tried to speak, but my heart was in my throat. There was a pause. The auctioneer looked round the audience, and cried, 'Will no one give me a bid for this superb Satsuma bowl, the rarest specimen that ever left Japan?' Somebody said, 'Ten dollars?' 'What?' said the auctioneer, with ineffable scorn, 'Ten dollars only for this marvellous bowl, to which there is no equal, not even in the Japanese Palace at Dresden.' By this time I had recovered my breath, and catching his eye, said, faintly, 'Twelve.' He saw me, and answered, 'Twelve dollars is bid for this wonderful bowl, that would be cheap at a hundred.' A new voice now cried, 'Fifteen.' The auctioneer looked quickly at the spot, from which the sound came, and then at me. 'Fifteen is bid; shall I say seventeen, madam?' I nodded. 'Seventeen is bid,' said the auctioneer. 'Eighteen,' said my competitor. 'Twenty,' I cried. 'Twenty-five,' said a new voice. 'Twenty-eight,' I retorted. And so the struggle went on, three or four others joining in, till some one bid fifty. At this I bid 'fifty-five.' After that the competition waxed hot and fast. It was between me, and somebody I could not see; and the bidding went on by fives, no longer by twos or threes. There was a thrill through the whole room, when, at last, the bidding rose to a hundred. This was the bid of my antagonist. I tell you, Jones, my blood was now up." She rose from her seat as she spoke, and looked at me, across the table, as if I was the fortress of Badajoz, and she was going to storm it, as you may read in Napier's brilliant work on the Peninsular War. "Yes! my blood was up; I was determined to go to the death for that bowl. 'One hundred and ten,' I cried. 'One hundred and ten,' repeated the auctioneer, and looked for my adversary. But there was no response. 'One

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hundred and ten,' said the auctioneer again; 'will any one bid one hundred and twenty?' But no one did bid a hundred and twenty. There was a long pause. Then the bowl was knocked down to me. Absolutely, Absalom, there was a cheer, actually a cheer; and I heard one gentleman, near me, whisper, 'What a plucky woman!' And there's the bowl, and it's a beauty, and I wouldn't take two hundred for it, for I suppose it's the only one of its kind in the world." And she pointed, triumphantly, to the trophy, which she had brought into the dining-room, and put on the side-board, in full view, that she might enjoy its beauties, while she ate.

"Very lovely," I said, affecting equal enthusiasm. The bowl, I may remark, was decorated with a black-faced man, (I do not like to use the phrase "nigger"), uglier and blacker than a gorilla, with a sort of yellow halo round his head, like a dilapidated and dirty sombrero. I said to myself, "This is Darwin's missing link." But I exclaimed aloud, "What color! What artistic feeling! Absolutely divine!"

Of course, that night, Jemima Jane lit all the lights in the drawing-room—parlor we used to call it, but that name is not "æsthetic" enough now—and tried a dozen places in which to put her treasure. At last she selected the top of a pedestal, on which a bronze bust of the Antinous Bacchus stood, removing the bust to an insignificant corner, as our wives, after we are dead, remove our portraits to the garret.

"The very place for it," she said, contemplating it from a distance. "Why didn't I think of it at first? Everybody will see it there. I never could understand what people fancied in that Bacchus, with his weak mouth, and his hair dressed like a woman's. Why don't you speak, Absalom? Don't you admire the bowl?"

"Admire it?" I cried, enthusiastically, "I can't find words, my dear, to express my admiration!" I broke off, as if overpowered, and struck an attitude, with uplifted hands.

"I thought so. I knew you couldn't," she interrupted, triumphantly. "The only bowl of its kind in the world."

I do not believe Jemima Jane slept much, that night. She pretended she did, but she tossed and tossed, muttering, "the only bowl of its kind in the world." When she did sleep, she was dreaming, I am sure, and dreaming of the bowl. I could see her hands were clenched, and she said, "no, you shan't have my bowl." She was fighting an imaginary enemy, perhaps Mrs. Cent-per-cent. Perhaps she had the night-mare, however, for she had eaten sausage for supper.

Jemima, God bless her, descended to breakfast, happy, smiling, as fresh as a new-blown rose. She always looks as fresh as a new-blown rose, at breakfast, I may remark.

I was saying to myself how pretty she looked, in the intervals of thinking how unusually good the coffee was, and wondering if the cook intended it as a prelude to asking for more wages, when, suddenly, there was a tremendous crash, from the drawing-room overhead, followed by a shriek, and that succeeded by portentous silence.

Jemima Jane sprang from her seat, as if she had heard the Judgment trump. "Gracious heaven," she cried, "can anything have happened to my bowl?" She was pale as death.

In a moment more, she was off, catching up her skirt to prevent tripping; off like a mad Pythoness, or female dervish (only there are no female dervishes), or whatever you like.

I followed. A few steps carried me up to the drawing-room. I reached there just in time to hear Jemima Jane shriek, and to imagine, for I was behind her, and could not see, what her face must be, as she looked at the ruins.

For, alas! it was the bowl. The parlor maid had been dusting, when a band of music, in the street, attracting her attention, she had rushed to the window; and in passing, the duster, which she held loose, had caught in the bowl, and dragged it off its pedestal. It lay now, on the floor, smashed into a thousand pieces.

Jemima did not faint, as, at first, I thought she would. She was, as the old gentleman in the auction room had said, "too plucky." But, the maid, who had been the cause of the catastrophe, will remember that morning, and Jemima Jane, to her dying day, even if she lives to the age of Methusclah.

DEEDS.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

GREAT deeds, lie not where banners wave,
And battlements are riven.
A name on earth, is only great,
If registered in Heaven.

Life's duties, which have strongest claim,
And fail no hour to woo us,
Are simple ones, unknown to fame,
Which lie the nearest to us.

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WHAT THE CURFEW SAID.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

"I TELL you, once for all, that I shall go when and where I please!"

"I do not doubt it."

Two voices: one, young, hot, and passionate; the other low and firm, with a touch of pained sorrow.

The speakers were standing in a quiet, narrow street of Rouen, that strange old Norman city, and underneath the famous belfry tower, whose clock and curfew is its pride; standing facing the dial, and gazing up at it from the archway; and yet Nina Sutherland had neither thoughts, nor eyes, for anything, except the quiet, rather proud-looking man beside her.

The rest of the party had gone on, leaving Nina and Hugh Loring to follow them. Mrs. Carlyle, Nina's aunt, had, in a weak moment, taken that young woman under her wing for a year's trip to Europe, but had long since given up the problem of how Nina was to be "managed."

Loring was an old friend of Nina's, who had followep her ove to Europe. Now, before he had been near her for a week, it was all over with him. Not that Nina would allow to her aunt or cousins that they were engaged, "Oh, no! Hugh and she were dear friends; yes, very dear friends," admitted the young lady, with flickering color, to Clarke Lindsay, one day, "but as for being engaged—I forbid the subject." And Lindsay shrugged his shoulders, but retained his convictions for all that.

But it was not because of Lindsay's attentions, persistent as they were, that the present state of things had come to pass. The party had a recent addition to its numbers, in the shape of a young French count, whom Nina had known in Italy last winter, and whose beautiful old chateau stood not far from Rouen. And Nina, being a born coquette, and full of the folly of her nineteen years, was flirting with him, in a way that would have been perfectly understood by her own countrymen, but which the Frenchman took to mean that the girl would marry him, whenever he made up his mind to offer her his hand, and as he wanted money, he intended to do it.

Loring had been away on an excursion of ten days in Britainy, and returned to find de Brézé monopolizing Nina, in a way that offended his good taste. He bore it without remonstrance, for several days. But that morning there had been a talk of an excursion to the village, with a breakfast at the chateau. Unluckily, Mrs. Carlyle had one of her headaches; these headaches invariably lasted for three days, and she was totally unfit for any exertion for at least two more after the pain itself subsided; and the girls were in despair at the idea of giving up the frolic. For de Brézé had to return to Paris on business, and this was the only day left him, in which to open his doors to the fair American. And so Nina, not to be baulked in her whim of seeing the interior of the old chateau, had calmly announced her intention of going with the two girls, her cousins, and both younger than herself, and Clarke Lindsay; Loring, if he chose.

It was, of course, according to foreign ideas, an utterly improper and unheard of caprice, only indulged in by those "crazy Americans." But Mrs. Carlyle was really too ill to understand what her mad-cap niece and daughters proposed doing, or even her languid indifference would have been roused to remonstrate. So Loring, to his amazement, was informed by Nina, that her aunt had consented to their going, in the same breath in which the young lady desired his attendance. Now, Loring had an important engagement to keep, that day, at Dieppe; and it was absolutely out of the question, that he should break it and accompany Nina; and it was equally impossible for him to get a return train from Dieppe, until five o'clock in the day, which would be too late to go to the chateau. Under these circumstances, he had thought it but reasonable to request Nina to give up the visit, and his remonstrance might have succeeded, but for a chance, mischievous remark of Emily Carlyle. Far would it have been from Emily's mind, to make serious trouble between the pair, but she was likewise possessed with an eager desire to see the chateau Brézé; so she goaded Nina into rebellion, by asking whether, "'Sir Hugo' would give his permission?" After that, Nina would have dared almost anything, rather than fail in her plan of a day's frolic.

So she turned a pair of defiant eyes on Hugo, and answered, "I am glad to find you know me so well! Don't you think, after this, that you will see I am not to be controlled?"

The blood rushed into his face. For half a second, he was tempted to make a reply as hot and foolish as her own. Then his calm judgment

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came to his aid, and the love, that spoke in his eyes, had a shade of pity with it.

"My dear," he said, gently, "I am older than you, perhaps some would say that there is too much difference in our ages for perfect love to exist, that the tinge of grey in my hair speaks too plainly of the years that lie between us—but I do not think so. You know that, Nina. And I tell you that you will deeply regret your folly, if you do it; which I trust you will not, when I add that this is my first and last request."

Nina felt as if a cold hand had clutched her heart-strings; but reckless passion possessed her soul, and so she hurried on, putting her good angel aside.

"I am tired of hearing you quote your 'age,'" she said, coldly. "If you are to be lecturing me perpetually, we had better put an end to all this—at once!"

Had the sun gone under a cloud? Had the day grown hopelessly dark? A mist seemed to rise before Hugh, shutting out the quaint, grey tower, and the glimpse of blue sky above the narrow street. For a moment, he made no answer; and Nina took advantage of his silence to dash down the hill. But before she reached the rest of the party, a hand touched her arm.

"One moment!" The girl hardly recognized the voice, it was so oddly husky. "Do not be afraid of another lecture? Of course, I can *now* have no right to interfere. But, Nina, before yonder belfry sounds curfew to-night, I feel that you will be sorry for your wilfulness. It may be some comfort to you then, to remember that I said, 'I forgive.'" With these words he left her.

Notwithstanding this little delay, the party reached the hotel, in time to find de Brézé's family coach before the door—a genuine old-time affair, with postilions in yellow liveries. The count met them at once.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he began, reproachfully, in very good English; "I began to despair. Madame, I am told, is indisposed; but I trust your fair cousins and yourself may persuade her to accompany you, and breakfast at my chateau, as you promised."

"You need not fear our depriving ourselves of the charming excursion, count," said Emily Carlyle, with the audacity of her seventeen years. "Mamma isn't able to hold up her head, and will be in that wretched condition for at least two days to come; but *we* are going—Amy, Nina, Mr. Lindsay, and myself."

All the count's *savoir vivre* did not prevent a slight look of surprise, which, transient as it was, caught Nina's keen eyes, and only added to her resentment against Hugh.

"That is, if the count will have such a juvenile party, Emily," she said.

De Brézé was no fool, and yet, for a moment, he was beguiled into fancying that the beautiful American had actually been so unhappy as to fall in love with him; and comforting himself with the thought, that if *she* did not care for *les convenances*, he need not, he made polite answer, and proceeded to assist the girls into the coach.

It was a ride of seven miles. Up through the quaint streets of the old town, the town of all others, that seems to have lain sleeping these many years, and around which there hangs a curious aroma of the middle-ages. One can almost fancy that you see the nodding plumes, and brilliant armor of the knights and nobles in Duke William's train, wind in and out the steep, narrow streets, while from yonder gabled windows some fair Norman dame waves a silken kerchief to her passing lover. Then on, over the hill, where stands the lovely old church, and far below your feet, the blue water sparkles in the sunshine, while on either hand before you are green banks, dotted with scarlet poppies, and blue corn-flowers!

But Nina saw nothing of this. I think there are times, when a veritable, almost a visible, spirit of evil enters into us women, and silencing our better angel, leads us into pain and suffering, with our eyes wide opened. It was such a moment with Nina then. Had Hugh been near her, perhaps his very presence would have exorcised the demon, and brought back her better-self; but in his absence, resentment and self-indulged temper ruled. And yet, never had she been more witty and brilliant, more thoroughly charming, than that day.

At last the old grey towers of the chateau came in sight, and the girls were wild with delight, as the coach rolled up into the court-yard. Two ancient retainers stood bowing at the steps, while de Brézé's *valet*, an exquisite, who looked strangely out of place by their side, assisted the party to alight. The chateau was really worthy the exclamations it called forth from the party; for it was replete with grand old tapestry, china and paintings. To be sure, the best of the latter had gone to pay Léon's gambling debts; but the quaint family portraits still remained—until he should chose to emulate Charles Surface—and they were well worth looking at. The party roamed through the old halls and bed-rooms. From the apartment, where Countess Genevieve, Léon's great, great, grandmother, had mixed a deadly potion, with her own fair hands, drank it, and lain down to die, on the huge, four-posted bed, because her lover had proved false, and

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betrayed her to her lord; from that ghostly room, to one once occupied by Catherine de Medicis, and thence, through the suite, down to the one used by the present countess, with its modern luxuries, and Parisian comforts. Then they passed through the dining-hall, and from its vast and sombre stateliness, were ushered into a bright, modern boudoir, where breakfast was served in the daintiest manner. Altogether, it was a charming day, and might have left but the pleasantest of memories, save for Nina's own suggestion.

After breakfast was over, she was seized with a desire to explore the grounds, and park, which the count said were extensive; and, although even Lindsay looked disapproval of wandering about the place, *sans chaperone*, she persisted; and, after an hour or so spent in dawdling in the gardens, the party scattered, Léon, however, keeping close at Nina's side.

They talked on, and on, through the beautiful trees, until finally, far away on the left, Nina spied a low, grey turret, lifting its head among the trees.

"Oh, what is that?" she said, eagerly, "another chateau?"

"That?" said the count, with a curious smile, "that is an ornamental tower, very old, of which the lower part only is safe. Would you like to go inside?"

Nina seized upon the idea, and presently they reached the tower, and ascended the somewhat insecure-looking steps. There was a queer, low door just in front of them, and the rusty key turned in the lock with a groan and creak; but finally it opened, and Nina found herself inside.

"There is nothing here, after all," she said, disappointed. "Nothing, except an ivy-covered window, with three of the panes gone, and a few lizards, who are rapidly deserting us," and she pointed where the pretty green creatures were gliding quickly across the floor. "No, count, I think the park and sunshine are preferable to this mouldy room."

"Stay, *chérie*," and to her amazement, and somewhat, it must be confessed, to her terror also, Léon closed the door, and leaned against it. "I have much to say to you," he went on, looking her full in the face, "and it were best told here, where, if tradition tells truly, many words of love have been spoken. It was here that Geneveive met her lover, and here that—"

"Count de Brézé!" Nina's haughty temper was on fire now, though her tone was most contemptuous; "I do not understand how stories of Countess Geneveive can possibly interest *me*. I have always supposed she was hardly an ancestress to be proud of. Have the goodness to change the subject."

There was a bitter, black drop of blood in the de Brézé line, and the currish taint showed in Léon's face, as he answered, slowly:

"Ah, why are you so cruel? Have you not come to my house, eaten of my bread, and smiled my very soul away; and do you now deny me a touch of those lovely lips, a caress of your hand? Listen, Nina! you must, you *shall* be mine."

How the scales fell from her eyes! She absolutely loathed him, at that moment. Truly, this was dear payment for her folly. But she was as brave as a lion, through it all.

"I think you are a little mad," she said, coldly ignoring him. "You invited me, with my cousins, to breakfast at your chateau; I have done so. With many thanks for your hospitality, you will permit me to join the rest of the party, immediately."

He laughed. It was such a sneering laugh, that Nina felt it as if it had been a blow.

"You do not leave me thus, *ma belle*," he said; "you forget that I want you, Nina Sutherland, for my wife, nor will I take a refusal. Behold! I have only to turn the key, and here we will remain, until the answer be 'yes.' If the others think we have eloped—ah! so much the better!"

He was drawing nearer her. The first, wild impulse of terror almost forced a scream from Nina's lips. But she rallied immediately. Not by look, much less by word, should he see that she was afraid. Fortunately, too, at that instant, she heard the familiar tinkle of the rude bells, with which the Normandy peasants deck their horses, followed by the merry laughter of her cousins. She sprang to the window, and looked out, calling aloud—"Emily! Oh, there you are, thank fortune! Such a tiresome thing has happened. We came in the tower, and now the count cannot undo the latch of this old door, from the inside. How lucky you came this way. We might have been forced to get out of the window. Mr. Lindsay, do come to our assistance; its horribly damp here."

Then, as she heard Clarke Lindsay's step on the stair, she turned to Léon.

"Do not dare to speak to me—to presume to know me again, when next we chance to meet! If you do, all your world shall know how dastardly a creature the man is, who, under cover of his hospitality and a girl's inexperience, takes advantage to insult and threaten a defenceless woman!"

He answered never a word. The blunder was too palpable for even his baffled rage. But he

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made some light remark to Lindsay, and threw the old key away, as they came out upon the green sward.

On the winding road, outside the hedge, which divided the park from it, stood one of the lumbering Normandy carts, with its white cover, and big horse; and it was the bells of this old fashioned team that she had heard. Emily was bartering with the old peasant-woman for some strawberries, and two bright-eyed, brown-faced children were peeping out from under the seat.

An idea flashed across Nina's brain; she would not subject herself to another moment's endurance of de Brézé's hateful society. She would pay the market-woman to let her ride into town in the cart.

To evolve an idea was to execute it, with Nina's quick, impulsive temperament; and so she ran up to the old peasant, and in rapid French, which she spoke with the ease, almost, of a native Frenchwoman, propounded her plan.

She had never ridden in a market-cart, she said, and among such beautiful strawberries. Ah! what marvels they were. Would not the good mother permit her to occupy the seat as far as the Hotel d'Angleterre, and let *la petite* there ride on mademoiselle's knee? Of a truth, she was weary of riding in coaches. Could she not just once travel *en paysanne?*

All this, and much more, Nina poured forth, in her winning, charming way, and the old peasant came out of her bewilderment, and assured mademoiselle that the cart, the strawberries —I am sure she did not even include *la petite*— were at her disposition.

Clarke Lindsay was loud in his protest against Nina's leaving them, and Nina was forced to make some sort of an excuse to the count, but Emily gave her shoulders a true Gallic shrug, and remarked:

"Now, that's precisely like Nina. Don't waste words on her, good people. She never can be satisfied to do as others do. I'm sure it's intensely proper. The old woman won't strangle her, will she?" Whereat, even Lindsay laughed, and Nina clambered up into the high seat, and with thankful heart, waved her hand to them, as the horse started, and the cart rumbled slowly down the road.

Nina will never forget that ride. It had grown late, the day was nearly spent, and the sun was sinking, while the soft twilight began to cast its mellow light over the picturesque Normandy hills. What a boon nature was to the girl's passionate heart! The good humored peasant chattered volubly on, in her droll *patois*, telling how they appeared to be so late upon the road, and that, praise to the holy saints, she had the custom of the very hotel to which mademoiselle was going, and so would lose nothing by the lateness of the hour. The brown-eyed children sat at Nina's feet, gazing, wonderingly, up at the pretty lady, her rings, her dress, and the flowers in her hat.

"Is she not lovely, Jean?" whispered the tiny girl; "like Saint Cecile! Dost thou not wish to kiss her?"

At last, the old town was reached. Nina leaned back in silence, under cover of the white top of the cart, wondering whether Hugh would be back from Dieppe, and fearing, yet half longing, to meet him. But no tall figure met her gaze, as they drove along the quay. She climbed down by herself, when the cart stopped at the entrance of the hotel, on the side street. Then she gave the old peasant a liberal douceur, and bidding the children to come, to-morrow, to find some bon-bons, Nina went wearily up the stairs.

The lights were burning brightly in their parlor, and she heard the voices of the party, as she stole quickly past the door, and reached her own room. Her invaluable maid, Flora, whom she had brought with her from America, rose as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Nina," she said. "Mrs. Carlyle has been in such a way about you. The young ladies got back some time ago; and they told her, very foolishly, that you had left them, to come with an old peasant. Do let me tell her you are here."

"Very well," said Nina, wearily. "But I am tired. My head aches frightfully, Flora. Say I have taken a cup of tea—and don't disturb me again."

She threw herself on the sofa, with a long-drawn sigh. Flora paused, fumbled with the door, and hesitatingly went away.

Nina lay there a long, long time, with a pain, gnawing at her heart strings, whose intensity she had never conceived of. The moments rolled away. Still she lay, with closed, tearless eyes, and a longing that grew to passion, to blot out that day's work. At last, she became conscious, that some one was talking, in rapid French, at her door, in the passage; two servants, wrangling over a trunk, apparently.

"I tell you, no," said one, "this was to go to-night. The other, oh, fool, that thou art! goes by *petit vitesse* to Havre, to await the steamer. Dost not see that mine is the smallest? *Allons*, monsieur, the big American is in his room, No. 26; go, ask him?"

That was Hugh's room! The steamer—great heavens, was he *going?* And going home?

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Swiftly, silently, the door opened upon André, causing him to start back in dismay.

"What is this?" Nina demanded. "Who goes to-night?"

André stared, begged pardon, and, lowering his voice to the proper and respectful pitch, informed mademoiselle that Mons. Loring was to depart by the early train, *en route* for America. "He, himself, had the honor to receive monsieur's commands, but Paul was stupidity itself, about the trunks, one of which—"

"Yes, I know," cried Nina—"that is all. Do not disturb me again;" and she closed her door.

Her knees shook under her. She fell back upon the sofa. Oh, God! was *this* the end?

"ONE!"

Out, on the soft air, rang the grand old Curfew bell.

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

The sounds seemed to fall, with absolute physical pain, on Nina's heart. Back, over the girl's soul, surged the might and passion of her love. Into darkness and oblivion, shrank the demons of pride and self-will. Oh! how she had tortured him! How she had wrung his heart! Nay, what was that he said? "Before the belfry sounds Curfew to-night, you will be sorry." Was she not? And then, long-drawn—it seemed like a deep sigh to the girl's excited feelings—the last, final stroke.

"NINE!"

As an inspiration, the remembrance of his last words came to her; "I forgive!" Why not ask him *now* to pardon her?

She never paused to think. One wild idea possessed her. She loved him, and he was going—going, never to see her. And with a final choking back of the sobs, that threatened to break forth afresh, Nina flung open her door; and there, facing her in the narrow corridor, stood Hugh!

What Hugh saw was a beautiful, anguished face; two great eyes, brimful of tears; and lovely, pale lips, that trembled sorely.

Bravely, she went toward him—

"I was all you said," she whispered, brokenly, "and I am sorry, oh! *so sorry*. Hugh! don't leave me to be wretched, like this—forgive—"

There her voice forsook her, in a great sob.

"My darling!"

With these two softly-breathed words, Hugh drew her hand through his arm, and carried her out on the balcony.

And there they stood, neither, for many minutes, capable of utterance.

"Did you fancy I could have left you without a word?" he whispered, reproachfully, at last.

Then Nina, made brave by his words and looks, told him all, even her bitter experience of that day.

Hugh drew her fondly to his heart.

"When I heard the Curfew toll, its voice seemed calling me to you, my child," he said, tenderly. "It said many things, with that wonderful, solemn tone. It told me that my bonnie wild-rose was a motherless girl, and as such to be tenderly borne with; that she was proud, yet gentle, too; that I loved her, yes, more than all the world, and that to her—"

"Stop, Hugh!" The dainty fingers were laid, ever so softly, on his lips, and she hid her face on his shoulder. "Forgiveness, Love and Peace—that was 'WHAT THE CURFEW SAID.'"

A DREAM: ON THE LAKE SHORE.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

My face is wet, with soft warm spray,
As on the beach I dreaming lie,
And watch the vessels float away,
Their white sails sharp against the sky.
The crimson of the setting sun,
Reddens the sand cliffs overhead,
Their high tops crowned with oak and pine,
And green vines o'er their edges spread:

And, while I dream, my thoughts go back
A hundred years, perhaps, or more,
When forests knew the red-man's track,
And bark boats lay along the shore.
The bright sun slowly sinks from sight,
O'er lake and hills the shadows fall,
I hear a lone bird of the night,
Return his lost mate's plaintive call.

But, o'er the sound of bird and lake,
Above the pine trees' moaning sigh,
I hear the death song wildly break;
The death-fire tints the lead black sky.
Now, in its glowing light I see,
The painted warriors circle round,
Now deep in shade they seem to be
But shadows gliding o'er the ground.

In silent pride, the prisoner stands,
His eyes far out upon the lake,
He heeds not smoke, nor burning brands,
No jeer, or taunt, his calm can break;
But dip, dip, dip, a plashing oar
Recalls me to the present day,
I see the driftwood on the shore,
Where, in my dream, the bark boat lay.

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THE NOVEMBER NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 127.

CHAPTER X.

If fresh developments, in the family troubles, were the cause of their sudden recall, the brothers contrived to conceal it from Lucy's watchful eyes. Judith welcomed them with a less funereal countenance than usual, announcing that supper was ready, and that her mistress was confined to her room with a sudden attack of illness.

Lucy ran bustling to her, without waiting to take off her hat. She was the kindest-hearted of nurses, and had cases full of all the famous decoctions used by Marshalls and Lees for generations. She found Mrs. Thayer on a lounge, very white and haggard, her eyes shut, and for the first time in her life, probably, her tongue silent. She had no complaint to make—was "comfortable and happy, and would be down with them, the next day."

"She must be going to die!" cried Lucy, frightened, to her husband. "She looks as though the waters had overwhelmed her soul, as the psalmist says."

"Your imagination runs away with you," he said, tranquilly, stirring his coffee. "She has a sick headache, probably."

"John was quite too tranquil. He is feigning indifference," Lucy told Christine, in confidence, that evening. "His mother has had a sudden blow, which has cured her of all her megrims, and propensity for whimpering. The poor soul has some reality of life to grapple with now; and her sons are trying to hide it from us. I wish they would trust me, I know I could be of use." And the tears stood in her eyes as she spoke

But whatever was the secret, it did not come to the light. The household fell back into its ordinary routine; with the difference made by the absence of the old lady, who remained in her room, growing weaker and paler, and more silent each day, refusing, for the most part, to see any one but Judith.

"Your mother," said Lucy, after a fresh rebuff, "will not let me prescribe for her, though I am quite sure quinine would bring her round in no time. You ought to insist upon her seeing Doctor Falls."

"No doctor can cure her disease," he said, gloomily.

"Well, such neglect may suit your notions of propriety; it doesn't mine. I believe her to be dying, John."

He rose hastily. "It is not I who have killed her, then," he said, and left the room.

Lucy went as usual to Christine with her story. The two young women had grown intimate, and been driven to confide in each other; at first, from the necessity for Lucy to have somebody to gossip with upon the coming wedding, and afterwards, by the solitude in which they found themselves, and the vague terror which beset them, day by day. For while the brothers came and went as usual, and outwardly conducted themselves as was their wont, both Lucy and Christine felt that they acted in concert to defend her and her friend from the knowledge of a near, impending disaster. George worked with Christine in the garden, taught her, read to her as before; but in all he did, there was the same furtive watchfulness: a constant look and tone which reminded her of a sentinel, on guard against a deadly foe. He spoke of his love but seldom, and then the words broke through the stern control, which he placed over himself, hurried and burning, as might a man's, who dared to think of happiness in the presence of a dead body.

"God knows," said Lucy to the girl, "what is coming upon us now; but you, at least, have not had your share of happiness in this world, you poor child. I don't know any delight to equal that of courtship. I may as well confess it. Flirtation is all very well, and good fun, too. But to have a man like a slave, for months, at one's beck and nod, making himself useful and charming at every turn. Well, it's to be a queen for a little while, my dear. But this doleful prison, and the fashion of George's wooing—all passion one hour, and funereal gloom the next. You have lost your chance, I'm afraid!"

When Lucy carried the story of Mrs. Thayer's condition to Christine, it was with a plan for its cure.

"George forbade your mentioning your engagement to his mother," she said. "But he did not forbid me to tell her; and I shall do it, and that this very night. She has fallen into a moping melancholy, for the lack of something to

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think of; and no wonder! I'd not be surprised if this house made driveling idiots of the whole of us! She needs to be roused, startled. I'll rouse her with the account of your engagement to George. Don't say a word. My mind's made up."

Christine did not say a word. Her own mind moved as slowly as her body; she never arrived at any conclusion concerning trifles, in time to act on them; but looked on with tranquil approbation at Lucy, who hit some nail on the head every hour, and drove it securely home. "Poor Christy!" said Lucy to her husband, again and again. "A loveable creature, but stupid as a cow, chewing the cud from morning until night. Heaven knows what would become of her, in a sudden emergency. She would be totally helpless."

As evening approached, Lucy felt some little trepidation, at the task she had set herself. It certainly did occur to her that an ill-natured person might accuse her of meddling. "But Christine is absolutely too dull to manage her own love affairs!" she said to herself. "None of them see what is just the right thing to do at this juncture!"

So comforting herself, she left the dining-room, where the brightly-lighted table, at least had the appearance of comfort; and, on the pretence of a headache, went to her own room, and prepared for her visit to Mrs. Thayer.

The apartments, occupied by the old lady, lay at the other end of a long corridor from her own. When she closed her chamber door, behind her, the lamp was already turned down low, in this passage, according to Judith's practice.

"Whah bin you gwine, Miss Lucy?" demanded that official, starting up abruptly from a recess in the hall, with a suddenness, that convinced Lucy that she had been keeping watch like a dog.

"To Mrs. Thayer's room," she answered, with forced carelessness. Her guilty conscience accused her of trying to pry into the secret of the household; and the old woman's keen eyes, she fancied, read her purpose.

"Yoh kin go back widout de trouble den. Miss Thayer am asleep, hours ago, an' can't be disturbed."

Lucy nodded, and turned back into her own chamber. She left the door ajar, however, and saw that Judith kept watch for some time, going reluctantly down stairs at last, when it became necessary to oversee the removal of the dinner. For but one other servant was kept in the household; a stolid, half-blind, German wench, who never left the kitchens; and it was impossible to leave this delicate task to her.

As soon as Judith's last step was heard below, Lucy removed her shoes, opened the door, and ran in her stockings lightly down the dark corridor. Coming to the door of Mrs. Thayer's chamber, she pushed it softly open.

Judith had told the truth. The old lady lay quietly sleeping on the bed; and the dimly-burning lamp, outside, threw a flicker of light over her white, thin face.

Lucy's heart wrenched her with pity.

"What can this secret of her dead son be, which has brought her so near to the grave?" she thought. She passed into the room, and stood by the bed, half sorrowful, and wholly curious; her keen eyes searching into every dark corner, as though she expected to see the mystery, hidden there, appear in bodily form.

She saw nothing, however, and had turned to go back, when a sudden draught of cold air struck her, coming from the solid wall, behind the bed.

"Very singular!" muttered Lucy, bending her brows, to peer into the darkness, which, however, showed her nothing.

She passed hastily round the bed. The sleeper gave a low moan, and turned.

"Poor soul! she has been tortured long enough. I'll set matters right now," said Lucy, setting her lips tightly. Long black curtains were hung upon the wall. They were blown violently forward. Lucy parted them. Behind, near the foot of the bed, she found a narrow door, apparently leading into a closet.

"Very curious! *I* never was told of this," she said. In a glow of heat, with excitement, she pressed forward. The closet was furnished with shelves, on each side, from floor to ceiling. The shelves, filled with books, pamphlets, bundles of cloth, and muslin, such as would naturally accumulate in the store room, of the mother of a family. Lucy paused. The closet was a proper, necessary closet, such as even her keen eyes might have overlooked. The next moment she saw that one entire side, shelves and all, projected a little from the wall. She touched it, and it swung easily open, like a door, showing a long, dark passage within.

The secret was in her hand! She ran down the passage, her heart beating with fear, but resolved to go through with her search, whatever might be the result.

At the end of this passage was a half open door, through which came a dull gleam of light. She stopped to discover where she was. The house was not the manorial hall of a novel, in which we may expect to find secret doors and covered ways, but, though modern, it was large, scrambling, in half disrepair, and connected by long passages with the stables and kitchen offices.

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The room beyond, therefore, could not, she was convinced, be much larger than a closet, and must be built in one of the now unused stables, where its position could not be discovered from outside. It was, in fact, a granary, which had been turned, by the Thayer brothers, into a chamber, and connected by a door with the passage in which Lucy stood.

As she thus halted, partly daunted by fear, and partly to collect her wits, she heard a low, muttering sound from the room within, a feeble, indistinct voice, complaining where there were none to hear.

She drew back. One of the loosely-laid planks on the floor rattled noisily under her feet. The next moment the door opened, and a creature, whether beast or human, she could not tell, came out, and ran swiftly down the hall towards her.

It stooped, as it ran, with its arms held out; stopped, tottered and swayed from side to side; then ran again.

Lucy stood motionless from sheer terror. The door had closed behind, and the darkness was now complete. The figure stopped a few feet from her, silent, still holding out its arms imploringly. The pause gave Lucy courage to retreat. She began to move stealthily backwards.

"Christine! Christine!" The voice was like that of the very ghost of a man, but the figure did not move any further towards her.

By this time Lucy had gained the door, and pushing it open, she dashed through it, trembling and staggering on her way through Mrs. Thayer's room. The door, as she escaped, closed with a dull thud behind her.

The old woman started up, with a cry. Lucy, having reached the corridor, rushed against Miss Noble, who was coming up from her own room.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTINE had evidently but lately left the dinner-table. She wore the same gray dress, and white fillet in her hair, she had worn there; but she looked like one suddenly awakened from sleep.

"Whose voice was that?" she cried, wildly, catching Lucy by the shoulder, and looking beyond her, with wide, eager eyes.

"God knows! Is this house haunted?"

At this moment, the voice was heard again.

"Christine! Christine!" it cried.

The sound, feeble at first, was now almost shut out by the closed doors between.

"It calls me—me! I knew I was not mistaken!" said Christine, trembling all over, and as white as a ghost.

Lucy, whose teeth were chattering with sheer terror, looked with amazement at Christine, for whatever was the emotion that moved her, it was not fear. It was something, on the contrary, that was forcible and terrible enough to lift this girl, usually so slow, and apparently so stupid, to prompt and decided action. As she put Lucy aside, that bustling little person felt like a child, before her.

Christine, without speaking, went forward quietly, and opened Mrs. Thayer's door, Lucy creeping after her. A strong light was burning in the room, which bore marks of great disorder. The bed-clothes were lying on the floor, where they had fallen, when Mrs. Thayer had risen. She stood there now, wrapped in a dressing-gown, her gray hair falling about her shoulders, a wild, eerie spectacle.

The light, however, had put half Lucy's terrors to flight. She recovered, at once, her self-assurance, the quicker that she saw that the secret door was closed, and that George Thayer was in the room. "He must have entered by that secret door," coolly reflected Lucy, now as self-collected and practical.

Christine went directly up to him.

"Whose voice did I hear, just now, George?" she said. But at the same time, she laid her hand on his arm, with a curious gesture of appeal and dependence.

"You have been dreaming, child," said Mrs. Thayer. "It is this woman," turning angrily on Lucy, "who is resolved to bring disgrace and death into the house. But she cannot do it! There is nothing here," throwing out both arms. "An old woman's chamber! What would you have, gentlemen? The person you look for is not here."

"Mother! mother!" George cried, and led her to a seat, and whispered to her for a moment. Then he came to where Christine stood, whose very eyes seemed to listen.

"Christine! You love me?" he said, as if incoherently.

"God knows I do, George. But I heard—"

"What matter what you heard?" he answered, quickly. "You are mine. Mine! Neither the dead, nor the living, shall part us!"

He threw his arms about her, and held her to his breast, his eyes fixed on the dark curtain.

"I hear him!" cried Christine. "It is Shepard Thayer that calls me from the grave. I must go."

She shrank away from George, as she spoke; and then, with strange inconsistency, as it seemed, clung closer to him.

The curtain shook, and was thrust aside. A man pushed his way into the room.

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"Shepard Thayer does not call from the grave by any means," he said, coolly, with a half laugh. "He is alive, and means to have all his property back, especially the woman who belongs to him."

The speaker, who thus suddenly appeared on the scene, was a tall, emaciated man, dressed only in his shirt and trowsers. Lucy scanned him sharply, with a faint impression of having seen him before. "But it is his likeness to George," she hastily determined. "Draw George out into a vague length, give him the black moustache, and scowl of the bravo in the opera, and you have your man."

"Come, Christine!" said the intruder, as he spoke, leaning with folded arms against a chair, evidently too feeble to stand upright. But habit had given an imperious insolence to his very attitude of weakness. "Christine!" he continued, "you have not forgotten me, I imagine."

George loosened his hold on Christine, and strode forward.

"What right have you to her?" he cried. "What have you done to deserve her? You are silent. It is my turn to speak. I have kept silence all my life."

"You've been a very saint for patience, George, that's the fact," said Shepard, with a good-humored laugh; "and if you're going to say that I've been a hard burden to bear, I'll acknowledge it at once."

"There is more to say than your good-humored jesting can dispose of," cried George, vehemently. "And I mean to say it in Christine's presence. Not from ill will to you, Shepard, but because the glamour must fall from her eyes, before I marry her."

"Marry her? It has gone as far as that, eh? I shall tell her the story in my own way, for all that. I'll rid her of the glamour fast enough. Nobody can say that Shep Thayer ever hid his short-comings, or for that matter, was ashamed of them. You thought me a hero, Christy. These are the facts of the case. I was a dead weight on the family, when I was a boy. Many's the thrashing George and John took for me. God bless them! I'm grateful for it all. Then came the other scrapes, gambling, drinking, playing the deuce with Christine's little property—"

"You did not touch my property, Shepard. You were the most honorable, best of men," interposed Christine, looking at him and then at the rest.

"No, Christy! I cleaned you out of every dollar."

"Shepard, dear," his mother's voice interposed, "you needed the money. You only borrowed it. You would have explained it, if you could."

"Should I? You always did believe in me, mother," his voice softening for a moment. Then he turned to Christine, with the same melodramatic, jeering defiance. "I had no chance to do it; for, two weeks after I left you, I was arrested in St. Louis, for forgery, and convicted. I served out my term there."

"Tell her that you were innocent, Shepard," cried his mother.

"Now you understand, Christine, the game my family has played. I went into prison, under an alias. They determined to keep Shep Thayer's name and character sweet. They gave out that I was dead. If I chose to reform, I was to be resurrected, brought home, the fattest calf killed, and you handed over to me. Mother here thought that, in you, lay my salvation. They made a sort of demi-god of me for you, and left you to believe yourself an heiress. It has taken all that John and George could earn, to furnish your yearly income, and to pay certain outstanding debts of mine, which might trouble me, if I came back. The boys have behaved cursedly well, I'll say that."

"Why do you tell me all this?" said the girl.

She stood a little apart from the two brothers, looking first at one, and then the other. She was quiet, steady; eye and brain alert; every nerve tense; she absorbed the atmosphere, the room, as the strong man or woman does in the imminent moment. "Do you want me to hate you?"

"N—no. It really does not matter much. You have learned to love George, I understand. But you will come to me, all the same, when I call you," significantly.

"Why have you told me this?" she repeated. "I made a school girl's hero of you. You have made me see that you are a swindler, and a felon."

"Well," carelessly, "I wanted to be just to the boys. It was clever in them. Nobody can say Shep Thayer is ungrateful!" with a lofty wave of the hand, which quite wiped out whatever debt he had incurred, by the years of sacrifice and hard work that his family had given to him. "If nobody else recognized the nobility of their lives, *I* did it! I may have been in obscurity, while in prison, but those who know Shep Thayer, know his sensitiveness to any indication of merit, or high-spirited action in others."

He paused, as an orator does, when he has made a point, to allow his hearers to receive its full force.

They assuredly did receive it. His mother

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clung to him, her pale eyes swimming with tears. "Oh, Shepard, we do know you! We know you always looked at things from a higher point than any of us. I wish dear John was here, to hear you speak so affectionately of him!"

George stood looking doubtfully at his brother. He had learned, secretly, in these long years of hard service, to regard Shepard as a lovable fellow, but undoubtedly a scoundrel, born with coarse passions, and a total lack of principle. But he could not hear the man talk, for half an hour, without feeling sure that his own vulgarity and inferiority had hindered his appreciation of this refined soul.

Lucy's shrewd eyes, at first, watched him with amusement and disgust. The man, she saw, was above all things a hero in his own eyes. It was a necessity with him to pose, to feel himself upon a pedestal, to orate about himself. He would rather proclaim himself a forger and convict, than keep a silence. But as Shepard orated, our little Lucy fell a victim to his eloquence. She could not resist a secret conviction that the poor fellow was a noble wreck at worst: wronged by destiny, of finer fibre than his commonplace brother George, and, it might be, than her own husband. When he talked of his sensitiveness to merit in others, she heard it with a sudden certainty of its truth. Had he not recognized her merit in a steam car, after five minutes' inspection? For this was the man who gave her the opal ring. How careful and tender he had been of John's feelings, fearing to wound him on his wedding journey, by the sight of his convict brother!

But it could only have been the most delicate appreciation of herself which prompted the gift of the ring. Her heart warmed to him. It was certainly unpleasant to have a brother-in-law, just out of the penitentiary, under circumstances not usually to be tolerated in good families; but yet—

Shepard Thayer, with his languid, ironical face, wasted and whitened by illness, was an exceptionally picturesque and interesting man. Lucy resolved to take his affairs in hand. They seemed to be tangled just now, and sadly in need of the management of a clear brain like her own. She looked at Christine, who, alone of all who surrounded him, regarded him with cold, critical eyes.

Lucy stepped in front of her.

"Brother Shepard," she said, "I am quite sure you have been misunderstood in this family. I know it by instinct. Men of warm impulse are subject to temptations, which natures like that of George cannot comprehend. It is the old story of the Prodigal and the elder brother—"

Shepard turned on her. "To whom am I indebted for this tender interest?" he said. "Ah! my brother John's wife." He took her hand in both of his. Shepard always felt himself doubly a hero in the presence of women. As far as eyes and words went, his homage was ready, and the tenderness and courtesy were quite sincere, though he might kick them out of his way the next day, like withered weeds, if they interfered with his comfort.

"But your husband will tell you, Lucy—your name is Lucy?" (still holding her hand, and looking in her eyes)—"that I am no prodigal coming back willingly, but have been driven back by hard fate. There he is; he will speak for me."

It was noticeable that he shrank back, and lost much of his melo-dramatic bearing, as John Thayer, quiet, cool, deliberate, came into the room. The rogue in one brother recognized the legal quality in the other.

John drew his wife back.

"How has this happened?" he said, sharply, looking from one to the other.

"How was Shepard discovered? Your wife, John," began his mother.

"Don't blame my new sister," cried Shepard. "She has showed the kindest interest and sympathy for me."

"She must know, then, what cause you have to demand either," said John, sternly. "My brother Shepard," turning to Lucy, quietly, "after serving a term of years in a prison, in St. Louis, for forgery, committed a worse crime, two days after his release. He was arrested in New York, and was on his way back, when we met him in the cars. He has told me of that, Lucy. He broke gaol, and came here while we were in the mountains. The police are on his track. If he is taken—"

"No, John," cried the man, "don't tell her what will be done with me!" putting his hands to his neck, with a shrill, hysteric laugh, more terrible from so strong a man than any outcry.

"If he is taken, there is no chance for his life," continued John, still more sternly, while his mother cowered, but without a moan, on the ground beside her son, holding his knees. "What have you to do with these women, Shepard?" turning on him. "Is it not enough that your crimes have made life a hell for us, and for them; that every chance of happiness has been banished from our home; but that you must make yourself a hero; and parade your crimes before them? Go to your room, Lucy. Our married life has been made wretched enough by my duty to this man. But I did not mean that you should com-

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in contact with him. My duty does not call for that."

Lucy did not move. She remembered the ring, and the admiration for herself, which had given it to her. "I am sure, you wrong Shepard in some way, John," she said. "I think him a person of fine instincts, and a good heart."

Shepard plucked up courage, at this hint of applause. "I only wished to see Christine," he said. "You have kept her in ignorance of all that I have done, in order that I might marry her, and be reformed; and when I come home, I am forbidden to see her! What folly is that?"

John Thayer blenched a little. "Folly enough, God knows!" he cried, persistently. "But we trusted in you, Shepard! We also believed, as mother did, that you had been unjustly sentenced, and would come home, the man we believed you. We thought, if we could keep up Christine's faith in you, it would be a sure way to save you. You come home—what you are—with blood on your hands. You know, better than I, what villainy is in your heart." Christine, thank God, has learned to love a better man than you. Since I have seen you, I know how right George has been, in taking her from you."

A curious smile flickered on Shepard's face, like that of a chess player, about to make a triumphant move.

"Has George taken you from me, Christine?" he said, turning to her.

The girl was silent. She seemed as though she had shrunk, and withered, in some strange way, in body and mind, while his eye was on her.

Doctor Thayer came up to her.

"You do not answer, Christine?" he said, gently. "Don't be afraid to speak. Tell him that you are mine, child."

"I love you, George," she cried, suddenly, resting her hands on his shoulders.

"You hear her?" said George, turning to his brother. "If I thought you loved her as you did, I should not wound you, by hearing it. But you ceased, long since, to care for her."

"Probably," carelessly. "One wearies of everything in time. But she has not answered my question. No doubt she loves you. You're a moral, proper fellow, George. But she will come to me all the same. Christine!" beckoning imperiously.

A moment ago, Christine had been the only calm, self-contained person in the room, coolly criticising this man. Now she turned her back upon him, and looked from one to the other, hunted, baffled, weak. There was Lucy, with her small prettiness, and shrewdness. John, stiff and erect, regarding her with cold astonishment. Doctor Thayer close behind her. Only *she* knew what love and pity was in his face for her. She looked into it a moment, touched his thin hair, lifted the bent head.

"George, I must go," she said.

She crossed the room, slowly and heavily, and stood beside Shepard, who glanced at her indifferently.

"Christine is my wife. We were married secretly," he said, "before I left the plantation. I bade her keep the secret, and she has done so faithfully. Now, mother, the play is played out. Clear the room of these people, and call Judith. I want my dinner, and some whiskey. I feel faint. My wife," with a laugh, "can go to her room. I'll send for her in the morning. This cursed palaver has used me up."

But Lucy had thrown her arms about the girl, and swept her off to her own chamber, where she had locked and double locked the door; and then she cried and sobbed over Christine, in a womanish, passionate way.

There was a profound silence in the room. Even old Mrs. Thayer was stunned by this sudden disclosure. The hero himself alone remained cool and at ease. He sat, haggard and colorless, yet lolling in a lordly fashion, on a low couch, while his mother loosened his cravat, and held a glass of wine to his lips.

"Lord! look at George going down the hall," he sneered. "The poor devil looks like an old man. He always was an ugly wretch. Serves him right, for meddling with the property of his betters! There, that's enough. Bring in my dinner. When I've eaten it, perhaps I'll have a talk with my wife. I'd no idea she had grown into so fine a woman, or I'd have claimed a little of her attention sooner."

John had followed his wife: his mother was alone with the convict. "Eat, deary," she said. "Try and eat, and then go to sleep. This night's work's been too much for you. Don't trouble yourself about that obstinate, self-willed girl. She don't understand my Shepard."

The dinner was eaten, and the whiskey drunk, and Shepard Thayer, a burning spot on each sunk cheek, had just ordered his mother to bring Christine back to wait on him, when a sudden noise blanched his face with terror.

It was a loud knocking at the hall door.

"It is the club of a policeman," he said, standing erect. "The house will be surrounded. They will not attack it without a force. They know Shep Thayer!"

CHAPTER XII.

Lucy, alone with Christine, in her chamber, refused even her husband admission.

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"No!" she said, appearing, with flushed and tearful face, in the doorway. "You have tortured the girl's life out among you, long enough. Shutting her up, like a nun! Marrying her here, and marrying her there! Leave her to me. I don't want to see the face of a man for a week," and she shut the door, and locked it again, and betook herself to petting Christine, and coaxing out of her the history of her secret marriage, one minute declaring that it was a romance fit for a novel, the next wondering how she could prefer that scoundrel to dear, good George, and in a breath declaring that nobody could resist Shepard, whom she had found to be one of the most winning of men.

In the midst of her sobs and exclamations, to which Christine listened dully, the knocking was heard.

"They have come to arrest him," cried Lucy "Oh, the poor fellow! I will go. I can hide him!"

She opened the door and ran down the corridor. But in her turn, she was barred out. The door at the end of the corridor was closed and locked, and the whole house was apparently wrapped in profound repose.

The knocking was repeated. There was a sharp, loud summons, a quiet answer in John's voice, angry replies, then an assault upon the door, oaths, and at last a sudden inroad of the men outside.

"Oh, God help us!" shrieked Lucy, beating the door. "My husband will be killed, and all for that wretched reprobate!"

The noise came nearer. The police had certainly accomplished an entrance to the house. They had apparently learned of the secret passage, for their first attack was made on the corridor leading to Mrs. Thayer's room. As they passed Lucy's door, she could hear their voices and heavy tread.

"There must be a great many of them," she said, with a long breath. "He stands no chance, poor fellow! Hark!" pulling Christine by the skirt, as she lay on the bed, her ears covered with her hands. "Now they have reached Mrs. Thayer's room. They are calling to each other, like dogs, who have found the trail! They are in the secret passage—nothing can help him!"

There was a moment's pause, and then a shot; another, two, three, fired in rapid succession; a shrill outcry, and then silence.

The two women sat motionless and dumb. The door of the corridor was flung open at last, and Judith stood in it, beckoning to them.

"Who is it?" whispered Lucy, with parched lips.

The old negro did not answer, but walked before them, to the door of Mrs. Thayer's chamber. In the doorway stood, grouped, a half dozen officers, looking uneasily, and askance, at one of their number, who held a pistol, blackened with recent discharge.

"There'll be no trouble, Guyon," they said to him. "You did it, at the last extremity, in self defence."

"When I left St. Louis, to take Walter Franks, I knew I took my life in my hands," said another, loudly.

"Hush—h," muttered the others, as the women passed them.

On the floor lay Shepard Thayer, one hand on his breast, the other waving in the imperious fashion, habitual to him.

"Shut the door on those fellows," he said, feebly. "That was Guyon shot me. Used to run a faro bank in Frisco. Turned constable! Low tastes. Guyon always had!"

"Shepard! dear boy!" It was George Thayer, who spoke now, lifting the whitening face, and holding it close to his breast.

The others kept silence. "Don't think of Guyon. You have—you have so little time."

"Eh? Is it so bad as that?" Then, after a pause, "Where is she?"

His mother came close in front of him. He put his hand on her feeble face.

"Poor little mother!" he said. You always were good to me! Tell them Shep Thayer died like a man!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE have been many changes in the old Thayer house, since that November night. John and his wife have built a snug little villa, nearer the town, which is the rallying point for all Lucy's Virginia relations, and for all lovers of fun and cheerful society in the neighborhood. Little Mrs. Thayer's housekeeping, her dinners, her style of dressing are each admirable, in the opinion of her five hundred friends, and most of all in that of her husband. She has her own way (which does not conflict with his); and having her own way is a most affectionate, kindly, little woman: there are those who hint that if she did not have her own way, her sharp nose and chin forbode stormy weather at home. But so far it has been all sunshine.

Her mother-in-law divides her time between her two sons. You may always see her at Lucy's dinner parties, in her rich silk and point lace collar, seated beside Lucy. They are firm friends, and hold endless consultations on the fit and

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quality of gown and collar. There is a quiet, uncomplaining sadness in the face of the elder woman, which, under all her weakness, commands reverence.

Doctor Thayer has bought, and lives in the old house, part of which (the corridors communicating with the stables) was pulled down, before his marriage with Miss Noble. The new rooms are now used as a nursery.

The remembrance of that November night, and the secret which it revealed, has almost vanished from their lives, like a dream. They live quieter lives than John and his wife; but take a heartier, happier zest in each day as it goes.

Christine has grown into a rosy, plump matron; is famous for her garden and early vegetables. Her boys are jolly, honest fellows; her girls downright, slow, and affectionate, as their mother.

Lucy complains that the whole family are destitute of ideas; but in Doctor Thayer's secret belief, as he rides home from his day's rounds, no woman living has the intellect or charms of his wife; no children the promise of those, whose happy faces crowd to the door to welcome him.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

When the sunset glory silvers
Sleeping vale and quiet hill,
And the evening's brooding silence
Speaks the hour so hushed and still,
Like a breath of olden music,
Floating 'round us evermore,
Sweetest forms and faces enter
At the threshold of the door.

Oh! the loving arms entwining,
With the old and dear embrace,
Oh! the sweet and holy beauty,
Beaming from each hallowed face.
As the sunset glory deepens,
Tender words they whisper o'er,
As they enter through the twilight,
At the threshold of the door.

Golden curls and eyes of azure,
That were laid in quiet sleep,
Long ago, when hearts were aching,
With a sorrow wild and deep,
Where the lilies mourned above them
And the purest radiance bore,
Crowned with heavenly glory, enter
At the threshold of the door.

And I sit in awe and wonder,
At the vision, grand and fair,
Till each voice is hushed in silence,
And the twilight lingers there.
"Faith to do, and faith to enter,
On the path of life once more,"
Are the heavenly words they whisper
At the threshold of the door.

"Faith to enter!" Father, grant it,
For the way seems dark and steep,
Fold thy loving arms around us,
Lead us thro' the waters deep,
Till our feet shall pass the river,
And we press the silver shore,
Where the heavenly light shall lead us
To the threshold of the door.

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

BY HELEN LADD WARNER.

"Hiding from the world's vexation,
Working out an artist's dream?"
No, I've spent my short vacation,
Eating strawberries and cream.

Follow out the wandering river,
Just below this slumb'rous town;
Where the larches nod and quiver,
In their brightest summer gown.

'Till you reach a billowy meadow,
Filled with flowers and perfume:
Underneath an elm's huge shadow,
Stands a house, I sketched in June.

Sloping roof and tapering gable,
Antique porches, chimneys tall,
Latticed windows, well kept stable,
Climbing ivy crowning all.

Sketching near, a storm had caught me,
Hastening to the readiest screen,
Fate, or luck, or both, had brought me
To ripe strawberries and cream.

Milly's fingers picked the berries,
Milly's deft hand skimmed the cream,
Milly's lips were like twin cherries,
Lovelier lips were never seen.

Yes, of course, the old, old story;
Ever sweet, and ever new;
Worldly fame, and wordly glory,
Roguish Cupid, yield to you.

Though I have no taste for pottage,
And ambition is my dream,
Give me Milly in a cottage,
With ripe strawberries and cream.

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A DREAM OF FAIRY LAND.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Little Bessie sat on a mossy rock, dipping her bare white feet into the limpid waters of the mountain stream.

It was high noon; bells chimed in the village, and dinner-horns rang from all the neighboring farms; they would be wanting a fresh draught up at Cherry Hill, but Bessy took no heed. Her unfilled pitcher stood unnoticed at her side, and the little maiden was wrapt, soul and body, in a dream of fairy land.

The autumn sunshine beamed down upon her fair, uncovered head; the autumn foliage, tinted with all the colors of the rainbow, glowed and rustled around her, and at her feet leaped and flashed the limpid, mountain stream.

Lulled by the murmuring music, Bess dreamed her dream, her blue eyes wide with delight and expectation, her rosy lips parted with a smile.

Only the night before, she had read a wonderful story, or had begun to read it rather. It was in a book of fairy tales, which Flora Forsyth, the clergyman's daughter, had lent her.

Bess worked hard and untiringly throughout the long autumn afternoon, gathering up the sweet potatoes, as the diggers turned them out, and putting them away in the great bin in the barn. Hard work for such a little mite, but Bess did not utter a complaint. Now and then, pausing to wipe her hot, flushed little face, she glanced towards the sun, wondering if it would ever drop behind the dark line of western hills.

It did at last; and twilight fell, and the autumn stars began to appear, like so many great pearls, in the misty sky.

The farm hands went in to supper, and Bess had her porringer of milk, and her bit of brown bread, and a long, yellow, roasted potato, on the kitchen steps. She ate her supper with a relish, then she scattered grain to the pigeons, and helped to clear away the dishes: after that, she was free. Her limbs ached with weariness, but she washed her face and hands, and brushed her yellow hair till it shone like gold, and put on a clean pinafore, and drew forth her book of fairy tales, from its hiding place in the clothes press, and sat herself down in an out of the way corner, near the blazing hearth. What a delicious picture the dear page bore! A forlorn, little child, lost in the gloom of a great wilderness, and night coming down. But yonder, sailing along a sunlit stream, in the golden heart of a water-lily, came the little wanderer's fairy godmother. The oddest, little old woman, with a black bonnet, and green goggles on her nose.

Chuckling with delight, Bess turned to the story. It was better than the picture. She read on from page to page, in a trance of breathless delight; her eyes brimming with tears one minute, her red mouth bubbling over with happy laughter, in the next.

She had just reached that point, where the fairy godmother lands from her lily barge, and takes the wandering child by the hand, when a shrill voice made her jump from her seat.

"I say, Bess, what have you there?"

"A book of fairy tales," faltered Bess.

"*Ferry* tales, hey! Well, I don't suffer my own children to cram their heads with such trash, and you shan't. Give me the book."

But Bess clutched it with both hands.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Murdock, only let me finish the story, it is just the nicest story you ever heard; and Flora Forsyth lent me the book, and her father lets her read it, and it isn't a bad book."

"Never mind; Flora Forsyth's father can do as he likes, and so will I; give me the book, I say?"

Bess looked up, and her blue eyes began to glow.

"It isn't your book, Mrs. Murdock, you've no right to take it from me!"

"Haven't I?" and the mistress of Cherry Hill gave the child's dainty cheek a sharp blow, with her broad, brown hand, and then she seized upon the precious book, wrenched it from Bess; and, raising the lid of a huge chest, tossed it in, locked the chest, and pocketed the key.

"Now, go to bed this minnit, and don't let me hear another word out of you. *Ferry* tales, indeed, and you a beggar out of the almshouse!"

Bess toiled up to her little nest, beneath the eaves, and, lying down on her straw bed, sobbed herself to sleep.

But to-day, sitting in the autumn sunshine, dipping her white feet in the shining water, Bess, being a sunny-hearted child, did not brood over her wrongs, or bewail her hard fate; on the contrary, she fell to dreaming.

The dream was of herself. She was the forlorn,

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lost child, without home or friends; and presently, sailing down stream, in a golden flower barge, her fairy godmother would come.

The noon bells ceased to ring; the winding dinner horns grew silent; and, forgetful of the waiting meal at Cherry Hill, Bess dreamed her dream of fairy land; watching every flitting butterfly, listening to the rustle of every falling leaf, expecting, with the sweet trust of childhood, her fairy godmother to come.

But the blue waters rippled amid the mossy rocks; the heavy-hearted lilies nodded lazily in the sunshine; anon a water rat went scudding through the greenery, or a blue winged beetle darted by; the fairy godmother did not appear!

A shrill, wrathful voice broke in upon the autumn silence—and the child's dream.

"Bess, Bess, are you never coming?"

Bess scrambled down from her mossy throne, and seizing her pitcher, filled it from the rock spring, and hurried homeward in great haste.

Mrs. Murdock met her half way, shading her eyes with her hand, from the sunlight.

"Oh, you idle, disobedient child! Didn't I tell you to hurry? Here's Jeems, fairly choking, for want of a drink, and me in such a hurry to get through with dinner. What have you been at?"

"Nothing; I only forgot."

"Very well, you'll forget to eat your dinner now," said the dame, seizing the pitcher; "there's apple pudding for dinner, but not a taste do you get, nor do you go with us to Meadow Farm for tea. Get to your work now, at once; I want all the dry butter beans gathered, and the sage picked; that done, scrub the tins, and make the kitchen tidy; if I don't find everything in apple pie order, when I get back, I'll know the reason why."

Bess went her way to the garden, without saying a word. Her neck was growing accustomed to the yoke. She had been at Cherry Hill a long time, ever since Mrs. Murdock came to the orphan's asylum and adopted her, or took her as a bound girl rather!

Little Bess was an orphan; her father died on his return voyage from Europe, whither he went as agent, for a mercantile house, when she was little better than a babe. Her mother, reduced in circumstances, and made helpless by disease, died later; and poor, friendless, little Bess was left to the cold charities of the world.

She was a brave, sunny-hearted child, and she bore her hard fate uncomplainingly, and felt a clinging affection for those who treated her so harshly, even as a young vine entwines its tendrils about rough and unsightly objects.

Mrs. Murdock and her family, arrayed in their holiday garments, drove off in the great, covered wagon, to make their visit. Left alone, hungry and heartless, Bess set herself to accomplish her tasks. She gathered the butter beans, and picked the sage, dreaming all the while of her fairy godmother, and half expecting to see some elfish shape start up amid the blossoms. But nothing stranger than a butterfly, or a honey-laden bee appeared.

Having finished the out-door work, she repaired to the kitchen. Mrs. Murdock was not wholly heartless; there was a platter of wholesome food on the dresser, but not a taste of pudding.

Bess was glad of the bacon and potatoes, however; she ate them eagerly, and then resumed her work. Before sunset, she had her tins all burnished, and ranged in silver-bright array; and everything, as Mrs. Murdock expressed it, in "apple pie order;" the floor sanded, the tea kettle simmering on the hob, the yards as clean as a pin.

With a sigh of relief, she sat down on the door step, and folded her weary, little hands; watching the glory of the western heavens, and thinking of her fairy book. If she could only have finished the story!

Pretty soon, her tears began to fall, and leaning her hot head forward on her knees, she sobbed bitterly. It was not often that little Bess gave way to tears, but her lonely heart felt especially aggrieved that autumn eve.

"What is it, Bess?" spoke a kindly voice.

Bess looked up. Mr. Forsyth, the old minister, stood before her.

"What is the trouble, Bess? I've come with news for you, little one; but let me hear what all this is about, first."

Bess shook back her yellow hair, and dried her eyes.

"I'm foolish, that's all, Mr. Forsyth; I didn't mean to cry like a baby; but, but," and her lips quivered again, "I had such a nice book; Flora lent it to me; and there was, oh, *such* a nice story, about a poor child, and how her fairy godmother came. But I didn't finish it. Mrs. Murdock took the book away, and locked it up in the big, red chest. And to-day," her little heart growing fuller, "I went to fetch water for dinner, and I got to thinking about the fairy godmother, and I forgot to hurry; I couldn't help it, I'm sure; but Mrs. Murdock got angry, and wouldn't give me any pudding for dinner, or let me go with them all in the great wagon; and oh, I wish, how I *do* wish, Mr. Forsyth, that a fairy godmother would come to me."

The old minister's kind eyes fairly danced, and he nodded his head up and down, as if something pleased him immensely.

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"Never mind, Bess," patting her head. "Dry your eyes, and be a good, patient little girl, and I think your fairy godmother *will* come."

"Oh, do you, *do* you for truth, Mr. Forsyth?" she cried, catching at his hand.

The old minister was her one friend, and his word stood with her next to Holy Writ.

"I think so, for truth, Bess, if you are a good child."

"Well, I've done my best, sir. See how nice the kitchen is; I've done my best."

"So you have, little one, so you have; only be patient now, and she'll be sure to come. Good-bye. No, no, be patient, Bess; don't ask me another question. Good-bye."

He went off across the meadows, towards the old parsonage, his eyes twinkling with delight.

Greatly wondering, Bess watched him out of sight; then she fed her pigeons, and gave the pigs their supper; and then went down to the clover fields to drive home the cows.

"Would a fairy godmother come to her?"

Dozens of times, crossing the golden meadows, she asked herself that question, her little heart in a wild flutter of hope and fear.

The sun dropped out of sight, and a round, yellow moon soared up in the east. Spot and Brindle came leisurely homeward, tinkling their bells, in answer to Bessie's shrill call. And down the winding hill path, from the parsonage gate, came something else. An odd, stooping figure, clad in a long, black velvet cloak, with a snow-flake shawl wrapt about its head.

Bessie caught sight of this figure, and stood still, with round, wondering eyes.

The figure advanced, beckoning to the child as it came. Bess felt her heart rising in her throat. Who could it be? Presently they stood face to face. A small, bent, sharp-eyed, wrinkled-faced old lady, with a diamond clasp on her cloak, and diamond rings on her fair, old hands.

"Little Bess," she began, in a cracked voice, nodding her head, and chuckling in great glee, "I'm your fairy godmother."

The child drew back, with a sharp cry, half terror, half rapture.

Then the grand, old lady's chuckling laugh changed suddenly into a sob, and she caught Bess in her arms. "Not your fairy godmother, child, but your own grandmother," she said, tears streaming, like rain, over her faded, old face. "Oh, little Bess, you've got your dead mother's own face, and your mother was my daughter. When she disobeyed me, and forsook home and friends for your father's sake, I disowned her, and bade her never darken my doors again. She took me at my word, but when your father died, and you were a babe on her bosom, she wrote to to me, begging my forgiveness, and asking me to help her. In the pride and wickedness of my heart, I refused. Oh, Bess, child, you can never know how bitterly I have repented! I heard from my child no more; my other children died, and my old age was miserable and desolate. For years I have hoped, and waited, and searched in vain. At last, only a few weeks ago, I learned through Mr. Forsyth, that my daughter was dead, but her child lived. I lost no time in coming. Little Bess, you've got your mother's name, and your mother's face; and I am your grandmother."

For a minute, Bess could not speak, her little heart thumped so hard and loud.

"And I am to go and live with you, and never weed the onion beds, or dig potatoes, or fetch water again," she gasped out, at last.

"You are to go with me, little Bess, and fill your dear, dead mother's place, in my home and heart."

On the very next morning, Bess bade adieu to Cherry Hill. Her dream of fairy land was a bright reality; her fairy godmother had really come.

SHE SLEEPS.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

She sleeps; where summer flow'rets wave
Their dainty blooms, above her grave,
And where the autumn leaves have shed
Their richest glories, o'er her bed.

She sleeps; yet near is busy life,
With all its whirling, maddening strife,
No one is missed from out the throng,
As eagerly, it sweeps along.

She sleeps; unconscious of the jar,
The city's hum, its noise afar;
And many a heart, by sorrow prest,
Might envy her, that blissful rest.

She sleeps; we see that spot to-night,
By winter's early snows made white,
And close beside it, 'neath the hill,
The maple tree is standing still.

She sleeps; it guards her lone repose,
Its form the weary watcher knows,
While he can see its branches wave,
So lovingly, o'er that lone grave.

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"A LITTLE LEAVEN."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

It was in the golden glory of a summer morning, that pretty Lotta Belden leaned over the garden gate. The roses were blooming all about her, as she stood there, "queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls." Herman Swain thought of those lines of Tennyson's, as he paused there, on his way down to the village, a mile beyond.

Lotta had gathered a great bouquet of red, and white, and yellow beauties, and held them in her hands, as he came up. A type of purity—and beauty you would have said, had you seen her there, with her softly-flushed cheek, her golden crown of hair, and her dimpled hands, full of roses—standing in the morning sunshine.

"I must go," spoke Herman Swain, at last, glancing at his time-piece. "But first, give me a rose, to keep in my office—perhaps I can cheat myself to believe it is you."

The girl laughed, softly. She was used to his flattering speeches, and took them as a matter of course. She selected a deep, yellow rose, from the cluster.

"Not that," he said, "I do not like yellow roses. Give me that delicate pink—it is just the shade of your cheek."

"And the yellow is just the color my cheek will be in time," she laughed. "You had better take it instead. It will remind you how fleeting are earthly charms."

"No, I want the pink. When your cheek fades to the hue of the other, then I will wear yellow roses, as an emblem of my fidelity, if you will let me. Will you?"

He bent his handsome head down very near to the golden one; but Lotta laughed again, idly, and moved away.

"You will be late," she said. "I must not detain you longer. Good-bye."

She gathered a few more roses, and some ornamental grasses, and passed slowly toward the house, to arrange her bouquets.

"Who was that at the gate, Lotta?" called auntie Hildy, from within.

"Only Mr. Swain, auntie," responded Lotta, as she seated herself on the shaded verandah, with the roses in her lap.

Auntie Belden went about her task, smiling quietly. Nothing pleased her more than the attentions Herman Swain bestowed upon her neice. He was the wealthiest, and most talented young man, for miles around, and it delighted her heart to think of Lotta as his wife.

"Herman Swain stopped again at the gate, to talk with Lotta, this morning," she told her husband, as they sat on the back porch, together, after dinner.

"Did, eh?" queried uncle Dan. "I guess the fellow means business. Never heard of his paying attention to a girl before. Been a great chap for his looks always. I couldn't ask for anything better for Lotta. I hope she likes him."

"She is very undemonstrative," Aunt Hildy responded. "You know she never has shown much interest in the young men that have come here, though she treats all kindly. But Mr. Swain is so brilliant and attractive, she must yield to his wooing, I am sure. I shall be sorry to lose her, and yet so happy to know what her future is to be."

"She's been a powerful good girl, Hildy; I'm glad we put down all the feelings we had, and took her. I couldn't think more of her, if she were our own—the little one that died—grown up."

"It seems to me that no own child could be dearer. It is a great comfort to me that she has turned out so well. If she marries Mr. Swain, and settles so near us, I shall feel as if we were blessed in our old age, Dan; and in her little children we can find the joy we have missed in our lives."

Just then a light step was heard, and Lotta, robed in white, with roses in her clustering curls of pale gold, and one deep red one at her belt, sat down between her aunt and uncle. Both looked at her with eyes of affection, and uncle Dan stroked her golden curls with his brawny hand.

"You look tired, uncle," she said. "I am afraid you work too hard. I wouldn't go out into the field this afternoon; stay here and rest."

"And let those rascally hired men spoil the hay in the stacking!" cried uncle Dan. "No, my dear, I must see to that myself. For my stock must be kept through the winter, and be in good condition for market, as it is just possible I may be called upon for a wedding outfit, and I should want a good sum of ready money in that case, you know," and he pinched Lotta's cheek, and laughed.

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Lotta smiled, and made a little grimace, but did not change color. She was used to her uncle's jests about Herman Swain, and knew that the event he hinted at would, if it became a reality, delight both her relatives. But her thoughts on the subject, whatever they were, she kept to herself.

It was not a very strong tie of blood, which existed between this worthy couple and Lotta. Lotta's mother was aunt Belden's niece. A pretty, simple creature she had been, with no more worldly wisdom than a wax doll, and but little more mind. A strong will she possessed, however, as is often the case with these mild creatures, and in defiance of parents and relatives, she had married a worthless spendthrift. George Howard was a black-eyed, bold-faced nobody. He came of bad parents, and was himself all bad—a hard drinker, a gambler, a libertine, and dishonest to the core of his heart. Yet his black eyes and magnetism won the silly heart of Lotta's mother; and she said it was nobody's business but her own, and married him.

She lived just one year, and left a wailing baby, when she died. A baby that was nursed and cared for, by kind neighbors, for a few weeks, and deserted by the brute of a father. And then came the question, what should be done with it?

"To the poorhouse," said the parents of the mother.

"What! your dead daughter's child?" the community asked, in surprise.

"She ceased to be our child, when she married that brute," the parents responded, coldly. "We have nothing to do with the offspring of such a union."

There was no hope of any relenting on their part. They would have seen the child die, before they would have opened their doors to the daughter of George Howard.

But at the eleventh hour, Mrs. Belden appeared. "I will take the child," she said—"I cannot see it sent to the poorhouse."

She had opposed the marriage of her niece, as bitterly as the parents. But the wailing, homeless babe appealed to her heart. Back, almost twenty years, its feeble cry carried her, to a great hope that came, only to go out in darkness; for the baby girl, whose life embraced but three days, was the last that ever came into their wedded life. And now, this other baby girl seemed pleading with her, to be taken into the empty place. She and Daniel talked it over, long and seriously.

"I hated that Howard," Daniel said, with bitterness. "He was the lowest dog that ever crawled. But his baby is not in fault."

"No," said his wife; "and it is terrible for her to be sent adrift in the world—poor, innocent lamb."

"There is a great deal in bringing up a child," moralized Daniel. "I don't believe much in blood, after all. We need never tell her of the sins or follies of her parents. And if we keep her under good influences, she may, with God's help, grow up to be a comfort to our declining years."

So they brought the baby home, and called her Lotta, for a pure, dead angel sister of aunt Hildy's; and the child grew, and to their delight, was as unlike father and mother as a baby well could be. She was plump and rosy, while the mother had been thin and pale. She was golden-haired, while one parent had been dark as night, and the other had locks of nut-brown. The formation of the face, and the full chin, were like the father, and perhaps the perfectly proportioned figure, with its rich curves, was like him; but the resemblance was so slight and intangible, that both Daniel and Hildy felt a sense of gratitude to Providence, that they were spared daily and hourly reminders of the abhorred father, in his loved child.

At nineteen, Lotta Beverly was the prettiest girl in West Prairie. She had been carefully educated in the common branches, under the eye of uncle and aunt Belden. She had no particular love of study, and was, therefore, content with what education she obtained in her own neighborhood, and for all practical purposes it was sufficient. She sang sweetly, and possessed much taste in home decorations, and was skilled with her needle. The very best class of young men in West Prairie had been frequent callers at uncle Belden's, since her childhood; and two or three excellent offers of marriage had been made to the fair favorite already. But Lotta seemed in no haste to wed.

"Married life seems terribly humdrum to me," she said. "I can imagine nothing more dull than being anybody's wife."

"That is because you have never loved," aunt Hildy would answer. "Wait until the prince comes."

It seemed very certain, at length, that the prince had arrived, and in the person of Herman Swain. As the young lawyer's attentions grew more and more marked to Lotta, uncle and aunt Belden made no secret of their delight; and when Herman asked uncle Dan's consent to his suit, the lover received a hearty blessing. "I may as well tell you," said uncle Dan, "that I have always been worried over the future of our little girl. Her mother made a wretched marriage,

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and Hildy and I have been full of fear, that she might follow in the steps of one or the other of her parents. I am only too glad to give her into your hands; and Hildy is mightily pleased that she is to live so near us. Take her, young man, and heaven bless you!"

Certainly it seemed as if heaven's choicest smiles were reserved for this young waif. A happy home, a lordly lover, a comfortable fortune waiting for her, youth, health, beauty, all hers.

Herman pleaded for an early marriage. To this Lotta, however, would not listen. "No," she said; "I want my freedom, for at least a year longer. I will not name an earlier day, than one year from next September." And with this, the lover was forced to be content.

He bought a snug home, and men were constantly employed to beautify the surrounding grounds, and decorate its interior. "No bird of beauty ever owned a lovelier cage than yours will be, my darling," he would say to her. In the old farm house, meantime, preparations were going on quietly, also. Webs of the finest cambric were brought home, and dainty garments, one after another, were completed, and carefully locked away until needed. "Let Lotta have everything she wants," uncle Dan said to his wife. "No girl is deserving of a finer outfit, and I want her to outshine them all."

The least interested party in the matter seemed to be the bride-elect herself. To be sure, she went on with her preparations; she received her lover kindly; she rode, and walked, and talked with him; and yet there was a lack of interest in her deportment, that seemed hardly in accordance with the situation. The elegant little home—the gifts and handsome appearance of her lover—her dainty trousseau—even did not seem to afford her the delight one would naturally have expected. Yet she had ever been a quiet, undemonstrative girl, and possibly she felt more than she expressed.

Haying season came again, and again the roses bloomed right royally. These were busy days at the farm house. One glowing day—the last day of June—uncle Dan gave his men but a brief noon rest. "The wind is getting sou' west, boys," he said, "and I fear rain will fall before night. We must finish getting in that hay, or it will be lost. Where is Banks?"

Banks was the farm hand, who had been hired by uncle Daniel, early in the spring, and was still his right hand man. It was fifteen minutes, however, before Banks appeared. A beetle-browed, swarthy, ill-looking fellow he was, with matted black hair, and a wicked, sensuous mouth.

"Where on earth have you been, that we couldn't make you hear sooner?" asked uncle Dan. "We nearly burst our wind pipes calling you."

"The young lady, Miss Lotta, was a wantin' me, sir, to fix some hooks, in her clothes-room," replied Banks, shouldering his fork, "and I was a hammerin' away and couldn't hear you."

"O, all right, if Lotta wanted you for anything," and uncle Dan was pacified.

The next day was Sunday. Lotta did not go to church. She was tired, she said, and would rather stay at home, and rest. But she urged her aunt and uncle to go—she could keep house very well alone.

So they went. When they returned, uncle Dan called Banks to take the horse. Lotta came to the door instead. "Wait a moment, uncle," she said. "Banks will be there soon. But he has a lame hand, and I am applying some liniment. He will take the horses in a moment."

"What a kind heart the girl has," uncle Dan said to his wife. "It is not every girl that would act toward a servant, like Banks, as she does."

"I shall be glad when you are through with him," spoke Hildy. "I have a perfect horror of him—he seems like a serpent to me."

"He is a good worker, but I confess he has a disagreeable eye," Daniel responded, as he helped his wife to alight; and just then Banks appeared, and took the lines from his master's hand.

It was precisely one week later, on Sunday afternoon, when Lotta came home from a drive with her betrothed husband, to strike her aunt and uncle speechless, with the announcement that she had broken her engagement.

It was some moments before either could speak. When they could, it was only to repeat after her, "Broken your engagement?" in blank wonder and consternation.

"Yes," cried Lotta, "and I do not want you to feel badly over it—for I do not love him—I should die, if I were compelled to marry him."

"A lover's quarrel," said uncle Dan. "It will all blow over."

"No, it is not a lover's quarrel—we have had no words," cried Lotta, firmly. "I merely have grown to dislike him, and for weeks I have wanted to tell him so. To-day I did, and he was very sensible about it. I tell you, I would rather die than marry him. I never really loved him, and now I almost hate myself, for having fancied I did."

Expostulations were in vain. At length, sad, and heavy at heart, uncle Dan and aunt Hildy ceased to plead with the niece.

"A girl has a right to change her mind," said uncle Dan. "Perhaps we are in fault, for seeming to want this union. She went into it to please

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us only, I suppose. God forbid that we should force her to any act against her will."

It was a hard and cruel blow to them; for they had grown to love Herman Swain as a son; and his pain and loss secured an added burden to their own. Lotta was set down as a flirt—a jilt, too, by the community; and it hurt the good couple, beyond expression, to find their darling an object of censure. But they rarely mentioned the subject, even to each other, and, by no act or word, showed any change in their feelings toward Lotta.

"It may be all right," they told themselves. "It is hard for Herman; but men get over even worse hurts—and it is better for her to find out now that she does not love him, than when it is too late."

One August night, the house grew insupportably hot. After vain attempts at sleep, uncle Daniel partially clothed himself, and proceeded to the barn. "Don't be frightened, if you find me missing," he said, to his sleepy wife. "I am going down to lie on the hay, until it grows cooler. There is always a draught there."

It was a night of pitchy darkness. Uncle Daniel found his way to the hay-loft, and threw himself down on the hay, enjoying the slight breeze that wafted through the open doors and windows. He fell into a light sleep, almost at once. How long he slept, he never could tell; but he was suddenly awakened, by voices. He recognized them as those of two men, who had worked with him in haying. One said,

"It is very strange that the old man and his wife don't get their eyes opened. The thing is very evident, to everybody else."

"But they both think the girl an angel," said the other; "and, to be sure, she looks like one. I've heard her father was a bad 'un. I guess the devil was born in her, or she'd never hev give up that handsome feller of a lawyer fur one like Banks."

"Do you think Banks means to marry her?" queried the other.

"I dunno," laughed his companion. "He says he has her in his power, body and soul; and from all I've seen, I guess he has. She was walkin' in the lane with him, last night, about eleven o'clock, when I come up from the village. But come, old feller, let's turn in an' sleep. This is a mighty cool place, compared to the bed."

God alone knows the fierce struggle that went on in Daniel Beverly's soul that night. His first thought was to confront these men, and make them retract their words. But, over his mind, with sickening force, swept a thousand little acts, glances, and words of Lotta's, forgotten, or put aside before, which now seemed to add weight to the words of the speakers. Her reluctance to attend church—her anxiety for her aunt and uncle to go—her over-kind manner toward Banks, and her entreating that he should not be turned off at the end of the haying season. Then, he had thought the act merely prompted by her kind heart, and the fact that Banks had no home or kindred. Now, he saw it in another light. Yet he fought against his growing convictions, and when morning came, he looked years older.

He resolved, however, to keep his own counsel, and watch. He had not long to wait. The next night, waiting up, he met Lotta and Banks in the lane, long after the girl had pretended to go to bed. He seized Banks by the throat.

"Dog! scoundrel!" he cried, white with passion, "I could throttle you here, without compunction. I could kill you, and fling you aside like a dead snake. But no—you must live, to make what reparation you can."

White as death, and with eyes that blazed, and lips that blanched, the miserable girl stood by, seeing and hearing all this. Uncle Daniel turned towards her. He had wept over her, he had rescued her from poverty and disgrace, he had given her his home, his name, and his strong heart's love—and this was the return for all.

"Lotta," he cried, "what does this mean? Can I believe my eyes? What is this man to you?"

She shrank and shivered, in the blaze of his eyes, and made no answer.

"Speak!" he cried, "or I will kill him as he stands—kill him, as I would a wild beast, that had entered my fold—kill him, and throw his body to the dogs, and the wolves. Will you speak, or shall I strike?"

He lifted his powerful, clenched hand. With a low moan, the girl flung herself at his feet.

"Strike," she said, "but strike me! for I love him—I love him!"

Without a word, uncle Daniel let go his hold of Banks.

"Be here at six o'clock to-morrow morning," he said, sternly, to the latter. "I want to see you."

Then he took Lotta by the arm, led her to her chamber, and locked the door on her. Only God knows how the miserable old people lived through that night.

In the dim light of the dawn, Daniel Beverly rode into the village. People, who saw him pass, thought he was aging rapidly; for his form was bent, and his head bowed upon his breast.

He came back with the white-haired clergyman. An hour later, Lotta had left the old farm-house,

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forever; left it as the wife of the man, who had caused her name to be a jest and by-word in the neighborhood all around her. "Go," said her uncle, giving her a roll of bills, "he has made the only reparation he can. If ever you are in sore need, you may send for me. God forgive you."

From that day, for nearly three years, her name was never spoken beneath that roof. At the end of that time, she sent for her uncle and aunt. "I am dying," she said, "and in sore need. I am alone—deserted—" The letter broke off abruptly.

They went to her. But when they arrived, she was already dead. It was in a miserable lodging, that they found what was left of the once beautiful Lotta. She and her infant were cold and still. "He was killed in a drunken brawl, you know," said the woman of the house, "and after that she never held up her head; and the poor baby pined away, too; and this is the end. But I don't think it was altogether consumption, as the doctors called it: I think it was blows, and starvation, and cruel words. She's better off, where she is, at peace." And when they looked down on the calm face, over which the ineffable quiet of death had come, aunt Hildy said, between her sobs, "at peace! at peace! let us hope it, Daniel? At peace at last."

Herman Swain, for many weeks after Lotta's marriage, hovered between life and death; and when life gained the victory, he sold all his possessions; and to-day is a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And in the old farm house, the two lone people are growing old together. On summer afternoons, aunt Hildy sits with her hands folded, and looks far away across the hills; while the birds trill in the tall locust trees, and the men go to and fro in the hay field. And uncle Daniel smokes his pipe, on the lonely verandah, and the gray creeps thicker and thicker into the brown of his hair. And the long, silent hours pass away; and the night falls slow and sweet; but oh! so still, so voiceless.

Why have I told this story? Partly because it is a true one. But partly, also, as a warning. Yet not so much do I blame the girl, in whose veins flowed evil blood, that like a drop of leaven, leavened the whole; the girl, in whom the low tastes and bad passions of her father lurked, and despite the best of surrounding influences, culminated in disgrace and moral death; not so much do I blame her, as the mother, who defied the inexorable law of God, and gave her child an evil, profligate father.

What rank folly, what unpardonable ignorance, for any woman to say, "It concerns only my own happiness, I will marry as I choose," when, in her hand, she holds the happiness, or unhappiness of unborn communities.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

Passing away,
Like an April shower;
Passing away,
With the fading flower;
Passing away,
With the summer gleam;
Passing away,
Like a fairy dream;
Passing away,
In the autumn breeze;
Passing away,
With the falling leaves;
Passing away,
With the dying year;
Passing away,
To a brighter sphere,
Forever and aye!

UNDER THE GRASSES.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

My little love, under the grasses,
Do you know of my heart's wild pain?
Of my sorrow that never passes,
But stabs me again and again,
While my tears flow like April rain?

Oh, sweet heart, lying so quiet,
With never a sob or sigh,
The world goes on with its riot,
In the midst of its tumults am I,
And you are out under the sky!

Oh, dear heart, speak to me lowly,
If only the breath of a word,
'Twill seem like a benison holy;
All my heart will be strangely stirred;
'Twill soar up, and sing as a bird!

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MISS LAIGHT'S NEIGHBOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Miss Laight sat in her easy chair, beneath the shelter of the broad verandah, and Belinda sat on the window-sill. Both were silent, and absorbed by their separate meditations. Miss Laight may have been thinking of her taxes or her quarterly incomings, or indulging in some retrospective vision of her lost youth, which, far past as it was, had left a faded tint of its roses in her cheeks, and an eager, surprised look in her soft brown eyes, as if she still found a great deal in life to astonish her.

As for Belinda, it would be useless to puzzle over her reflections. They may have been of midnight adventures, concerning which Miss Laight, fortunately for her peace of mind, knew nothing—Belinda having lately discovered a secret mode of egress and ingress—thanks to repairs that were being made in the wash-house. Or she may have been occupied with philosophical theories in regard to the doctrine of metempsychosis; but whatever her fancies were, she looked inscrutable as the Sphynx.

It was a mild, grey, late summer afternoon, with occasional sun-gleams breaking through the dreamy haze. Miss Laight roused herself from her reverie, with that little sigh you shall so often notice elderly people give, when breaking off some train of thought, and glanced toward Belinda. Belinda returned the glance with one of superhuman intelligence, and began slowly washing her whiskers.

"Now, do you mean visitors, or do you mean rain?" questioned Miss Laight, puzzled.

"Mew!" said Belinda, as solemn and as vague as ever the Delphic oracle could have been.

"You mean one or the other, that I am sure of," pursued Miss Laight, "and I think it's visitors."

She probably inclined toward the interpretation most in unison with her wishes, as no doubt was the habit of the inquirers, who went to Delphi for information in regard to the future. Belinda regarded her in silence, still rubbing her whiskers.

"Whichever you mean, you are certain to be right," said Miss Laight, perhaps hoping to flatter the prophetess into more understandable utterance, but Belinda shook her head, and looked grandly disdainful, as who should say the art was apparent to her, and far too feeble to delude her as it might have done an ordinary mind.

"Humph!" said Miss Laight.

"Mew!" said Belinda.

The rambling, picturesque old house stood a reasonable distance back from the highway, with a green lawn sloping down to the road, shaded by wide-spreading sycamores, and dotted with flower-beds; the iron gates to the domain always standing wide open, as was the custom everywhere in that neighborhood—home of order, and all the other proprieties; in which a stray cow or pig would have caused as much surprise, and greater wrath than the appearance of a meligasaurus, or any other preposterous antediluvian beast, with many legs and more stomachs.

Miss Laight looked again at her oracle, and repeated, "humph!" and the oracle looked at her fixedly, and repeated, "mew," evidently filled with pitying scorn for her dullness of comprehension.

The pair never had quarreled; but, as both were females, it is impossible to say how the dialogue might have ended, had not interruption occurred. The quiet was broken by a bang and a rumble, interspersed with doleful creakings, like those of a creature in pain, and round the curve of the road appeared a yellow monster, which floundered in at the gates, and wabbled up the carriage-way, toward the house, to the great detriment of the neatly-rolled gravel—a spectacle which would wring the heart of old Jacob, the gardener, when he returned, as he soon would, from his afternoon "outing."

"If it isn't the omnibus from the station!" exclaimed Miss Laight, rising hastily. "And as I live, there's Madge Rothsay, waving her hand out of the window, and her trunk on the top. You did mean visitors, Belinda!"

Belinda replied to the exultant exclamation by a prolonged miaul, which meant "of course," as plainly as human words could have expressed the phrase. Miss Laight hurried forward as the omnibus drew up. Belinda leaped down from the window-sill and followed her, not to be outdone in polite eagerness to welcome the guest.

The conductor opened the door, and out of the vehicle stepped a young lady, as lovely as only an American girl can be, and rushed into Miss Laight's arms.

"I *am* so glad to see you!" she cried. "And you did not get my telegram?"

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"Of course not, else I should have gone to meet you," replied the old maid, kissing her fondly, and gazing at her with admiring eyes. "I've had no telegram."

"Maybe this is it," observed the conductor, who had been watching the osculatory performance with eyes that watered, (he was looking at Madge,) and he drew from his pocket a dust-colored envelope. "The station master asked me to bring it up—it came awhile ago, but their boy was out.

"Of course it is," cried Miss Laight. "Just like them! You may tell Joe Swinton I shall complain of him—that's all there is about *that!*"

The conductor evidently thought it was enough, too, for he hastened to help the driver let down the traveler's ark, from the top of the omnibus, pocketed his fare, and the yellow monster drove off with all speed.

"Belinda said you were coming!" cried Miss Laight, too glad to see her niece to have time for anger over the telegraph people's negligence. "She did, indeed! Only a little while ago, she began washing her whiskers. I knew it meant a visitor! But bless me, my dear, who would have thought of you? Why I didn't dream of your leaving Newport for the next fortnight."

"It came over me all in a flash," said Madge. "I got so tired of the whole thing. I told grandmamma I should go mad, and I took the steamer to New York, reached there this morning, telegraphed to you, caught the train, and here I am, and oh, so glad to be here! How well you look, and Belinda is handsomer than ever."

Miss Laight and Madge Rothsay were second cousins, on the side of Madge's mother, though the difference in age had given Madge the habit of styling the spinster by the title of aunt. Old Mrs. Rothsay, Madge's grandmother, as worldly an ancient female, as this or any other century ever produced, held placid, romantic Miss Laight in exceeding contempt, though always wonderfully polite when they met, because the spinster was rich. Mrs. Rothsay had oceans of money. Madge was an heiress in her own right, and the grandmother, on the principle that people to whom much is given ought to have a great deal more, was as eager that Madge should secure her cousin's fortune, as if the girl had not a penny. Except for this consideration—which you will understand, without my telling you, had no effect upon Madge—it is probable that the old lady would have kept the two apart, but as it was, Madge had never failed to pay at least a yearly visit to Miss Laight since childhood.

In her heart, Miss Laight felt confident that Madge's sudden arrival had been owing to some disagreement between her and the grandmother; such catastrophes, of late years, having grown more frequent than was desirable. But the spinster said not a word concerning her inward assurance; Madge was certain to tell the story in her own time and way. Miss Laight knew that though she should lecture the child, and counsel patience, forbearance, and divers other virtues, beautiful to contemplate but difficult to carry into practice, all her sympathies would be with Madge, and her soul full of bitterness toward the hard, intriguing old woman, whose precepts and example, the spinster considered, would have stifled every good impulse in a less admirable character, than that possessed by her favorite.

By the time the relatives had exhausted their expressions of pleasure over this meeting, and Miss Laight remembered that she must ring for somebody to convey Madge's box up-stairs, and the young lady herself felt a wish to change her traveling garb (a mistaken desire on her part, for nothing could have been prettier than the costume of soft, misty grey, relieved here and there by knots of dark blue ribbon), Belinda began to mew, and shake her long tail with great energy.

"What is the matter now?" asked Miss Laight of the cat, and at the same instant Madge said:

"Why, aunty, who is that gentleman coming in at the gate?"

Miss Laight looked, and said, rather indignantly:

"I don't know him from Adam or Nebuchadnezzar! What can he want here?"

"He came in the train," continued Madge. "I told you we ran off the track near Warfield. He was very polite, came up to some of us ladies to say there was no danger, and he got me a glass of water for a silly woman, who tried to faint away."

"Well, we are not fainting," returned Miss Laight, "and I'm sure I don't know why he is coming here, and I do not believe he does either."

Madge laughed a little, and as Miss Laight showed no intention of changing her post, Madge turned partially away, and busied herself in arranging some refractory branches of the honeysuckle, trailed about the pillars of the verandah, that they might not both have the air of wishing to stare out of countenance the gentleman approaching. He came forward at a good pace, and Miss Laight stood calmly watching him, and when he was near enough so that she could see his face, Madge heard her mutter:

"You are young, and you are good-looking, but I don't know you any more than if you were so many bullets in a bag."

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Madge had great difficulty to repress a laugh, and feared that the stranger might hear.

He reached the verandah, and lifted his hat respectfully. Miss Laight said:

"Good morning, sir," while Belinda descended a couple of steps, apparently with the intention of obtaining a closer view.

"I believe I have made a mistake," continued the gentleman. "I wanted to go to Meadowbank."

"This is the next place to it," Miss Laight said, as he hesitated.

"I have to beg you a thousand pardons. I would not drive, and they gave me directions at the station, but I suppose I have counted the entrances to the places wrong."

He seemed so annoyed at his blunder, that Madge felt it would only be good-natured to come forward from behind the screen of honeysuckle, and show him a face that he had seen before, and on its appearance he looked relieved, as was natural.

"I had just been telling my aunt how kind you were, when our little accident happened," she said. "I do not know how we should have managed to quiet that nervous lady, but for you."

"Hysterical women ought never to travel. Home is the place for them," observed Miss Laight, sententiously.

"At least your niece showed no such symptoms," he said, with a smile; then looked at the young lady and added, "I did not dream that I was about to intrude upon you in this fashion. I walked up to the house with all the airs of proprietorship, quite confident that I had reached Meadowbank."

"At all events, you are very near," said Madge.

"Oh—indeed—to be sure!" cried Miss Laight, before he could speak, not very sensibly either, but then nobody is sensible under the effects of surprise, as you must often have noticed in yourself and others. Then she continued more rationally, "You have come into possession of the prettiest place in the neighborhood. It has been empty now for a year, and it seemed a great shame there should be nobody to enjoy those lovely grounds. I had not even heard that I was to have a neighbor."

"I have lately bought it," he said. "I met Mr. Seymour, who used to live there, and he talked so much of it, that I was seized with a whim to have a peep at my new purchase."

"I knew Mr. Seymour very well," returned the spinster. "We lived side by side here for several years. He was a charming old man."

"Ah! if I am not mistaken, I have the honor of speaking to Miss Laight," he said.

The spinster bowed. "Mr. Seymour spoke of his former neighbor, and kindly gave me a letter to you, and I had expected to present myself in proper fashion, instead of this footpad sort of style."

"Any friend of Mr. Seymour's will always be welcome to me," Miss Laight said.

"Then you will let me bring his letter, and introduce Walter Montgomery to you in a respectable way," he replied.

"Oh, I shall expect you to come as a neighbor, since we have made acquaintance," returned the old maid, pleasantly; "and you had already become acquainted with my relative, Miss Rothsay."

But to the spinster's dismay, Madge had suddenly frozen into a cold haughtiness, which she could assume on occasion. Miss Laight wondered what on earth could be wrong, and was so eager to know what error she could have committed, that for a few seconds she scarcely heard what Mr. Montgomery was saying. Then she discovered that he was making his excuses, and taking leave. She left off wondering to say:

"Pray, don't go round by the road, it is quite a distance. I will show you a path through my shrubberies, then you go up a hill, cross a field, and you will find yourself in your own grounds."

He thanked her, and bade Madge good-day, and Madge treated him to a bow, which chilled Miss Laight's blood, though the gentleman seemed unconscious of the abrupt and marked change in her manner. When the spinster came back, after showing Mr. Montgomery the path, she could not help at once crying:

"Why, Madge, what on earth came over you?"

"The odious creature! I hate him!" exclaimed Madge.

"Good gracious! I've not seen so pleasant a young man in an age; and he is very handsome, too! Montgomery—I wonder if he is a relation of Ellen Montgomery, whom I used to know. I must ask him."

"Of all places that he should have come here! I believe he did it on purpose!" cried Madge, in high wrath.

"Do, for mercy's sake, tell me what you mean!" demanded Miss Laight, growing impatient. "Who is he? What is he? What do you know about him or his name?"

"Didn't I tell you that I rushed off from Newport, because I found grandma and her horrid old Mrs. Harrington were hatching some plot about a man that was coming; a relation of Mrs. Harrington's, and—"

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"No, you did not tell me a word," interrupted Miss Laight.

"Well, I do now!" cried Madge, vehemently. "I found they were bent on making themselves ridiculous, and me, too, and—"

"But what has Mr. Montgomery to do with it?"

"Since he is the very man."

"La!" cried Miss Laight.

"Mew!" echoed Belinda.

For the life of her, Miss Laight could not help laughing at the idea of Madge's having run directly toward the enemy, but Madge could not laugh

"Why, he may think I found he was not going to Newport, and that I came here on purpose!" she said. "Men are vain enough to think anything, and so many girls are capable of such horrid manoeuvres!"

"He can never think that of you," said Miss Laight. "But dear me, it is not likely he knows, he showed no sign of ever having heard your name. At all events, when he is acquainted with you—"

"Which he never shall be!" broke in Madge. "I shall hate him all my life! Oh, don't talk about him—ugh! I must go and get off my traveling dress."

Miss Laight was a wise woman in many ways, and changed the subject at once. Indeed, she and Madge, as usual, had so much to talk about that, for a time, she was able to forget the matter, whatever the young lady might have done.

The next day, Mr. Montgomery called. Madge chanced to be standing at one of the windows of the pleasant room in which Miss Laight spent her mornings, and saw the gentleman approach by the shrubbery path, of which the spinster had bidden him make use. Miss Rothsay disappeared so rapidly, that she startled Belinda from a nap on an ottoman near the door, and Belinda was cross for the rest of the day, a result certain to follow any troubling of her slumbers.

A few seconds later Mr. Montgomery was announced. Miss Laight perfectly understood the cause of Madge's abrupt disappearance, and did not venture to send for her. Indeed, when the visitor made some polite inquiry concerning her niece, Miss Laight went as near a white lie as her conscience would permit, and pretended to believe that Madge had gone out. "I meant out of the room," she told her conscience afterwards, when that remorseless monitor reminded her of what she had said.

Miss Laight and Walter Montgomery speedily became friends, but the gentleman felt that his progress in making acquaintance with the niece was exceedingly slow, much slower than masculine nature could be content with, where any feminine object, so very pretty and elegant, was concerned.

The neighborhood was a quiet one, still people had their amusements, small entertainments, picnics, excursions and the like, and these were numerous just now, for the weather was charming, and Miss Rothsay's visits were always a signal for festivities. The magnates at once took possession of Walter Montgomery. They knew all about him, as people always do about a rich, handsome young man, and the freedom of the corporation of the select was presented to him without delay. But successful as he was in winning "golden opinions," asked speedily to regard himself as *l'ami de la maison* in the most stately abodes (especially those which contained marriageable daughters), and made much of generally, Miss Rothsay kept him upon an ice of distant courtesy, which would have frozen his blood, only that it roused him to such a pitch of irritation, it kept every drop in his veins up to boiling heat.

Of course, they met constantly. Madge was always the heroine when she appeared in the neighborhood, and the dignitaries chose to elevate Montgomery to the position of hero or *jeune premier*. But it was evident there was to be no romance between the pair. Everybody was so accustomed to acknowledge Madge's supremacy, that even the young ladies would not have dreamed of complaining, had she taken possession of the new comer, and (it speaks volumes in favor of those young women), they admired Madge so hugely, that it would have seemed to them the most natural thing in the world that the handsome dweller at Meadowbank should have lain his heart, et cetera, at Madge's feet, and she accept the gift.

Nothing of the sort happened. Madge treated Mr. Montgomery as if she had been a queen regnant, and he a waif from foreign lands, who had strayed into her kingdom with credentials so perfect, that she was bound to treat him courteously, though she found it rather a bore.

But destiny did not propose to allow Miss Rothsay to punish Walter Montgomery too far, or too long, for that which had been no fault of his.

The young lady had been out for a solitary walk one afternoon, and seen fit to desert the highway, and return by some fields which she knew possessed stiles and gates, that would render the passage easy enough. Unfortunately, Farmer Feverell's black bull had chosen that very day for a promenade, and had selected the exact route Madge took, only in the inverse direction.

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He had broken out of his proper pasture, and finding himself free, saw fit to go mad, and dash recklessly at any object he beheld, as if to his eyes everything from a stump to a sheep looked like a red rag.

So as Madge approached from one quarter—quoting Tennyson for what I know, they say young women do so, though heaven forbid that I should have to listen—the bull came tearing down the hill, which she was about to ascend, and he may have been quoting something, too—at all events, he made a great noise. Madge and the bull caught sight of each other at the same instant. Madge gave one scream, and the bull one bellow; then they both stood still, Madge, because she was too frightened to stir, and the bull, perhaps deciding whether he should most enjoy trampling her under his hoofs, or tossing her on his horns, which looked as big as young trees to Madge's terrified gaze.

Then, from a third point in the compass, appeared a god *ex machinâ*, no less than Mr. Walter Montgomery, with a color-box under his arm, and a great white sketching umbrella, as large as a half grown tent, over his shoulder.

"Run for the stile!" he shouted, and Madge ran, so frightened, that she neither recognized him or his voice—had just sense enough left to do as she was bidden.

But she was too blind to know which way she ran, and she got nowhere near the stile. She climbed a rail fence with as much agility as if she had been an acrobat, and (I really beg your pardon, but I cannot omit facts), there was a display of such pretty ankles that it was a pity Mr. Montgomery should have been too much occupied with the bull to notice them.

When Madge found herself on the other side of the fence, she got her courage back, and was furious with herself for having been so alarmed. Mr. Montgomery suddenly opened the great white umbrella in the bull's face, and the animal, with one ear-piercing bellow, turned tail, and scampered off with the speed, if not with the grace of a deer.

There is nothing which terrifies man or beast like the unknown, and Madge's enemy being unacquainted with umbrellas, was as much alarmed by the sudden charge, as you or I would be if the sun were to set at noonday. With the lack of generosity common to mortals, Mr. Montgomery paused an instant to smile at the ridiculous figure presented by his vanquished combatant, then he crossed the fields, and jumped the fence in his turn.

Madge saw him coming, and tried with all her might and main to look composed, but she felt miserably conscious that the attempt was less successful than her vanity could have wished.

"I hope you are not hurt," he said.

"Not a bit," replied Madge; "but I would rather have been—I feel like an idiot to have had such a fright for nothing."

"Scarcely for nothing, I think," he said, smiling a little at her pettish manner.

"There certainly would have been reason enough if you had not good naturedly come to my rescue," she answered, recollecting that the least she could do was to show some signs of gratitude for his prompt assistance. "I—I am very much obliged to you—"

"To my umbrella, you mean," he interrupted, gayly. "I am awfully afraid of bulls myself, but I have so often tried that umbrella dodge with animals, that I knew what the effect would be."

"I shall never go into a field again without being armed with the hugest one the land can supply," returned Madge, with a rather dismal effort at imitating his gayety.

He laughed, and she tried to laugh likewise, but a suspiciously hysterical sob in her voice struck his ear, and he perceived that she still looked very breathless and pale.

"You must sit down and rest for a few moments," he said, with a certain calm authority in his tone, which, at a more collected moment, would have roused Madge's ire, but just now she could not be angry, or indeed find energy to offer the slightest opposition.

He gave her his hand—or rather took possession of hers—and quietly seated her on a green hillock with her back against a tree.

"How I must have run," said Madge, beginning to feel in a less excited and more natural state of mind and body, so that jesting grew easier. "I think I must have been an excellent model for a modern Atalanta."

He was careful not to laugh too heartily, and wise enough to say:

"I was so much occupied with the bull that I could not look. The first I saw of you, you were on this side of the fence. I rather think you must have flown."

"I tore one of my wings at all events," said she, holding up one of the ruffles which decorated her blue tunic.

Luckily, the rent was so slight, that a couple of pins, judiciously applied, remedied it on the spot. Madge was too thorough a woman not to feel more grateful for the preservation of her attire, than the saving of her neck. One can die with sufficient composure, but one cannot endure life, after having been made to look a guy!

The upshot of the matter was, that Miss Rothsay

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and Walter Montgomery sat for some time on the green hillock, and conversed amicably, and with mutual satisfaction. He showed her his sketches; talked so easily and well about art; never once quoting Mr. Ruskin, oh, marvel of a man! and on many other subjects also, that it was a good while before Madge remembered that she hated him, and found leisure to wish that it had been anybody else, under the heavens, who had saved her from danger. Then she felt ashamed of herself, partly on account of the wish, which was a proper and Christian penitence; partly because she could not detest him so heartily as she desired, which was an impulse of the carnal, human mind, as natural as it was blameable.

And he, as if he had been clairvoyant, and divined her thoughts, said suddenly, laughing as he spoke, though with a certain earnestness in voice and eyes:

"I wish you would tell me something, Miss Rothsay. It is a matter I have puzzled over a great deal."

"Well?" she asked.

"I cannot imagine why you dislike me so intensely! Now I can't endure to be disliked. Be charitable, and tell me the reason."

She felt a little confused, but had no intention of betraying it.

"The assertion is a gratuitous one," said she, playfully; "you must let me hear upon what you base it."

"It is so plain, you cannot deny the fact."

"Oh, I do not mean to deny," she said. "I never attempt denial, when people choose to think ill-natured things of me."

"I wish you would tell me I was mistaken," he urged.

"Not I! It would be impolite to contradict your statement, such a very positive one, too!"

"Then explain to me why it is?"

"Let me see! Do I dislike you? Oh, I have forgot; you have settled that point!"

"But I want to know why. What fault have I committed—"

"Ah, as for that, your conscience may be at rest."

"I don't think I'm half a bad fellow. Other people tolerate me."

"Perhaps, that is the reason, since you will have one! Other people find you so wonderfully perfect! I am a sinful creature myself, and abhor perfection, perhaps from envy, who knows!"

"Now you are laughing at me, and I was in earnest."

"But you need not mind my opinion, always supposing it is as malevolent, as you insist on believing. You have the general verdict in your favor, and—oh, there are the Misses Lincolns!"

"Not coming this way!" cried he, in a tone of disgust.

"Straight toward us! How very fortunate. Now you will be able to forget me and my dislikes, as soon as you please."

He growled something away down in his throat, which certainly was not a blessing on the new comers, and however deeply it might be, her evident duty, as a young woman of spirit to dislike him, it was not possible, being a woman, to avoid a kind of satisfaction, at his undisguised annoyance over the interruption of their tête-à-tête.

The two auburn-haired sisters came up in a pretty flutter; they were of the order of young ladies, who always do flutter in the presence of an eligible man; and they chattered and giggled till Montgomery felt convinced that they had been mosquitoes, in a former stage of existence, unusually exasperating ones, and wished heartily that he could have had the pleasure of exterminating them both, before they developed into their present shape.

If ever a man met his good angel so thoroughly disguised as to be unrecognizable, it was Walter, the day he encountered that bull! Dating from this epoch, he and Miss Rothsay went rapidly on, not to acquaintance simply, it grew to be friendship, and to be acknowledged as such by Madge; though at first she did not give their intercourse that name, and believed herself only magnanimously trying to tolerate him, in spite of everything, and rather admiring herself therefor.

An item in a letter, from her grandmother, aided Montgomery's cause. "You need not have flown in my face, as you did, and rushed off in such haste," wrote the old lady. "Walter Montgomery did not come to Newport. Mrs. Harrington has heard from him. He is off in the country somewhere; did not even give an address, and from what he wrote, she is sure he is in love, or has an entanglement, or something, so another time you had better show more sense. However, I'll not scold; you will be punished enough by your stay in that dreadful hole, and these last weeks are pleasanter than ever. I went to Mrs. Astor's ball last night, and wore my—"

But Madge read no more; her thoughts had flown far from Newport, and the pleasure-loving old woman's nonsensical details. Madge believed that she had arrived at a solution of certain things, which had puzzled her in Walter Montgomery, as she learned really to know him. She thought he was not a happy man, in spite of the fund of high spirits, which he kept on board, for

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the benefit of ordinary acquaintances. As the weeks drifted by, an odd restlessness, she had observed in him, seemed to increase; his manner became almost capricious; sometimes he appeared fairly to avoid her.

Madge remembered her grandmother's letter, and felt more and more convinced that for once in her life, tiresome Mrs. Harrington had blundered on a truth. Walter Montgomery was in love, and was unhappy. The idea made her very sorry for him, and occasionally she found herself wondering over the unknown woman, who had caused him pain, thinking what a bat she must be, not to appreciate this man, who was elevated by his talents, his goodness, so far above the ordinary level of his sex.

But before the autumn had begun to lose its gorgeous loveliness, a revelation came to Madge Rothsay, which fairly overwhelmed her. She had grown to care for this man, as she had never thought to care for him, or any other. Madge was so angry with herself that her rage gave her a kind of strength. She could not fight against the fact, however; it remained fixed and unalterable, and she was forced to recognize it.

She cared for him; she would not admit a stronger word to express the state of her feelings; even to go so far, in her admission, was a great deal more than enough in all conscience.

She despised herself heartily; she, who had believed herself proud and strong, she had reached a fine pass, indeed! To care for a man, who was devoted to another; for now, in her eagerness to punish herself to the fullest extent, for her unpardonable folly, Madge rushed far past her former theory, in regard to Montgomery's state of mind, and was as certain that heart and soul he lay bound beneath the feet of some unknown woman, as if he had put his dismal story into words.

She would go away; that was the result of two sleepless nights of meditation and angry remorse —two weary days, during which she looked so ill that poor Miss Laight was frightened half to death.

During this time she had not seen Walter Montgomery. She knew that he had been more than once at the house. She had a new reason for self-disgust in this dread of meeting him, but it was stronger than her will, and so in order to avoid him she had seen no one.

She had just told Miss Laight that it was time for her to go. Her grandmother had been writing for her, and was growing impatient. They had visits to make. Indeed, perhaps before winter set in, she should persuade the old lady to make another pilgrimage to Europe. She was tired of America. After all, there was no place where one really lived save Paris. Existence elsewhere was vegetation; and really she ought to marry a duke, at least, and a quantity of other nonsense and verbiage in a similar strain, so unlike Madge (though it might have served as a fair specimen of the gabble of a modern fashionable young lady), that Miss Laight was really terrified, and certain that either Madge had received bad news, which she did not choose to communicate, or was on the eve of some terrible illness.

It was toward the close of the second day that Miss Laight going down to the village upon some errand, met Walter Montgomery, and he was so troubled and anxious that she gradually made him the recipient of all her fears.

Then he excused himself—he had an errand—and went his way. But his way led him straight toward the gates of Miss Laight's domain. Through them he passed; up the road he hastened; into the house he walked.

The entrance-doors stood open. There was no servant visible. The door into the library was ajar. He saw Madge Rothsay sitting by one of the windows, and in he walked, and brought her out of her doleful reverie by saying:

"I beg your pardon, the doors were all open, so I ventured to walk in without announcement."

Madge's first impulse was to yield to a very natural irritability.

"It is very careless of the servants," said she. "We might be robbed, or murdered, and nobody the wiser!"

"I assure you I am neither robber nor assassin," said he, trying to speak playfully.

"You do not come under the head of dangerous?" returned she, a little disdainfully.

Why she should snub him she could not have told; but snub him she must, even while it hurt her to do it, and she knew the treatment was undeserved—perhaps to supply her own lack of courage.

But he paid no attention. He was too much preoccupied. He had come hither with a purpose; head and heart were full; he could think of nothing but his errand.

"I met Miss Laight," he began.

"Then," said Madge, "I wonder she did not tell you I was ill or cross, or both."

"She told me you were going away. I am such a selfish wretch; that was the worst news of any to me," he answered.

"Yes, I am going. One cannot stop too long in this Sleepy Hollow of a place. I feel a sort of fur growing over my intellects already," said Madge.

"And I have been so happy here," he exclaimed

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"Well, I hope you will continue so, I am sure," quoth Madge.

"With you gone! stay after that? I could not—I could not! Oh, Miss Rothsay, I must speak. I cannot lose sight of you without one effort in my own behalf. It will be in vain, I know that, I know what a madman I am, but I cannot help it!"

Madge thought it was she who had gone mad, and was dreaming all this; she stood, speechless.

"I love you—forgive me—I ought not to speak so abruptly, but I cannot let you go till I have said this! I know you do not love me, but I think, at least, you have learned to tolerate me in these weeks that have been heaven to me—"

He paused to catch his breath; Madge sank involuntarily into a chair, that stood near.

"Don't laugh at me!" he hurried on. "I deserve it—but do not! I am twenty-six, and I have loved no woman till now. I have been such a vain fool! Because people petted me for my money, I thought I could choose when I liked, and so never chose. I am punished bitterly enough—are you laughing?"

"No," said Madge.

"Why, my coming here was the merest chance -could I dream it was to meet my fate! I was going to Newport; at the last moment, a letter from my ridiculous old cousin stopped me. I did not choose to be trotted out for inspection to please her, and the heiress she had ready in her pocket."

"So you came here?"

"Yes."

To his utter horror, Madge burst into a fit of laughter.

"You misunderstood me," he groaned; "I am not such an ass as to suppose the girl had anything to do with it, or would have looked at me, only I was not going to be made to look like a fool—"

"And you do not know her name?"

"Not I! Oh, for heaven's sake—"

But Madge was laughing more wildly still—crying at the same time. He did not know whether he was more angry or frightened.

"I am the young lady you ran away from," said she, "and I ran away to avoid you, and—"

There were no further explanations for a good hour; but it was a very happy hour, believe me. Then the explanations were made fully, and when Miss Laight returned, she surprised a pair of very happy people by her entrance, and presently was made happy herself by the news that Madge did not think of going away, and that she was to have two neighbors instead of one at Meadowbank.

IN THE WOOD.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

THROUGH the slumberous solitudes
Of these deep, balm-breathing woods;
Through the dusky, leafy chambers of the sombre grand old trees;
Through the mystic, dreamful hushes,
Suddenly a music rushes—
'Tis the singing of the many voices of the summer breeze.

Falls again the silence sweet,
Broken by the silver feet
Of a shower, that from afar off, dances down the cool green ways.
Sweetest melodies awaken,
Every shining leaf is shaken,
With the patter, dip, and tinkle of this rain of summer days.

It is past. No sound I hear,
Save the music, far and near,
Of the birds, as sunshine flashes all their wild, green coverts through.
And the thunderous rising, falling,
Of the cascade's voices calling
To the white cloud spirits flying, vanishing adown the blue.

Now what perfumes, rich and rare,
Float upon the purple air;
At the sunny wood-side, open blossoms of the blackberry vine.
With a pearly satin lustre,
On each odorous starry cluster,
Over rain-wet brakes and brambles, how their snowy censers shine!

Ah! how sweet the robin sings;
Yonder hedge is brown with wings,
Where the wild birds rest to warble raptures on the fragrant air.
Thus they sang in summers golden,
When beside this forest olden,
With a gentle friend, I wandered in that past that had no care.

Ah! *that past.* 'Tis like a dream,
For its lights long vanished seem,
Like the fair and fleeting glory of a radiant sunset cloud.
She who naught but *love* had spoken;
Mute in slumber, deep unbroken,
I beheld calm, peace, enfolded, white, and frozen in her shroud.

Does she think of me no more?
On that bright Immortal shore,
Quite forgetting earthly sorrows in her happiness divine?
No, I'll dream she waits me ever,
In her home, beyond the river,
"Where the fadeless summers blossom, and eternal mornings shine."

As the sunshine follows rain,
Perfect rest shall follow pain;
We have seen red roses blowing, where the snows of winter lay.
Though the lovely flowers I've cherished,
One by one, have drooped and perished;
Yet for ashes, shall be given, beauty, that fades not away.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VII.

RUFO leaned forward, holding his breath, and fixed his strained gaze on a figure, that paused at the foot of the stair-case, and stood awhile, peering into the darkness. The outlines were shadowy enough, but he recognized them, and called out in a voice that broke between a sob and a whisper:

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

The girl came eagerly forward, and threw herself on the hearth by his side.

"Oh, Rufo! my Rufo!" she cried, gathering him close in her arms. "Have they left you here, forgotten you among all these dusky things? No wonder you are awake, and cold; for you are cold, though the hearth is warm. One sees little gleams of fire in the ashes—or is it the storm that rages yet, and seems howling at us outside the windows? I was so sleepy and comfortable just now, that it made me laugh under the soft down quilt they spread over me; laugh to think how nicely we had hid away from it, you and I: but you shiver, Rufo; this little gleam of firelight is cruel; it shows me tears in your eyes. Tears, and trembling, and wild looks, because the wind howls. My Rufo, this is to be like a child. A good supper should make you brave."

"It would! Oh, yes, I think it would!" said the boy, and the tears that had filled his eyes, brimmed through the thick lashes.

"Such a supper, too! so much and so good. With every mouthful, I said, this nice food will make my little brother strong. It will bring the smiles back into his eyes. I shall hear him laugh again, and make mischief. These thoughts were sweet to me as the supper, and we haven't had anything like that, since we came to this bleak country, have we?"

"I—I don't know," answered the boy, sadly.

"Don't know? How could we get anything better? It was what they call nice beyond anything."

"Was it?" answered the boy, arousing himself. "I am glad of that. Tell me more about it. That will seem like eating one's own supper. Only it makes one long for it so much."

"So soon, Rufo; but then you were famished."

"I am famished," sobbed the lad, covering his face with both hands, and sobbing. "They forgot me! they forgot me!"

"Oh, Rufo! all this night! It is cruel! it is cruel! I so comfortable, so drowsy with comfort; and you—ah! now I remember. Wait a minute; console yourself. Let me kiss all these miserable tears away."

Saying this, Beatrice started to her feet, and flitting through the shadows, passed up the stair-case, noiselessly, as if she had been one herself; then, after a little time, she came down again, bearing a tray in her hand.

"See now—see! I have brought all that was left," she said, seating herself on one of the high-backed chairs, and holding the tray on her lap; "such nice things! come and eat. It is all my own. They brought it to my room, and forgot to take it away, when I had eaten enough."

Rufo required no inviting; indeed, a sight of the food was enough, without the pleading of that sweet voice. He sprang forward, fell upon his knees, and, seizing upon the fragments left on the tray, began to devour them ravenously. Tears and pitiful smiles struggled on the girl's face, as she watched him. Then she began to sob aloud, and reproached herself that her own hunger had been appeased, while he was left to such painful craving. The boy lifted his eyes, still wild with half appeased appetite.

"Is it that you want some? I—I could not help it. Forgive me; but I could not help it; the hunger was so great. It gnawed at me like some wicked thing."

"Oh, Rufo, I want nothing. To watch you eat is like a feast to me. Look now, here is another morsel."

The boy looked at her earnestly, as if he did not quite believe that her craving was not keen as his own, but his hand crept unconsciously towards the bit of bread that she held, and, at last, snatched at it, realizing that it was the last crumb that he could expect. When this was gone, he turned away, full of unreasoning shame, and settled down at her feet. When she bent over

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and kissed him, his head drooped upon her knee, with a sigh of content; his eyes closed, and, directly, he was so sound asleep, that she removed the tray from her lap to the floor, and drew his head up to her bosom, while he was entirely unconscious of the tender lodgement, or of the tearful kisses that followed it.

Through all that was left of that night, the girl sat in the dim shadows of the hall, with that young creature folded in her arms, and his restless heart beating against her own; now smiling upon him, now shaking the tears away that would keep loading down her lashes; but all the time silent as a brooding bird, lest the sweetness of his slumbers should be disturbed. Thus the daylight found those two when it stole over the bronze statues, and armorial bearings of the old mantel-piece, the trailing mistletoe boughs, and noble paintings, wreathed by them. But among all these, it touched no picture more beautiful than the two orphans in their poverty-stricken garments, clasped heart to heart in disturbed sleep, for Beatrice slumbered at last, and she too was dreaming. Rufo was the first to awake.

"Oh, Beatrice, *mèa*, is it you? I was dragging you out of the snow, but you would not move. I thought you were dead."

Beatrice awoke with a start, and held on to the boy as she looked around, in the bewilderment that follows profound sleep.

"But I was in a strange place, Rufo," she said, "holding to you as we went up and down, among such beautiful things, but it was only a dream like yours. No, no, not a dream, for here they are all around us, looking so quiet and natural in the soft daylight. This is no dream."

"But the snow is there. I can see it shining through the window — great heaps drifted together; still, you are here, Beatrice. Your hands are warm; the sleep still makes soft mist in your eyes. Was it you or the morning that kissed me awake?"

"It was the morning, Rufo. Come and look at it from the window, sifting the snow through and through with rosy light. That was in my dream, too, looking pure and real as it does now. It seems, Rufo, as if I had seen it before, outside of my dreams, spreading soft and white beneath the cold blues of the skies, and that troubles me. How could I ever have seen anything like this? The swift snow of orange blossoms falling to the grass, is all I ever saw in our Italy."

"But mine was different. You were there white as death — cold as a stone. The snow drifted over you; the hail pelted through your hair, and beat upon your eyelids, covering your face like a veil. I could not help it. I tried to drag you out, but fell down by your side, and seemed to die. After that, came the morning."

"Bright and beautiful," said Beatrice. "And we two standing here under shelter. Look! the sun is rising. Not our sun, that is turning the oranges ripe on the trees in Sorrento. There we could find violets in the grass, and roses out of doors. Still this is grand. It brightens the blood, and makes you long to do great things. This is a country of action. Our beautiful land is one of dreams."

"Not such as I had last night," answered the boy, shuddering.

"Oh, Beatrice, what if we had come here to die after all?" he added.

"Sometimes, I think it was a dream that brought us here," answered the girl, gravely. "One that has haunted me ever since I was a little girl — a strange, misty-continued dream, that fills me with discontent, but is never explained."

"I am afraid of dreams," said the boy, shuddering.

"And I," answered Beatrice. "They haunt me so."

"Hush! we must not stand here; some one is coming."

Rufo left the window as he spoke, and Beatrice followed him into the hall, where the servants found them sitting together, hand in hand, when they came in to sweep away the quenched lamps and dead garlands of that Christmas revel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Jane Rutger was pleasantly surprised when her brother presented himself in her pretty sitting-room, the morning after Christmas, with a look of perplexity and care on his handsome face. The color, always mutinous, rose to her cheeks, and she would gladly have walked forward to receive him, but, in attempting to stand up, her frail strength gave way, and she could only greet him with smiles, such as sufferers must wear when they find themselves in heaven, and are just forgetting to weep.

"Jane, I have come to thank you for taking care of the poor waif, that came to us through the storm last night," he said, seating himself on a low ottoman, which he dragged to the hearth rug.

"You must not thank me for a pleasure, Egbert," said the girl, smiling down upon him, while her hand dropped lightly as a flower falls, amid the thick silkiness of his hair. "It is seldom that anything so lovely and picturesque comes in my way. Where did they find her?"

"I have come to tell you all about it. You

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remember the chain of scarabae that I brought from Italy.

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"I purchased it of these two wanderers, and did not half pay its value, because they had left Sorrento, and no one could tell in what direction they had gone, when I went back to complete the payment. How they came in this part of the world heaven only knows; but last night the storm drifted them into this very house. It was the brother's music you heard—the dark-eyed handsome fellow, who was here for a moment. Now, I ask you, can we turn these helpless creatures out into the world again."

"I do not see how we are to help it. Still, if we could—if we could," answered the sister, touched with compassion, and giving herself heart and mind to the subject.

"That is what I have been thinking of. They are so young—so—so helpless. Think of the danger to that poor girl."

"I do, Egbert, I do. It is dreadful."

"We must keep them here, Jane."

"But how? The mother will never consent."

"Yes, she will, if you pluck up courage and insist."

Lady Jane looked at her thin white hands, and smiled, very sadly.

"There is not much strength or courage left to me, Egbert, but all that I have is yours."

Tears came into those soft blue eyes as she spoke, and stooping down, she kissed him on the forehead.

"I knew this; I was sure of it, my own angel. It is like appealing to heaven when I come here."

"I would make it so, my brother, for is there another being on earth so dear to me? The room is always brighter when you come."

"I know, I know, Jane, you are often alone, too much alone. Last night, after all was still, I thought of that."

"You are always devising kindnesses for me, Egbert."

"Do not say that, for I was thinking of these of—of these poor children, too. The girl is so young."

"Yes, and dainty as a bird. Her pretty broken English is like music. I made her talk to me a little, before she went to sleep on the lounge, in my dressing-room, for I kept her near me, as you seemed to wish."

"That was kind."

"One could not send a creature like that among the servants; but I fear she did not sleep well, for when my maid came, she had gone."

"Yes, I know; down to her brother, who was left in the hall, starving, though I gave orders for his comfort. If I were master here, such things could not happen twice. Well, Jane, it came into my head, that this waif of ours might be a pleasant companion in your room here, something bright and beautiful that you could love, and who would be sure to love you."

The invalid's eyes brightened, and her hands impulsively clasped each other.

"Oh! I wonder if it would be possible," she exclaimed, in a soft, pleading way. "No one but you would have thought of it."

"Do not give me more credit than I deserve," said the young man, conscious of a double motive. "But the young creature seems so like what you want, and is in such need of protection, that the thought was natural. Now, dear, have you the courage to propose this to our Lady?"

"Yes. I can get up more courage than you think, when my heart is in a thing. But the girl, this pretty Beatrice, is not all. What shall we do with the boy?"

"I have thought of that. Settle the other question, and I will take lessons on the violin. Since last night a marvelous passion for music has developed in me. Constant practice is the thing I want. Oh! you can safely leave Rufo to me."

The fair invalid laughed, pleasantly.

"If it were I," she said, "this passion would not have a sudden birth. I sometimes pine for the power of music that has been taken from me, while the love remains."

"That reminds me," answered Heron, starting up with animation. "The girl carried a guitar under her cloak; that gives a promise of music for you. Surely it speaks in her voice, too."

"Ah, if it should prove so!"

"It shall."

The young man took both his sister's hands, and kissed one after the other, as he might have caressed a suffering child. Then he drew the fleecy white shawl closer around her, placed her feet on the ottoman he had left, and went away.

Scarcely had he descended the stairs, when Lady Carew came into her daughter's room, bringing with her a sense of action and excitement, that she took little pains to subdue.

"Huddled up in a shawl as usual," she said, flinging back the soft woolen thing that Heron had folded over his sister, before he kissed that pale, sweet face. "My dear child, how often must I tell you that all this pampering is injurious. Do not be so terribly afraid of a breath of cold. It invigorates one; it brings strength."

Lady Jane gave a slight shudder. She felt the chill of this disarrangement, but submitted to it with gentle quietness.

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"I could not come up last evening," continued the lady, going to a window, and shaking out the draperies according to her own love of change. "The house was full of guests, all blockaded by the storm, and there was need of a mistress at the head. So I have only a minute to give you now, for heaven only knows, when most of them will get away. Oldham has not been so full in years."

"Yes, I heard the music and the dancing," said Lady Jane, with a low sigh, "and Egbert brought me a visitor."

"What! Miss Norton? And you like her, I am sure you like her; but I did not hope that the affair had gone so far as that."

"It was not Miss Norton, mamma."

"Not Miss Norton. Yet some one brought here by Egbert. May I ask who the young lady might be on whom he bestowed so much attention?"

"I do not think you would rank the poor girl, who came up here, among ladies, though she is like one, both in speech and manners. I mean a pretty Italian girl, who seems to have found shelter at Oldham, from the storm last night."

"That girl—and Egbert brought her here."

"There was no other place where she could get care or rest; everyone was so busy. Besides, he knew that I should gladly receive her, for the Christmas night was lonely here, and the presence of anything so young and picturesque was sure to make it brighter. You must not be angry with Heron, mamma. He would do anything to give me a moment's pleasure."

"Picturesque," repeated the lady, with a careless sneer. "Poverty is always picturesque with you, while it is only squalid to others, but I do not quarrel with your caprices so long as they continue harmless, and this, the wildest of all, is but for a night."

"Mamma, you do not mean to send these orphans away, this morning?"

The lady opened her black eyes wide, and lifted her head a little out of its usual haughty poise. The question seemed a reproach to her.

"Send them away—of course. The time has gone by when it was the fashion to entertain wandering minstrels at Oldham, though I, for one, would be very glad to have them back, if the power of old times could come with them. As it is, the boy answered for the missing band remarkably well, last night, and shall be liberally rewarded."

Lady Jane moved nervously in her chair; the color came and went, in her face, and her eyes were turned on her mother, with silent wistfulness. Lady Carew saw this, with some impatience.

"Well, what is it that you wish to say? Remember, I have much to do this morning."

"Mamma, I wish you would permit me—that is, I am lonesome sometimes, and this Italian girl might be company for me."

"A companion for you, Lady Jane Rutger—that wandering beggar."

"No, she is not that. Poor and very destitute, but not a beggar," answered the invalid, with more energy than she had yet exhibited. "Besides, if she has her brother's gift of music, it is the one thing I can enjoy."

Lady Carew began to walk up and down the room. She was not a woman to indulge in unreasoning cruelty, and could sacrifice even the overweening pride of her nature, when the motive was strong enough. There still lingered in her heart some natural tenderness for the frail young creature, whose infirmities made such claims on her motherhood, enough, combined with more ambitious aspirations, to make her listen to what must seem an absurd caprice, with less impatience than the invalid had expected.

While Lady Carew moved slowly up and down the room, sweeping the carpet with the soft folds of her crimson morning-gown, and vaguely weaving this idea with some project in her mind, the invalid sat watching her with yearning anxiety. At last she spoke.

"Oh, mamma! I see by your face that you will consent. I can do nothing in return; but indeed, indeed, I shall be so grateful."

"Have you been all this time pining for your music, or is this one of your wild caprices of benevolence?" asked the mother, sitting down near the invalid's chair.

"Something of both, mamma. Still I think either one would have been strong enough to make me unhappy, if you refused."

"And you would make me some return?"

"If it were possible; oh, yes! But what can I do?"

Here Lady Jane held out her almost transparent little hand, casting a pathetic look upon her own helpless person.

"You can do a great deal. Heron loves you, I think, better than anything on earth."

"Yes, he loves me! he loves me!"

"And you influence him, as no other person can?"

"I don't know; I never tried, never thought of it. Only I know that he loves me."

"In that love lies a world of power, if you only know how to use it."

"Indeed!"

"Power that will make my son a great and prosperous man."

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"And I—I can do all this? Oh, mamma! but how?"

"You have only to be guided by persons of more wisdom and wider experience, persons as deeply interested in his welfare as yourself—his parents—his mother, whose hope and glory he is. Oh, Jane! I am very anxious about him just now!"

"Anxious? but there is no cause. He seems happy."

"But he has such a chance, and will not see it."

"A chance!"

"Have you not observed it for yourself, Jane? The sweetest and most lovely girl in the world, with wealth that would purchase the Oldham estates twice over in her own right, is in love with him, deeply, passionately—"

Lady Jane broke in upon her mother.

"In love with Egbert—my brother—my only brother! Oh, mamma! she has no right. I—I could not bear it."

Lady Carew rose from her chair.

"Why, Jane, are you mad, or vilely selfish?"

"Mad! selfish! Oh, mamma! I may be both. Only—only I cannot bear it!"

"Is this the way you help me?"

"Help! I did not mean to refuse that, but—"

"But you are not willing that your brother should be made the richest man in the country, and happy beside."

"My brother! Why the angels should not be more happy, if I could make him so."

"If you could make him so! Real love would forget self."

"Yes, that is true."

"The love of both mothers and sisters is doomed to give place to the grand passion of individual life—"

"I cannot understand; how should I know about that? You frighten me a little."

"I think he loves this young lady in his heart."

Lady Jane put both hands to her own heart, and shrunk back in her chair.

"Oh, mamma!"

"It is a noble love; one that both his parents approve, and I tell you of it now, that such influence as you have may be used in its advancement. To oppose it would be cruel to the young lady, offensive to us all. I am sure you will not do that. For this minstrel girl, as long as no mischief springs out of it, you may keep her."

Lady Jane saw her mother sweep out of the room, but she had no power of thanks or expostulation. In her short life this brother had been the one object of affection. All the force and delicacy of her most exquisite nature had woven itself around this one being. His strength was a marvel to her; his cheerful frankness made the sunshine of her life. To her he was gentle as a girl—full of playful devices for her amusement, taming down his bright animal spirits and great strength, to meet and uphold her weakness. It was a beautiful, beautiful love that this haughty woman had trampled over, as prairie horses tread wild flowers under their hoofs, or browse upon them without knowing that they are sweeter than grass.

For more than one hour, the poor girl lay back in her chair, weeping such bitter tears as had never stained the delicacy of those white cheeks in all her lifetime. The little strength that she had gathered, in order to make a request of her mother, was all gone. Pale as a lily, limp as its frosted leaves, she lay, too weary for passionate sorrow, but faint with a sense of desolation. Was she to yield up her brother to that stronger passion of love, that her mother spoke of? Over and over again, she asked herself this question, and each time fresh tears came coursing through her closed lashes, and dropped away of themselves; for she had no strength to lift her hands, or shake the moisture from her pitiful face.

As she sat thus supine in her misery, there came a timid knock at the door. Another, then the latch turned, and the Italian girl came in, hesitating, and uncertain in her movements. She saw the young lady sitting there, with misery in her attitude, and went toward her.

"Ah, signorina—sweet lady, I have come to say farewell; to thank you very much; to say—Ah, you weep. Your hands are cold."

Dropping upon her knees, the girl took those pale hands, from which all the blood seemed drained, and made a pathetic attempt to warm them with her kisses, and the gentle friction of her own soft palms.

"Look up, lady, look up. I cannot go while you are so sad. My heart would be cold as your hands are, when I left you."

Lady Jane made one effort to move; for it seemed as if one more arrow of pain had shot through her, as that voice ceased its pleading. She opened her eyes, and saw that Beatrice was wrapped in her cloak, and that a weather-beaten hat was drawn over her forehead. Then a flash of memory animated her face, and she spoke, faintly, but with eagerness.

"Going—going away? No, no, that is not to be. Take off these things; I do not like them. They are full of storms. Here you will be quiet, for everybody will leave us alone now, waiting and longing. Do you understand, Beatrice? You are to stay with me."

"With you, signorina, and here?"

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"Yes. Mamma has promised that. She gives you permission to stay."

"What! Always?"

"Yes. Always, I hope. Now throw off that cloak. It chills me."

Beatrice unclasped her cloak, and was about to cast it from her shoulder, when a thought struck her.

"But my brother—my brother Rufo."

"He will remain also. It is so arranged."

As Beatrice cast the cloak from her shoulders, it swept the strings of her guitar, which she had dropped by Lady Jane's chair. Instantly that fair face lost its look of intense weariness.

"Ah, the guitar is yours. You play upon it."

"Oh, yes! It is my friend—the only one that can talk to me of Italy."

"It shall talk to me," said the lady, with animation.

Beatrice smiled, and touched the strings of the guitar.

"You love music?" she said, with a thrill of joy in her voice. "You will let me play, sometimes?"

"Let you!"

Lady Jane took the guitar, and drew forth a few soft strains of some air she had loved in childhood; but they grew faint and fainter, after the first moment; and finally, the instrument dropped from her hold, and her face fell forward between her hands.

"I thought I could, but my hands are so weak," she sobbed; "so weak."

"I will make music for you. Listen!" said Beatrice, and seating herself on the ottoman at Lady Jane's feet, she touched the guitar, softly, as the wind stirs an Æolian harp, and filled the room with sweet whispering harmonies, soothing from their very dreaminess.

Directly, those slender hands dropped from the face they had covered, over which a soft, tremulous quiet spread and deepened, until the blue eyes filled with light, and the lips parted, as if another moment would change the sigh that passed them into a smile. Thus enthralled by the music, Lady Jane leaned forward, and listened till her cheek almost touched the dark hair of the Italian girl; and a lovelier picture than these two creatures made, framed in the soft luxuriance of the room, could not have been found in any gallery of Europe.

CHAPTER IX.

"Excuse me, Carew, but I really feel quite competent to regulate my own household, especially the portion of it that relates to my daughter."

"Your daughter, certainly. But this lad is not exactly the attendant for an invalid's room, nor will I have him an inmate of my house, Lady Carew."

The lady shrugged her shoulders, with the graceful insolence of a French woman.

"I have decided to keep him."

"Against my protest?" demanded the earl, flushing with anger.

"Oh, nothing that you have said amounts to that—only a little difference of opinion which you will not contest," was the careless answer. "Men of your ability do not often waste their power on wandering boys. The creature is beautiful—wonderfully beautiful. With plenty of silver buttons, he will make a striking page, or the loveliest sort of a tiger. Besides, our dear Jane was entranced by his music last night, faintly as it reached her, and she has so few pleasures."

Lord Carew turned away from his wife with less impatience, and walking to a window, looked out in moody silence. The lady followed him.

"I cannot understand your strong objections to this poor waif," she said. "You could not have betrayed more antipathy if a lost dog had found its way to the kennel. Last night you seemed offended by the sight of him."

"I was offended! We are not in the habit of receiving wandering beggars at Oldham."

"Not in these days, perhaps," said the lady. "All the grand old usages are dead long ago; but there was a time when music was a warrant for hospitality at every nobleman's mansion in England."

Lord Carew turned from his wife in silence, and went from the room. On his way out, he met a servant, and stopped to speak with him.

"If the young lad is here—the one who came last night—send him to me, in the library."

When he reached that room, the earl was still restless, and kept upon his feet, walking up and down until Rufo came in. The boy was greatly changed since the night before. Food, sleep, and the comfort of warmth had swept the look of pathetic hopelessness from his face. The great dark eyes were full of life; his slight figure was upright as a young tree.

"The signor sent for me," he said, pausing modestly by the door.

Lord Carew paused in his walk, and turned a look of keen scrutiny upon the lad. Gradually, the cloud disappeared from his face, and it assumed its habitual, rather heavy and political expression.

"Yes," he said; "I sent for you. But it is no matter now," Carew muttered, under his breath. "What a fool I was to think him anything more

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HOW RUTH PLAYED THE ORGAN.

BY PRUDENCE LOVEJOY.

We are in dretful want of an organist, for pretty Ruth Hall, that I always liked partiklar, has left us, and Maria Spriggins, that's taken her place, ain't of no account whatsoever, as I tell Abijah.

Of course, good brother Finley is with us still, dispensin' the Word; and I do say, if ever there was a saint on earth, he's one. He does try so to smooth everything over, and have things peaceable; but dear heart, he has a hard time enough of it. You know Decon Thatcher allers wanted things his own way; and he's far from bein' an open-handed man. He furnishes the wood and lites for the meetin' house, and every cent that's put into the contribution box, goes rite into his pocket again, although poor brother Sharp's salyry, for takin' care of the meetin' house, is always behind, as well as brother Finley's. Sister Sharp has wore a calicer dress to meetin', all winter; and the children are dretful short for close. It's a shame to see 'em goin' out in the snow, with their toes stickin' out of their shoes.

But to come back to Ruth Hall. The quire was all changed around, awhile ago. Brother Skinner, that used to lead the singin', give it up I gess he thought they wanted somebody a leetle more stylish, though I allers thought an awful sight of hearin' brother Skinner sing tenor. Adoniram Jones has led the quire sence, and I must say I've no fault to find, and I do think his base is a sight better'n Decon Thatcher, which was dretfully hoarse and cracked, though mebbe Adoniram don't sing zactly with the spirit and understanding, like the Decon did. But at any rate, it sounds better. There's a Mr. Smith, a perfeshunal man they say, though I don't know what he perfeshes, certainly not religion—he sings tenor, in good brother Skinner's place; and young widow Wilder she carries the treble; and Loftus Little helps one another of the parts —I don't know which—and little enough he is too, for he don't hardly reach up to Mr. Smith's elbow Then there's Sarah Updyke, she tends to the alto and Loftus, at the same time; she used to keep one eye on him, and another on Ruth, for fear he'd look at Ruth, before Ruth went away.

Ruth, you must know, is the widow Hall's daughter—she that was Sofrona Lee. Well, Ruth played till about a year ago, when she went off to an uncle's, and staid awhile on a visit. We all hoped her uncle was goin' to do somethin' for her, for widow Hall has a purty hard time, with sewin' for her livin', and her children's, and nussin that sick boy of her'n, that hain't been able to do a stroke of work this four years. Ruth was a good girl, and helped her mother what she could, but the members didn't seem to take any interest in her, though she never staid away from meetin' if she could help it; only once or twice when her shoes got so bad; and then some of 'em grumbled because she wa'nt there to play, though they never paid her a cent. As I said, Ruth was at her uncle's awhile; but she came back, nigh about September, and played the organ all the fall.

It went on so, till nigh onto last Crismas, Ruth goin' every Saturday night to quire meetin', and sometimes runnin' all the way home alone; and one dark night she like to broke her neck, fallin' over a cow, that lay in the road, and scart her enamost to death besides. Sundays, when Ruth was playin' in her old dress, and tryin' to hide her little feet, so her shabby shoes wouldn't show, the widow Spriggins and her daughter Maria sat up in front, the widow's face beamin' so devoutly, thinkin', no doubt, how comfortable she was, and how thankful Ruth ort to be for the privileges she enjoyed. And then she'd go home, and eat roast turkey, and Ruth was glad enough to get a slice of bread and cup of milk—though oftener it was water Well, as I said, matters went on so, till the week before Crismas, when the members concluded to have a Crismas tree. So they all met together, and made pincushions, and straw baskets, and elefants, and dolls drest up in waddin', and I dunno what all for the Sunday school children, and strung pop corn and so on. Bymeby, sister Benson said she thought they ort to remember the organist. she'd played for 'em a good while, and ben there very stiddy. Some of the members thought they'd be willin' to do a little somethin'; but some said Ruth was young, and she ort to be glad of the chance to come there and play. Nobody seemed to be forrard about the matter, each one waited for somebody else; I spose they was too perlite to crowd themselves. Finally, sister Spriggins nobly threw herself into the breach. She said

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she'd a dretful purty belt ribbin, that she had before she was married, only twenty-five years ago: 'twa'nt soiled, and though they wa'nt in fashion now, mebbe they would be, before long; and at any rate, it would be nice to give Ruth, and show her that she was remembered.

So, at last, they agreed to make up a little box amongst 'em. Decon Thatcher objected to such frivolity, howsomever, and thought something serious, such as a choice text or two, that she could have framed and hung up, would be much better for such a giddy young thing; for it would remind her of the shortness of time, and the worth of her immortal soul. I thought mebbe he didn't notice his daughter Lizy. She was there, with a new grow-grane mantilly on, or matty lassy, I believe she called it, and her hat all trimmed up with feathers and kardinal red ribbins.

Crismas eve come at last; and there was the tree all hung round with strings of pop corn, and little candles, and corn-copious, as I believe they called 'em, full of candy, and sights of things that I can't remember. Almost everybody was there. The brothers and sisters, and nussin' mothers in Israel, with the glow of havin' done their duty a-shinin' on their faces. The Sunday school children were all remembered, and most everybody got something.

Long Mr. Smith got a doll penwiper, and Loftus Little an elefant, and dear brother Finley got five pair of slippers, though he has three pair at home he'd never worn; and his son Merton got seventeen neckties. Sister Finley got several tidies, in spite of the house bein' full of 'em already; and Mary Finley, who was twelve years old, and a real womanly girl, got one of the dolls drest in waddin', and a little stockin' made out of musketeer bar and filled with candy. At last, a box was handed to Ruth, with considerable parade, which made her pleasant face flush up all over, for it was a real surprise to her. She hesitated about opening it. But Decon Thatcher, who sat near her, told her not to be afraid; and sister Spriggins smiled, and nodded her head to Ruth, to encourage her.

Well, the dear girl untied the string, and raised the cover, smiling gently all the time; for I spose Ruth was thinking of her mother and the children at home; and she thought that now she would have something, perhaps, to give them. On the top was a small parcel, which she unfolded, and out dropped a long green belt ribbin, that would have gone twice round Ruth's slim waist. Next came a card, nearly a foot square, painted all round with every colored vine, and inside was rit these lines:

I love the Sunday school,
I love that holy day;
And always in the meetin' house
I love to sing and pray.

Maria Spriggins' name was at the bottom, so I spose she done the paintin'—I know she had been takin' lessons in that, as well as on the pianner and parler organ.

Last of all, was several sheets of paper, all rit over. I sat where I could see, and I knew in a minnit, it was Decon Thatcher's ritin'. It looked to be a sort of sermon, for I could see every little ways a text—you know he was allers a master hand to quote Scripter. Ruth took up one sheet after another, till I had counted eight pages.

She held 'em a minnit, in her hand; and all at once, the tears begun to run down her face. Decon Thatcher leaned over toward her, lookin' dretful pious, and told her she mustn't let her good fortune overcome her so. She must learn to bear prosperity as well as adversity, and they hadn't done more'n their duty. Ruth didn't say anything, but purty soon she got up, and went home, and the next week I heard she had gone to her uncle's agin.

Then a month and more past. People was wonderin' how long Ruth was goin' to stay away. The organ was played dretful bad at meetin': it was Maria Spriggins that did it; and instead of followin' her book, she was lookin' over her shoulder at one of the young men in the quire, and flirtin'; she can use them eyes of her'n, I will say that for her, to set any fool of a man crazy. Even Decon Thatcher began to say we must have Ruth back, when, t'other day, news came that she was a-goin' to be married, and who do you think to? Why to the young minister, down to Pelham, where her uncle lived. Hearin' her play the organ there, he fell in love with her, right off. That was at this last visit to her uncle's. He is so rich, this young minister—a Cambridge graduate, allers wears gloves and is a master-hand at Hebrew and Greek—that he doesn't have to live on his salyry, but gives it all away to the poor. Ruth's mother says it's every word true, and the tears came into her eyes, as she told me—tears of joy—and I don't wonder.

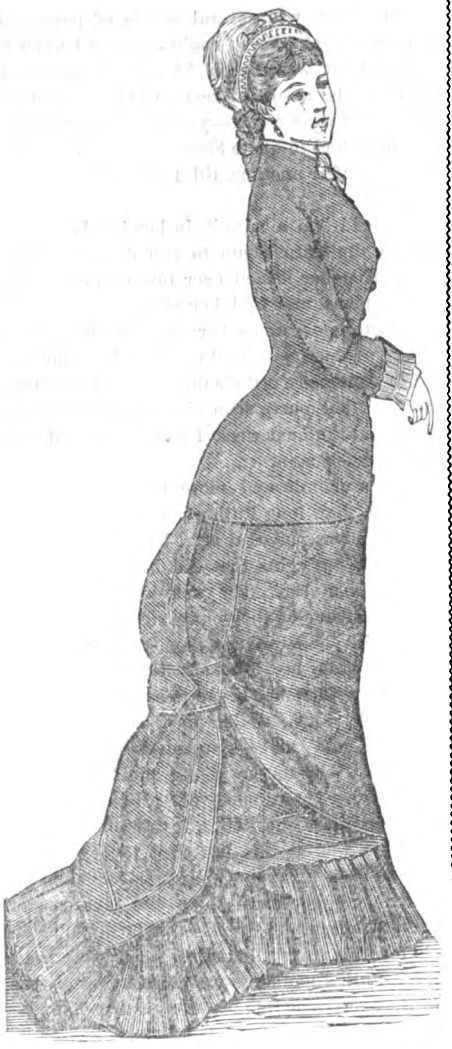
When Ruth comes to live in the fine house her husband will give her, I wonder if she won't sometimes think of the different ways she has been rewarded for playin' the organ, here and there. But then, as Decon Thatcher said, t'other day, though he wasn't alludin' to Ruth, but to himself, I spose—"a prophet never has honor in his own country." Nor for the matter of that has an organ player.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a simple and stylish costume for the street, of camel's-hair cloth, in dark blue or brown. Or it may be made of "bourette," which is the heavy mixed woolen fabric so popular this season, and to be had at all prices, from twenty cents up to three or four dollars per yard. Our design has a demi-trained skirt, trimmed with a kilt plaiting seven inches deep. Above this is a flat band cut on the bias, and bound on both edges with plain material to match either silk or cashmere. The tunic is fastened to the skirt, and forms, in front, a rounded tablier, and at the back one breadth of material is used, and it forms a shawl, shaped and caught back with a Breton band. This is bound and edged with a bias band, like those above the kilting. Plain cuirass bodice, with coat sleeves and standing color, closed with steel or smoke pearl buttons. Sixteen yards of single width goods required





We have here a dinner toilette of brown or black silk; but the design would be a charming one for a young lady in light blue or pink cash-

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mere, and pretty for an evening. It is a Princess; the fronts are cut long enough to admit of the festooning, which is fastened and kept in place on an under lining. The front and sides are ornamented by buttons, arranged as may be seen. From this seam and coming from under the front trimming there is some fullness, which extends to the back width, forming the train, which is trimmed with thirteen narrow ruffles, either gathered or plaited, but quite full. These are simply trimmed on the edge. Close-fitting coat sleeves, trimmed with a corresponding ruffle at the hand, headed by a band and bow of ribbon to match. Turn-over collar, lined with white, pale blue, or pink silk, in which case the ribbons will match the collar. A full ruche of Valencienne lace at the throat, and extending down the front of the dress to the waist, forming a cascade, making a very dressy toilette. A black silk, with different colored ribbons, so disposed, will be a very effective and useful toilette for either dinner or evening. Six dozen buttons. Seventeen to eighteen yards of twenty-seven inch silk will make this dress. For cashmere, ten yards will be required.



For a little girl of six, this Breton costume, may be repeated with but little alteration. As is seen, there is first a skirt bordered with two knife-plaitings, headed by the embroidered galloon trimming. We give the front and back of the jacket; and the design is easily followed. It is worn over a plaited chemisette of muslin, which is lined with flannel, to make it equally warm.



Four dozen buttons, and four yards of galloon will be required. Quantity of material, according to the size of the child.

Something entirely new for a very young girl, has the yoke on the front of the pocket bodice, pointed, as on next page. The material is camel's hair cloth—of a dark blue green—and the trimmings are entirely of ribbed worsted braid and buttons. Nine rows of the braid trim the underskirt. The tunic, which buttons diagonally, is finished by two rows of the braid. Three rows, placed perpendicularly in groups of the rows of braid, ornament the front and back of the jacket. The trimming on the back runs up to the neck. One row of braid edges the jacket. Cuffs and pockets are trimmed to match. Small turned down collar. This would be a very suitable and youthful way of making up a mourning costume for a very young girl. The belt at the waist is made of the material, edged with braid. Four dozen yards of braid, two and a-half dozen but-

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tons, seven to eight yards of double width material.



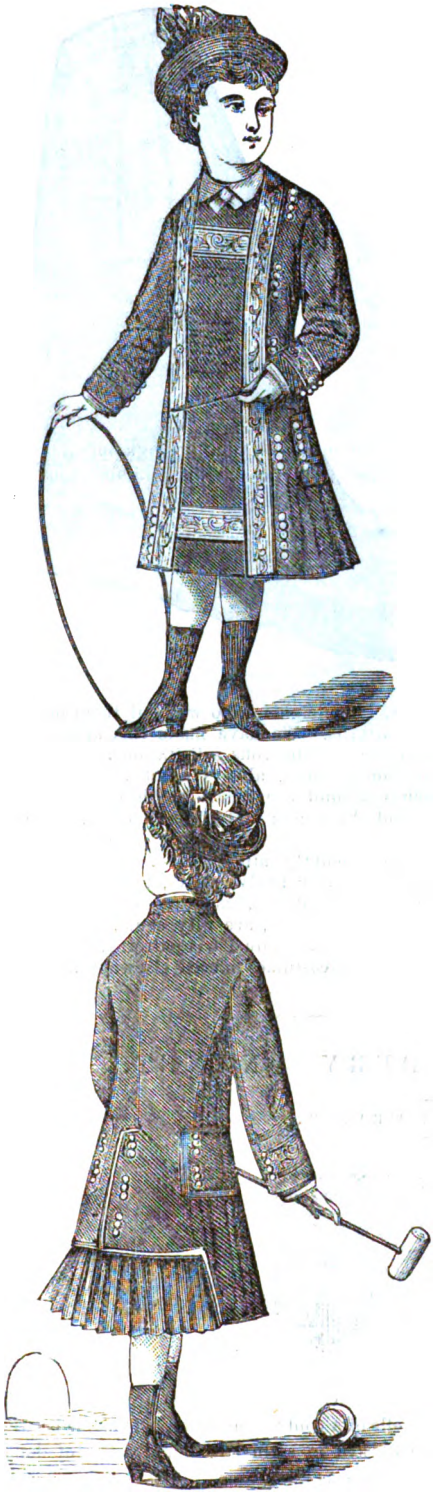
Another walking costume is of myrtle green woolen broche, trimmed with pipings and buttons of mazarine blue. The skirt is made with a demi-train, bordered by a box-plaiting, and a double knife-plaiting of silk or plain cashmere to match. The tunic is draped in front by being gathered on the front seam. The back is slightly draped, forming shawl ends, as in our first design. Tight-fitting jacket, with a double collar (called a Garrick collar), finished off with an upright silk band, and a crêpe lisse frilling. Cuffs, collars, edges of tunic, jacket, etc., are bound with the plain material, either silk or cashmere,



to match the knife-plaiting. Fourteen buttons, fifteen yards of single width goods, and two and a-half yards of cashmere, or five yards of silk for knife-plaiting and bindings.

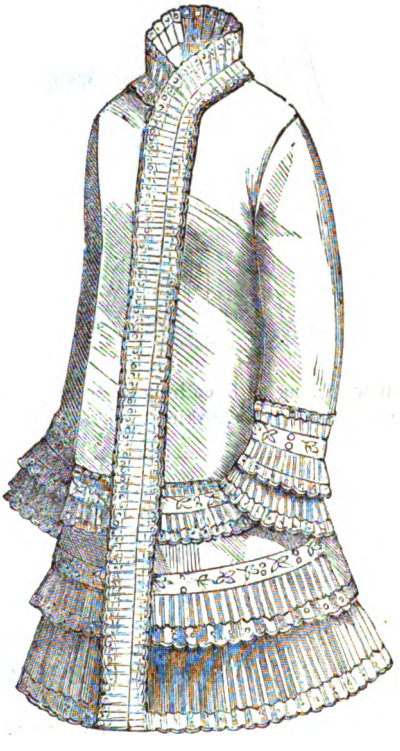
The front and back of a Breton costume for a little boy of from four to six years. Has the Breton vest extending to the bottom of the skirt. A kilt plaiting fills in the bottom of the skirt at the back, where the coat part of the costume

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ends. Embroidered galloon, and pearl sequins or buttons are used for the trimming. Dark blue, green, or brown ribbed flannels are much used for these dresses. Merino or camel's-hair equally so. Seven dozen buttons or sequins, two and one-half yards galloon, three to four yards of flannel according to the size of the child.

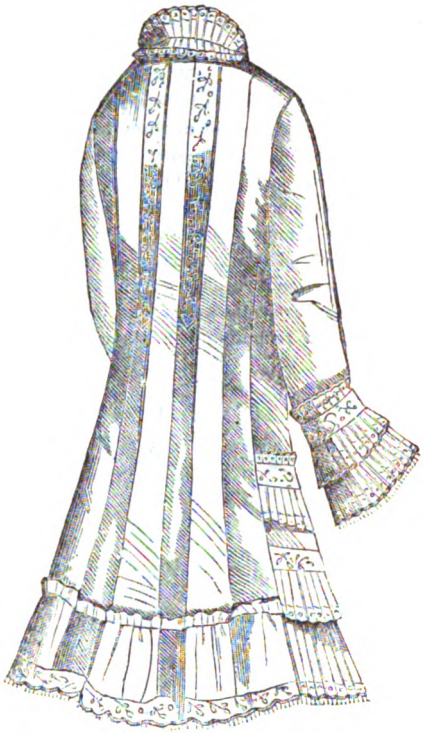
A breakfast sacque of blue or rose-colored flannel or cashmere. We give the back and front of it. It is trimmed with fine knife-plaitings of cashmere, edged with narrow Torchon lace. Torchon insertion heads the plaitings, and trims the back of the sacque as far as the waist. At the back, the trimming consists of a slightly

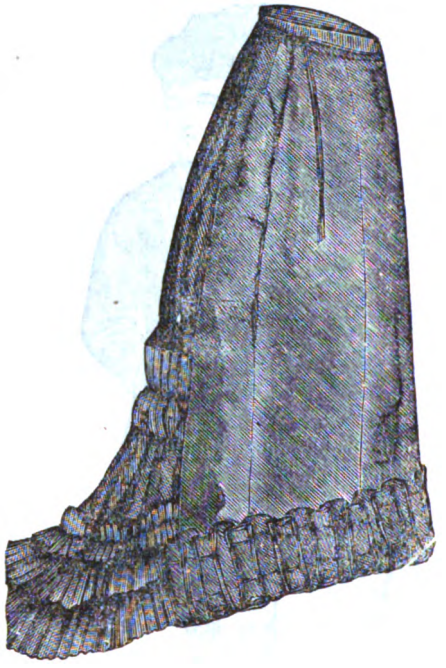


gathered flounce, as deep as the first plaiting, put on with a heading. A plaiting edged on both sides forms the trimming for the front, and stands up around the neck. A narrow Valenciennes edge may be substituted for the Torchon at much less expense.

A black silk skirt to be worn under a Princess polonaise, is trimmed in front with a double box-plaiting. The fan-shaped train has two rows of knife-plaiting, headed by a double one. A puff and plaiting to stand up, finishes the fan at the top, where it joins the narrow back width of the skirt, but this may be omitted, as the polonaise

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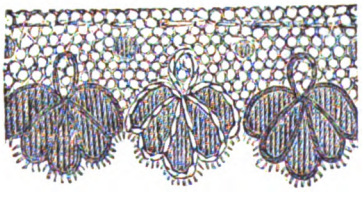


is now so long as to entirely conceal all but the lower trimming of the skirt.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

BORDER: EMBROIDERY ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border is intended for trimming veils, fichu, etc. The net is tacked on stiff paper, and the flowers are run on in floss silk, the design having previously been sketched on the paper. The outlines of the flowers are marked with filoselle of a contrasting color. The dots between are worked in satin stitch, and a line of double silk serves as a heading.

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GARRICK PALETOT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our Supplement for this month (which is folded in this number) is a full-size pattern for the Garrick paletot for a young girl, of which we give a view, front and back, above.

This fashionable paletot will be worn by children of all ages, and will be found a most comfortable garment. It can be made in a variety of material: cloth tweed, homespun, corduroy, reversible cloth, cashmere, flannel, can all be used. The style requires no trimming, save braid to bind with.

Our paper pattern (see Supplement) consists of six pieces.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3, 4, 5. THE THREE SEPARATE CAPES.

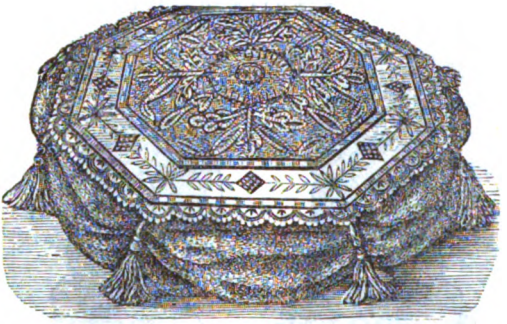
No. 6. HALF OF SLEEVE.

It is buttoned down the front, and the back is joined as far as the step in the paper. The piece is laid over in a straight line, where it is ornamented by a button. This Garrick paletot is the newest Paris style for children.

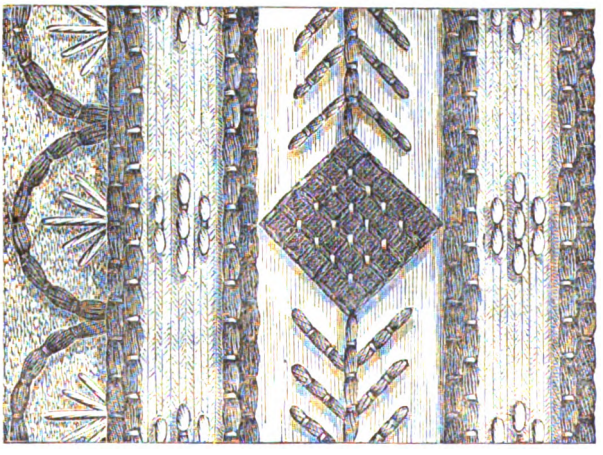
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FOOT-STOOL:

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

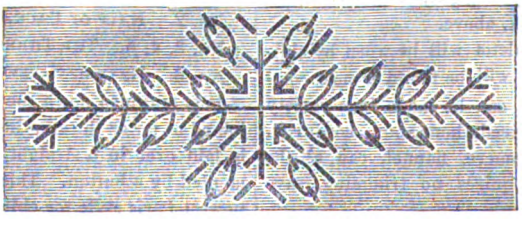


This effective footstool is worked in coarse wool on soldier's cloth, but artistic serge may be used with equal advantage. The ground is dark red cloth, and the cover is octagon in shape. The outer border consists of two rows of blue braid, with a stripe of white serge in the centre; and these rows are fastened down with coarse wool in two shades of green. On the blue braid the



long stitches are put in with coarse white wool, and the stars with fine white wool. The diamond in the centre of the white braid is put in with satin stitch, and covered with filoselle. The centre of the footstool may be either braided or of brocaded silk, and the sides are plush of the same color. The colors of the tassels are similar to those of the embroidery.

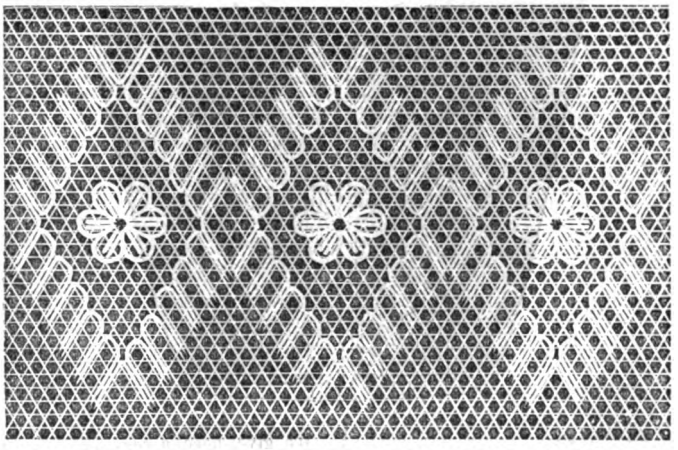
CLOCK FOR STOCKING.



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DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.

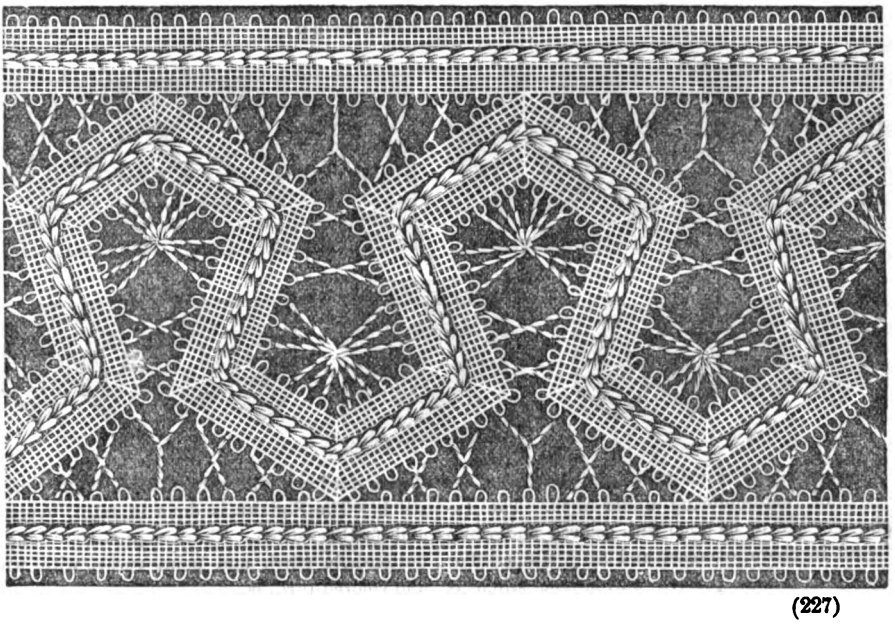
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is very popular for pin-cushions, toilet table covers, etc., etc., lined with blue or pink muslin. Summer jackets and flounces for dresses have been made of it. Coarse bobbinet or mosquito netting are the kinds most used. Darn with linen floss, rather coarse.

INSERTION—MEDIÆVAL LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

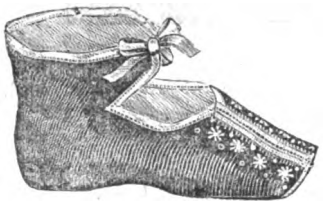


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BABY'S EMBROIDERED BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



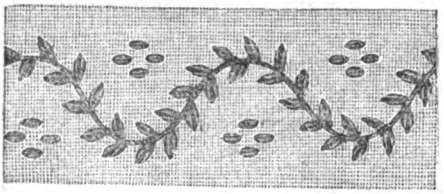


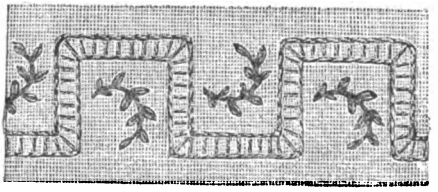
We give, here, a very pretty and new design for a baby's boot, embroidered.

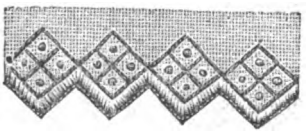
We give the boot and detail of embroidery, full size, for the toe. Our design is in pale blue cashmere lined with white flannel, and bound with white silk braid. The embroidery is also done in white.

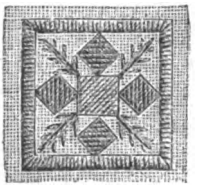
EMBROIDERIES FOR UNDER-LINEN.

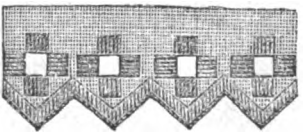
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.











We give, here, some very pretty and new designs, for embroidering under-linen. The INSERTIONS are to be done with colored and white thread in chain, overcast and satin stitch. For the open-worked pattern button-hole stitch is drawn out long, and worked round with overcast stitch. The SQUARE is done in satin, overcast, and feather stitch. The EDGINGS are done in button-hole stitch and point russe, with white and colored threads.

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BABY'S UNDER-VEST—KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials three and one-half ounces split zephyr, or Saxon yarn, four medium sized steel knitting needles.

Cast on one hundred and twenty stitches, and knit one row plain.

First row: knit three, purl eight. Repeat. Second row: purl three, knit eight. Repeat. Third row: like first. Fourth row: like third. Fifth row: like first. Sixth row: like second. Repeat from the first row, decreasing one stitch after the thirty-fifth, and before the eighty-fifth stitch of every sixth row, after the twelfth row.

After the forty-eighth row, divide the stitches into three; there should be twenty-seven on the first needle, fifty-four on the second, and twenty-seven on the last. Knit each needle separately. In the first and last needles, which form the front, knit twenty-seven rows, cast off twelve stitches on the inner side to form the hollow of the neck, knit six rows in the stitches that remain, and cast off. The other side is worked the same.

For the back, knit thirty-three rows, and cast off. Sew up the shoulders with a needle threaded with wool, and finish the neck with a crochet-band, worked as follows:

First row: one double into each stitch. Second row: one treble separated by one chain into each alternate stitch.

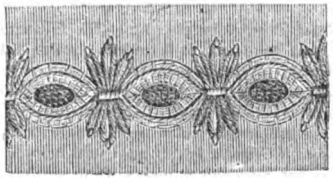
For the sleeve cast on thirty stitches, knit twelve rows; to form the sleeves, increase one stitch at the beginning of every other row, until there are forty-five stitches on the needle; then cast off, join the sleeve with a needle threaded with wool, and join to the jacket. A crochet edge is worked round the bottom of the jacket and sleeves.

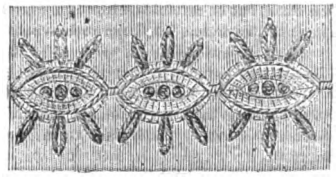
First row: one treble five chain, one double into the second, pass over one stitch of the edge of jacket, one treble into the next. Repeat.

A colored ribbon is threaded through the edging of the throat and sleeves.

TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Point lace braid and point russe. Trace the design with point lace braid, and fill up with chain, satin, and knotted stitch of colored wool. These are very new.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE "KETTLE-DRUM" FASHION.—The most fashionable mode of entertainment, for the last year or two, has been the "Kettle-drum." This is only another name for a reception, given in the afternoon, to which ladies go in bonnets, and gentlemen in morning coats, and where the refreshments are of the simplest kind, generally tea and coffee, or at most chocolate, with a few cakes. It is to be regarded, we think, as a great improvement. Hitherto entertainments have been too costly. In this latitude, especially, when a party was given, it used to be in the evening, and the expense of the supper, which was considered an indispensable feature, was a serious item, the plainest one involving chicken-salad, fried oysters, ice cream, etc., while at more elaborate ones were seen, in addition, terrapin, game, and every luxury of the season. This was sheer extravagance, even when people were rich; and it was folly, if not worse, when they were not. The expense of these entertainments finally led to their almost total cessation. This was to be regretted, because people are always happier, and generally healthier, for a little harmless, social recreation. Women who stay at home soon rust out. They sometimes become dowdies, sometimes grow stupid, almost invariably fall off in some particulars. Men have excitement in business or ambition, but women get relief from the dull tedium of housekeeping only in social intercourse. The introduction of the "Kettle-drum," by enabling almost everybody to entertain, may, therefore, be regarded as a real blessing. It has also had its influence on evening parties, and has made them much simpler than formerly. We are glad to see all this. People ought to go into society, not to eat, which used to be apparently the only object, but to talk, and to be otherwise agreeable to each other.

CORNER OF TABLE CLOTH.—This design, given in the front of the number, though it looks complicated at first, is not really so. It is easy to produce it, being an application on cloth. The small squares, which are of a lighter shade than the foundation, are worked round with buttonhole stitches, taken at regular intervals, and not close together. The flowers ornamenting every square, likewise those in the border, are embroidered *au passé*. The trellis work, joining the flowers to each other, is composed of silk braid. The edge of the cloth is first vandyked, and then pinked out.

IRONING CREWEL WORK.—The directions for ironing this are quite simple. Lay the work, face downward, on a thick flannel, tightly stretched, taking care that the material, whatever it is, is quite smooth; place a damp cloth upon it, and iron. If this does not make it smooth enough, iron again without the cloth, but be careful the iron is not too hot. If the work be done in a frame, iron before removing it.

WHEN HYACINTHS have done flowering, cease to water them, and when the leaves have turned quite yellow, cut them off, and take up the bulbs, and put them in coarse brown paper; keep them dry, and plant them in a garden in the autumn.

TIDY IN JAVA CANVAS.—We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, a design, and an unusually effective one, for a tidy in Java canvas.

OVERWORK.—Beware, lest you let that miserable demon, "overwork," invade your happy homes, and steal away your pleasures. We know of women who sacrifice, to this spirit, all ease and enjoyment, not only for themselves, but for their children and husband, who are alike made to feel that an overworked body will show its resentment, in dull looks, snappish words, and general misery.

When we see so many directions about what women should do, we long to write a list of the many things they might far better leave undone. Alas! too often having done all things, they find that, slowly, but surely, the happiness for which home was created, has vanished, that the sense of ease and being loved, which all long to feel, is lost; and that the head of the house can only recount her many cares and toils; and that the whole family is made to feel a sense of obligation that is, to say the least, uncomfortable. Work we must, but let us keep it out of sight as far as possible, and never needlessly talk of it.

TABLE CLOTH BORDER, ETC.—Most women who do much work get a store of odds and ends of materials they are glad to make use of. We have just seen a border to a table cloth in a style which can equally well be applied to brackets, etc. It consisted of a series of rounds of different-colored cloths, eight inches in circumference, and worked on a design each different, of white and colored beads. These circles were sewn on the cloth foundation, and bordered by a herringbone stitch in very coarse silk all round, with beads intermixed. This, laid on a dark ground and bordered with fringe, is most effective, and it is a style of work that can be applied to many things. A pretty table cloth, too, may be made. The centre is a square of black cloth with a bordering laid on of red cloth, pinked out at the edges, the join hidden by a row of gold cord, tassels to match at either end, on this are appliqué eight figures, very deftly made in imitation of the Breton work.

FLOWERS FROM FEATHERS.—To those of our subscribers who live in the country, we would suggest that very pretty flowers may be made from feathers to be found in the farmyard. The pure white ones have a beauty of their own, while the others, many of them, can be dyed to any shade required, and, when done, are useful for wearing in the hair, or for vases for the dinner or drawing-room. Hens, turkey, and pigeons' feathers are all useful, especially the wing feathers of the latter. Flower wire, which is fine and supple, green sewing silk, and white cotton will be required. The feathers must be well secured to the wire with cotton, and all the stems subsequently covered with green paper. We generally use some of the calyx stamens, etc., of old artificial flowers.

TO WASH BOOK MUSLINS, ETC.—The following recipe may be used for lawn, book muslin dresses, fichus, etc. Boil two quarts of bran in water for half an hour, let it cool, then strain it, and mix the liquor with the water in which the things are to be washed. They will only require rinsing, as the bran will stiffen them sufficiently. For colored muslins, rice water is very good, as it helps to preserve the color; but, although it makes white muslins clear, it sometimes gives them a yellow tinge. When used, it should previously be boiled in the proportion of one pound of rice to one gallon of water. No soap is required.

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OUR PRINCIPAL CLUBS.—We will send, at $1.70 each, four copies of the magazine for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club: or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. See the Prospectus, for these, as well as other clubs. No magazine gives *as much for the money* as this.

Additions to clubs, we may add, can be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied.

AT SIXTY YEARS.—A lady writes to us: "I had given up the idea of taking 'Peterson' for 1878, but when I came to read the last number for 1877, I said to my husband I would rather do without my dinner, than without the magazine. I am sixty years old, but I not only send this club for 1878, but have commenced to get up another for 1879." While such women remain, neither "Peterson," nor the nation, need fear anything.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This little volume is the daintiest of books. Yet nothing could be too dainty for the poems it contains. The two complement each other, "like swan and shadow" moving together. As a prose writer, Mrs. Moulton has long been known to the public. But while in fiction she is principally distinguished for dramatic force, in poetry her characteristics are tenderness and pathos, to which we may add an occasional vein of profound sadness. Many of the verses, in the volume before us, have appeared in magazines and literary newspapers, and are, therefore, not unknown to general readers. They lose nothing, however, on a second perusal. We do not often quote, in reviewing books, but we need not apologize, we think, for quoting the following tender and delicate lines.

"If on my grave the summer grass were growing,
Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
Through joyous June or desolate December,
How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember?
How long, dear love, how long?

"For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking—
How long, dear love, how long?

"To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses;
Fill up your glass, and cover it with kisses.
How long, dear love, how long?

"Too gay, in June, you may be to regret me,
And living lips may woo you to forget me;
But, oh! sweetheart, I think you will remember
When winds are weary in your life's December—
So long, dear love, so long!"

One who can write like that, should write oftener, we think. Mrs. Moulton does an injustice to herself, in being so chary of her poetry.

Samantha at the Centennial. By "Josiah Allen's Wife." Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Hartford: American Publishing Company.* The author of this volume is already favorably known to our readers. Like many others who have since achieved distinction, she made her first appearance before the public in this magazine. Like all successful writers she wrote from observation. Her pen had the flavor of real life; not of the library, or the school. Her letters from "Josiah Allen's Wife" struck an entirely new vein. They professed to give the views of a rather strong-minded woman, the wife of a well-to-do farmer, on matters and things in general, and afforded numerous graphic, though often satirical, descriptions of country life and manners, and of the eccentricities that crop up occasionally in secluded rural districts. The spelling of the epistles was frequently as humorous as the epistles themselves. Some of the characters, like Betsy Babbit, the Widow Doodle, Josiah Allen, and Samantha herself, were quite original creations. The letters proved so popular, that they were collected into a volume, which, we understand, had a remarkably successful sale. The present work is a new series, from the same hand, chiefly devoted to a narrative of Samantha's visit to the Centennial, where she not only saw the ordinary sights, but interviewed General Grant, Dom Pedro, General Hawley, and other distinguished persons. Some of the sketches have already been published in "Peterson;" but most of them now appear in print for the first time. We may add that the author does not flag in this new series: she is just as humorous as of old; and as the subjects are of more general interest, the result is an even livelier volume than before. The illustrations, profusely scattered through the book, are quite spirited. If you wish for a hearty laugh, if you would read a witty work that is not the least bit malicious, buy "Samantha at the Centennial."

The Wolf at the Door. "No Name Series." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.* The "No Name Series," of which we have often spoken in these pages, has proved so popular, that the publishers continue to issue fresh additions to it, at the shortest possible intervals. The last one, prior to this, was "Will Derbigh, Nobleman," the scene of which was laid in Devonshire, England. To keep up the variety, we suppose, this story is located principally in Boston. This gives an opportunity, apart from the interest of the plot itself, to hit off, with much spirit, some of the peculiarities of that "Hub of the Universe." The volume is neatly printed and bound, in a style to match the rest of the series.

That Lover of Mine. By the author of "That Girl of Mine." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The success of this anonymous author's first venture led to a second attempt, which, on the whole, we regard as an improvement on its predecessor. The character of the heroine, Phyllis Martyn, is so natural, is limned with such delicate, yet truthful touches, that we cannot avoid thinking it has been sketched from real life.

Grey Abbey. By the author of "Won in a Canter." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Another volume of the highly successful "Star Series." The story is an English one, and opens in the New Forest, at an old Elizabethan mansion, not far from Hythe. The plot is full of incident. The description of the steeple chase is very vivid: here the author is at home.

The Phantom Wedding. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is one of the most effective novels that Mrs. Southworth, dramatic as she always is, has ever written. It is printed neatly, and bound in morocco cloth, with full gilt back, making a very handsome volume for the centre-table.

Love and Duty. By Mrs. Hubbuck. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another of that popular "Dollar Series," which, for its price, is the best and cheapest issued anywhere. All the works in it are standard ones. They are printed and bound uniformly, with great taste.

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fans thus brought together included fans from Egypt and Turkey, from Mexico and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and, of course, from all the stores of old and new gathered together in private and in public collections. The place of honor was awarded to a fan belonging to the Queen of England, once the property of Louis XIV. and of Marie Antoinette. Indeed, in the midst of the extravagance of that period, the fan makers found a profitable livelihood. But during the troublesome times of the French Revolution, the poor fan makers were sorely puzzled to keep their wares up to the latest political changes. Then followed a long period of dullness, and fans for years gave way to reticules or bags as ornaments for ladies. But at last the help of some famous French artists reëstablished the old trade, and now both the manufacture for sale and the collection of fine examples are rapidly increasing.

In 1861, a sale took place in Paris of a collection that numbered three hundred and fifty fans and two hundred and three unmounted sketches, etc., and the names of queens, duchesses, countesses, of Rothschilds, and other princes of finance, show that the collectors of to-day are not likely to be less extravagant than those of earlier days.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Browning for Soup.—Put some brown sugar in a heated skillet, and let it brown a little; to each tablespoon of sugar, put one cup of water; let it boil. Stir in the soup a short time before serving.

Stock for White Soup.—A knuckle of veal is best, but a piece of neck will do. Cut all the fat off a pound of ham; put it and the veal in a pot, one and a-half pints of cold water to a pound of meat; skim the soup while it boils; put in one ounce of salt, three onions, three carrots, one teaspoon of whole pepper, two blades of mace; boil for six hours; let it simmer slowly. Cover the vessel it is to be kept in, and set in a cool place.

Veal Soup.—Take two pounds veal and one gallon of water; let it boil until tender; add pot marjoram, thyme, chopped onions, pepper and salt. To brown it, take a tablespoon of butter, and two of flour; mix with a little of the broth; roll the butter in the flour, and let it stew in the broth; then add to the soup. Just before serving, add a wine-glass of wine, a few cloves, spice, and cayenne pepper. Cut and slice three hard boiled eggs.

MEATS.

Lamb Pie.—Make it of the loin, neck, or breast. The breast of house-lamb is one of the most delicate things that can be eaten. It should be very lightly seasoned with pepper and salt, the bone taken out, but not the gristle, and a small quantity of jelly gravy be put in hot; but the pie should not be cut till cold. Put in two spoonfuls of water before baking. Grass-lamb makes an excellent pie, and may either be boned or not; but not to bone it is, perhaps, the best. Season with only pepper and salt. Put in two spoonfuls of gravy when it is taken out of the oven.

French Beefsteak.—Cut the steaks a finger's thickness, from a fillet of beef; season with pepper and salt, and dip them in melted fresh butter; lay them on a heated gridiron, and broil them over hot coals; have parsley and butter chopped, and put in the middle of the dish, round which you lay the steaks, and dip them in it. Serve them with the squeeze of a lemon over them.

Meat Cakes.—Take any kind of underdone meat, and mince it up very finely with any remnants of tongue or ham. Take one-quarter pound of this mixture and two ounces of mashed potatoes; mix well. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan; add the mince; season with pepper, salt (if necessary), and powdered sweet herbs; stir until quite hot, then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs. Let the mixture cool, fashion it into cakes, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry to a golden brown. Mix in a saucepan one-half ounce of butter and one-half ounce of flour; add by degrees a small bottle of conserve de tomates and a small quantity of stock, boil it up, put the sauce in the middle of the dish, the meat cakes round, and serve very hot.

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage Stewed.—Take the outer leaves off a well-washed cabbage, cut it into quarters, and put it into a stewpan with sufficient stock to cover it, and with a bundle of sweet herbs tied together, some whole pepper and salt to taste; let the cabbage simmer until done, strain off the gravy, have ready some slices of bread fried in dripping, dish with the cabbage on the fried bread, and some of the gravy poured over.

Salad Dressing of Raw Egg.—Take the yolks of two eggs; mix with half teaspoon of mustard; stir in two tablespoons of vinegar, and then gradually mix in sweet olive oil according to taste. The more oil that is added, the stiffer the dressing. Put in the oil very slowly, and stir rapidly, always the same way. Add the salt last, as it will sometimes curdle the dressing if put in with the other ingredients.

Potato Cakes.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, a little salt, and melted butter (to make them sweet, add a little powdered loaf sugar), mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff enough to roll, make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

DESSERTS.

Cheap Puddings.—Take quarter pound of breadcrumbs, quarter pound of dripping, two ounces of jam or any marmalade, quarter pound of sugar, and a couple of eggs. Mix the dripping and breadcrumbs, then stir in the other ingredients, and mix well together, and lastly add the eggs beaten to a froth. Put the mixture in a greased basin, tie it down with a floured cloth, and boil for two hours. (2) Take quarter pound of chopped suet or dripping, mix it with half pound of flour, quarter pound of brown sugar, and a small tablespoonful of grated ginger; stir all together, put the mixture into a greased basin, tie it down, and boil for three hours. (3) Take two ounces each of suet, currants, and raisins, one ounce of flour, three ounces of breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of molasses, quarter pint of milk. Mix well, and boil for two hours. (4) Make some paste with dripping, cover the bottom and sides of a pie dish with the paste, pour over it some molasses, add a little lemon juice and grated ginger, then put another layer of paste, lemon juice, and ginger, and so on until the dish is full, cover with paste, and bake an hour.

SANITARY.

To Remove Warts.—Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on it; if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking-plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns.

To Remove Moles.—Take a stick of nitrate of silver, moisten the stick—very slightly is sufficient—touch the mole once, and it will turn black. Do not interfere with it while sore; it will dry up and fall off. If it does not come off clean enough the first time, repeat the operation.

Beef Tea.—Beefsteak or any lean part of the meat will make good beef tea. For one pint take one pound of lean beef, remove any fat or gristle, cut the meat in pieces, and put it in a stone jar with one pint of cold water. Tie down the jar, and put it in the oven for two or three hours. Then pour off the beef tea, and with blotting paper take off all the fat. For quick beef tea, cut up and remove the fat from one pound of beef, put it in a stewpan over the fire for five minutes, keeping the lid on; then add one pint of hot water, and simmer twenty minutes.

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AT THE "FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE."

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A "LOCHINVAR" ON SKATES. [*See the Story.*]

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YOUNG LADY'S DRESS. GIRL'S DRESS.

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NEW SPRING WALKING DRESSES.

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WALKING DRESS. HOUSE DRESS.

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MANTLE FOR SPRING. FICHU. BOWS.

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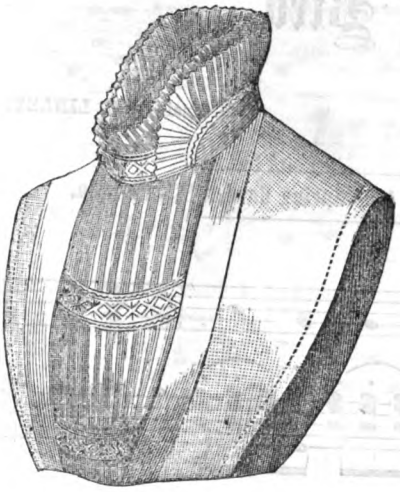
HOUSE DRESS. COLLARS AND CUFF.

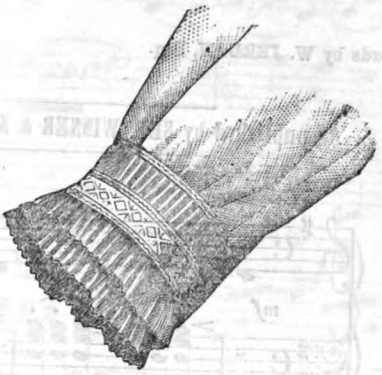
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THE NEW SPRING BONNETS. SPRING HA

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CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.

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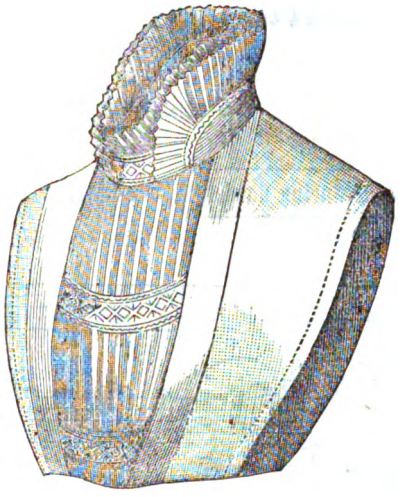


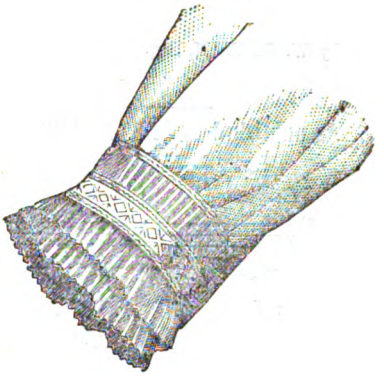




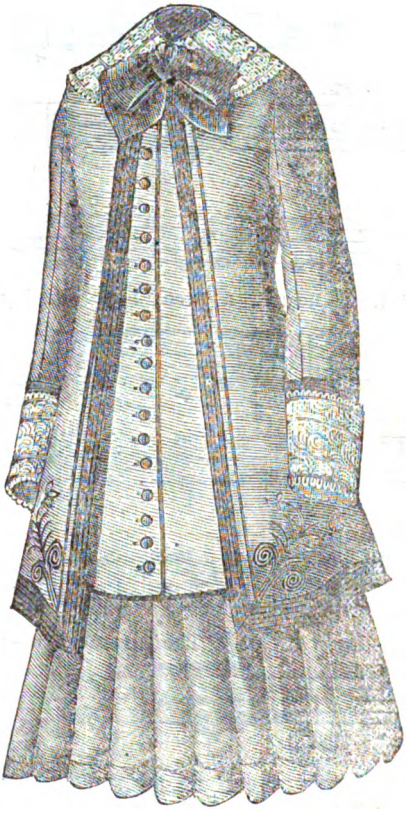
THE NEW SPRING BONNETS. SPRING HATS.

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GIRL'S OUT-DOOR COSTUME· BACK AND FRONT. CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.

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The Wee Bird.

Words by W. JERDAN, Esq. Music by G. LINLEY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.



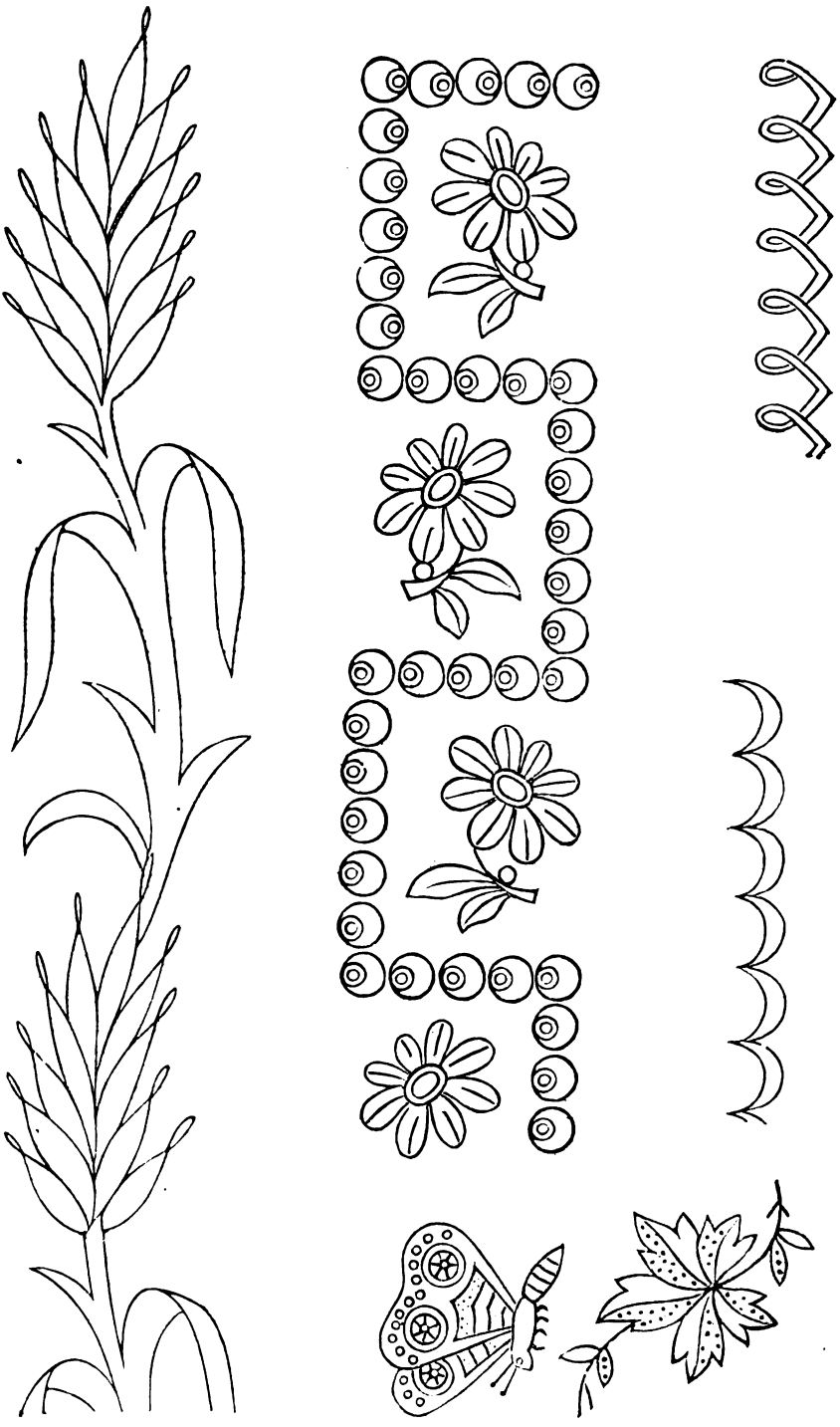
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2 He heard the wee bird singing,
For its notes were wondrous clear,
As if wedding bells were ringing,
Melodious to the ear;
And still it rang, that wee bird's song,
Just like the bells, ding, dong, ding, dong
While my heart beat time so quick and strong.
I felt that he was near;
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing,
That wee bird, that wee bird,
Ah! he heard that wee bird singing.

3 We heard the wee bird singing,
After many years had flown;
And the true bells had been ringing,
And Willie was my own.
Oft, strolling thro' the forest glade,
I mind him what the wee bird said,
That morn when he no longer stray'd,
But flew to me alone;
Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
Oh! we love the wee bird singing,
That wee bird, that wee bird,
Oh! we love the wee bird singing.

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EMBROIDERY IN SILK OR CREWEL. INSERTION. EDGINGS. BUTTERFLY AND SPRIG.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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A "LOCHINVAR" ON SKATES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THAT LOVE OF A MAN."

"OH! Charley, how you frightened me. To see you here, of all places! And how you are disguised. Even I did not know you till you spoke."

"Yes! I have 'bearded the lion in his den.' And I had, of course, to use a little disguise," was the reply. "But come into the conservatory, which I see is as big as your guardian's millions. There must be some nook there, where we can sit unobserved, while I explain my plans."

It was the "ball of the season," at least for that neighborhood, which was one of the most fashionable on the upper Hudson, we need not say exactly where. The owner of the mansion, Mr. Hugh McGowan, was about to sail for Europe, with his family, to be gone an indefinite period, and this was his farewell entertainment. Everybody, within a circle of twenty miles, was present, and the dancing was going on with a vigor that shook even the solid mansion.

"I heard, only yesterday, that the old fox was going to carry you off to Europe," said Charley Beauchamp, when he had found a corner, concealed behind some tall, thick plants, where he and his companion could talk unobserved. "Now I shall die, Kate, if an ocean comes to separate us. You must decide, therefore, to-night, for good and all. Why will you not trust me? Your guardian will never give his consent to your marrying me. He will persecute you, and persecute you, in hopes to get you to take his boor of a son. Elope with me—"

"Elope with you?" cried his partner, with a start. "Oh! Charley, you cannot mean it. Think what people would say."

"Then you don't love me," broke in Charley, bitterly. "Imagine the risk I run in coming here. I had to get an invitation, under a false name, and to disguise myself, as you see; two things infinitely repugnant to me, and only to be endured for your sake, dear. And now you talk of what people will say! Have we not sworn eternal fidelity to each other? Was not our engagement made with the sanction of your father? Would we not have been married, before this, if he had not died? These people intend to cheat me out of you—"

"But—but," stammered the girl, "the provisions of the will. Everything is left in Mr. McGowan's hands. I cannot marry without his consent. If I do, I am disinherited. He was the partner of papa, you know, who trusted him in everything."

"And was betrayed. But listen to me, Kate. The will is, indeed, as you say. But your guardian's power ceases, when you become twenty-five If you will share a comparatively poor man's lot for five years, you will, at the end of that time, recover all these luxuries. Nothing can prevent the property coming to you at the end of that period. I have hesitated to ask you, before, to make this sacrifice. But to see you go off to Europe, for an indefinite season, and to know you will be entirely in the power of this man and his son—Kate it drives me mad."

"What would you have me do, dear? You know I love you. You know I would share poverty with you, not for five years only, but for a life-time. I have begged you to be patient, these two years past, because I hoped my guardian would relent. But perhaps — now — you are right."

"Right!" cried Charley, seeing she was beginning to relent. "It is to save you, as much as to win you, dear, that I come to you, to-night. Once in Europe, you will be utterly friendless; no matter how dire your extremity, I cannot help you: great heavens, Kate, think of what that man is capable."

The girl, usually so gentle-looking, lifted her beautiful blue eyes to Charley's, at this, with sudden decision.

"Tell me what you propose," she said. "How is escape possible, watched as I am? Even now,

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my absence may have been remarked. Oh! what will happen, if you are discovered, and insulted, as I know you will be."

"Then trust yourself, dearest, to me. You are a famous skater. Well, I've brought up, from New York, two pairs of skates: one pair for myself, another that will just fit your dear, little feet. When the ball is over, and everybody in the house gone to bed, slip on your warmest travelling dress, and meet me outside. I will wait for you behind the hedge of rhododendrons, just across the carriage drive, in front of the hall door. A quarter of a mile will carry us to the end of the avenue, and to the high road; and another quarter of a mile to the Hudson. There is no snow on the ground, so we cannot be tracked. The river is frozen hard. Once on it, darling, and three hours, perhaps less, will carry us to Leyden, where the Western express makes a connection. We'll jump in, unnoticed in the crowd, and before this time to-morrow, will be at Harbor Lake, in another State, where we can be married without fear of the McGowans interposing."

There was little time for hesitation. The waltz, for which Charley had led Kate out, but which, as we have seen, they had not danced, was nearly over; the last strains of the "beautiful, blue Danube" were dying away into silence; the steps of a pair, who had already stopped, were heard approaching the conservatory.

Kate rose to her feet, all alive with energy.

"I will come," she said, placing her hand in her lover's. What influenced her most, doubtless, more even than her own peril, was the picture Charley had drawn of his despair. But nevertheless, the boldness and risk of his plan assisted in the decision, as it would with any other impulsive, imaginative mind.

Charley stooped, and kissed the fair hand, as reverently as a knight of chivalry, Sir Galahad himself even "You shall never repent it," he said, in a voice broken by emotion. "God so deal with me as I deal with you."

It was with a beating heart, that, three hours later, Kate, dressed in her fur-trimmed jacket, stole noiselessly down the vast, but now gloomy staircase. Once or twice she started, and clung to the banisters, as she thought she heard a door creak in opening, or a step in the shadows. But it was not fear of any ghostly presence that moved her: it was the dread of discovery; she had come to believe that her guardian and his son were ubiquitous, and ever on the watch; and she expected, even yet, to be detected and forced back, a prisoner, to her room.

It was not till her trembling little hands, after much fumbling, had succeeded, in the dark, in undoing the great hall door, it was not till she stood fairly outside, with the stars twinkling in myriads above her, and the keen, frosty air blowing about her, that she felt herself really safe. In a moment more, she had scudded across the carriage drive, and was in her lover's arms.

"Oh! I have been so frightened," were her first words, after his storm of kisses was over. "I thought they never would go to sleep, and then that I never should get down the endless staircase, and then that I should never be able, without too much noise, to unfasten the door. But don't let us wait a moment, Charley. They will discover us yet, if we don't hurry on."

It was a clear, crisp night, with a crescent moon, in its last quarter, waning in the west. Everything was so still, that the slightest sound, even the crackling of a twig when trod on, seemed as if it could be heard for miles away. The lovers hastened on, but noiselessly, Charley often stopping to listen. At last they reached the Hudson.

"Thank God," said Charley, "I think I may say we are safe now. Quick! Kate, let me put on your skates."

The task was soon completed; then his own were fastened on; then he gave Kate his hand. "Now," he said, in a whisper, "we can defy them;" and together, at the word, he and Kate struck out.

How shall we do justice to that midnight flight? The keen, frosty air, the musical ring of the skates, the swift, almost bird-like speed of the lovers, exhilarated them indescribably. Miles of glassy ice stretched before them. The trees, on either bank, shot by like shadowy ghosts. The moonlight, just sufficient to point them their way, yet not to betray them, transfigured river, shore and sky, until it seemed as if they were racing through a land of dreams. Charley led off, at once, to the middle of the Hudson, where, in the dim haze, they would have the best chance, he thought, of escaping notice from the banks. For they had taken to the ice, just where a small creek emptied into the greater river, and he had noticed, with some concern, that an old mill stood but a short distance up the stream. Not until he found no one had been aroused, not until the mill was out of sight, did he venture to address Kate again. But then he gave vent to the wild exuberance of his spirits. He had won. Kate was his! He could hardly contain himself for joy. He called her by all the pet, endearing names he could think of; and she answered, with uplifted eyes, full of boundless trust and love.

The miles went by noiselessly and swift. Not a living thing but themselves was awake or abroad. No long strings of wild-fowl, as earlier

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in the season, were seen in the sky. No honk of invisible swan, far up in the illimitable azure, broke the silence. Not even a watch-dog bayed, from the unseen farm-houses, that lay hid away, behind the dim woods, on either shore. No gay cutter of belated pleasure-seekers came whirring over the ice. The moon sailed on, silent and Sphinx-like. The stars palpitated in the fathomless depths above. The mountains rose in the distance, dark and solemn, like brooding prophets; grew nearer; were abreast of them; vanished behind; were lost in sight. Still the skaters kept on. Now and then a sleeping town was passed, with a stray light visible, here and there, along the sharp, black silhouette of houses. There was little wind. But the rapid motion of the skaters made up for this, quickening the color in Katie's cheek, and sending the blood tingling through Charley's veins. Swaying and swinging, keeping time together as if to music, silent now, but swifter than ever, they sped through the noiseless night. The moon waned and went down in the west, and the stars only were left to light their way. Then the cold dawn began to break. At last they saw, close before them, a city rising out of the gloom; its endless line of lights sparkling far down the distance; and its black outline slowly coming into view, like some huge monster uncoiling his vast length along the shadowy shores.

"Here's Leyden. Hurrah!" said Charley, coming to a stop, and taking out his watch.

"You are mine now forever," as he clasped Katie in his strong arms.

Kate looked up at him with a roguish smile and blush.

"Why not quote it outright, Charley," she said, "and have done with it?

'He has won, he has gone, over bush, bank and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar.'"

"I shall always, after this, call you Lochinvar, sir," she added, archly.

The lovers were soon on board the train, and before evening reached Harbor Lake, where they were quietly married.

Charley settled down, with his pretty bride, in a pleasant New England town, waited till Kate was twenty-five, when, in her behalf, he claimed, and obtained possession of her fortune, the power of the McGowans expiring on that day.

After that the enviable couple went to Europe, where their veracious chronicler met them, last summer; and a happier pair he never saw, or believes ever existed—out of Arcadia.

"Yes," said Charley, "we've been married six years now, and in spite of the cynics, we are lovers still."

"So much," said Kate, laughingly, "for running away with a Lochinvar—though I couldn't recommend it to everybody," she added, with matronly after-thought.

"Unless," retorted Charley, "it was with a LOCHINVAR ON SKATES."

BIRMINGHAM GRAVE-YARD.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

PEACEFUL and still it lies.
The tall trees hushed above the lonely graves.
No pompous head-stones rise,
Nor lordly tombs: only the long grass waves!

The droning hum of bee,
The slumb'rous rustle of the golden grain,
The subtle minstrelsy
Of insect life, float up, then die again.

No step the quiet stirs,
From year to year, save on God's hallowed day;
When meek-browed worshippers,
In sober garb, come, silently to pray.

For never sound of bell,
Or organ-peal, is heard: voiceless and still
Is all; as if some spell,
Of Merlin old, held dreamy vale and hill.

It was not always so!
Here once the battle raged; with rush and roar;
Shout answ'ring shout; and blow;
And rifle-crack: while fierce the cannon tore.

And back and forth the fight
Swept o'er the graves, and surged above the dead.
Oh! God, the fearful sight—
Step soft, 'tis o'er the marty'd slain you tread.

A hundred years have roll'd—
With fall of empires, shaking earth—between.
Once more the daisy's gold
Comes back with summer; the red graves are green.

And in the glad Spring-time,
The air grows tremulous with songs of bird,
As if some hidden chime
Broke into peal, and all the heav'n was stirred!

Some airy belfry high,
Invisible, its Benediction shed.
Or, leaning from the sky,
White angels chanted Requiems o'er the dead.

*It was around the quiet, Quaker meeting-house, at Birmingham, and in the grave-yard attached to it, that the battle of Brandywine, in part, was fought.

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THE BLACK LACE MANTILLA.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

I DREW the mantilla and its accompanying whiff of spicy odors, from the large flat box we all knew so well, heaving at the same time a dolorous sigh.

"It is really very tender, girls," I said. "It has seen its best days."

We all regarded it with reverential eyes: Philippa from her most imposing height, as she stood upright by the mantel; and Meg from her corner of the hearth-rug, only I regret to say that Meg glowered from under her square-cut fringe of black hair, which was a bad habit of hers, when she was dissatisfied.

"It has been mended so often," I proceeded, "that, upon inspection, the darns begin to show."

"They are wounds received in many battles," said Philippa; and added, softly: "It was always so becoming."

"It is like an old mountebank," cried Meg. "We may say of it, as of the clown, 'The Black Lace Mantilla will appear again.'"

"When you have worn it, a few score of times, Meg," said Philippa, "as a scarf, as a shawl, as a veil, as an over-dress, you will not be so ungrateful. For my part, I must confess that the ancestress, who brought it into the family, a century ago, is the only one I care a sou for."

"Pooh!" retorted Meg, with all the audacity of fifteen years. "Who knows anything of the Poindexters a century ago? That is only a tale of Larry's. I don't believe we ever had any ancestors at all."

It was not a very gay, or luxurious life, that we Poindexters led; and it had its little shifts and economies; but even Meg, whose wilful youth led her into protest now and then, had never said that it was an unpleasant one, or that it had not its fascinations. There were four of us — Philippa, Meg, myself, and our brother, Laurence, who was our head and protector. We were poor, and rather proud people, at least we were rather proud of our old name, and of the ancestry in which it was Meg's whim to affect to disbelieve, but of which she was in secret prouder than the rest. Each of us was the possessor of the smallest of incomes, and these little incomes, added to the proceeds of Larry's pictures, supported us, and allowed us to indulge in our favorite Bohemian style of living, first in one place, and then in another. American born, we had gained our love of roaming from our father, who had been an artist also. The greater portion of our lives had been spent in different European cities. We had learned all European economies, and become accustomed to fifth and sixth floors. We had eaten figs, chestnuts, and black bread, and drunk thin wine in Florence, Milan, and Rome, and when luck favored us, had been guilty of the extravagance of snug dinners, at our favorite restaurant in Paris. Meg adored Florence; Philippa preferred Paris; my fancy was for Geneva; Larry's for Rome. But at this particular era, in the existence of the Black Lace Mantilla, we were in Florence; the family funds were low; and Philippa, having an invitation to an evening party, we had turned, in dearth of better provision, to our heirloom, and to a certain white silk which had been one of Larry's extravagant freaks, in days gone by.

"The white silk of course," said Meg, "and the jet and pearl ornaments; the mitigated affliction costume, you know; and its the most becoming of the lot. What a blessing it is that great aunt Meredith died, when she did, so that you can wear it. I wonder if she did it on purpose."

"Meg," I remarked, with my sternest air, "don't be flippant."

But the fear of man was not before Meg's eyes.

"I'm not flippant," she retorted. "She never did anything so accommodating before, and she did not leave us anything. As to the black lace mantilla, I believe you could furnish a house with it, if the idea occurred to you. You never find it too large, or too small, for anything."

I may as well announce, at once, that Philippa was our beauty; and moreover, that her beauty was a fact, which, at once, established itself on the mind of the most indifferent of casual observers. There could be no two opinions upon the subject. A beauty she had been born, and a beauty she would die, since even old age could not utterly destroy certain vestiges of proud perfection. As a child, she had awakened actual enthusiasm, wherever she went; and as a woman, it must be acknowledged, that a sensitive and shrinking person really found it a little trying to accompany her to any public place, and run with her the gauntlet of bold, or modestly admiring, glances. I have seen people start, as she passed them in the street, and even stop short that they

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might turn to look at her. Her height and wonderful carriage having marked her at once as an object of attention, her picturesque face invariably accomplished the rest.

To Larry she was positive capital, always ready for advantageous investment. He took for his models her hands; her arched feet; her hair, which was of the warm brown of an autumn leaf; her rather loftily carried head; and, indeed, every charm in detail. But he had been so chary of attacking the same charm, as a whole, that I really think it was something of a shock to us, when he at last proposed doing so, in the following manner.

He had been talking for some time, in an undecided fashion, of choosing a subject for the picture he intended to exhibit in Paris, in May; and this very evening he startled us all, by suddenly uttering a low exclamation of satisfaction.

Philippa had been standing, musing, by the window, in the dusk, idly looking down at the narrow, fast-darkening street; and I remember well the fine clearness of the profile her turn of the head revealed.

"What did you say, Larry?" she asked.

"I do not know what I said," he answered, "but whatever it was, it meant that I have found what I want."

"I am glad of that," said Meg. "I wish I could find what I want."

"I have found," proceeded Larry, without noticing her, "the subject for my picture. Hand me the Black Lace Mantilla."

We all laughed at this, for only a day or so before, Meg had suggested that he should perpetuate, upon canvas, nothing less than our cherished Mantilla. "And call it," she added, "The Forlorn Hope."

But Laurence remained unmoved by our laughter. His new idea impressed him too favorably.

"I am going to do as Meg advised," he said. "I am going to paint the old Mantilla. But I shall put Philippa under it, standing, as she stands just now, at a window in the dusk. A Spanish girl waiting to hear the sound of her lover's feet below. And I shall call it 'Felipa.'"

For a moment or so, Philippa was silent. In fact, she was a young person of most lofty spirit, and capable, when she chose, of wearing very proud little airs indeed, considering her humble social position.

"I do not know," she said, slowly, and with little spaces between her words, "I am not sure that I should like it—the being hung up, in the Palais de l'Industrie, and stared at by everybody."

"Pooh!" said Meg. "As if that mattered. As if they would not stare at you, whether you were hung up or not; I should think you were used to it, by this time."

Philippa threw up her fine chin, and turned to the window again. It was always her habit to treat Meg's young audacities rather cavalierly. The patrician calm, which was her private weakness, would not permit itself to be disturbed.

"Though, if you really care about it, Larry," she condescended, "of course I shall not refuse to make myself as useful as possible."

"Care about it?" cried Larry, with enthusiasm. "It is the happiest thought I have had in my life. It roused me the instant it crossed my mind. Produce the Mantilla at once."

As it was lying on the table at that moment, it was easily produced; and I myself went and threw it experimentally over Philippa's head, while Meg looked on, with secret approval. By April the picture was finished, and in May it was entered at the usual exhibition of modern paintings, at the Palais de l'Industrie; while we had established ourselves, for the spring, in a modest fourth floor, in the rue Balzac.

I had never seen Larry so thoroughly satisfied with a piece of work, as he was with 'Felipa;' his interest did not seem to flag; he had no hot and cold fits; and when he had given it the final touches, each of us felt, secretly, sure that he had made a success. Philippa had behaved herself beautifully, showing wonderful patience, and holding herself at the command of any artistic whim; and had in fact quite astonished me by her aptness in the rendering of expression. She had looked sad, or tenderly happy, weary, or wistful, or passionately longing, and had worn the Mantilla so often that she might have been said to have existed under its shadow.

As I have said, each of us was, in secret, sure that the picture would prove a success; though divers ill-natured freaks of fortune, in the past, had made us chary of speaking our minds. But we were scarcely prepared to find it the triumph it was. On the very first day of its exhibition, a cantankerous old critic suddenly brought himself to a full stop before 'Felipa,' stared at her, brought his glass to bear upon her, glanced at his catalogue, and complained of her name as 'Indefinite,' and finally, in the hearing of an anxious little crowd, waiting for his verdict, granted a few terse sentences of actual approval. This was the beginning. The next day a fashionable beauty, who knew nothing whatever, brought her train, and was seized upon by a whim to admire, upon which the train admired also, and were loud in their plaudits. Then came careful people, who had no time to lose, and came because

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a rumor of the critic's commendation had reached them. Then an idle *dilettante*, or so, who wanted something fresh. Then the crowd, who follow where they are led; and presto! 'Felipa,' at her window, was the fashion, a picture to be stared at, and talked of, and mentioned in columns of art gossip.

So, at length, even Philippa herself awakened from her calm indifference, and deigned to acknowledge a slight feeling of interest.

"If you are at liberty, Janet," she said to me, one morning, at breakfast, "I think I should like to go to the Palais de l'Industrie. We will go early, and I will wear a thick veil."

"Certainly, my dear," I answered.

Accordingly, under cover of the veil, and the quietest of dresses, she went with me; and of course our curiosity led us first to wind our way through the crowd, until we came to the group, which, at this time. always gathered about 'Felipa.'

Later in the day, the group would have been a larger one, but at this early hour, it was composed chiefly of the few fastidious, who had enthusiasm enough to desire to indulge in their admirations and criticisms, in some degree of seclusion—in fact it was a group at once select and critical.

Philippa and I seated ourselves, in the background, and looked on, though I must so far exonerate Philippa from the charge of vanity, as to confess that it was I who wished to remain and hear the comments, and not she.

We had barely seated ourselves, before there was an addition to the group. There approached two men—one young and carelessly attired, and with an air of the studio about him; an American, I felt convinced; the other past his first youth, perfectly dressed, and evidently a Frenchman. And, than this Frenchman, it has been my fortune to see few more striking looking men. His very maturity ranged itself upon his side, as an advantage; his face was of a fine, clear pallor; his features aquiline; the hair slightly thinned upon his forehead; his movements admirable, ease itself.

As they drew near, he spoke to his companion, in excellent English, though with a strong French accent.

"I repeat," he said, as if rapidly continuing some previous conversation, "I repeat that it is a creature of flesh and blood. The expression is not of sufficient intangibility to be purely of the imagination. I detected a reality at once. The position also is less affected than it would be, if it had been only the fancy of the artist. It is nature! He has had a model, who comprehended his thought. Look and see if you do not agree with me."

The younger man laughed, as he regarded the picture with some curiosity.

"By Jove!" he said. "It's a better thing than I expected. The fact is, I have not been interested enough to care much about seeing it before. I have been fearfully hard worked; and he doesn't profess to be a great gun, you know, this Poindexter. This is the first time he has created a sensation, though his fancies are always graceful, and he is a fastidious worker. He is a nice fellow too, and well liked. They say he has half a dozen sisters, whom he keeps pretty closely, because he is too poor and proud to introduce them to the world."

But his companion was looking at the 'Felipa,' and scarcely seemed to hear.

"I have seen too many women, and too many pictures," he said, with a slight upraising of his shoulders, "not to be able to discriminate between the two."

"Only," objected the American, lightly, "one does not often see a woman so charmingly picturesque as the 'Felipa.'"

There was the faintest possible acquisition of polite coldness in his friend's reply, as if he was inconsistent enough to secretly resent his good-humored carelessness of speech.

"Upon that account," he said, lowering his glass, "it attracted my attention."

Philippa rose with her most leisurely composure. "Suppose we go on," she suggested. "I am tired of sitting down."

"But my dear," I said, "we have hardly been seated five minutes."

"Nevertheless, I am tired," she answered, and I was obliged to follow her.

That night Larry came home, in the best of spirits. The 'Felipa' had found a purchaser, and at an excellent price; such a price as was new in our experience, and caused general rejoicings.

"M. Saint-Meran," read Larry, producing a card. "A wonderful fellow, by the way. The kind of individual who allowed himself to be guillotined, with profound indifference, in the palmy days of the Place la Concorde; and yet a man who has friends in the Quartier Latin to-day, who adore him—poor artists and students of whom the Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honoré know nothing. In fact, an aristocrat republican, with unlimited capital to spend on his unlimited whims. They say his collections of pictures and curiosities are beyond price."

I glanced involuntarily at Philippa, who, meeting my eye, expressed my thought for me, with a quiet readiness I had scarcely expected.

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"I have an idea that we saw him, this morning," she said, "Janet and I, looking at the 'Felipa,' with a rather shabby young artist."

It was not at all improbable, Larry thought, since it was just his style to be fraternizing, in a stately fashion, with some less lucky Bohemian; and he forthwith proceeded to relate a series of anecdotes, which interested us not a little, all bearing on M. Saint-Meran, and his patrician peculiarities.

But notwithstanding our interest, of course we did not think it very likely we should see him again, as we did about a fortnight later, and under the following odd circumstances. I had been repairing, with infinite pains and labor, an unfortunate rent made in the Mantilla, during the days of its service. The day was dying, and Philippa was standing at the window, watching the passers-by, when I approached her, with my work in my hand.

"I must say," I remarked, "that I rather pride myself upon the way in which it is done. For my part, I don't believe it will ever be seen, at all; particularly if it is worn discreetly."

"That is the advantage of that kind of pattern," she answered. "One who is quick at her needle can take a stitch here and a stitch there, without their showing themselves."

"And then," I added, throwing it over her head, "one can conceal so much in the folds. Oh, no! it will never be seen at all."

It still covered her hair, and we were still discussing it, when she surprised me by suddenly taking a quick step into the shadow of the curtain.

"What did you see?" I asked.

"It is some one in the street," she replied. "Some one who looked up."

Naturally I glanced downward, and it chanced that I was just in time to see the person move slowly away, in rather a perturbed manner. As he passed a street lamp, that had just been lighted, I caught sight of his profile.

"Philippa!" I exclaimed, "it is M. Saint-Meran, I am convinced—that is, if it was he we saw with the artist."

"Yes," was her response, made in a slightly annoyed tone, "I felt sure I recognized him. How absurd that I should have chanced to be standing here, with the Mantilla over my head!"

When Larry came to dinner, he brought with him news of a treat in store for us: one of the treats which unfrequently fell to our lot.

"Girls," he said, "Who wants to go to the opera, to-morrow night? I met Despard, in a lavish mood, this morning. The journals have been saying some soothing things about him: and behold the result," flourishing certain delightful talismanic scrip.

Meg, who lay upon the sofa, wrapped in shawls, indulged in an angry little sniff.

"I believe that Despard chooses his time," she said. "He always gives you tickets, when I can't go. The last time I had nothing to wear, and now I have influenza. One can't appear at the opera, even in an upper tier, with a nose like a danger signal."

But Philippa and I were more fortunate. I was well enough provided for, in my best attire; while Philippa had a grand gown of black silk, which Larry had presented to her, as her share in the profits of the 'Felipa.'

Attired in this, she fairly outdid herself; and when, at the last moment, I threw the old lace, scarf-like over her shoulders, she became quite wonderful.

It is scarcely necessary to say we enjoyed our little dissipation. We always did enjoy such little dissipations, when they fell to our lot; and this evening we were all in very good spirits indeed. Philippa, sitting in the front row, drew so many eyes and glasses to our side of the house, that I secretly wondered how she could comport herself with such supreme calm; for looking at her, one really would have imagined that she knew nothing of the attention she attracted, and that even if she had been conscious of it, she would have remained equally unmoved. But this was her cool, grand style always.

The event of the evening, however, occurred, when we reached home. Larry paid the driver of our *fiacre*, and sent him away, and we went up stairs, laughing and talking. But as I was unlocking our passage door, Philippa raised her hand to her shoulder, and uttered an alarmed ejaculation.

"Oh, Janet! Janet!" she cried out. "The Mantilla."

"The Mantilla!" I quite gasped, almost dropping my key. "What has happened to the Mantilla?"

"It is gone," she answered. "I have not got it on. I must have dropped it."

"Larry!" I said. "Run down stairs. Fly! Perhaps she dropped it as she got out of the *fiacre;* and some one may pass, and pick it up. Oh, Philippa! Just to think of its being possible for us to lose the Mantilla."

Larry ran down stairs, and we stood upon the landing, and bent over the balustrades, in a breathless condition. If the Mantilla was gone, we had certainly met with the most dire of calamities. Philippa actually turned pale; and for my part, I think I uttered a succession of

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heart-wrung little groans. But it was all to no avail. In course of time Larry returned with a grave face.

"It isn't there," he said; "and there is no one in sight. I even went to the end of the street. And I have examined every foot of the staircase."

Despair reigned supreme. We went into the salon, and sat down, and gazed at each other blankly. I thought of the "Luck of Edenhall," and felt as if something terrible would happen. To have lost, positively lost, the Black Lace Mantilla.

We were generally dejected, all the next day, and the next; and Meg, whose disgust was aggravated by influenza, was the most aggrieved member of our party.

But on the third day occurred a circumstance, which, figuratively speaking, set us upon our feet again.

In the course of the morning, we heard a carriage stop in the street below; and shortly afterwards, we were aroused from our melancholy, by a ring at our door, after which came Bertha, with a card.

Larry read it, and left his easel, in evident amazement.

"M. Saint-Meran!" he said. "What brings M. Saint-Meran?"

He went to the room the visitor waited in, and our astonishment may be imagined when, in ten minutes, he returned, bringing M. Saint-Meran with him, grave, pale, *distingué*, and as perfectly at ease as ever, notwithstanding the fact that Larry flourished triumphantly the Black Lace Mantilla.

I confess to having felt some confusion, but Philippa, rising in her quiet, not-to-be-moved fashion, was a match for M. Saint-Meran himself.

"Behold!" cried Larry. "The Black Lace Mantilla has appeared again. It was M. Saint-Meran who found it; and I have brought him to receive your thanks, Philippa."

Saint-Meran bowed slightly.

"I had the pleasure of seeing Mademoiselle wear the lace at the opera," he explained; "and as I was on the point of stepping into my carriage, upon leaving the house, I caught sight of it, as it lay upon the pavement—possibly just as it had fallen from Mademoiselle's shoulders. I am happy to be the means of restoring it to her."

I do not remember, in the least, what Philippa's reply was. I only recollect her enviable self-possession, under our visitor's glance. Well-bred as he was, it was quite plain, to me at least, that he was observing her, in an indescribable way, even when he was not looking at her at all.

He remained to look at Larry's pictures, and to talk, until his call had prolonged itself to half an hour's length; and when he went, we all understood, somehow or other, that we should see him again.

"I wonder why he didn't send it by a servant?" said Molly, who rather resented being caught at a disadvantage, in an unbecoming shawl.

"Well," answered Larry, "he said something about desiring to bring it himself, because he wished to see me—and he could not bring it before, because he had an engagement, which took him out of Paris until last night. You know he is a fellow of whims."

Our conviction that he would come again proved a correct one. He did come again, several times; and the extraordinary end of the matter was, that, in less than six weeks, he, one evening, demanded of us—Larry and myself, as the heads of the family—a private interview.

On granting it to him, we found it remarkable for a certain grave and ceremonious stateliness, which to the average American mind was a little trying, notwithstanding its delicacy. And most singular to relate, the sole subject of the conversation, carried on between us was—Philippa.

It was absolutely astonishing. He was really in love with her, and laid aside his reserve to tell us so, with a candor which quite appealed to my sentimental, old-maid heart.

"It was my fate, that I should see the 'Felipa,'" he said, "and my fate that it should move me as it did. I will confess that I continually sought an opportunity to discover your sister, and that my personal restoration of the lace had my desire to meet her for its chief motive."

"But—but," cried Larry, a little wildly, "you have not spoken to Philippa?"

"Certainly not, monsieur," with fine dignity, "without first having obtained your permission."

But for a lingering sense of the proprieties, I think Larry would have clutched at his hair, in his embarrassment.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "You have that, and, if it is all the same to you, I would rather refer you to Philippa at once. You see we Americans are not used to this kind of thing; and it really seems slightly alarming. One is never sure what a girl means, you know. And after all it is Philippa, who is to be Madame Saint-Meran."

Saint-Meran bowed, smiling slightly.

"If I am so fortunate," he said, "as also to gain *her* permission."

Upon the whole, I am of the opinion that this stately manner of wooing pleased Philippa better than any other would have done. She received

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M. Saint-Meran as if she had been born a Frenchwoman. In my eyes she had never appeared to so great an advantage, as when he presented himself to her. Calm as she was outwardly, I saw a little heart-stirred color on her cheek; and I am sure, indeed, that it would have been impossible for a woman to remain untouched, by the delicate flavor of romance and chivalrousness in the story M. Saint-Meran told her, briefly as it expressed itself.

"Mr. Poindexter has already sanctioned my suit," he ended. "And you, Mademoiselle—"

Philippa extended her hand to him, with the most charming grace and composure.

"I," she replied, "shall be happy to receive M. Saint-Meran at all times."

And then he took the hand she had extended, and bending, touched it lightly with his lips.

In one of M. Saint-Meran's private apartments hangs the 'Felipa.' It is not on view among the rest of his collection. He is too proud a man to permit even his own circle to discuss the story connected with his marriage. At the same time, however, I will add, that the union has proved so fortunate a one, that I am convinced that neither Madame Saint-Meran, nor himself, could be induced under any circumstances to part with this once popular picture.

WHY?

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

Why do the blue waves on the sea beach only,
In mournful murmurs, ever ebb and flow?
Why do they toss their white arms, sad and lonely,
Up heavenward, whene'er they turn to go?

Lies there some treasure just beyond their reaching,
That they would ever grasp and bear away;
Some secret that they hold within their keeping,
That time unnumbered cannot wash away?

Or is there in the heart of deep mid ocean,
A hidden chamber filled with pain and dread;
That, goaded into an unceasing motion,
The sad waves sighing, ever mourn their dead?

I turned me from the land so full of sorrow,
Unto the sea, in vain, for strength or peace.
It whispers not of any glad to-morrow,
Cr, from sad memories, any glad release.

Oh! waves so blue! why can you not be joyous?
Why chafe so madly on your rock-bound shore?
Oh! would that you were changed to Lethe for us,
Then we might rest together evermore.

NAZARETH: A SONNET.

BY WILL T. HALE.

The noonday sun is hanging in the sky,
And seems full loth to near the distant west;
The children, in their silken tunics dress'd,
Now romp where He once played in days gone by;
The fifteen hills still lift their skulls on high;
The warbling rill, whose banks are flow'r-caress'd,
Flows on; the doves upon the house-tops rest,
And mix their wails with nature's lullaby.
Fair Nazareth seems as much at peace, I ween,
As Eden, on that first sweet Sabbath day,
When man first gazed upon the landscape green.
Ah! rest and quiet hold such genial sway,
That here, methinks, with some fair Nazarene,
It would be sweet to dream my life away!

THE WOOD OF ALDERLEY.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

From the old casement, wide and high,
I lean into the eerie night—
Eerie with winds that shiver by,
Whisp'ring dread secrets in their flight.
An owl screams from the lonely wood,
That grimly stands, so dark, so drear,
Like a dim shade of prophecy
Frozen to death by some great fear.
Across the mere the ghastly moon
Rises upon the sombre land,
All stained with blood, and deeds of shame—
A shadowy, beckoning, spectral hand;
Then fades again. And like a pall,
The darkness droops and covers all!

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"HEDGING."

BY MISS MATTIE A COLLINS.

"BEING well off wi' an auld lover, I shouldn't object to being on wi' a new. So tell me, Cecil, which is your real game—the Wilmer or the Gage? I shouldn't like we should be rivals."

"Wilmer, with her bank stock, is first choice. In fear of failure there, I'm hedging on Gage."

"So you stand to win in any event? *Prenez garde.* I know you can manage any span from the stables, but a span from the parlors."

"I can manage them, too," and, lightly laughing, Maurice Welles and Cecil Ainslie sauntered down the shady path, all unconscious that Hilary Gage, dreaming away the summer afternoon in the shadow of the ferny bank and gnarled oak-roots, had heard every word.

Poor Hilary! This summer was the one bit of glory in her humdrum existence. Pity it should be spoiled; pity this white October frost should fall on May roses; pity this cheerless November fog should cloud the skies of June; pity this light and bloom, that made existence a joy, deep and intense, should fade into black darkness.

Cecil Ainslie was her first love, would be her last; she had ranked him high above knightliest heroes; for him only all her rarest treasures of heart and mind and soul had been freely given. He alone had power to unseal the deepest fountains, and bring to light their purest waters.

Until now, she had known no shadow of mistrust. All were guests at Mill Wood, and she had never thought of Gertrude Wilmer as a rival. Yet yesterday's new comer had seen it. How blind she must have been! How idiotic her trust: her trust in nothing, she reflected bitterly. No love words had been spoken, though Cecil had often gone to the very verge of them. To the world they were "good friends:" to each other (she had thought), all in all. She had wakened now, and all her aim should be to keep the world still ignorant. Her heart might die, but her lips should laugh.

She had been idly sketching a tuft of fern, growing in the great root beside her; now she went on, elaborating each tiny detail, with photographic accuracy. When all was done, she closed her eyes, and began to think of the vanished brightness, the gathering darkness, the world's hollowness and deceit. At last a smile, worse than any tears, flickered over her face, as she thought: "Mr. Ainslie is hedging. Two can play that game."

When she first came to Mill Wood, Mr. Linsley, the largest proprietor in the country side, had been "quite struck with her appearance;" but his ponderous civilities not being to her taste, she had usually managed to relegate his entertainment to more complaisant Miss Wilmer. He was a heavy man in all respects. "Heaviest of all in purse," cousin Mildred had said, in recommending him to favorable consideration; and now, were she so minded she might "Lure the tassel gentle back again." Match-making was cousin Mildred's delight. Her summer parties were arranged with an eye single to that end; and where could this amiable propensity be so laudably exercised, as in helping her young cousin to the enviable position of Mrs. Linsley of Goldie Lands? So reasoned the stately lady. But hitherto Hilary had remorselessly upset her plans, and thwarted her good intentions. Hereafter, thought Hilary, there would be little complaint on that score.

The sun was low, when Hilary left the oak. This afternoon had taught her more hard world-wisdom than all her previous life. She had come, a happy, dreaming girl; she left, a bitter, distrustful woman. Her line of conduct was fixed. Never by word or look to betray consciousness of what she had heard; to evade, but not avoid Cecil Ainslie; to be, if possible, reigning belle of this brief summer; and finally, to marry Mr. Linsley.

When she reached the piazza, that gentleman was bowing over Mrs. Lane's hand, and asking solicitously for the young ladies. This morning she would have shot past and escaped; but now all distraction was relief; so she gave him a cordial greeting, and glided into a strain of pleasant chat, with an ease as surprising as delightful to cousin Mildred. Leaning on the balustrade, the vine-wreathes dangling her hair, with that varying flush in her cheek, and glitter in her eye, she was, O, how fair to see! No wonder Linsley forgot her former coldness and avoidance.

How the evening, and the days that followed, passed, Hilary never clearly knew. A sort of nightmare consciousness was on her. Yet her steadfast purpose never wavered. Such women as she make wonderful actresses, under great strain of heart or brain; so she went on her way, scattering bright looks and winsome words on

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every hand, till all remarked, "How Miss Gage was developing!" Cousin Mildred thought, "Hilary had come to her senses at last." Maurice Welles swore confidentially to Cecil, "it would be deuced hard to keep her second choice." And Miss Wilmer, in her inmost heart (though she would not for the world have expressed it), began to fear, "That, that Gage girl would really carry off Mr. Linsley, the greatest catch of the season."

It was hardest of all to go through the usual *têtes-à-têtes* with Cecil, and yet make no sign of altered feeling. To listen, in the purple twilight, to words tender as caresses, knowing their falseness, yet keeping down scorn: or in dew-fresh mornings, to give answering glances to what seemed the truthful language of love-lit eyes. He loved her, as well as he could love aught save himself, the prime object of all his care, to whose comfort, well-being, and honorable maintenance Miss Wilmer's money was a necessity. Twenty times had he sworn to himself, that, were he only rich enough, Hilary should be mistress of heart and home and life. Once, in a morning ride, they had come upon some crimson flowers, flaunting high upon the breast of a grey cliff. Hilary drew rein to look at them. She had an artist's eye for such bits of color, and Cecil, dismounting, scrambled perilously up the rocky face, coming back flushed, breathless, handsome, with handfuls of blood-red flowers, that gleamed and died that night in the darkness of her hair. The repression of these last days had made her fanciful, and she laid the withered things aside almost tenderly. They seemed emblems, so fit, of the love he had sought in mere wantonness, only to see it die.

She was growing hard, uncharitable, meantime, and preternaturally sharp-sighted. Before the mirror, that night, she said to herself: "Evidently, there is a 'double arrangement' all around. Failing Miss Wilmer, Mr. Ainslie will take me; failing Mr. Linsley, Miss Wilmer will take him. Mr. Welles' game is, by encouraging Cecil's *penchant* for me, to displace him with her, and himself possess the golden fleece; while I will, if possible, foil all, and write myself Mrs. Linsley of Goldie Lands, before the year is out. I don't love him. But love is henceforth an unknown quantity in the equation of my life. I will take, instead, esteem, and—money, more than fair equivalents."

God help her! she thought so. God help any woman, whose hard, cruel world-usage shall bring to the same sore strait—the strait of deeming aught beneath the sun equivalent to that supremest good, true love.

There was a select *fête-champêtre* at Goldie Lands, the guests to come in fancy costume; and Miss Wilmer, determined on conquest, had arrayed in Solomon's glory. Her dress was copied from a picture by Titian, and was that of a Venetian lady of rank in the sixteenth century, a very triumph of gold brocade and color generally. Mrs. Lane trembled for her pet scheme when she saw this costume, for Mr. Linsley was notoriously fond of beauty, and Miss Wilmer had never looked so beautiful. The host was at her side, the moment she appeared, and remained there until Hilary came.

But when Hilary entered, Mrs. Lane was reassured at once. Never had the girl looked so brilliantly charming. She had kept the costume she intended to wear, a secret from everybody; and now took them by surprise, not less with its becomingness, than by its beauty. It was a dress she had once seen worn, by a girl of Greek descent, in the Abruzzi, who was watching a flock of goats. A white hood was worn over the head, and partially concealed the face; the dark eyes of Hilary looking out, "like inspired Sybils," as Cecil declared. Around her shoulders was a fleecy cape, which added still more to the picturesqueness of her appearance. In her hand, she carried a staff. She went about, assuming the character of a fortune-teller; and with her knowledge of the company, and her quick wit, made some wonderful predictions. After Hilary came on the scene, Miss Wilmer was quite forgotten. The first men of the country crowded eagerly around her, and the host himself showed her every preference which duty and good-breeding allowed to others. And she carried it off bravely. She was growing used to her burden, and, woman-like, rejoiced in her power to shine.

She was alone a moment, toward the close, when Maurice Welles came up. Cool, keen, audacious, merciless, she had found him hardest to deceive. She had for him the unreasoning dislike, which women feel for those who may be associated, ever so incidentally, with their calamities.

Looking at Miss Wilmer's clouded face, he said:

"Poor Miss Wilmer! Don't you think her peacock feathers are somewhat rumpled? You have been too much for her. The millionaire is evidently at your feet. And now, be frank, and confess, that having seen the kingdoms, you are ready to fall down and worship?"

"Mr. Welles is witty," replied Hilary, dryly. "But can he not be less irreverent?"

"He is never irreverent in presence of divinity."

"Spare your compliments. They are even more wicked than overpowering," answered Hilary, with some heat.

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"Particularly in this heavily gorgeous atmosphere."

"It is scarcely honorable to sneer at the hospitality you accept."

"Or the man you intend to. Unlike most preachers, you practice your doctrine."

"Let me commend you, the example—if I have set it."

"Thanks. But listen! Some one is singing."

A clear voice rang out:

"After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Shining stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the cloud, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods, when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river, rest."

The Mill Wood carriage took homeward a silent party: Miss Wilmer sullen, Mrs. Lane triumphant, Hilary quiet in reaction from the day's excitement. She leaned from the window, bearing her hot forehead to the languid, south wind, whose soft, sad rustle of leaves, and fantastic cloud rack, told the weather-wise of a sure-coming storm. Why could she not be rid of that haunting song? The sough of the wind set itself to the cadence, "After the shadowy river, rest." Might she not hope for it this side? She was very weary now, and the river seemed, O! so far away.

The rain came, that night. At morning, Hilary was wakened by muttered thunder-peals, and the plash of great drops on her window. "Look out for a summer flood," said Mr. Lane, in the parlor, where all assembled, ruefully surveying the leaden sky, and drenched earth. "How fortunate it was not yesterday," Mrs. Lane thought. Miss Wilmer wished it had been. She would have been spared, in that case, a defeat that would make her hate Hilary forever. Hilary had opened a partly sheltered casement, and leaned through it, unheeding the dash of spray.

"Shut the window," Cecil called. "There are enough rain-washed flowers outside. You will catch cold."

"Never fear that. I shall be a water sprite, in my next transformation."

"Why not now? You might pass for Undine."

"Am I soulless?"

"No. But," in a whisper, "you could love like Undine."

"Love like her? Yes. But not forgive like her. Assuredly, I had never been the silver spring, encircling the grave of the traitor, Sir Hildebrand."

"Which would you hate worst—your Hildebrand, or the Bertabela, who tempted him away?"

"Neither! I should have for both a pitying contempt, that would bar either love or hate."

"I will remember—and be careful how I offend."

"I don't think Miss Gertrude implacable."

"Checkmate. Here are the chessmen. Blessed be the inventor—rainy days."

There were three days of storm, days of trial to Hilary, days of *ennui* to the rest. On the fourth morning, the sun rose clear. But the earth was a waste of waters. The miller reported that the mill-stream was all over the lowlands: it was the greatest flood for twenty years.

Like children out of school, the young people rushed off to see it. A muddy half mile across the fields, and it was before them. Higher up it spread over the valley, a mile in width, a calm, stagnant lake; but here the hills were almost interlocked, and through the defile the water roared, in mad, white-capped waves. "Take care," the miller shouted, "the bank is not rock, and the water has undermined it in many places."

The warning was too late. Hilary was standing apart, at the very brink, clinging to a slender maple, and as he spoke, the treacherous earth gave way. There was a dull plash, a faint cry, and then the gray swirling water boiled above her.

One moment of silent horror, and Cecil sprang after her. He was a practised swimmer, whose arm and heart had never failed him before; but what could merely human power avail against this flood? Beaten, buffeted, tossed here and there like a leaf in a storm, he yet made his way, after a severe struggle, to a certain point, where he had observed that the current brought to the surface, whatever waif had survived its terrible power.

There she was, not ten feet away. Now he reached her, held her fast. But could he save her after all? It was madness to make for the shore against this tide. His only hope was to reach the stiller waters below, when, perhaps, some kindly drift might help them out of the jaws of death. If his strength failed, if the waves grew fiercer, all was lost. Down, down they went. The minutes seemed hours. He was almost spent. He was no coward. Yet how he

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prayed for a little more of life and strength! Dear Hilary! how dear, he had never known until this hour. A great, whelming wave went over them. He could struggle no longer. But while he had one spark of will or power, he would hold her fast. He must be growing insensible. No, it was reality. The water was becoming smoother. They were drifting ashore. Yes; now, thank God, there were Lane, and Welles, and the miller, breast deep in water, to receive them.

Safe! safe! And with thankfulness for the great peril past, he gave his burden into other hands, and was half led, half carried up the bank of the little cove, that had been their salvation. "It was touch and go," the miller said. "I thought once the eddy wouldn't bring you in; and if it hadn't been for my old woman and babies, I'd a plunged in after you."

Hilary had not lost consciousness at first. It was hard to die so young; but if God sent rest, through the cool sad waters, why, let it come, and welcome. To think of rescue would be madness. Good-bye, sunlight, home, friends. Perhaps in the great beyond, she would find recompense. A hand grasped her. It was Cecil's. She knew the touch, would know it, were the very waters of death about her. He had dared this peril for her. Surely, then, he must love her. In that thought, death would be sweet: she almost prayed for it; for with life would come back the bitter burden of mistrust. They were drifting, drifting, whither she knew not. Perhaps to eternity. The water was less cold; the roar grew fainter in her ear; her eyes were dim; life was ebbing: were they sinking, or was it—oblivion kindly wrapped her?

Mrs. Lane was disquiet. The rescue was heroic, but such things would make people sentimental, and she had a genuine match maker's horror of sentiment. It was always a disturbing element. How provoking to have it developed, just as things were going so beautifully. Something must be done, or Hilary would relapse into her earlier folly. Mr. Linsley was so particular. A hint of pre-engaged affection would be enough to send him off; and this affair, with the coloring Gertrude could give it, might. Why did Hilary ever go upon that bank? Clearly, something must be done; but what? The gentlemen had planned a fishing excursion, for the next day, to the river farm. They should start before Hilary left her room. With a clear field, Linsley might speak, and the matter be irrevocably settled. If not, she would fill the house, give a croquet party, or a dance on the lawn, and in some way keep apart the objects of her solicitude. She liked Cecil. Gertrude was the very wife he needed, it would be ruinous for him to marry a girl of Hilary's moderate expectations. Two such matches would be glory enough for one summer; and once achieved, she could sing *Te Deum*.

Fate helps those who help themselves. Cecil, coming home, four days later, *avaunt-courier* of the fishermen, was met with news that, "Mr. Linsley had proposed to Hilary, the day before, and insisted upon giving her a week's time for consideration. However, it might be considered an *affair fini*. Of course, but one answer was possible."

"I quite agree with you. There is but one possible answer." Cecil smiled at thought of how differently they understood the "one possible answer." He piqued himself on his knowledge of women; their ways past finding out were no mystery to him. Most of them were mercenary. But Hilary was one of the rare exceptions. Even his influence aside, she would not sell herself; while as matters stood—

But even had Linsley a chance of success, he (Cecil) could and would mar it. He was certain that Hilary could never be his wife. Yet the thought of losing her, was positively painful. Our value of a thing is wonderfully enhanced by the knowledge that another covets it. He had not seen Hilary, since the day she was borne past him, a dripping, senseless burden. He would go find her now, and pretend to think that she would accept Linsley. He wanted to see her with cheeks and eyes aglow at his injustice; and how the glow would deepen, and waver, and be quenched in misty radiance, as in tenderest words he reassured her that he did not, never could believe, she would prove so untrue to herself and him.

There she was in the summer-house. Heavens, how lovely she looked in the sun-flecked vine shadow! His heart beat thick and fast. He must be careful, or feeling would get the mastery.

She slightly started at his step, and a faint flush quivered in her cheeks; but she did not look up, till he bent before her, saying:

"All hail! Queen of Goldie Lands."

"What a confidante cousin Mildred is."

"She fulfils, in perfection, the divinely appointed end of confidantes; she spreads the news at the earliest possible moment. We quite agreed, that, as a thoroughly sensible woman, you could give but one answer."

"I am glad my good sense is, at last, appreciated."

Evidently, she understood his teasing. Voice and face were unmoved.

"But we disagreed, as to what that answer would be."

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"I am sorry. Two opinions lead to strife."

Still that unmoved voice. He was growing uneasy. The next question was short and sharp.

"Who is right?"

"Cousin Mildred."

"Hilary!"

"Are you surprised? You have just called me a thoroughly sensible woman."

"Do you love Linsley?"

"Your question is impertinent."

"Under other circumstances, it might be. But was it altogether vanity that made me think once that you cared for me?"

"Perhaps not. But do not let us quarrel, for quarreling is a poor way of spending the life, which you saved, and for which please accept thanks. It was little worth saving, but—you did it," with a sudden huskiness of voice. "And," rising, "to young ladies, wishing a partner in the game of sentiment, I can confidently recommend you for 'first choice.'"

"First choice." Was there a shade of meaning emphasis on the words? Where had he used them? He was destined to know. As Hilary moved away, chance—or fate?—fluttered from the book she held, a tiny leaflet. It showed a group of fern rustling in the hollow of a huge root. Below was the date:

"THE WATER OAK,
July 29th, 18—"

With the sight of it, all was plain. With the rush of memories, came a great pain, that told him, at last, how well he loved this woman, whose love might have been the crown of his manhood, but from whom he was, by his own reckless worldliness, forever parted. He knew the end was come. Natures like Hilary's had neither pity, nor pardon, for an overturned idol.

That was long ago. Mrs. Linsley has taken Mrs. Lane's place as Queen of the country-side. She is in all respects beyond reproach, and her husband is more than content. He worships, he adores her. In his drawing-room hangs a portrait of her, painted by a great artist, representing her as she appeared on the day of the *fête*. He shows this to every visitor, with a pride he does not attempt to conceal, for he believes, in his heart, that she is still as beautiful as she was then.

But she, alas! she has altered, outwardly not a little, inwardly still more. This critical, far-seeing, merciless woman is a bitter, bitter fruit, to have been of so fair, and sweet, and promising a flower of girlhood. People begin to say she is failing. They point to the early ashes in her hair. Alas! they know nothing of the faded life-bloom, or of the flame whose quenching left grayer ashes in her heart.

Diplomacy was rewarded. Miss Wilmer became Mrs. Welles. She is very particular that her husband shall know nothing that she does not know; and one of their severest quarrels arose from his remark, which he never would explain, that:

"Cecil Ainslie lost his best chance in life by HEDGING."

ON A SUNSET.

BY MAGGIE M'NINCH.

THERE are clouds of amber and gold in the west—
Beautiful clouds are they,
Where the sun has been softly cradled to rest,
At the close of this golden day.

But they fade and they die, those gorgeous clouds;
They fade to a leaden grey;
As ev'ning comes down, with her sombre shroud,
Veiling the face of day.

The soft winds sigh like an unseen harp,
And a glitt'ring star I see;
As the night, with its shadow so chill and dark,
Enshrouds the world and me.

FALSE OR TRUE.

BY MRS. W. C. FISHER.

A LOW, broad brow, and laughing eyes,
And darkly waving hair,
That hangs, half curling, round a face,
Bewitching, and so fair.

A winning voice, like music's tone,
Beguiling every fear—
As soft as winds on April morns—
You could but choose to hear.

Ah! bright, sweet face, whose winsome smile
Has thrilled me through and through;
Ah! blue eyes like the summer sky,
Will she be false or true?

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SEEKING HIS REVENGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

It had been an exciting road to travel; starting from that great mansion in the avenue, pausing at theatres and opera houses, and a hundred gorgeous mansions, with their succession of balls and parties, through the park, along race-courses, past places of summer resort, everywhere that pleasure reigned supreme. Yet it had been the road to ruin, nevertheless, and now black clouds shut out the sunshine, return seemed impossible, and a deep gulf yawned in front—the gulf of darkness and despair, down which so many reckless Jehus have plunged within the past ten years.

Husband and wife, they had driven hand-in-hand, though it had been a long time since they were united where any other matter was concerned.

Clancy Vane sat, and reviewed the position, albeit it was rather late to do that, unless in the hope of qualifying himself for a lunatic asylum, by getting a realizing sense of his difficultics. He had sought an unaccustomed spot to hold his self-communion—an office down in Wall street; not his own. He had not been brought up to business, and speculated through the assistance of his friend Hayden, made so famous during the past lustre, by his daring combinations and bold coups, which had numberless times stricken the hearts of Bulls and Bears, in turn with terror, for there was never counting on which side of a stock he might turn up.

Clancy had come down in search of him this morning, but he was not visible; "expected any moment," the clerks said, however; and Clancy made himself restless for half an hour, on the strength of that expectation, then forgot what he was waiting for in the rush of thoughts, which pounced upon him, and tore at him, like a pack of hungry wild beasts, that had been in wait for this encounter.

As I have told you, he was not a business man. I need have no shame in admitting that, before long, his reflections wandered from the pecuniary troubles, which beset him, and went roving back over the five years of his married life, reminding him that the result of their course was, that in the troubles which menaced him, the person furtherest removed from any hope of counsel or sympathy was his own wife. How much this state of affairs might be his own fault, he was in no mood to inquire; he felt bitter and injured, yet he could not help recollecting there had been a time when Getty cared very little about the splendor and excitement he offered her, and appeared to look in marriage for a union of sympathy and feeling, which he had no inclination to give.

"She hadn't tried her wings then," he thought, bitterly, and certainly now, beautiful Gertrude Vane, with her love of show, her coquetries, and her constant rush in search of pleasure, seemed the last woman in the world to entertain such old-fashioned sentiments, even if her busy idleness ever afforded her leisure.

But Clancy's meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a friend, who had a desk in Hayden's office, and who indulged in an impolite whistle of astonishment at sight of the visitor.

"Have you lost your way?" he demanded.

"I fancy I have," returned Vane, with a double meaning to his words, which the intruder did not comprehend.

"I should as soon have looked for a phœnix in a dodo, or any other apocryphal bird here as you," continued the unconscious tormentor. "I thought you never came down to this vulgar den, but did all your business at a royal distance."

"What time is Hayden likely to be in?" inquired Clancy, regardless of the attempt at wit.

"Well, I should say to-morrow about this time. He's off on a lark of some sort. Why, now I think of it, I believe it's a breakfast at your house; but I suppose that's the last place a swell like you ever meets anybody."

"You grow a bigger fool every day of your life, Jem Daly," growled Clancy, and went out of the office, followed by Jem's careless laugh, for Jem only did a quiet commission business, and could afford to be merry whether stocks mounted or declined.

Clancy Vane dashed down stairs, and threw himself into his coupé. The old novel writer's absurd expression is the only one that suits the haste and violence of his movements. He gave the order "Home," but by the time he was half way up toward civilization, he changed his mind, and had himself driven to the club. There would be no chance of quiet in his own house, and besides, it was probable, after the breakfast was

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over, Hayden might stroll down to that abode, where elegant men manage to make ease and comfort so costly an affair.

Clancy supposed he meant to take refuge in the smoking-room, and seek inspiration from the censer of a cigar, but he went and drank some delectable and dangerous compound with a friend instead, and found after that he had life enough to play a game of billiards. By the time he had beaten his antagonist, a waiter brought him a pretty, pink-tinted note, whereat his friends smiled, and shrugged their shoulders, for during the past winter a goodly number of similar billets, owning the same chirography and faint odor of violets, had come to Clancy Vane, and there was no doubt in the minds of his companions as to the author.

Vane departed to the reading-room to answer Cissy Erlistown's epistle, and promise to make one at the supper old Standish was to give in her honor, after the play that night, in which Cissy was to work added havoc in the hearts of her admirers, by the new part she was to create.

Finally, Vane grew tired of waiting for his friend, and decided to leave a note for him. Hayden had written, the evening before, that Bristols had gone down, and a fresh margin was required—the sort of letter Clancy had often received from him lately. So Vane scribbled what was to be done at this juncture, in great haste, for a party of fellows were waiting to carry him off to look at somebody's new drag, and while his pen raced over the paper, and his companions chattered like magpies, he was conscious of thinking that he made his last move now; if another disappointment came, there was no way to turn, absolute ruin would stare him in the face.

Mrs. Vane's breakfast was over; the guests had all departed with the exception of Alfred Hayden, and the hostess was divided between trying to turn her yawns into smiles, and anger at his presuming to linger behind the rest; a free and easy style of procedure which she had insensibly permitted to grow, until it appeared an intimacy, whereat sharp-eyed gossips had been for some time blinking maliciously.

Mrs. Vane did not dream that her conduct in this instance could have given rise to censure; she did flirt, though even then she imagined herself safe from remark, because her flirtations were so general and frank; but a sentimental episode with Alf Hayden was something in which she had no mind to indulge. She could not have told how their acquaintance grew into the sort of confidential footing it had reached, but he was obliging and attentive, and his careless habit of talking as if it was a matter of course that she must be acquainted with her husband's affairs, gave her an opportunity of learning more about them than she had ever before known.

But, to-day, she wanted him gone; he had no business to keep his seat while other people were making their farewells, and give old Miss Risby an occasion for congratulating her on not being condemned to solitude; besides, she was in no mood to talk nonsense, or to be talked to by anybody.

"Have you seen Clancy, this morning?" said Hayden, rousing her from the silence which had followed Miss Risby's departure.

"I think not," she replied, indifferently; "I saw him yesterday, I believe, else the day before."

"I was in hopes he might come in for a moment. I wrote him a note, which he has not answered."

"Very likely you will find him at the club," returned she, looking as if she expected him to rise at that hint.

"Hardly; he's out driving by this time," Hayden said, apparently unconscious of any dismissal in her words; but he understood it and was furious, as he so often was with her, thinking hotly that he would sell his soul with pleasure for the satisfaction of punishing her insolence and pride. But he knew something that few other people had discovered. Whether she cared for her husband or not, she was jealous; so now he planted a sting in return for her hint. "However, I can see him to-night. Cissy Erlistown gives one of her little suppers, and I'll look in for a moment. He'll be there of course."

Not a line of Mrs. Vane's face changed; she would have liked to strike him full in his insolent mouth, but she never stirred; did not even play with her fan, or find some other nothing to occupy her to feign indifference, as most women would have done. But she cared; Hayden knew that; from the first his only hope of making her take some irretrievable step had been by working on her jealousy; he knew that he had not touched her heart, but rage and a desire to punish her husband might lead her very far.

"I wish I could go to those suppers," Mrs. Vane said, after he had searched her face uselessly for some trace of emotion. "They must be ever so much pleasanter than the stupid affairs one is forced into going to."

Hayden shrugged his shoulders.

"Less brilliant and amusing than the novels picture such re-unions," returned he. "However, it is a matter of taste. Your—plenty of men find them entertaining."

"As you meant my husband, you might as well have said so, instead of using the plural," said she, with a sudden irritation in her voice.

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"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Hayden, contritely.

"Because my husband likes Miss Erlistown's suppers?" she asked, and burst out laughing.

Hayden looked at her, with a face of elaborate sympathy.

"Now you are treating me as you do other people. I thought we were good friends, and you could afford to be natural," he said, in an injured way.

"Friends, yes. I like you very much." She stopped abruptly; it came across her mind that she was lying; she did not like him a bit. She had got in the way of receiving his attentions, because she could hear about her husband, but during the last few weeks she had grown to distrust the man, and vaguely to believe that he had some purpose of his own to further in the position he had assumed.

"You say it as if you were sorry," he replied, still doing the plaintive, or, rather, overdoing it.

"You have very odd fancies, Mr. Hayden," she said, and began to wonder what he meant by this new *rôle*.

"So I do," he answered, "but you are not treating me as if I were a friend."

"Dear me, I thought I was cordiality itself!"

"You are showing me the side you do the world. You are unhappy, and want me to believe you careless and heartless."

It was tolerably impudent, but he had wearied of the slow progress of the past months; he meant to put his devotion into words, not believing that she would admit that she cared for him, but that she would consent to listen, and do a bit of romantic comedy; declare that he must never again utter such words, but promising to be his guiding angel, or Consuelo, or spirit-sister, and to pour his passion into language, would be a great step gained.

"You are wrong to do it," he went on, hurriedly; "strong and self reliant as you are, you cannot bear this burthen alone. I implore you—"

"One moment," she interrupted, with undisturbed composure; "I must not let you waste your sympathy. I don't carry about a burthen, or a mystery, or any other romantic load, I assure you."

"Why will you play with me?" he exclaimed. "It cuts me to the heart to have you attempt persiflage just now."

"You must train that organ to be less susceptible," she answered.

"I shall never do that where you are concerned," he said, as seriously as if he supposed that she had spoken in earnest. "You know very well how impossible it would be. I have shown my feelings too plainly."

She was looking at him now with a sort of cold surprise, but his life had not left him with a lofty opinion where women were concerned, and he regarded this as a neat bit of acting.

"It is too late for me to attempt concealment," he continued. "These past months have done their work too thoroughly. Sympathy for your troubles and loneliness has grown into a passionate love, that is the ruling influence of my life."

"All this is very pretty," Mrs. Vane replied, calmly, "but you had better go and tell the young lady herself. I can't help you, for I don't even know her name."

Then, before she could move, he had tried the old, worn-out, stage trick of kneeling at her feet, as he moaned:

"It is you, Gertrude, that I love, with all my heart and soul, as no woman was ever loved before."

She kept her hands out of his reach, showing no anger at his insolence, and as he watched her, furtively, roused him to a hot rage by another burst of laughter.

"O, dear! O, dear!" she said. "I will never give another champagne breakfast as long as I live! My dear friend, go home and sleep, till you have forgotten this morning's nonsense."

"You cannot mean to accuse me of being influenced by wine?"

"I certainly shall, if you don't come to your senses. Be good enough to get up. I don't care for private theatricals."

He kept his position, and poured out fresh protestations of his love. She grew angry at last, and said, hotly:

"Either you will stop now, or I will have you shown out of the house; take your choice! I have endeavored to treat the matter as a sorry jest. If you will make it earnest, you must suffer the consequences of your unparalleled insolence."

"Insolence!" he repeated, angrily.

"What other name would you give it? Don't you think it probable my husband might find one even more harsh?"

"Don't mention him! don't think of him! A man who is outraging you in every possible way, whose conduct—"

"Not another word," she interrupted. "See here, Mr. Hayden; you have dispelled the film from my eyes! I fully understand now your false kindness and sympathy. It is useless to carry the play further; you are unmasked."

"And what is to happen?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied, disdainfully; "only

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I will relieve you from the trouble of further visits at this house."

The careful work of these long months had been ruined by his mad outburst. He was too much enraged at his failure to preserve his smooth exterior.

"You shall be sorry for this," he exclaimed. "I have the means of punishing you, and I will do it."

"Provided it be not the punishment of seeing your face, or hearing you speak, I am content," she answered.

"Only listen to me, Gertrude. Forgive me! I was mad; I will never offend so again. I will be your friend—patient—helpful—forgive me!"

"I will bid you good morning, Mr. Hayden."

"But you forgive me? You will not banish me from your presence—take from me all that life has that is precious."

"Not a word more, Mr. Hayden! Each syllable is an insult. My husband's roof must at least protect me from that."

"A man who is openly false to you—whose devotion to an actress is a byword—who does not even make a pretence of hiding his treachery—"

"I will tell you something," she interrupted again. "I believe you are in earnest—that as much as you are capable, you do care for me."

"O, believe that," he groaned, deceived into a wild hope by her words.

"Yes, I do; so I'll tell you the truth, because it will sting deeper than any other return for your baseness could. I love my husband—in spite of everything, I love him! I am jealous—mad—but I love him! There, you have the truth now."

There was such eagerness in her face that he could not doubt her, and she knew by the baffled rage and despair in his, how deeply her confession had cut.

"I am going now," he said, after an instant's silence, during which they had stood looking in each other's eyes like two swordsmen, watching for an opportunity to plant a fatal thrust. "But I warn you, Mrs. Vane, you shall repent this morning's work. I have the means to make you, and I'll use them unscrupulously."

"You said you were going?" she said, glancing towards the bell.

He went up to her, and snatched her hand, but before he could speak, the door opened, and he stepped back as her little niece entered the room.

"Come here, Janet," Mrs. Vane said. "Have you brought your book?"

The child ran toward her, holding up a bright-covered volume, glancing askance at Hayden, for whom she had always evinced an unconquerable aversion. Gertrude looked at the book, and a cruel smile flitted over her lips. She could mortify the man still further, and she would not spare him.

"Janet always reads to me at this hour," said she. "Since you are here, Mr. Hayden, see how nicely she translates from the French. It's a modern version of Red Riding Hood. Go on, Janet."

"And the wolf stood exposed in his real shape," chanted Janet, in a shrill voice, "the meanest, most contemptible animal ever thwarted in a base action; while Red Riding Hood only regarded him with pitying contempt. No fear even could be roused by a creature so utterly worthless and vile."

"I must tear myself away from this delightful exhibition," Hayden said, in a cold, white rage. "Madam, good morning! Janet, sometime I'll send you still another version of the wolf's story."

"Janet likes this best of any, because it is true," returned Mrs. Vane, and swept him a courtesy of dismissal. There was nothing for it but to go, and with a last look that was a cowardly threat, he hurried from the room.

Mrs. Vane sank into a chair, faint and sick with the reaction from the excitement of that painful scene. It was the first time anything but the most elaborate courtesy, the most carefully veiled adoration, had ever approached her, and her anger toward the man was not so great as her feeling of humiliation and self-contempt. That she, with her boasted pride, should have placed herself in a position, where such an insult could have reached her—done it wilfully, madly, for from the first, every better instinct had warned her against this man! She had known that he was unprincipled, false, treacherous, yet she had allowed him, gradually and artfully, to take the position of a confidential friend, and now she had met with exactly the return she might have expected, which she deserved for her own wicked folly.

The child's voice interrupted her dismal reverie.

"Shall I read more, aunty? He's such a disagreeable man. I'm glad he's gone."

"I am so tired, dear; won't to-morrow do?"

"Oh, yes, aunty;" but Mrs. Vane caught the expression of disappointment in the patient little thing's face, and thought, "Can't I ever do anything but consult my own selfishness? Suppose I try for once?"

"I'll go up stairs," Janet said. "Maybe I can get Rosalie to play with me."

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"Stay with me," Mrs. Vane said. "I'm only stupid. Isn't there another story in the book?"

"Yes, indeed; three, and I like the one about *le prince Cerise* best of all."

"Then read me that; I don't think the wolf story is interesting."

So Janet read the pretty French tale, in her childish voice, and Mrs. Vane leaned back in her chair, absently listening to the pleasant tones, thinking, thinking, looking over to the days, when she had been as young and innocent as Janet, the beautiful days, which looked so far off, O, so far.

She was worn out, physically and mentally. For weeks, her nerves had been in such a disordered state, that sleep had been an impossibility, save in broken dreams, which only left her more weary, and she rushed from one excitement to another, till body and soul seemed only a tensely strung nerve, upon which every sight or sound struck like a blow.

CHAPTER II.

She fell asleep, to the pleasant melody of Janet's voice; a brief, dreamless slumber, as she discovered presently to her surprise; for she woke, and found the little girl by her side, quiet as a mouse.

"I didn't wake you, aunt Getty?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, dear; I was actually sound asleep. Heigho! What o'clock is it, Janet?"

Janet ran to look at the gilded clock, in an inner room, proud of her lately acquired accomplishment of telling time, and came back quickly.

"It's four minutes past twenty," she said, in her hurry.

Mrs. Vane laughed.

"You absurd little goose! Can't you do better than that?"

"Twenty minutes past four," said Janet, in self correction. "But I made you laugh, and you never laugh any more, unless there's company, and then I know you don't mean it."

Mrs. Vane looked oddly at the unconsciously shrewd speaker.

"Suppose we go and drive," she said; "you would like that?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Janet, and was not at rest until the carriage was ordered, her aunt dressed, and they smoothly rolling away, up the Avenue, toward the park.

The air did Mrs. Vane good. Once in the park, moustached dandies surrounded the carriage; there was nonsense and laughter; and the necessity for playing the old, worn-out part, brought back her self control.

She was to dine abroad that night. While she was dressing, a message came from her husband —could he speak with her for a moment?

She told the servant to ask him to wait in a little apartment, next her dressing-room, where she often sat of a morning, hurried through her toilette, to her maid's indignation, and swept into the room where Vane sat. She was so elegant, such a wonderful picture of beauty and high-bred indifference, that it would have been delightful, as a bit of fine comedy, but was a painful sight, when one remembered it was a wife going to meet her husband.

"You will excuse my keeping you waiting," she said; "But Annette wouldn't let me off any sooner."

"It was my fault for intruding," returned he. "You dine out, I suppose?"

"Yes; at Mrs. Delaplaine's. Don't you remember? You declined."

"Yes! I forgot."

"Well, it would be a pity to bore you any longer," said she. "Besides, you probably have engagements for the evening."

"Have I? Let me see," he answered, as if trying to remember.

"I beg your pardon," said she, clasping one of her bracelets, and apparently absorbed in admiration of her beautiful arm; "I did not mean that as a question. Pray, don't suppose me so indiscreet; so disgustingly old-fashioned."

"I should not dream of flattering myself, that you could have any curiosity on my account," returned he, with a politeness that poorly hid his irritation.

It was nearer throwing off the mask on either side than they often approached. Perhaps, in the position they occupied toward each other, a downright quarrel might have done more toward breaking the ice between them than anything else could have done. But Gertrude was too proud to quarrel, too determined to hide that there was any capability of feeling hidden under her elegant listlessness.

"It is only civil to be curious now," she said, laughing, "since you asked to speak with me. I am a woman, and, of course, dying to know what you wanted."

He sat and looked at her, so pale and troubled, that had she once raised her eyes to his face, she must have been alarmed by his appearance. But she had studiously avoided so much as a glance; she was in such a nervous, hysterical state, that she dared not trust herself, lest to meet the careless look in those eyes, which had once moved

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her with passionate fervor, should break down the last shred of self control, to which she held so convulsively.

And he? Why he had come there with some mad idea of telling her the whole truth; but as he looked at her, he knew how insane he had been to dream of it. Of what use could it be? Nothing could ever bring them in reach of one another now. Suppose the worst came; it would be no harder, because the blow fell suddenly. Let her enjoy her triumphs, the gratification of her vanity, up to the last. That anything where he was personally concerned, his anxiety, his remorse, his misery, could affect her in the least, was lunacy to suppose! As well appeal to the half dressed marble woman in the corner for sympathy, for affection!

He was an idiot, to have dreamed of the possibility! Really, his brain must have softened. There was nothing for it now but to invent some petty falsehood, to account for his appearance. Any revelation of the truth, as a warning to her, could do no good; it would only give her pain—let him keep that from her while it was possible. For his own share—then the blood mounted to his face, with a hot rage, as he gazed at her cold loveliness—he would rather endure want, a prison, the gallows, than appeal for pity there!

All this was only the working of seconds, long as it takes in description. Not time enough elapsed before he answered her last words, to excite the least surprise in her mind. "I only wanted to ask if you had seen Hayden to-day," he said.

She started, and looked at him now; but he had moved in his seat, his back was toward the light, and his face completely in shadow.

"He was at my breakfast," she replied.

"Did he say anything about an appointment with me?"

"No—yes—I think he did, but I don't remember what."

"He kept me waiting half the day; I suppose he fancied he might see me here."

"He may have thought so," she answered, and the irony in her voice irritated him sorely.

"Though he ought to know I am a pattern husband," he continued, laughing pleasantly. "I never intrude on my wife and her amusements."

"Richelieu himself could not have been more discreet," she could not resist saying.

There was a silence. This polished talk, with a sting under these epigrammatic sentences, so like stage conversation, hurt them both so cruelly, that they had to pause, like duelists waiting for breath, after the first blood drawn on either side.

"Mr. Hayden is your friend," Gertrude said at length, taking a sudden resolution. "You introduced him to me; he comes here a great deal; excuse me for saying I don't like him."

"I am sorry for that," Vane answered, gravely, "because he is the only one of my acquaintances whom I must ask you to treat with uniform attention."

"I have reason to know that Mr. Hayden is not the faithful friend you believe him," she said, coldly.

"I don't believe in that apocryphal personage; he don't belong to our age," said Vane, laughing again. "But Hayden and I can serve each other, or he can serve me, so I must ask you to oblige me."

"No matter what reasons I may have for disliking him?"

"Dislikes don't belong to us either—indifference, perhaps."

Her eyes flashed; she closed her lips firmly. No, she would not speak; he had no care for her peace or safety even; oh, he cared for nothing but his reckless pleasures, this man! Then another thought came—she remembered Hayden's warning—his actual threat. Did he possess some secret hold over Vane? Had she, by her defiant anger, jeoparded her husband's interests or safety? There was something more than appeared under this visit! He was, for some reason, so anxious to know of Hayden's whereabouts and movements, that he had even to come to her.

She grew dizzy with an undefined dread. A moment before, she had meant to tell him the whole story of his friend's duplicity, but now she dared not. If Hayden had him in the toils, this would cause him fresh trouble. She must keep her secret—there was no choice left.

Vane rose to go out.

"I beg your pardon for troubling you so long," he said.

"It is still early," she answered, "I have plenty of time."

"And you'll forgive poor Hayden?" he asked, but lightly as he tried to speak, she caught the sharp anxiety in his voice.

"I did not say there was anything to forgive," she replied. "You assure me he is a friend of yours."

With a few parting words, such as he might have addressed in idle gallantry, to the most distant female acquaintance, Vane passed out of the room, and hurried away, to drown his suffering in the first excitement that offered; and Gertrude sat there, and gave full vent to her rage and despair, till her maid tapped at the door, and reminded her that the play was not yet over—she had to take up her *rôle* again.

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When she reached home late, and went up to her dressing-room, she found a note lying on the table. She saw that the superscription was in Hayden's hand, and flung it from her, with an expression of passionate disgust. A moment after, she recollected that the theatrical outburst was wasted—useless. She picked up the billet, and tore it open, with some wild, wicked wish in her mind, that it was the man's very heart she was tearing so ruthlessly!

"My dear friend, for I must still call you so, can you forgive me? I think I was mad, or my head less well seasoned against champagne than I supposed. I have come to my senses now. You are too good to hold rancor against a lunatic, especially when his first act, on recovering his reason, is to appeal to your mercy."

She read no further; that was enough; the rest only verbiage. He was willing to keep up the semblance of a truce, and she must consent for Vane's sake. That some horrible trouble was near, she felt certain; that this man only bided his time, to obtain his revenge, she knew; but there was no help. She could only hope that her woman's wit might foil him, and she be able to free her husband from his power, unaided and unsuspected. And, while Gertrude read her note, and sat thinking and shivering, as if the chill night air had suddenly penetrated to her luxurious chamber, Alf Hayden sat alone in his rooms, reading for the tenth time, at least, the letter Vane had scribbled that day, and which Hayden found awaiting him at the club, when he went there for dinner.

Hayden held in his hands a quantity of stocks belonging to Vane, settled upon his wife; he had also in his possession bonds amounting to many thousand dollars, which belonged to a friend of Vane's, and had been left with him for safe keeping, during Mr. Holywell's absence.

In his heedless, reckless way, Vane had written to Hayden to hypothecate any and all of his stocks for the morrow's need. As the note read, it was possible for Hayden to twist it into including the bonds belonging to Holywell, though he knew that Vane would have cut his right hand off sooner than use them, even if he could do so without risk.

"I see my way," Alf Hayden was thinking, as he quietly smoked his cigar. "My lady, Holywell will be back here before the week is out, and there shall be such a hornet's nest round Clancy Vane's ears, that you shall be willing to run anywhere I bid to escape the disgrace."

He put the letter away, made some notes in a memorandum book, flung down his cigar, and looked at his watch. There was still time for the last of Cissy Erlistown's supper; he might as well look in there; his brain was too busy and excited for any possibility of sleep.

The new play had been a triumph, and now Cissy Erlistown sat at the head of her supper table, as pretty as one of Watteau's painted women, supported by two or three female friends, pouring out reckless *bons mots*, cutting witticisms, and droll stories—not exactly a lady, perhaps, but with a dash and a certain honesty about her, which made a very acceptable substitute for the real article.

Men liked her, and invitations to her parties were as eagerly sought as if she had been a duchess, but in spite of countless disparaging rumors, inevitable in regard to a woman in her position, there was not a man of her acquaintance, but knew perfectly well that the reports lacked a shadow of foundation, and that she would tolerate no approach to a liberty either in word or look.

Vane was there, so moody one moment, so unnaturally gay the next, that Cissy watched him with secret uneasiness, for this man was more to her than the crowd who courted her smiles so assiduously. There was gossip, of course, but Cissy cared nothing for that—as she thought defiantly, what did it matter—there would be if she led the life of a recluse, while disappointed men had so much mean hate to gratify, and women's tongues were so eager to repeat, in belief, evil tales against a sister woman.

Clancy Vane had never made love to her, or attempted it; he had got in the way of dawdling about her house, of talking freely with her, and Cissy knew, what nobody else did, that he loved his wife, and Cissy hated her for a cold-blooded, fine lady, with neither heart nor conscience.

It was very late when Alf. Hayden strolled in. Vane was just taking his leave.

"Did you get my note?" he found an opportunity to whisper in his friend's ear.

"All right," answered Hayden. "You'll go through straight enough; you've a lucky star."

Cissy left the rest of the party in an animated argument, as to the age which some famous actor left the stage—Bohemian suppers not being so very different from the entertainments in a different sphere, as novel reading women are apt to suppose—and went with Hayden into her boudoir, determined, if possible, to find out what was the matter with Vane. She got round to it artfully enough, and was very open in her animadversions where the wife was concerned.

"She's driving the man to destruction," said Cissy. "She's a heartless doll. No, she's worse. She's a marble fiend, and I'd like to tell her so."

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"Fortunately for Vane, he knows where to come for consolation," said Hayden, laughing.

"Look here, my beautiful," returned Cissy, good-naturedly. "You know very well that Clancy Vane never made love to me—doesn't want to—wouldn't dare—I'll turn you out-doors if you hint it. Remember that."

"I know he loves you, at least," returned Hayden. "Come, you and I always tell the truth to each other."

Cissy colored through her rouge. She checked the angry impulse that rose in her mind, and nodded approval of Hayden's sentiment. She knew the man thoroughly; had known him from childhood; and long before had warned Vane against him—a warning disregarded, as was certain to be the case.

So now, while the noise and laughter rose louder in the adjoining room, Cissy bent all her energies to finding out the game Hayden meant to play, and with her woman's quickness, put a thousand trifling circumstances together, till at least one strong motive for his hating Vane was apparent to her.

She was more than a match for him, of course—feminine craft against the bungling schemes of a masculine mind must be—and Cissy rose the victor.

"I'll think of it," she said, in answer to some last words of his elaborate explanations and sophistries. "Anyway, we fight together? Of course, you have a motive you don't tell me—that's your business—but honesty, eh, and cards above the table?"

"There's my hand," said Hayden.

She watched him go out with an odd look on her pretty face; gave an impatient shrug of her white shoulders, and followed him into the other room.

"Go home, everybody," said she, unceremoniously. "I'm an unprotected orphan, and carefully brought up. Besides, they'll charge me extra for gas; so down goes the curtain."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD STONE STEP.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh! the old stone step by the kitchen door,
With its trace of feet that have wandered o'er
Where the woodbine swung with its snow-white bloom,
And its shadows flung over half the room.

I can see it yet thro' the years of cares,
With its moss-grown edge, and its rude repairs;
Tho' the winds have swept, and the rains have beat,
There are traces left of our wandering feet.

There we carved our names, in the summer noon,
And sang our songs by the harvest moon;
While our mother sat, in the doorway there,
And taught us words of an evening prayer.

Oh! the eager feet, that have wandered o'er
That old stone step, to return no more:
And the saddened train, with the muffled tread,
That passed along with our early dead.

I can see them now, tho' the years—a score—
Have passed and gone, since that old, old door
Gave the last resound to my parting hand,
And my final view of the household band.

And that old stone step I shall not forget,
Till life is over, its sun is set;
And our broken band shall united be,
On the fadeless shores of eternity.

TUBEROSES.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

Once again, O, love, I meet thee,
And I feel the olden spell;
Memory breathes around me perfume,
That I used to love so well.

Perfume as of sweetest flowers,
Coming back through many years,
With the fragrance turned to whispers,
And the dew-drops turned to tears.

In those olden days, I loved thee,
Then each word, each touch of thine
Made my heart to thrill and quiver,
With a rapture half divine.

But we parted; I was happy;
I am sad, for we are met;
Wafts of perfume bring before me
Days I cannot now forget.

Tuberoses breathed their meaning,
When thy gift thou gavest me;
Fragrant flowers sent forth the whisper:
"All is dead 'twixt me and thee."

"All is dead," yet still I love thee;
Comes again the dreamy spell,
With the perfume of the flowers,
That I used to love so well.

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NAOMI'S BAKERY.

BY ROSALIE GREY.

"WHAT makes you so late, doctor?" said pretty Naomi Siberton, to the principal physician of Castleton, as he bustled in, the last arrival, to her crowded, out-of-doors, tea-party.

This was how it was. Naomi had suggested to her mother, that they must give some sort of an entertainment to pay off their social debts, and had finished by saying, "as we can't rival Mrs. Benson, and our other rich neighbors, in handsome rooms and troops of servants, we will give a tea-party, that shall be half pic-nic, in the woods back of the house. I will myself bake the cakes—everybody praises my cakes, you know—and we'el make the gentlemen wait on us. It will be rare fun."

The Sibertons had once been the leading people in Castleton, and though Naomi and her mother now owned only the house where they lived, and a very narrow competence beside, their social position was unexceptionable. So Naomi's out-of-doors tea-party was hailed, by all, as a "delightful novelty."

"Have you not heard?" answered Dr. Gladwin. "Mr. Pennington was thrown from a carriage, a few hours since, and then run over. I have just left him. I thought, at first, he could not live; but I hope now, that, with good care, he will recover. It will be a work of time, however."

"What a fearful calamity!" "How dreadful!" "What will become of the family while he is disabled?" were uttered, in various tones.

"A most unfortunate man!" said bustling little Mrs. Rowdon. "He once did a fine business in the city, but failed, and came here, and now supports his family, as we all know, by teaching German."

"He was not to blame for the failure," interposed Frank Delancey. "He had endorsed for a brother, who proved a rascal."

Naomi's fine eyes thanked the speaker for saying this, for she had not forgot the time, a few years before, when Mr. Pennington's opportune advice had saved, for her mother and herself, the small capital, the interest of which was now their only support.

"Yet their daughter," replied Mrs. Rowdon, "actually takes music lessons of Rapetta, a most shocking bit of extravagance, at least, in my opinion."

"Can we blame them," answered Frank Delancey, "for seeking to secure a thorough education for their only child? Etta has very fine musical talent, and I think they are quite right in cultivating it. This talent may yet enable her to support them all. It will be a great blow to them now, to be obliged to suspend the lessons."

"I am sure we would be very willing to help them," said Ada Benson, patronizingly; "but they are so independent, they would refuse assistance."

Frank Delancey glanced up at the speaker, with a half smile, and Naomi watched him, unconsciously to herself, wondering what his thoughts were.

Frank had studied law with Ada's father. Of undoubted talents, good looks, polished manners, firm, upright principles, and prospective wealth, he had ever been a welcome guest in Mr. Benson's home.

Gossip reported that he was soon to wed Ada. But if this were true, Naomi thought, he must be a rather indifferent lover, as many of his evenings were spent in her own pretty, home-like little parlor. Her meditations were interrupted, however, by Mrs. Benson.

"Naomi, dear," she said, in tones the very echo of her daughter's patronizing ones, "your biscuits really are perfectly delicious! I suppose they are of your own manufacture?"

"Yes, I am the cook."

"You deserve great credit," remarked another lady, "not only for your biscuits, but for all these nice things; your cake, I am very sure, would take the premium at any fair."

"I quite envy people, who have the taste and talent for cooking," said Mrs. Benson; "but, somehow, I never could feel at home in the kitchen," and she shrugged her lace-covered shoulders, and quite ignored the fact that, before her marriage, she was poor and dependent, living with an aunt, who made of her a household drudge. "I have to depend entirely upon my servants."

"We need a good bakery in this village," remarked Mrs. Gladwin. "If we could buy such biscuits as these for breakfast and tea, and have them come to us warm, how thankful we should all be."

"Yes," remarked another, "and if we could

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have good cake and pies, without the trouble of making them, it would be such a convenience. I wonder that some enterprising baker has not moved into Castleton."

During this conversation, Naomi's face expressed deep thought, then, looking up, she said, gaily:

"What a capital idea. I'll start a bakery myself. How many of you will patronize me?"

Her remark was hailed with a merry laugh, and a shout of, "All of us!"

"Take care how you compromise yourselves," said Naomi, "for I am fully in earnest. I pledge myself to serve a limited number, with warm biscuits, morning and evening; also cake and pies to order."

People were accustomed to being surprised by Naomi; she had always had an odd, independent way of her own; but this last freak seemed wilder than anything that had preceded it, especially as her manner carried the assurance that she was entirely in earnest.

"You all look surprised," said Naomi, laughing, "but I want a little more pocket money, to be frank with you; and, as my one talent seems to be culinary, I have made up my mind to turn baker."

"Then!" said Mrs. Benson, "since you really mean what you say, you may put me down for a dozen raised biscuits, every morning and evening."

Others gave in their orders, and Naomi soon had a long list of names. An amused smile played across her lips, as she saw Frank Delancey's eyes bent searchingly upon her, as though trying to read her inmost thoughts.

Tea being over, some of the guests amused themselves with croquet; some chatted; and others flirted. At last, the falling shadows warned them to take refuge from the dampness, and a merry evening within doors finished the entertainment.

"What can possess Naomi?" exclaimed one, when the company found themselves at a safe distance from the house, "This seems such a strange freak, even for her."

"I conclude," said Mrs. Benson, "that they have lost the little property they had, or part of it. If this is so, she is right to go to work. I was very willing to patronize her."

"But, mamma," said Ada, "keeping a bakery is such a very low business; I wonder she does not choose a more refined employment—teaching, for instance."

"Probably she is not qualified for a teacher. You must remember, my child, that every one has not been blessed with the same advantages you have enjoyed," was the complacent reply.

"I think there is no doubt of Naomi's qualifications," said Frank. "But teaching is not always convenient, nor is it to the taste of every one; it is very confining, too."

Mrs. Benson smiled. "You are always finding excuses for people," she said, conciliatingly.

The next morning Naomi set her biscuits, and then called upon her friend, Mrs. Pennington, whom she found watching by her husband's bedside, with an anxious look upon her usually cheerful face.

"Yes," she replied, in answer to Naomi's question; "the danger is past, and I am so thankful. But we have to look forward to a long illness. Etta must stop her music-lessons, when this term is out; and I must send away my servant, when I am most in need of her help. I shall try to do some sewing, the only employment in which I can engage, under existing circumstances."

As Naomi rose to go, she remarked, "I have undertaken something which will probably surprise you. I have opened a bakery."

"Opened a bakery! Why, Naomi, you have met with no loss, I hope."

Naomi laughed, as she saw the surprise depicted on her friend's countenance. "No," she replied, "I have met with no loss; but my wants are outgrowing my income. Do not be alarmed, however; for I am not going into the business extensively; my bakery will be carried on entirely in my own kitchen. My biscuits will be sent to my customers, morning and evening, and my cake and pies whenever they are ordered."

"Whatever you do is right, my dear," said Mrs. Pennington. "I have known you long enough to find that out. You can't tell how much good your visit has done me," she added, with tears in her eyes.

Naomi's bakery succeeded admirably. Her biscuits were always perfect. She had as many engaged for morning and evening as she could possibly make. Orders, too, came in for cake and pies. She was too popular and too independent to lose caste by this very novel move. Mrs. Benson undertook to patronize and snub her, but finding that society had no intention of voting out the little baker, she wisely concluded not to oppose the current.

One day, about two weeks after the opening of the bakery, when Naomi had run in to see her friend, Mrs. Pennington, that lady informed her that she had been "most miraculously provided for."

"Indeed!" said Naomi. "I am very glad to hear it. Have some of Mr. Pennington's debtors come to his aid?"

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"One has," was the reply. "I have had a letter from the city, in which the writer, who does not give his name, tells me that his present prosperity is owing to my husband, and that until Mr. Pennington recovers, we may be sure of receiving forty dollars a month. This is a very great relief to me, for now Etta can continue her music lessons."

Naomi had one drawback to her success. She found, after awhile, that her new employment was shutting her off from much enjoyment; but she had expected this. "One can't have one's cake and cut it, too," she said, laughing, good-humoredly, to her mother.

She saw Frank and Ada more frequently together, now, than ever. This was a bitter drop in her cup. At times she could not help comparing Ada's lot with her own. She was a great admirer of beauty, wherever it was to be found, and she loved to watch the bright, fresh color, ever changing, in Ada's cheeks; her careless, happy expression; her soft, white hands, and beautifully moulded figure. "Plenty of money might give all these to me, also," thought Naomi. "A perfectly fitting dress, made by a fashionable dressmaker, does much for the figure; it is easy to keep idle hands soft and white; and freedom from work and care goes far towards mellowing the complexion, and giving a bright, happy expression to the countenance."

The murmurings of discontent, however, were always soon checked; and she would rise from such meditations with a feeling of thankfulness, that she had a motive for living. But Frank's image would frequently appear unbidden, and she would find herself wondering how one of his depth and worth could fancy a girl with so little force of character, and real lovableness as Ada Benson.

One afternoon, while our heroine was deep in the mysteries of moulding her biscuits, she was surprised by a call, in her kitchen, from Frank and Ada. They had driven through the lane, and alighted at the side-door.

"Come, Naomi," said Ada, "put on your things quickly, and go with us to the Lake. We have been getting up an impromptu pic-nic party. It was not thought of until half an hour ago. We are going to take supper, and spend the evening in that funny old house, which is said to be haunted. Then we'll drive home in the moonlight. This is Hallow e'en, you know, and just the time to visit a haunted house."

"Oh! that will be charming," said Naomi. Then she checked herself, and added, "but I do not see how I can go. It's on account of my biscuits, you know. They will not be ready for the oven under an hour; and if I am not here, there will be no one to bake them; for mamma has gone out to tea, and Bridget would be sure to spoil them."

"I was afraid it would be so," said Ada. "We should be delighted to have you; but, of course, I cannot urge you to neglect your duty," and, with a very cheerful expression of countenance, she was turning away.

Frank, however, seemed less resigned. He had been watching, with much interest, the pretty picture Naomi made, with her clear, fair skin, her deep cherry lips, and her rosy cheeks. Her bright, golden hair, had partially escaped from its coils, and was curling in the most bewitching little rings. Her light muslin dress looked so cool and refreshing on this warm day, and the sleeves, rolled up above the elbows, displayed the round, plump arms so prettily, that Frank thought it the loveliest sight he had ever seen.

"You must give your biscuits to the chickens, to-day," said Frank, "and come with us. We cannot spare you."

The color deepened in Naomi's cheeks, and for a moment she felt inclined to yield. She had not seen a great deal of Frank lately, and she fancied that his manner had changed towards her, since she had commenced her bakery; but it was natural, she thought, that he should be oblivious to the existence of all young ladies but Ada, for it was said everywhere now that he was engaged to her.

She sighed as she reflected thus.

"No," she said, "I should like to go, but I cannot. If I am not prompt with my orders, I may lose my customers."

"You are quite right," said Ada, "and Frank ought not to urge you. As you say, your business might suffer if neglected."

"I am going to play the good fairy," said a pleasant voice, at this juncture. "Go, get yourself ready immediately, my dear, and I will take your place."

Naomi looked up, and saw her friend, Mrs. Pennington, who had entered unobserved.

"Good!" exclaimed Frank. "Now I know I shall have an efficient ally. We will proceed at once to feed the chickens with these unbaked biscuits.

"Indeed, sir! we will do nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Pennington, laughing. "I intend to stay here and bake them myself. Mr. Pennington, you know, is so well that he goes out now, and next week he expects to resume his German lessons. I shall bake the biscuits, and send them around, as methodically as Naomi could do it."

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"You are very kind," said Naomi; "but—but—won't it inconvenience you?"

"There is no time to waste," said Mrs. Pennington, laughingly, taking her by the arm, and putting her out of the room.

Naomi soon returned, equipped for her drive.

"You have refused every invitation of mine, lately," whispered Frank, as he assisted her into the carriage, "and had it not been for Mrs. Pennington, I should have been jilted this time."

Naomi blushed, and felt embarrassed. She had not realized before, the number of invitations she had been compelled to decline. But she said nothing.

"I am so glad you were able to come," said Ada, biting her lips with vexation.

"Yes," returned Naomi, mischievously. "I should have been sorry to disappoint you."

The conversation flagged after this. Naomi had not felt in good spirits of late, and was disinclined to talk. Something seemed to have dropped out of her life, leaving darkness and a blank. Her mother thought she had worked too hard. Nor did Frank seem inclined to talk either.

"Well," cried Ada, at last, "here we are at the end of our journey. What a stupid ride it has been." For she was vexed that Frank had not talked to her more. It was a merry party, however, that they met in the old haunted house. The very walls echoed with the laughter. Supper was cooked, and despatched. Then came the games.

"Who will be the first to go to the ghost's room, to try her fortune?" was asked.

"I will," replied Naomi. "I do not believe the ghost will want me," and, picking up a candle, she sprang gaily up the broad, old-fashioned stairs, and through the empty, uncarpeted rooms, passing bravely the dark shadows lurking in the corners, until she came to the chamber which had been especially chosen for this occasion; for it was here that the ghost of the former occupant was said to have taken up his abode. Naomi placed her candle on a shelf, under an old broken looking-glass, and proceeded to pare her apple. As she was about to throw the pairing over her shoulder, she distinctly heard breathing near her, and, turning to see if any ghost or mortal were by, she overturned, and extinguished her light. Naomi was brave, and did not believe in the supernatural; but this unmistakable sound of breathing, which still continued, the darkness, the weird associations connected with the house, and especially with this room, all combined to unnerve her, and she uttered a piercing shriek, which reverberated through the empty rooms, and startled her with its echo. She was fast losing consciousness, when Frank's bright, cheery tones re-assured her.

"All in darkness, Naomi?" he cried. "Wait a moment. I have matches in my pocket." And he soon had a light.

"How could you frighten me so, Frank?" said Naomi. "I did not think you would do such a thing."

"I did not mean to frighten you," was the reply. "Thinking that possibly you might get nervous, all by yourself, I followed, and stepped in, in the dark, unobserved. Then you shrieked. I beg a thousand pardons. It seems I did the very mischief I intended to prevent."

"I heard your breathing close to me," faltered Naomi, looking down, "and that was why I shrieked."

"Ah! here is your apple paring," said Frank, mischievously; and, unobserved, he slyly adjusted it with his foot. "A perfect F! See, Naomi, it could not be truer."

"I do not know what I have to do with an F," replied his companion, petulantly.

"But the F would like to have a great deal to do with you," was the warm response. "Naomi, what has changed you so of late? I can scarcely get your attention for five minutes at a time."

"And why should you desire it? A true knight should be contented with one fair lady."

"I agree with you perfectly, but what is the knight to do, when he cannot get that 'one fair lady?'"

"Where is Ada Benson?"

"Down stairs, I suppose; I left her there. Naomi! why will you act in this way? Can you never learn to love me?"

Naomi turned in surprise.

"Are you not engaged to Ada?" she said.

"Engaged to Ada! No, I never thought of such a thing. Did you believe it?"

"Yes; I had heard it from so many."

Frank took Naomi's hand in his, and drew her down beside him, on the deep window-sill.

"You are the only one I have ever loved. Will you be my wife?" he said. "I shall keep you here a prisoner until you answer me."

"Are you willing to marry the little baker? What will your aristocratic friends say?" She looked into his face, with a half saucy, half defiant expression, as she spoke.

"They will probably say that I ask more than I deserved, if I succeed in getting you. Do you suppose, Naomi, that any honorable employment, which you chose to pursue, could weaken my love for you, even if I did not understand about your bakery? I knew very well you were not

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toiling over that, and depriving yourself of various little pleasure excursions, for your own sake. Do you suppose, I am ignorant whence comes the timely aid to the Penningtons? I believe I never really loved you, until that day, when you proposed to begin your bakery; I saw at once the noble purpose you had in view; and from that time, I have felt that life to me would be nothing without you." While speaking, he had passed his arm around Naomi, and drawn her closely to him; and now, finding that she did not resist this, he went further, and ventured upon a kiss.

Naomi finally suggested that their absence might be noticed by the others, and an awkward search instituted. They accordingly wended their way down stairs.

"Where have you been?" was the inquiry, as they entered the room, where all were assembled. "We did not know, Naomi, but you had discovered your fate and run away with him."

"I discovered too much of a fate," was the laughing reply, "and my shrieks brought this gentleman to the rescue."

"What was it? Did you see a ghost?" was eagerly asked.

"I must not tell tales," she replied, mysteriously. "But if any one should venture up there alone, and hear what I heard, I am quite sure there would be some more shrieking done;" and she could not help glancing at Ada.

In the course of two or three weeks, Naomi closed her bakery, much to the disappointment of those who had enjoyed her biscuits, and luxuriated upon her cake and pies.

"And so, you darling girl!" said Mrs. Pennington, "I have found you out, at last. All your toil, through the long summer days, was for us! I never suspected it, until that evening, when you were going to drive; then the whole truth suddenly flashed upon me. It was so very sweet of you to do it. It was more to us than you can ever know. Not having been placed in that position yourself, you cannot realize what a load was lifted from our hearts, by your generous self-devotion."

Mrs. Benson felt very much scandalized when she heard that her *protegé*, as she chose to term Frank, was to marry the little baker; and she declared that she could not bring herself to recognize them. When the bride and groom returned from their wedding trip, however, and took up their abode in the new and elegant home which awaited them, and had announced, in the legitimate way, their desire to receive their friends, Mrs. Benson thought better of her decision; and, arrayed in costly silks and laces, and fairly sparkling with diamonds, attended the reception, because she found it was the thing to do.

Yet she will never forgive Naomi for having won Frank, whom she had appropriated for her own daughter, and she rarely omits an opportunity to say to a stranger, when our heroine is spoken of:

"Oh! yes, she is very well in her way, perhaps; but we can't forget, here, you see, that she once kept A BAKERY."

SMILES AND FROWNS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

Dost thou know, love, that thy smile
Makes the whole world bright for me?
Just as sunrise pours a sudden
Purple glory on the sea.
Ah! had I that power, ever
Should the world look bright to thee.

Dost thou know, love, that thy frown
Makes a winter of my May?
Makes it dark, as when a tempest
Rushes on a summer day.
Ah! had I that power, never
Should thy sunshine fade away.

ALBUM VERSES.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN

Be blessings scattered o'er thy way,
My gladsome, joyous, laughing sprite,
Be thy whole life, one summer's day,
Without the night;
Unless in halls, with careless glance,
You tread the mazes of the dance,

Or sing sweet songs of old romance,
By gaslight gay.
E'en then, may'st thou be free from woes,
Exchange thy *bon bons* for thy beaux;
And in the followers of thy train,
May childhood's graces still remain.

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A SIREN'S FATE.

BY HENRY P. COSTELLO.

I.—The Siren.

M'lle Bernhardt was acting in "*L'Etrangère.*" Between the acts, Cecil Vervain was showing his friend, Harold Walton, who had just come back from making the tour of the globe, all the celebrities. Many a glass was raised to the two handsome young men; and many a worshipped belle wondered who the tall stranger with Vervain was.

"Look directly opposite, Walton, and you will see the most beautiful woman in Paris," said Vervain.

"Yes," responded Walton, raising his lorgnette; "she is very beautiful. What is she called?"

"Madame Ingomar. She is, I believe, a widow. Some say she is a Florentine marquise, traveling incognito, until a certain much-talked-of duel shall have blown over. One or two men claim her to be a Russian princess in exile."

"Indeed!"

Strangely enough, Walton looked at the beautiful woman, sitting there—her *pose* graceful as a Greek statue; her robes of palest azure sweeping all about her; shimmering pearls in her hair, and on her neck and wrists: and as he looked, he thought of her as a Circe, a siren, and the great lustrous pearls seemed to him like the souls of lost men—trophies of her progress in destruction.

"Come round, and I will introduce you," said Vervain, and, as they went toward her box, a bit of poetry came to his mind, a piece that seemed written of her.

> Lips are made only to kiss;
> Hands are made only to toy;
> Eyes are made only to lure on the lonely;
> The loving and lonely to die."

Madame Ingomar turned, as they entered the box, raising her head, in a superb, insolent way, that suited well her transcendent beauty.

"I have brought a friend to introduce, Madame Ingomar—" began Vervain.

But she cut him short.

"Ah! Mr. Walton and I are old friends," she said, extending her hand to the latter.

"Yes? then I find my occupation gone."

Vervain sat down by M'lle Renau, Madame's companion, as he spoke. Madame Ingomar turned to Walton

"This can scarcely be a pleasant meeting for either of us," she said, in her sweet, slow tones, that reached his ears only; "and I want to ask you to forget all that has passed between us; to forget, and if you can, to forgive. One thing more: you know my secret, and I throw myself on your generosity."

"Have no fears, Madame; your trust shall not be betrayed," he answered, chivalrously.

When they had left the box, Vervain turned to his companion:

"You did not tell me you were acquainted."

"No? I knew her some time ago in Florence, and thought, perhaps, she had forgotten me."

"And do you know who or what she is?"

"I know that she is a very beautiful woman, and that she dresses exquisitely; that is all. *Bon soir!*"

The carriage stopped at Victor Desaire's studio. "Are you not coming up?" said Vervain. But Walton did not feel like playing lansquenet, that evening, for the sight of this woman had troubled him; more for his friend than himself; for he knew that he, at least, was safe from the Circe's toils; and he devoutly hoped that Cecil Vervain would not be enchanted by her wondrous beauty. But his hopes were vain.

Cecil Vervain, the only son of Chauncy Vervain, of Hethcote, had been through three seasons of fashionable folly, gaiety and intrigue, and had remained heart-whole, to the sorrow of belles, and the distraction of chaperons. Every fair damsel, whose star had risen in those three years, had tried her sweetest wiles on him in vain. People said he was "not a marrying man." But he was a very handsome man, nevertheless; tall, broad-shouldered, athletic; with a creamy olive face, great black eyes, in whose depths a sleeping demon lurked, straight black brows, a silky black moustache, and the haughty debonair grace of a patrician. Though he had an aristocratic way with him, he was a gentleman, and everybody liked him; and girls in pursuit of a settlement, sighed despairingly, thinking of the broad Hethcote lands, the shooting box on the moors, the London mansion, and the old Scotch castle, on "the wild west coast of the North Countree," to all of which Cecil was heir.

After his three seasons, Vervain had met, one evening, at the Bal d'Opera, a woman, clad in a

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long, trailing domino of white satin, showered with golden butterflies; a woman whose dead-gold hair floated over the gold-broidered domino, and whose amethyst eyes shone like liquid jewels. He had at once fallen in love with this beautiful vision. And Louise Ingomar, for she it was, looked on him with feelings akin to something warmer than friendship; at least, so he thought. His infatuation progressed rapidly, and soon brought him to decide on a proposal. It was rather a strange thing for a Vervain of Hethcote to marry a woman whose pedigree was so uncertain as that of M'lle Croizette herself. But love is a leveler, and Vervain was madly, blindly in love.

"Must I see him go to ruin unwarned?" said Walton, when he saw this growing madness. "No, honor forbids it. I will tell this Siren that I take back my promise of secrecy; and then I will go to Vervain, and reveal all."

But when he called at the apartments of Louise Ingomar, he found himself denied, and this went on so persistently, that he was forced to conclude it was intentional.

"She cannot escape me altogether," he said, as he walked away from her door, after the last repulse. "She is sure to be at Blanche De St. Aignan's ball. She would not miss that for the world. I will force her to give me five minutes there."

Blanche De St. Aignan was a sparkling brunette, whose wit, beauty, and position had long ago given her a preëminence in society. She had married, in the French style, a man old enough to be her father, and he had been very kind to her; consequently, when he died, she had mourned sincerely for him. But now that her term of mourning had expired, she was about to signalize her return to society, by a ball that bade fair to be the event of the season.

The evening arrived. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the brilliantly lighted portals of the Hotel De St. Aignan, and deposited its fair freight on the rich carpet that covered the outer steps. Blanche herself stood under a wax light chandelier, receiving her guests. The light fell full on her graceful figure, whose dark, Southern beauty was enhanced by the costume of maize silk, with black lace caught up with poppies. Her face was wreathed in smiles; and altogether, she made a charming hostess.

Walton went early to the ball and was greeted, by the fair hostess, with a smile, which confirmed the popular rumor that she was not indifferent to him, as he was evidently not indifferent to her.

It was late before Louise Ingomar came in. Never had her clear-cut, delicate beauty showed to such advantage. She was dressed in white silk, the material heavy and rich enough for a queen: the train long; the only ornaments diamonds. Diamonds were in her hair, on her white throat, at her wrists. She had glided in like a dream, and like a dream she remained, something too beautiful, too intangible almost to be mortal. Admirers thronged about her, and for a time, shut off all approach. But at last Walton found an opportunity to ask her for a moment's private conversation.

They went out to a balcony. It was a beautiful night. The silver moonbeams fell on her, as she stood among the scarlet flowers, with which the balcony was decked, making her seem more beautiful than ever.

"You remember the promise I gave you, one evening, at the theatre?" he began.

"Yes."

"I shall be compelled to break my word, if you continue to entice Vervain."

"Indeed!"

"Madame, have you no pity, no mercy? Can you wreck his life without feeling one pang? God have mercy on my friend," he cried, looking into her coldly beautiful face, "for you are indeed the Circe they call you!"

"You may tell Mr. Vervain what you like; it will make no difference. I defy you!" she answered. "Do your worst. It will only recoil against yourself. Will you please take me back to the parlors?"

Without a word, he gave her his arm. As they entered the room, the band was playing a Strauss waltz. The merry music jarred on Walton's ears; he found his way to the door, and left the house: he had forgotten for the moment, even Blanche.

At last Mme. Ingomar trailed her white robes out to her carriage. As Vervain closed the door, she asked him to call the next day at three. He bowed, and the carriage moved on. She turned to her companion: "Have you enjoyed yourself, Marie?" she said.

"Enjoyed what? Cecil Vervain's madness, or Walton's endeavors to save his friend?"

She was rather observing, you see, and very shrewd; a small sallow woman with sharp black eyes; not an ugly woman by any means; and one whose every word was a protest against the life she led. After a time, she spoke again.

"Louise, how can you sit there and smile, when you know the ruin you have wrought! You are a murderess; worse, for you destroy men's souls, and not their bodies merely."

"Go on, Marie, finish your sermon," said Louise. But, through the sweet languor of her voice, a passionate undertone vibrated, and her

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hands were tightly clenched. "Stop a moment, however, and let me tell you this: I would give all I prize most on earth, for the happy, innocent days of my childhood. All that I have gained is but Dead Sea fruit, and I am wearied with it." She spoke with an earnestness very foreign to her, and she meant what she said, for the time at least. Marie drew the golden head to her shoulder.

"It is destiny, I suppose," she said.

II.—The Duel

The next day, Louise received Vervain, in a room to which few of her friends ever penetrated. It was a very bijou of a room, all hung and furnished in pale blue. Statuettes glimmered whitely in the recesses, and there were curtains, through which the golden sunbeams lost their hue, and filled the room with a soft twilight.

She came forward, across the rose-strewn carpet, to meet him, her white robes trailing out, a faint, sweet odor of stephanotis lingering about her. The little clock on the mantel struck three.

"You are punctual, I see."

"As if one could be otherwise with you."

"No? But be seated. I have asked you here to-day, to tell you rather an unpleasant story. Are you willing to listen?"

"I am anxious to hear you."

"Your friend, Mr. Walton, has a particular antipathy to me, and if he should try to prejudice you against me, you will not believe him? Now I am going to make you my confidant, and tell you something, *sub rosa*."

Thereupon she told him an artfully constructed story of how Walton once sought to marry her in Florence; how she had refused him; how he had since tried to supplant his friend; and how, in the effort, he had slandered him in the basest manner.

Vervain sprang from his seat, in a white heat of passion, exclaiming:

"Villain, liar, traitor!"

"Ah! my dear friend," interposed the enchantress, "you must not give way to this rage. I know it is natural. But think what the world will say, if you and he quarrel, and it is said I was the cause of it. Promise me," and she laid her white, jewelled hand on his arm, "that this shall go no further. It was my duty to tell you, that I might put you on your guard. But I do not wish the matter to be pushed."

Her soft voice, her soothing words might have been those of an angel. But for all that Vervain did not promise, and Louise Ingomar's eyes kindled, in anticipated revenge, when she saw him go out, still in that white heat of passion.

Paris never knew how it happened, but that night, at the Jockey club, the most aristocratic of such institutions in the great metropolis, there was an insult given, that, according to the code then and there current, could only be wiped out in blood. Afterwards, men, looking back, wondered how they could have stood by, and seen Walton, without the least cause, so grossly outraged. Afterwards, public opinion recognized that the conduct of Vervain could bear no other explanation, than that he deliberately provoked a quarrel, in order to murder his friend in a duel, "for he is a dead shot, you know," it was added.

Yet much as those present tried to keep the fact of the coming encounter quiet, it leaked out somehow, and to a few persons. Within an hour after the insult, Marie Renau entered the chamber of her mistress, with bitter, scathing words upon her lips:

"Louise," she cried, sharply. "Are you a woman or a devil?"

A stormy scene followed; a scene that was the counterpart of many others; and this ended, as they all ended, with a few words which Louise spoke:

"You know the tie that binds us. Will you break your vow?"

Nevertheless, Marie did what she could. She put on her things, and went to the Hotel De St. Aignan, late as it was. Twelve o'clock, in fact, was striking, as she woke the sleepy porter, and demanded to be shown to his mistress. Blanche was much surprised to see her, and when the interview was over, walked up stairs again, and, for the first time in her life, quietly fainted.

Early the next morning, two men stood in a little spot, in the suburbs, much frequented by duelists, pistols in hand. They were Walton and Vervain.

The seconds stood by, one holding a handkerchief.

"One!" he said.

"Two!"

"Three!"

The handkerchief dropped. There was a sharp report. Walton fell.

The surgeon stooped over him. But at that instant, there was a rush of silken robes, and a woman was kneeling, and wringing her hands by the prostrate body.

It was Blanche De St. Aignan's voice that rang out, passionate, agonized.

"Too late! oh, my God, too late!" she cried.

"He is not dead," the doctor said, quickly. "Be encouraged, madam," for he took her for Walton's wife. "With careful nursing, he *may* recover."

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But Blanche did not hear him. She seemed to be stunned. She offered no resistanee, when they led her away to a cottage, not far off, whither also the body of the insensible Walton was carried.

The result of the encounter made a great sensation. People, as we have said, even those present at the insult, looking back on the whole circumstance, pronounced it a premeditated murder. Paris forgives much to its miscalled code of honor; but even Paris has its line, beyond which toleration ceases. The storm that burst on Vervain, convinced him that his only safety lay in flight. "Go, at once, go, before Walton dies," said his second: "after that event, you will not be safe a moment." So he fled. But first he went to Louise Ingomar. He could not, of course, make his proposal now. But he hinted at it. "I shall be back, after this blows over," he said. "Meantime, my address is Vervain castle, Scotland. Write to me, for God's sake. It was for you, I did it."

"But I told you not," said the false Circe, sweetly. "However," with the smile of an enchantress, "I will write; I owe you that. Come back soon." And she gave him her hand to kiss.

"Pray the good God," said Marie to herself, "that he may never come back at all."

The disappearance of Vervain was followed, strange to say, by that of Blanche De St. Aignan. Since the day of the duel she had not been seen. Enquiries at her hotel failed to elicit where she had gone. "Madame is in the country," was all the stolid porter could be got to say.

But the few, who were in the secret, knew that she was at the little cottage, in the suburbs, nursing Walton, who still hung between life and death, too weak even to be moved to better quarters, yet constantly, in his delirium, murmuring Blanche's name.

III.—Nemesis.

An old gray castle, standing, grim and defiant, on the brow of the cliff, against the foot of which the waves beat eternally, and around which seabirds circled, with cries that sounded like shrieks of despair: at least so thought Vervain, as he stood at a barred window, looking out on the stormy sunset, that turned the ocean to a sea of blood.

Vervain was intensely bored. He had been here a month, and a week of it would have been insupportable, under ordinary circumstances. But he dared not leave, until he heard favorably from Paris, and the news continued the reverse of favorable. "Walton can hardly recover," wrote one of the Jockey club, "and the excitement is as great as ever. Keep yourself, therefore, secluded, my dear fellow, in that inaccessible castle of yours. In time the storm will blow over; it always does."

His tedium had one alleviation, however. Living very quietly, in the neighborhood, was a Colonel Dacre, a half-pay officer, and his pretty daughter, Evelyn. The colonel had called at the castle, immediately on Vervain's arrival; the latter had returned the call; and since that he had seen Evelyn almost daily. Young, beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished, her society was a temptation even to Vervain, though he had no further thought than to while away the dulness of his exile. But with her, poor thing, it was different. Vervain was far superior to any other young man she had ever seen, and so, half unconsciously, she fell in love with him, idealizing him with all a young girl's romantic devotion.

Vervain had intended to go down to Col. Dacre's cottage, that evening, but it had now begun to rain, and with a shiver he turned from the window, took a cigar, ordered more coals on the fire, and prepared to spend the hours alone. Suddenly the great hall bell clanged; then steps were heard approaching; directly the door opened; and next, the insensible form of a man, in the prime of life, was borne in.

"We found him at the gate," explained the butler, who headed the procession, as Vervain rose, with a look of annoyance. "His horse shied at the light in the lodge, and threw him, and we fear he is dying from some internal hurt. I ordered the men to bring him here, till a chamber could be prepared. Was I right?"

"Perfectly right," said Vervain, throwing away his cigar. "Let a room be prepared for him. Or, stay, give him mine, as that is ready: I can sleep here, on the sofa, for one night. And saddle a horse and get a doctor."

The injured man was still unconscious, when the physician arrived. That important personage diplomatically shook his head, on seeing the patient, and said he feared the worst, but "while there's life there's hope," he added. Later, he came down, with a grave face, and told Vervain that their patient could not live till morning. "He has received internal injuries, for which nothing can be done," said the doctor. "His time may even be shorter. He has recovered consciousness, after a sort at least, for I think him half delirious, as he expresses a particular desire to see you, and apparently in reference to a picture in the room, of which he can know nothing, of course."

A picture! There was no picture, except one of Louise Ingomar, which Vervain had got painted,

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surreptitiously, using a photograph as a guide. What could the dying man know of her? Yes! he was surely delirious, as the physician said.

"I will stay here," added the doctor. "He especially asked that he might see you alone. Queer, queer, here," and he touched his forehead.

The moment Vervain entered, he saw that the hours of his guest were numbered. He wore that peculiar gray look on the face, that pinching of the features, which is the immediate forerunner of death.

The injured man turned his head feebly as his host came in. His look was eager, his voice shook, as he said, without prelude:

"Yonder portrait? In God's name, whose is it? How came it here?"

It was no time to stand on mere conventionalisms. However little right the speaker had to ask the question, he must, as a dying man, be gratified. Vervain told him, in few words, whose it was. "And why is it here?" again asked the sufferer. "Because," was the reply, "I hope to make the original of it my wife."

"Your wife!" His emotion was so great that it gave momentary strength to his shattered frame. He half rose in bed. "Do you not know, then, that she is already married? But that might not now be an obstacle, for it is her husband, Philip Argyl, you see before you, and his hours are numbered. But if you marry her, you marry a murderess, a murderess in intent, at least, if not in deed."

Vervain, for a moment, believed the speaker, as the doctor had believed him, under a hallucination. But as the dying man unfolded his tale, the coherence, with which he proceeded, dispelled this idea.

It was a strange scene. The rain, that set in after sunset, had now increased to a tempest; great sheets of water dashed against the casements; the wind howled around the turrets; the solid walls shook; the roar of the ocean rose more deafening every minute. Only one or two candles lit the vast apartment.

"Yes! she is my wife," said the dying man. "But would to God I had never seen her. She has ruined my life. Look at her, with her Circe-like air, her witchery, her remorselessness! Is it possible that a just heaven should suffer such creatures to exist?"

Louise Ingomar, it seems, had been a beautiful Italian girl of low origin, whom Philip Argyl had met, loved, and married. It was not long, however, before he discovered that she had accepted him only for his money, and was suspected of having had previously a lover of her own rank, to whom she had been sufficiently complaisant. Very soon Harold Walton appeared on the scene. He was much richer than Argyl, and she formed a plan to entrap him. To do this it was necessary to get rid of her husband. This, to her, was no serious obstacle. Poison was called in; a slow, but sure poison, if persisted in; and one that left no traces. Fortunately Argyl was warned in time: it was by her own sister, who afterwards traveled with her. "For her sake, I swore secrecy to all, except to Walton," he added. "When the latter learned all, his infatuation changed to hate. He left Italy, and set out for a tour of the globe, in order to find distraction, and recover from the shock."

"I made her a liberal allowance," continued the dying man, catching for breath, "on the one condition that I should never see, or hear of her again. I gave her half of my income, in fact more. I left Italy. I also traveled. I hoped never to hear of her again. But she meets me, at my death-hour. Foul enchantress, avaunt!"

He sank back, and closed his eyes. A spasm passed over his face. A great burst of rain and wind again shook the house. The ocean boomed beneath the cliff like claps of successive thunder. And in the midst of all this tumult the soul of Philip Argyl passed away.

Cecil Vervain folded his arms, and gazed, for a moment or two, on the features of the dead man. Then he turned, and looked at the picture. The awful anger of that look reached Louise Ingomar, and made her shudder, she knew not why, hundreds of miles away.

"I wonder what is going to happen," she said to her companion, with a shiver, as they drove home from the opera, at midnight. "I feel as if some one was walking over my grave, some enemy, too."

It was a week later. Argyl had been laid in his grave. Louise Ingomar was dressed for a ball. She looked like some rare exotic, as she stood in her conservatory, her pink robes trailing, with a stately grace, and the sweet, faint odor of the stephanotis in her hair, making a fragrance all about her.

Vervain was announced. She started, for Walton was not yet out of danger, and Vervain's presence in Paris was perilous. Her guest came towards her, with a stern, set look in his face, that made her start. But even in that minute the lines in Mrs. Browning's "Court Lady" rose to his mind.

"Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark;
Her cheek's pale opal burned with a red and restless spark."

She had sprung forward to meet him, her hands outstretched; in her eyes a glad welcome.

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But that something, in his face, stopped her now; and, without a word, she shrank back into the shadow of a huge exotic.

He stood before her, only pitiless anger in the eyes, where she had been used to read love and adoration.

"I know all!" he said.

With a cry, she sank upon her knees, hiding her face in her jewelled arms, begging, praying him to be merciful. In that hour of supreme agony, no thought of dissimulation came to her. She knew that she had lost his love.

"When I went to Scotland, I loved you, with a love that amounted almost to idolatry," he said, "and I firmly intended to ask you to be my wife. One night, a stranger was thrown from his horse, at my gates, and injured so that he died before morn. He saw your portrait in my chamber. He told me his story about Walton—about everything."

She shuddered, and still knelt at his feet; only pleading for mercy, to forgive her.

"What mercy did you show me? Time was when your slightest word would move my very soul. At your instigation, I almost murdered my dearest friend. Great heaven! can I ever forgive myself for it? You are a siren, a Circe, and I rushed on to be betrayed, lured by your false lips, and the beckoning devils in your eyes!"

"Cecil," she moaned, "I loved you."

"You confess to a love, that, in itself, was dishonor. I loved you, but now, I despise you."

He turned and left the house. She, who had bent like a reed in the wind before his words, rose, tried to go to her chamber, tottered, put her hand to her head, and with a shriek that rang through the house, fell prostrate again on the marble floor.

There Marie found her, like a crushed rose, her silken robes redolent with the perfume of stephanotis, her white arms outstretched, her tawny hair sweeping like pale gold over the inlaid woods.

All this happened three years ago. Madame La Countess de St. Aignan is a widow no longer. She was married to Harold Walton, on his recovery, and they make a charming couple.

Far away, under the burning skies of India, Cecil Vervain courts death, and tries to forget his sorrow. But the waters of Lethe are not easy to gain, and ever and anon, visions of a beautiful Jezebel, a woman whose ripe, brilliant beauty stands out in bold relief against her dead gold hair, rise before him.

He has heard of her often. But she is never mentioned in the circles where he met her. Her income ceased with Argyl's death, her reign is over; she is shunned by all; her wondrous beauty is gone; no trace, save her golden hair and amethyst eyes, remaining. But about her there clings a remnant of a haughty grace, as of Satan lost, and hurled from heaven, serving only to make the wreck more pitiable.

How does she live? Over that question let us draw a veil. You may meet her, sometimes, in the streets of Paris, which she haunts, occasionally, like a ghost, that comes back, from the regions of despair, for a moment of its old life.

Her sister, Marie Renau, preferred death to this miserable existence, and her body was laid in the Morgue, one morning. But little recks Louise Ingomar of that, or anybody else, now.

Gentle Evelyn Dacre looks across the stormy sea, and again looks at the castle, wondering when the waves and winds will bring Cecil Vervain, her King Arthur, back.

And who shall say there is no justice in this world?

SISTERS THREE.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

Sisters three!
In the bonds of love were we.
How the homestead rafters rang,
While we jested, laughed, and sang,
In the merry days of yore—
Careless days, that come no more.

Sisters twain,
'Neath the homestead roof again,
In the old familiar room.
But between us falls a gloom;
For we miss a smiling face,
And a form of girlish grace.

Sisters three!
For, perchance, if we could see,
With the spirit vision clear,
We should find her very near,
With the face, and smile, and song,
We have missed and mourned so long.

It is meet!
Ours the bitter, hers the sweet.
Ours the pain, the loss, the tears;
Hers the happy, endless years.
Life will pass, and sweet shall be
Our glad meeting, sisters three.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER X.

LORD HERON came upon the lady unawares, and therefore stood upon the threshold of that pretty room, blushing, and embarrassed, while the young lady sat, demurely, counting her stitches as a nun counts her beads. Still, she felt in every nerve, that the man she wished to enthrall was there, and looking upon her. Still, when he spoke, she gave the most natural little start in the world, and lifted her blue eyes in child-like astonishment.

"I beg pardon! Thinking that my mother was here, I have intruded."

"No, no; if anything, I am the intruder," she answered, sweeping up the silk flosses and gold thread from her lap, and blushing prettily, as she seemed about to leave the room.

"Lady Carew was with me only a little while ago, and will be again, no doubt. It was so warm and pleasant here, that I stayed behind."

"And must stay yet, or I shall think you offended by my rudeness. Pray, do not let me disturb you."

The blue eyes lifted to his, gave a soft protest against the supposition, and, lured by that one swift glance, the young man moved forward, and seated himself on a chair, close by the couch which she occupied.

"What a mercy it is that ladies have this sort of work to fall back upon, when the weather forbids them to go out," he said, tangling the skeins of floss with his fingers, at which the young lady smiled, like a Hebe, though she longed to snatch her property from his mischievous touch. Then she smoothed the canvas, with all its rich blaze of roses, convolvulus, and pansies, across her knee, with both hands, and turned a half shy, half mischievous side glance on his face, challenging his admiration.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she said.

"Wonderfully pretty," he answered, glancing from the embroidery to the beautiful face bending over it, where his eyes rested, when she lifted them again, flooding all the features with crimson.

"No wonder you gentlemen envy us," she said, with a laugh, and a slight shake of her head, as if she could thus break up the blushes of which she was ashamed. "Billiards and smoking must be so stupid."

"Everything is stupid from which ladies exclude themselves, I think," he answered. "Now if I could only help you hold the skeins or something. You will not find me so very awkward. My sister sometimes does a little of this work."

"Your sister—Lady Jane! I am glad of that, for it proves one link of sympathy between us. What an angel she is!"

Heron's face changed. The look of unchecked admiration went out from his eyes, and left them full of tender light.

"She is, indeed," he said, "one of the sweetest and best creatures that ever lived: so strong of soul, yet so frail of body. Few men would have borne affliction as she has done."

"I know—I know. Lady Carew has told me all about it—the blooming health of her childhood, the beauty of her first youth, the accident that left her an invalid for life. I cannot think of it without pain."

The girl veiled her eyes as she spoke, and a faint shudder passed over her.

This evidence of sensitive pity touched the young man, more than her beauty had done.

"You have a kind heart," he said, with feeling, "one that has a right to claim sisterhood with hers."

This impulsive speech sent the blood hot and red into the lady's cheek. Heron was not a vain man, but this rush of color was a palpable proof of interest, which a less susceptible man must have recognized with satisfaction. A flush came to his own face, and fire kindled in the softness of his gray eyes. Leaning gently forward, he took the work from her hands. She looked up with shy surprise.

"It is slow work seeing this cluster of flowers bloom under your fingers," he said. "One can never secure a glance, while they seem to drink sunshine from the eyes they fascinate. When I am autocrat, no fancy work shall be in fashion."

"You are acting like an autocrat, in forcing me to sit idle," said the heiress, surrendering

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her canvas with a smile. "What will Lady Carew think, when she comes back?"

"I am only changing your employment, that a fellow may take a hand in it. Now, cannot I hold some of these skeins? She will be delighted to find me so manfully employed," answered the young man, selecting a skein from the heap of silk, and holding it out on both hands, as if challenging her to weave a "cat's cradle" from the glowing silk. In doing this he glided from his chair, dropped one knee on the ottoman at Edna Norton's feet, and unconsciously knelt before her, as she leaned forward, until her face almost touched his, and, with a light play of the fingers, began to braid the silk.

The position was evidently a pleasant one for both parties, and might well have proved homely in the innocent freedom of children, but to a girl already half in love with a young man of three and twenty, bright as a sun beam, and handsome as a Greek god, it was artistic, but perilous. Perilous to him, even though, in his innermost heart, he had discovered the wishes of his parents, and resolved to steel himself against them. For the moment a declaration of love almost hovered on his lips, and might have left them, but, glancing at a mirror which reflected half the room, he saw his mother pause at the half open door, regard the picture in the glass in pleased astonishment, and glide away, with a glow of triumph on her face.

"I am doing this so abominably," he said, resuming the chair with some embarrassment, "at least, I am but an awkward fellow with lady's work; see how I am tangling the thing!"

Miss Norton took the silk from his hand, suddenly, as if fired by a flash of resentment.

"All men are awkward when they attempt a thing in which they have no heart," she said, with a laugh, that had a tone of sarcasm in it. "But see, yonder is our young troubadour, who seems afraid to come in."

Heron looked around, and saw Rufo hovering near the door, as if anxious to be noticed.

"Well, my boy, do you wish to speak with me?"

"It is the great signor who wishes it," was the reply. "He waits in the room with many books, quite alone, where the young signor will find him."

"I will go," answered the young man, starting up with a sense of relief, and bowing to the lady, he left her.

"You sent for me, father!"

"Yes, my boy, sit down. While the thing is on my mind, we may as well talk it over with you. Sit down! sit down!"

Lord Carew was walking about the library when Heron came in, and only paused long enough to make this brief greeting, but continued speaking as he paced the floor.

"It is seldom, Egbert, that I trouble you with family matters."

"No," said the young man, laughing. "My lady mother usually takes that duty off your hands."

"Your mother has the honor of our family at heart to an extent that can be found in few English matrons," answered the earl, severely.

"I certainly cannot dispute that," answered the young man, who stood with his hand resting on the back of a heavy library chair, respectfully waiting for his father to be seated. "But occasionally that sort of thing can be carried too far."

"But not in this case, Egbert. Where the prosperity of a noble house is concerned, nothing should be left to contingencies. Your mother sees the importance of discretion more clearly than you can."

"Perhaps so, for she discovered me on the verge of an indiscretion, only a little while ago, and perhaps misunderstood it a little."

"On the contrary, she thoroughly comprehended that such devotion to her fair young guest admitted of no misunderstanding."

"Still the lady mother deceived herself."

"Deceived herself!" exclaimed the earl, facing round upon his son. "It seems to me, sir, that there can be no misapprehension of the act, when a young man is found on his knees before a lady, whose face is beaming with smiles, and who has the honor to be his mother's guest."

"Nonsense, father. I was only holding a skein of silk for Miss Norton to wind, or braid, into working form."

"And you have not proposed to her?"

"I certainly have done nothing of the kind."

A heavy cloud swept down to the elder man's face. Seating himself in a chair, he made a gesture to his son, who sat down also, still smiling; for the disappointment, nay, absolute agitation of the earl was so disproportioned to the cause, that it both surprised and amused him.

"Egbert, it is time that you looked upon your position in life with more seriousness. This careless disregard of all opportunities for advancement may prove ruinous in the future."

"Ruinous! I do not understand."

"Perhaps not; few people do understand exactly what is best for them; for this reason, youth should yield itself to guidance."

"But not where nature gives a man the right to choose for himself," said Heron, who was growing serious.

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"In your case, it is more than important that no romantic folly should stand between you and a lady possessed both of wealth and position. That alone can ensure the permanency of your future in life."

"Wealth and position! Without vanity, it seems to me that the heir to an entailed estate like Oldham, and an ancestry that makes him the peer of any nobleman in England, might, at least, dispense with wealth in his marriage. Surely your only son need not make merchandise of his heart?"

"But I tell you that my only son may yet find that the wealth a wife may bring him is his greatest safeguard from misfortune."

The young man looked at his father in blank astonishment. There was something in his darkened face, that spoke of struggling passion, an intense earnestness of manner that startled him.

"I do not understand," he said.

"Probably not. But I, who know everything that may impede your progress in life, must solemnly assure you that this boyish play with a woman's heart is trifling with your own destiny."

"There has been no boyish play, no serious thought, connected with my mother's guest. She is a fair, bright lady, and enjoys all that is worth having in life, as I do. Why not? Such things have been lavished upon her; but it is hard, it is inhospitable, to fancy that she wishes to share these rich gifts with me. I wonder my lady mother does not feel the indelicacy of it."

"Your mother understood the importance of this matter too well for dainty scruples. With her it may be a question of life and death. No wonder you start. I am getting beside myself," added the earl, forcing a laugh; "and will soften down this melo-drama, by saying that it is of great importance to her, for she loves the young lady as if she were already a child of her own."

"But this cannot account for such keen anxiety up to this time. I have not thought my mother a mercenary woman, and shrink from the idea now."

"It is not mercenary to study the interests of an only son," answered Lord Carew. "Besides, the sympathies of women are stronger than we can understand. With the subtle intuition which belongs to the sex, Lady Carew has discovered that her friend is deeply, earnestly—"

"Do not complete it," cried Heron, blushing furiously. "Such things cannot be said in words without positive insult to womanhood. There is but one person on earth who has a right to guess at what passes in a maiden's heart, and that is the man who craves her love."

"And you do not care to learn? Is this what I am to understand?"

"If I did, or even do, it will not be a subject I shall care to discuss in advance. Respect for the lady forbids that." This quiet but most respectful reply was intended to close the conversation, but the feelings of Lord Carew were too deeply enlisted for so abrupt a termination.

"Let that pass," he said, with some irritation. "The person is of less importance than the fact I wish to impress upon you. There is an important reason why you should make a marriage of wealth and position, at least equal to your own."

"What is that reason? Are the estates encumbered? I can think of nothing else."

Lord Carew reflected a moment; then answered, smiling falsely, as he spoke:

"Yes, there are claims that may prove troublesome, even ruinous."

"I have never heard of this."

"No. There was no reason why you should, because, until now, there was nothing that you could do."

"And now!"

"You could save Lady Carew from all anxiety regarding your future."

"By marrying a woman whom I may never love—bartering a soul for an estate?" said the young man, rising. "This is a serious question, father; one that the lady mother will do well to leave alone."

Lord Carew took the hand his son held out, and fixed a long, wistful look on his face.

"If you only knew—if you only knew how important it is" he said, earnestly.

"It must be, to bring that look into your eyes, father."

Thus the two parted—Lord Heron in a maze of bewilderment; while the earl betook himself to a restless promenade up and down the library again.

"Why is it?" he thought, pausing now and then, with his two hands clasped behind him, and his eyes on the floor. "Why is it that this subject presses upon me so? I have not felt it with such force for years—in fact, was forgetting everything. What has happened to disturb me? Nothing—absolutely nothing. It must be this heavy atmosphere left by the storm. As for Heron, I wish we had let this love affair alone. Such matters should be handled gently as we touch a flower, that dies in the grasp of rough hands."

CHAPTER XI.

BEATRICE sat on the ottoman at Lady Jane's feet, with an old music book open on her lap.

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which she was examining with singular interest. It was a battered volume, bound in white vellum, which had grown yellow with age and use. The corners were worn, and the vellum broken at the back, but the music was a selection of gems from the most renowned composers, each bearing with it an aroma of genius, as the pressed petals of flowers perfume a whole volume.

"It is strange to me," she said, looking up from the book; "but I have seen such as this before. Not the same music, though that was a collection from the great masters, but the binding, the book itself. I wonder to find anything like it out of Italy."

"Probably it comes from there," said Lady Jane, glancing down at the open book. "We have several like it, I think, or had when I was healthy like you, and could find delight in rumaging the old store rooms at the top of the house. I remember bringing that down to the library, because of something that I wished to learn. There was a foreign look, too, about the binding, that struck me as singular."

"Yes," said Beatrice, closing the book, and examining it, bending, with a thrill of recollection. "We had several like it in our cottage at Sorrento, worn, too, and yellow as this is, but not broken. Our mother gave better care to them than this has had."

"Oh, it has been knocking about in the store room for years. I dare say, no one seemed to care about it," replied the lady.

"Oh, what shame! I find in it beautiful airs, such as she, my sweet mamma, used to sing. They start my tears when I see them again. The hedges full of lauristanos and myrtle, stone pines on the hill-tops, birds singing among the rose bushes—ah, me! the sight of this old book makes me sick for home."

As the girl spoke, tears swelled into her eyes, and a tremor of loving grief stirred her mouth.

"Is it that you are pining for the old home?" questioned Lady Jane, grieved from sympathy.

"No, signorina, not that; only sometimes it comes back upon me with a sudden thought, and I catch my breath, rather than cry out. But I have something to do before Rufo and I can ever go back to Sorrento."

"Something to do," repeated Lady Jane, smiling. "Yes, child, you must sing me one of those airs, and tell me more about yourself. That is task enough for a pretty young creature like you."

"But I have duties, signorina—great duties that will not let me rest till they are done. Each day I tell that to myself, but cannot find the courage to go out in the cold again."

"Go out into the cold again! That you never shall—never."

"Signorina, I must! These weeks that we have sheltered us in your house, like birds in a nest, have made me forget almost that it cannot be forever. Some day—ah, too soon—Rufo must take his violin, and I tune my throat for singing, as the nightingales do, and go on and on, until we find the place where, perhaps, there will be shelter and rest for two orphans, that have lost everything."

"There is no place in England where you can find a safer shelter, or more perfect rest, than you have in this house," replied Lady Jane, excited a little by this unexpected announcement, which seemed to her almost like ingratitude; for during two weeks, the girl had been her constant attendant, and the companionship had been sweet to her beyond expression.

"If we might—if we might," answered the girl, with tears in her eyes, "it will be like going out of Heaven; but I have promised."

"You are homesick, that is all, thinking of roses that bloom all the year round, and all bright things that make the winter beautiful in Italy. But wait till our spring comes, and the change will make the heart thrill in your bosom. You have not yet seen how grand and beautiful nature is in her contrasts. It will not be long before the moor that stretches yonder, so bleak and brown, after casting off its burden of snow, will be green again; all its hollows choked up with great masses of golden gorse, and its slopes bright with wild flowers. The hedges will wind in and out through the fields, like massive garlands. The grasses under your feet will be greener and brighter than you ever trod on, because it springs fresh and tender from a burial of the old year's growth. In sheltered places wild hyacinths and primroses will spring up, and where rivulets cleave meadows or pasture lands, they are dotted with golden cowslips and wild asters, each of these things a surprise and new joy, because they have been hidden away by the winter, and seem another creation each year."

The Italian girl listened eagerly, for each word fell upon her ear like the cadences of a song. Her soft eyes widened and grew brighter as her imagination took fire; her lips, red as holly berries, parted in smiling astonishment.

"Is it that in this country the good God hides all His most beautiful things under the frost and snow, that they shall be more lovely when they come to life again? That seems strange," she said.

"That is not all. From another window you lose sight of the moor, and look only on the gray

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trees, scattered, or massed, in the park—on the beeches and naked oaks, that almost frighten one with an idea of torture, as their gaunt old limbs beat against each other, or sway and moan to the wind. If a leaf clings to them, it is sere and withered; if a nest appears among the twisted branches, it is a ruin from the dead year. Adown the long chestnut avenues the trees stand mutely, like soldiers frozen at their posts. Everything you look upon has an air of desolation."

Beatrice, who had risen to look out of the window which gave a broad view of the wintry park, came back, shivering, though a tropical warmth filled the room.

"It makes me seem so cold," she said.

"Wait awhile, and you will feel, by the quickening blood in your veins, that a change is coming. In those old oaks the sap will be mounting from root to branch, curdling the whole trees with leaves; downy pink at first, then unfolding to a tender green, that grows deeper and deeper until every branch is billowed with foliage, and haunted by singing birds. Then you cannot pass the roots of those old trees without treading down violets larger and bluer than grow anywhere in your Italy."

"It is marvelous—marvelous!" murmured Beatrice, with a slight shake of the head, as if she had been listening to a fairy tale. "This country is to me very desolate. The white snow, beautiful but so cold, I cannot comprehend. The signorina talks as Tasso wrote. He had a world of his own. So has the signorina—a beautiful world which only her own eyes can see."

"But you will see that every word is a truth. In a few weeks the chestnut avenue will be all in bloom, not one tree, but hundreds, each flower like the upright plume on a helmet, and every tree a pyramid of blossoms. Then the whole country will have a new life, so bright, so exhilarating, that the loveliness of a country that has none of these great changes will seem monotonous. Then, for the first time, you will understand how exquisite is the poetry of change."

"It is better to hear you talk. My Italy is beautiful; but I have no words to say how beautiful it is. Will signorina tell me more of this land?"

As she spoke, Beatrice was listlessly turning the leaves of the music book, until she came to the title page, on which she found a few words in writing. Then a change came over her; she seemed to be searching the word, spelling it over cautiously, letter by letter, until the cloud of perplexity left her face, and she looked up, holding her finger against the word.

"Signorina, tell me, pray, what is this?"

Lady Jane leaned downward, and glanced at the writing.

"Why it is only a date."

"But this word—this one little word?"

"That is the name of the house we are in, Beatrice, Oldham, 18—."

"Oldham! you speak it so? How could I tell? But the writing?"

"Lift up the book that I may see it closer. Ah! that was written by our uncle, the late Lord Carew. But why does it interest you?"

"The name—it seems very strange, signorina, but I did not know that this house was called Old—how is it named? Writing and words are so different."

"Oldham," repeated Lady Jane, smiling at the girl's effort at pronunciation. "Oldham. Lady Carew would tell you that it was built in Elizabeth's time, and has belonged to the Rutger's since the first stone was laid. The lady mother is very proud of her home."

"It is a grand old place," answered Beatrice, speaking under her breath, as if awed by something she had heard, "but cold."

"Cold," repeated Lady Jane, turning her eyes on the coals, that flashed and glowed in the steel lace work of the grate.

"Ah! not here, but outside, where the wind sighs, and the trees moan, as they did that night. I was wondering how we came here, Rufo and I."

"Oh! you came like troubadours of old, and are welcomed as they were, when every hall was open to the charms of their music. To such children of genius every house should be a home. Still you were talking but now of leaving it and me."

"Was I?" answered Beatrice, evidently troubled by the reproach. "But it must not be. Our blessed lady herself has sent us here. We must await her time."

Lady Jane heard this with a gentle smile of forbearance, for she was one of those generous souls that give, as well as claim, a right of belief.

"No matter what saint or angel sent you here," she said, "so long as you do not care to go away. Now let us see if any sweet thing can be got out of this old book. When Egbert comes, I should like to surprise him."

Beatrice took up her guitar, and began to sing, improvising an accompaniment as she threw her voice into the music of the song. Her tuition had been perfect, and her voice was in itself a marvel of powerful sweetness.

Lady Jane leaned back in her invalid's chair,

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and listened until her blue eyes were moist, and her cheeks red as blush roses. To her, music was an ecstacy of delight, and the notes of that rare old song, as they rose and fell from the lips of her protegé, turned her pretty room into heaven.

All at once Beatrice arose from her seat, and threw the guitar down, with a rashness that made all its strings quake.

"I have conquered it. There was difficulties, but that is nothing, only he does not come to hear, and he will not come, though you, signorina, have been pining for him all day, as nightingales pine for the roses, when their little hearts are swelling with music. No, no; he does not care for mine. See, lady!"

The invalid leaned forward in her chair, and looked out of the window, where she saw Lord Heron riding towards the moors, with a lady by his side. They were close together, and the lady's face was turned to his. Lady Jane fell back in her chair, and closed her eyes. Directly, tears came swelling under the long lashes, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

Beatrice dashed a hand across her own eyes, though nothing could subdue the passionate red that burned in her cheeks. Impulsive as a child, she fell upon her knees, at the lady's feet.

"Do not weep. It is hard; it is cruel; but do not weep. It is that signorina, with the false voice, and hair like gold—she keeps him from you, and I hate her. She has made him deaf to the music. At first, he came, like the sun, every morning; but now—oh, signorina, sweet signorina, why does she stay here when all the rest are gone? Tell her to go."

Lady Jane brushed the tears from her lashes, and gave a faint laugh. The unreasonable passion of her protegé silenced her own sense of injury. She was grateful to the impetuous young creature, for the force of affection that could transform her so, and gave it no significance, but that of personal attachment to herself.

"I should not have let you know how much this thing distresses me. It is very childish; but this brother was all the world to me, and it breaks my heart to give him up."

"But why should you give him up? No, no, not for one minute. Only send her back among the people she came with. Why should she have the power to wet your cheeks with tears?"

"She is mamma's guest, and I partly promised to say nothing; but how could I think that she was to draw him away from me?"

"It is the act of an ingrate," cried Beatrice, going to the window again, fascinated by the two people, who were riding so leisurely across the moors.

The fiery little scene had an exhaustive effect on the young lady. She had spoken the truth, when she said that Heron was all the world to her. Without him, Oldham would indeed have been dreary as a hospital, so far as she was concerned. His strength had given a power of cheerfulness to her broken life. The exquisite tenderness of his care had lifted her out of all requirements for warmer or deeper love. By study and much thought she had prepared herself to become his friend—to share his ideas, and minister to his tastes. She gloried in his manly beauty, and turned even his faults into perfections, by the marvelous force of a love, that was not the less absorbing that it was pure sisterly.

Thus, after the little excitement that had followed the outburst of her protegé, all the causes of her discontent came back again, and burying her face in the pillows that Beatrice had so tenderly arranged, she wept silently, but not with less bitterness.

Beatrice was too much absorbed now to be conscious of any disturbance, but that which had set all the southern passion of her nature on fire. She stood looking out upon the moor, until the two figures she watched, disappeared in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Be careful! Blackthorn is a little fresh, I fear. We must not tempt him too far."

It was Lord Heron who spoke.

Miss Norton laughed cheerily, and gave her companion a bright look of defiance.

"Ah! you are afraid to accept my challenge; but you must. I shall go home wretched, without a run across the moors. Besides, my lady will never forgive us, if we keep dinner waiting. Now for a start!"

But Lord Heron drew in his rein.

"No—no, I dare not trust Blackthorn. He has never carried a lady before," he said, and put out his hand as if to take hold of her bridle-rein.

Lord Heron was evidently in earnest. It had been against his judgment, that Miss Norton had mounted a horse never ridden by a lady, and that had, sometimes, proved difficult to manage by himself; but the heiress, reckless in the self-sufficiency of youth and strength, had laughed at his apprehensions, and was returning to Oldham, after a glorious ride through the country, triumphant in her own decision, and ready to urge her horse into a trial of speed against Heron's hunter, if he would have consented.

"Never carried a lady before! That is my pride and glory. Why he carries me like a bird."

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"Because you have followed my lead. But once give him his head, and there would be danger even for a strong man."

"There it is," cried the lady, with a sweet mockery of anger. "You take all credit from me. Now I am determined that you shall follow my lead."

"I beg of you, not to persevere," said Lord Heron. "The horse, instead of being calmed down by exercise, has only, as I can already see, had his blood warmed. He is terribly excited. Pray, pray, be guided by my advice."

"And I say, pray, pray take your hand from my bridle," she returned, half seriously, half playfully. "If you are not afraid, I am not. There is my challenge."

The lady plucked the little gauntlet glove from a hand, white as snow, and starred with jewels; held it threatingly over her head a moment; then dashed it, with a sweet, ringing laugh, against the young man's bosom.

"There now, will you follow me?"

But Lord Heron still held in his horse, and answered, as she dashed off,

"Stop—stop! for Heaven's sake, stop!"

He might as well have called to the wind. Her horse had shied a little, and laid back his ears when the glove flew by him. But reckless of this angry sign, the girl had given his side an audacious touch of the little spur on her boot heel. A leap, a plunge, and away he fled across the moor, sweeping the ground like a tornado.

One moment of hesitation, then the hunter that Heron rode felt his rider's spur, and sprang after it like a deer. But Blackthorn had the start, and seemed to gather fresh speed from the wind. With all her girlish strength put forth to the utmost, Edna could neither check nor sway him a hair's breadth. On he went, dropping his head lower, pulling upon the rein, to which she now clung with all her might, sending forth a sharp, little laugh, now and then, to assure the man behind that she was not afraid, but rather enjoying her triumph. The laugh was more assumed than real, however, in fact was fast becoming hysterical, for the girl began now to be alarmed in earnest and to repent of her folly.

The animal felt his power, and was using it. Hearing the rush of pursuit behind him, his speed became madness. On he rushed, swifter and faster, grinding the bit between his teeth, and scattering foam like snowflakes, as he went, swerving with sharp curves here, dashing over banks and hollows there, wheeling from some obstacle, with a suddenness, that made her reel upon the saddle like a flower smitten by the wind, and cry out aloud, for help, for her courage had now left her entirely.

"Help, help," she cried. "Lord Heron, help."

We have said that Heron hesitated, for a moment, before following the girl. He well knew that the risk of pursuit was almost as great as that of letting her take her chances. But he had finally decided on the former course, hoping to overtake her soon. Her horse, however, showed greater speed than Heron had fancied, and that speed, as he had foreseen, was accelerated by the sound of his hunter's hoofs behind, and now by her wild cries, which she redoubled and redoubled continually.

"Great heavens," he said, "she will lose her presence of mind, and perhaps jump off. If so all is over."

But the girl still kept her seat. On and on she was borne, white as marble, thrilled with terror, but holding her seat with the frenzy of despair. Like some spirit that a storm had seized upon, she was borne across the moor; and after her came the young man, white as death, but really dreading that all his efforts to save might yet urge her to swifter destruction. She heard the sound of hoofs following close, and felt her last remnant of strength yielding as he swept to neck and neck with her maddened horse, watching his chances, keenly, as if he had been a Mexican with the lasso in his hand. She was about to throw herself headlong from the saddle, when he pushed close to the wild creature that carried her, and with a quick sweep of the arm, made an attempt to drag her across his own horse. It was a daring attempt, and only startled the beast afresh. With a savage lift of the fore feet, and a snort that sent the foam flying from his red nostrils, he wheeled, pushing his flank against the hunter, and dashed away, this time in a direct line for Oldham.

For one perilous instant, Heron reeled in his saddle, the next, he was on the track of that wild horse again, expecting every instant to see the poor young creature it was carrying faint, and fall to the earth. All at once he beheld some dark object start up from behind a clump of gorse bushes, and throw itself in front of the horse.

"It is a child—a boy! Great heaven! the brute will trample him to death!" he cried out, in an agony of terror, dashing his spurs once more into the side of his hunter; but while the cry was on his lips, the boy made the leap of a deer, and seizing the mad horse by the bridle, swung his full weight upon it, twisting the bit back and forth in his mouth.

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The beast halted a moment, viciously tossing his head up and down, and striking out with his hoof, as if that could beat away the thing that tormented him; but the boy kept his hold firmly, clinging to the head-gear and bridle with both hands, while the hot breath of the beast covered his white face with flecks of foam.

That moment saved the life of Edna Norton. It gave Heron a breathing space of time in which he came up, leaped from his hunter, and tore the girl down from her saddle. When his arm was removed, she fainted, and fell upon the heath like a dead creature. Heron had no time to ask if it was death in fact, for he was struggling with the horse, striving to save the boy. With the strength of a young Hercules, he seized the beast by the head, forced him back on his haunches, just as his hoofs had beaten the lad to the earth, and with a cry of absolute agony, looked down upon the deadly white face of Rufo, turned upward to the sky, and saw that drops of blood were welling from his half open mouth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SISTER AGNES.

BY HARRIET MAXWELL.

BETWEEN the eyelid and the cheek,
One scarce could see her dark eyes glow
The lashes drooped, so low and meek,
Upon the cheek as pale as snow.
Gentle of voice and mild of rule,
No sweeter, saintlier nun than she
Held sway in Saint Ursula's school—
The gloomy convent by the sea.

She heard a buoyant footstep fall,
A laughing voice ring gay and clear.
No power had frowning convent wall
To check the mirth of Grace De Vere.
"Oh! who so glad and free as I?
My weary school days all are past;
So, sister Agnes, say 'good-bye!'
For I am going home at last."

The sister turned and softly smiled;
A sigh rose ere the smile had fled—
"Why choose the wide, gay world, my child,
Before the convent wall?" she said.
"Here safe and calm life glides away,
Free from the great world's strife and care,
For peace and pardon, night and day,
Are open swung the gates of prayer."

The girl replied, "Not all I ween
In cloistered peace and rest may dwell,
Yet may they do, with hands made clean,
The will of One invisible.
The living, struggling world for me;
The glow, the warmth, the pulse of life;
Before the Christmas chimes ring free,
I hope to be a happy wife!"

"Ah, child! upon a treach'rous sea,
Whose smiling waves hide dangers dark,
She sails, who chooses man to be
The helmsman of her life's frail bark.
For lighter than a thing of air,
Man holds the gift when all is given,
And human love is but a snare,
To lure th' unwary heart from Heaven."

"Not so, the love of Paul Adair—
I know it pure and true," cried she.
The sister paused to count a prayer
Upon her well-worn rosary.

Then soft, as slow distilling dew,
Her words fell, spoken smooth with care—
"His love, my child, is pure and true;
I long ago knew Paul Adair."

Upon the convent, old and grim,
Fell slumber soft and darkness deep,
Save where one taper, burning dim,
Kept watch, with eyes that could not sleep.
With fast and watching worn and faint,
A woman passed the night in prayer—
Not Agnes, meekest sister saint,
But peerless Beatrice St. Clair!

No curious eyes held her in sight,
With her wronged heart she was alone;
Her dark eyes glowed like fires at night;
Her voice rang sharp in prayer and moan.
"O, false of heart, and weak of will!
Unworthy of my vows," moaned she.
"For Paul Adair, I love thee still.
Ave Maria! pity me!"

Before the image of the Christ,
Stretched on the rood in bitter pain,
Seen dimly through the blinding mist
Of tears, that fell a scalding rain,
She cried: "Did I not banish all
To follow Thee, my Lord, alone?
Thou calledst me—didst Thou not call?
Oh, why dost Thou forsake Thine own?"

Morning came up from out the sea,
Waking again, to faintest stir,
The life that throbbed so noiselessly,
In narrow cell and corridor.
Out rang the earliest call to prayer,
Forthwith the nuns her place to seek;
She came—not Beatrice St. Clair,
But sister Agnes, mild and meek.

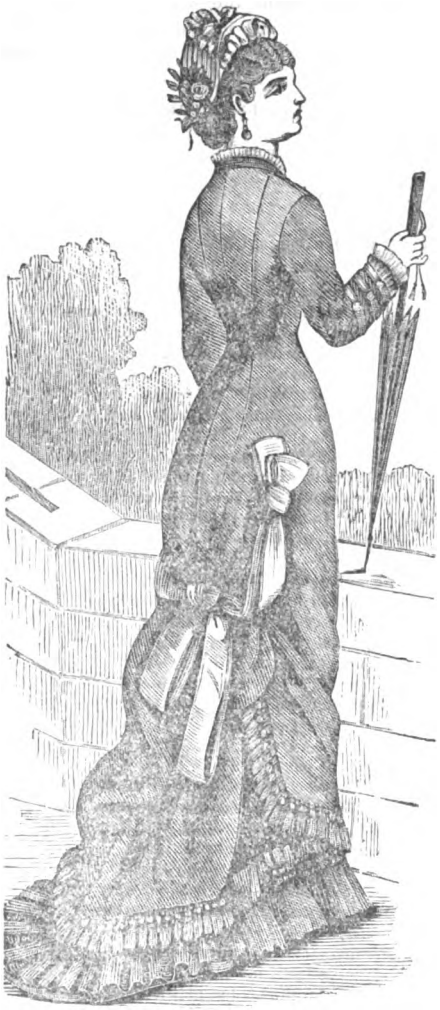
No form, more lowly, pressed in prayer,
The cold stone of the chapel floor.
No softer eyes were lifted there,
The matin blessing to implore.
No face more passion-pure and calm,
No sweeter, saintlier nun than she;
No voice rang clearer in the psalm,
"*Portio mea, Domine!*"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a costume suitable for either house or street. It is made of green



bourette, the shade called myrtle green, and trimmed with ribbons of a lighter shade. The skirt is bordered with a flounce, mounted with clusters of plaits; each cluster is fastened down with a gathered patte. Princess tunic, trimmed with tassel fringe. It is square at the sides, where it is draped with loops of ribbon; on the left side is worn a chatelaine pocket. The tight coat sleeves are trimmed with three bracelets of silk, each one terminating with a small silver buckle. Ten yards of double fold goods, or eighteen of single width, will be required. Three yards of gros grain ribbon, two and a-half inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern of tunic, fifty cents.



Next, is a walking-dress, made of a light, soft gray woolen material, dotted with chestnut brown,

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and is trimmed with pipings of brown silk. The short trained skirt is trimmed with a box-plaiting of the woolen material, above which is a knife-plaiting of brown silk. The tunic is slightly draped. The jacket is half tight-fitting, with the seams piped with silk. The jacket has a small double cape, finished at the neck with an upright collar.



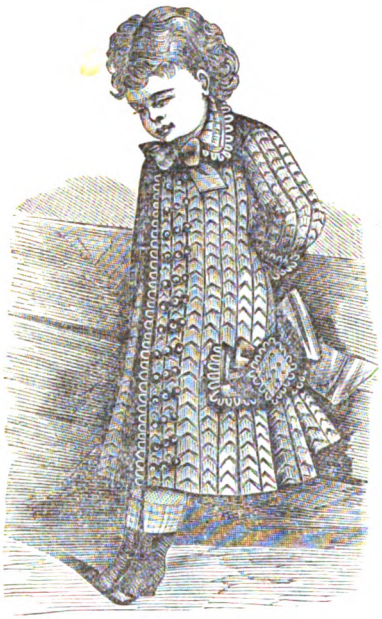
Next, is a dinner or evening-dress for a young lady. It is of pale blue cashmere, cut in the Princess form, and trimmed on the edge of the skirt with three narrow knife-plaitings. The front is ornamented by two rows of Torchon lace, put in full enough to fall in cascades, down the entire front. The neck is cut square, and has a frill of crêpe lisse. Four bows and ends of gros grain ribbon ornament the front elbows. Sleeves covered with embroidered nett to match the lace. A bow of ribbon and frill of lace over the plaiting of crêpe lisse, completes the sleeve. Long, black lace mitts are added for this toilette. The back of this Princess dress is slightly draped, some distance below the waist, and finished with long bow and ends. Twelve yards of lace; eight yards of ribbon; twelve yards of cashmere will be required. Price of pattern, seventy-five cents.



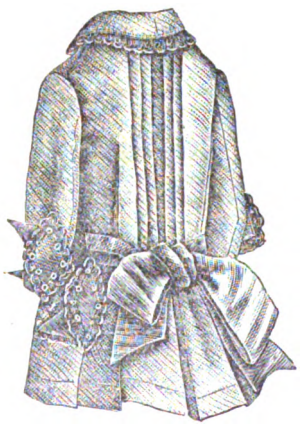
Next, we give a water-proof cloak of gray tweed. For real service in wet weather, we would advise making it longer than the design, but in this style, the ugly water-proof garment becomes a stylish wrap, suitable for any occasion except visiting. Its only trimmings are the

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buttons, and three rows of machine stitching. The three capes are very fashionable, and add much to the style as well as to the comfort on a cold day. They are made separate, and put on or off at pleasure. Price of pattern, fifty cents.

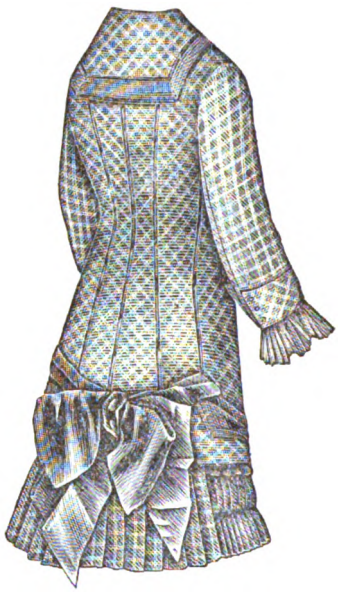


Front and back of a dress for a little boy of two to three years, is made of white pique, flannel or merino. It is cut Princess in front, and

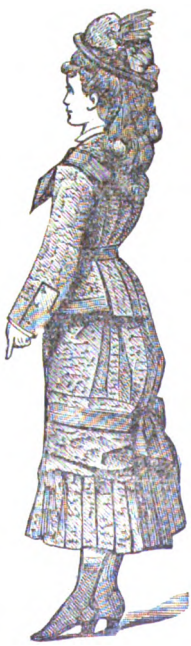


the back plaited as may be seen. The trimmings are all of Hamburg edging, or Torchon lace, and buttons of pearl. Sash and neck-tie of colored ribbon.

For a little girl of eight years, we give a Princess robe of plaid cashmere, blue and green mixed. The seams are all corded with a thick cording of the material, or else of cardinal red cashmere. Across the front the bottom of the



robe is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting, above which is a puff, put on with a narrow



heading. A deep kilting finishes the back of the skirt, commencing from under the sash. Sailor collar, tight coat sleeves with turned-back cuff,

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terminating with a fine knife-plaiting to match the skirt. Buttons all the way down the front. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.

Another for a girl of eight years is of Russian gray bourette, dashed with turquoise blue. (These bourette cloths are all wool, or mixtures of wool and cotton, or wool and silk, and are mixed or flecked, as it is called, with one or more colors.) Skirt bordered with knife-plaiting. Lareuse tunic trimmed with a cross band of blue, and tied back with a cross band to match. Plaited blouse bodice, with a belt of the trimming fastened by a steel buckle. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue plush and silk cord; gray wing. Price of pattern, twenty-five cents.



A suit for a boy of six, made of gray tweed, and trimmed with military braid. The trousers reach below the knees, and the jacket opens at the throat with revers, and is fastened with horn buttons.

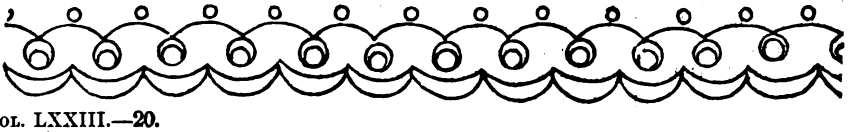
The Russian frock, for a boy of three or four, is of myrtle-green tweed; the fronts are in the Princess style, straight from the neck down; the seams at the back are ornamented with rows of



stitching; small cape and collar and waistband, stitched to correspond with the rest of the garment.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

EDGING.



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POLANAISE: (SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our supplement, this month, is a full-size paper pattern for a polonaise, bust measuring thirty-six inches. It consists of five pieces—half of front, half of back, half of side piece, sleeve, and deep collar. As will be seen by the illustration, there is no seam down the middle of the back. Fold the goods double when cutting the back, the half of which we give. This is the latest style of cutting the back.

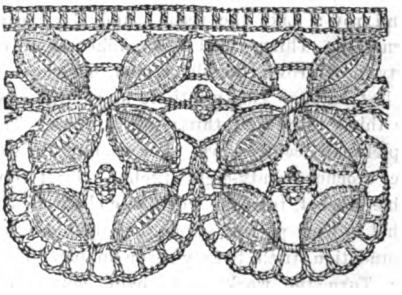
Button the polonaise all the way down the front, and all the looping is done by just catching the skirt up on the right side, quite to the middle of the back, where it is finished with a large bow without ends. The inside of this garment is faced with the plain material, with which it is trimmed, as in the looping it shows and makes part of the trimming. Fringe and braid are used for the edge of the garment. Collar and cuffs—make of any soft woolen material, either in narrow strips, or fine plaid.

As the great length of the several pieces compels us to turn them over, in the pattern, we have given a different kind of line for each part, so as to avoid any possibility of confusion. But see the supplement itself.

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POINT LACE BRAID AND CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Arrange the braid as in illustration, and crochet along the under side. First row: * two slip stitch with five chain between each in first oval, five chain, one purl of five chain and one treble in first stitch, four chain, one purl, one chain, one slip stitch in fourth of five chain before the purl, three chain, two slip stitch with five chain between each in next oval, seven chain, one treble in next cord, five chain, five treble with four chain between each in next oval, four chain, two long treble with four chain between each in next cord, four chain, five treble with four chain between each in next oval, five chain, one treble in cord, seven chain, two slip stitch with five chain between each in next oval, seven chain, two slip stitch as before in next oval, six chain; repeat from *, join the four chain to the seven chain as in illustration, and also joining the chain stitches before the trebles to the corresponding ones. Second row: along the other side of the work, * three double in cord, six chain, one double in oval, thirteen chain, four slip stitch in same oval, five chain, four slip stitch in next oval, five chain, join to eighth of thirteen chain, seven chain, one treble where four slip stitch were worked, six chain; repeat from *. Third row: one treble, two chain, miss two; repeat. To fill up the centre hold the work with the under side uppermost. One slip stitch in first oval, five chain, twice two slip stitch with five chain between in two next ovals, then four chain, one purl, three chain, joining to centre of five chain, one purl, one chain, one slip stitch in third of four chain, two chain, one slip stitch in next oval. This completes one centre; the others are filled up in the same way.

COLORED DESIGN FOR TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





In the front of the number, we give a design for a table-cloth, to be worked in red, on gray crash, or unbleached linen, etc., etc. This border is in cross-stitch over four threads of the material; it may be worked with crewel, ingrain silk, or cotton. The edge may be of mediæval lace. The same design will serve for tea-table covers, etc. We also give, above, designs for the newest styles of small tea-tables, on which the smaller covers are used.

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PURSE: CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

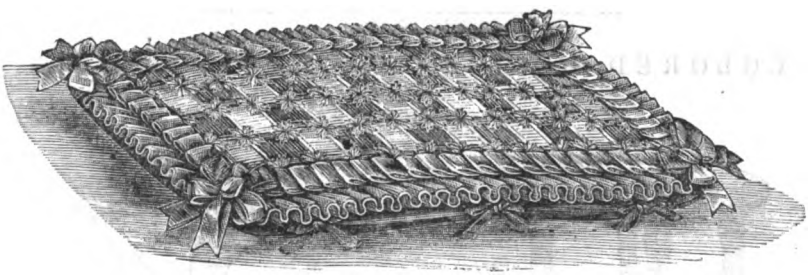


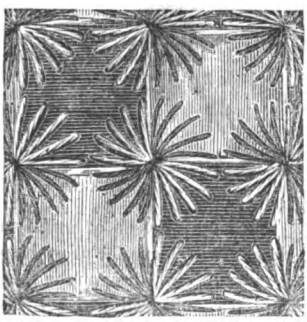
Material: fawn-colored thread or silk.—Crochet thirty-six stitches. First row: One double in every stitch. Second row: One chain, two double (in back part of stitch), then one double in each stitch, two double in last stitch. Third row: One chain, double crochet. Fourth to thirty-second row: Like the second and third rows alternately. Thirty-third row: Like the third. Thirty-fourth row: Double crochet, missing first and last stitch. Thirty-fifth to sixty-fifth row: Like thirty-third and thirty-fourth rows. This completes the centre part. For each of the side pieces crochet twenty-eight stitches. First row: Double crochet, turn the work, one chain, double crochet in back part of stitch, four double in last of foundation stitch, twenty-seven double. Third row: Turn the work, one chain, going back along the work, double crochet as before, increasing in the middle of the work as required. Fourth to twelfth row: Like the preceding. Join the pieces together on the wrong side with double crochet.

GLOVE-CASE:

WITH DETAIL OF CENTRE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





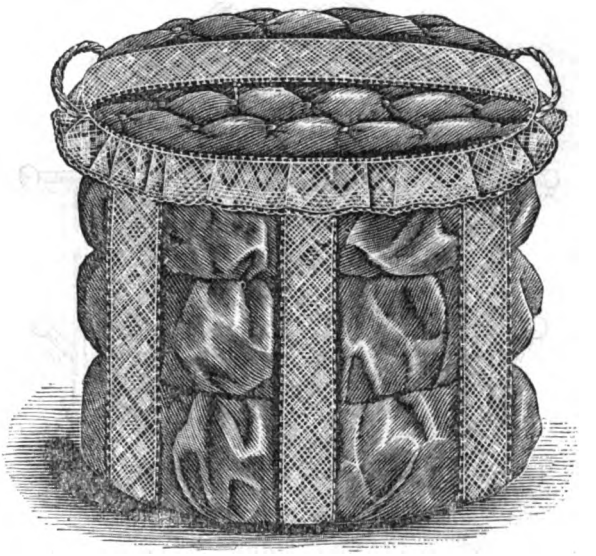
The upper side of this case is made of claret-colored and white satin ribbon, plaited together in squares, and embroidered with silver thread, and claret-colored silk in point russe, according to illustration.

The lower side is made of claret-colored satin lined with white, and both sides are slightly wadded, and scented with sachet powder. Round the outer edge is a box-plaiting of claret-colored satin ribbon under loops of white satin ribbon laid down flat. At each corner is a bow of the two colors.

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CLOTHES-BASKET.

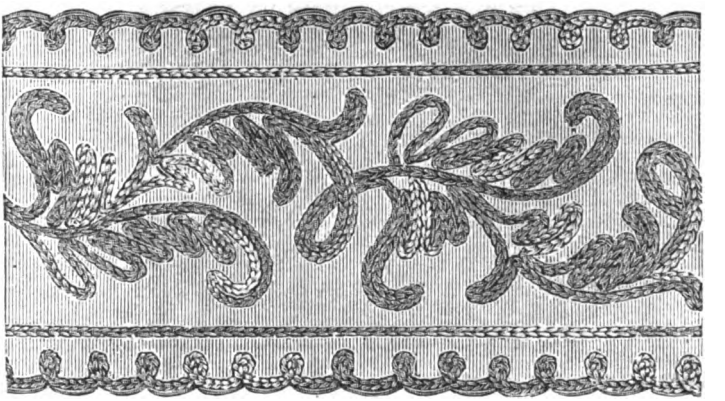
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This ornamental basket is for soiled linen. The cover may be made either of colored cambric, and Torchon lace and insertion, or of cretonne and guipure. The colors should be in harmony with the remainder of the room. A useful affair, made to look pretty.

CHAIN-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

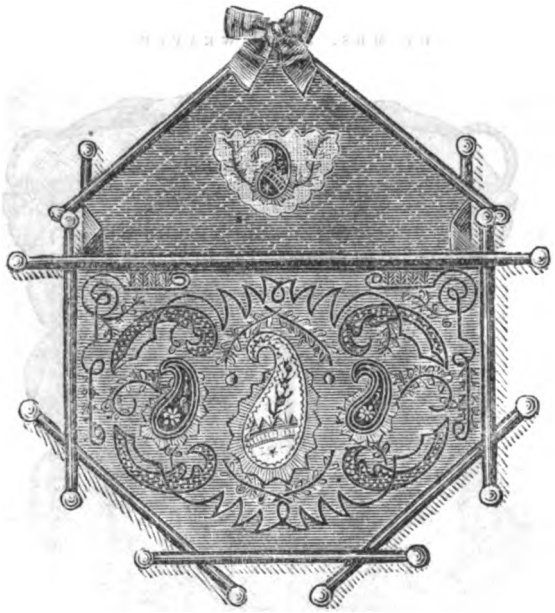


The design is embroidered on a white ground with split blue and green shaded filoselle. These designs are particularly in fashion, just now, and can be used for a great variety of purposes.

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BED-POCKET.

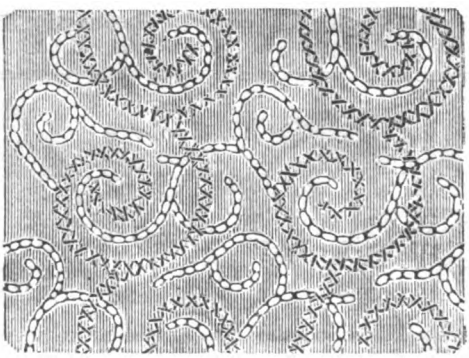
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bed-pocket is intended to be hung at the head of a bed, and is very convenient for holding handkerchief, scent bottle, etc. The frame is black bamboo, with ivory knobs. The back of the pocket is in millboard, and covered in front with grey satin, which is quilted and wadded; and at the back with moiré paper. The pocket is blue gobelins, ornamented with palms cut out of cashmere. The arabesques are braided. It is an immensely pretty affair.

EMBROIDERY ON BLACK GRENADINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design can be repeated to any length, and forms a pretty trimming for a black dress. Tilleul and mandarine silk are used—the mandarine for the chain stitch, and the tilleul for the cross stitches. As summer is approaching, we give this design, now, so that there may be time to work the grenadine.

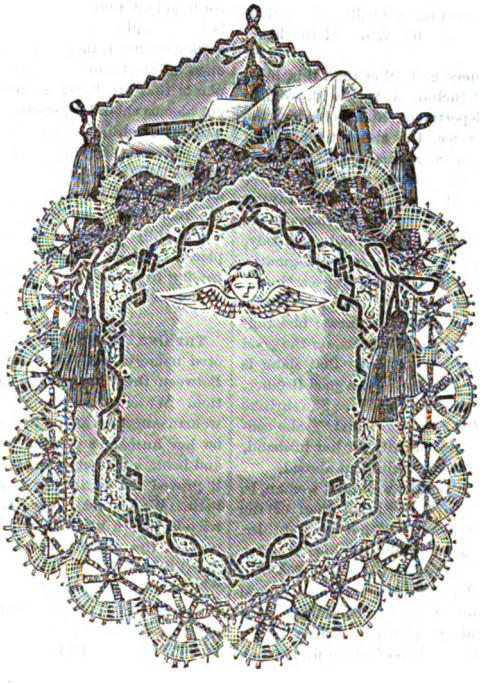
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ORNAMENTAL CASE FOR NIGHT-DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Make of white marseilles, or Java canvas. Cut out the case. It consists of a front and back; the front being five inches shorter than the back. The braiding design is done in either white or colored braid, as the taste may suggest — if colored, of course, it must be worsted to bear



washing; or the design may be done in cross-stitch, with colored zephyr. The cherub, with outspread wings, which ornaments the front, is done in embroidery cotton to match; edge the front with a two inch wide guipure lace; button-hole the upper edge of the back in deep scollops or points; finish with loops and tassels; suspend on the wall, near the bed. A monogram may be added, if wished. This case would be a positive ornament to a sleeping room.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Importance of Good Manners, especially in women, is hardly rated as highly as it should be. There is a very wide-spread notion that to be brusque, or at least indifferent, is in accordance with republican simplicity. Women, indeed, err less, in this matter, than men. But even women, sometimes, consider it a proof of independence, to be rude to those who are richer than themselves, or who have had superior advantages of culture, or otherwise. It is a sort of saying, "I'm as good as you, anyhow," which may be very true, perhaps, but is neither polite, nor pretty, nor required by the circumstances.

Now manners, that are really good, avoid all this. A well-bred person invariably tries to please. To do this, it is not necessary to act a lie, as some narrow-minded people think. It is only necessary to enter, as far as possible, into the feelings and interests of others; to listen kindly; to condole, if they are sad; to rejoice with them at their good luck; to avoid running against their angles, if they have any; to say what you can that is pleasant, and to keep back what is offensive. Sympathy, in a word, is the key-note. Nor does it take much book-learning, or a college education, to do this. It is cultivation of the heart, not of the head, that is required.

What are called good manners, go farther than this, however, when at their best, and include, at least with women, much more. Dignity of deportment and behavior, the graceful carriage, a gentle voice, the sweet temper that makes home peaceful, are as much a part of good manners as the unconscious ease and sympathetic talk, which go so far to win applause in society. But a true lady is always at best at home. The piety, which is content to regulate private conduct, without making war on everything and everybody, is, as it were, a part of her nature. She is never dogmatic. What years of experience teach men in this respect, the instinct of lady-hood tells her from the first. She has charity for all; it is the sin, not the sinner, she denounces; blessings fall from her, as she walks, like the sunshine, on the good and bad alike. The true lady never thinks that slang is humor, or that pertness is wit. She is always a good listener. She never interrupts. She is never aggressive. She shrinks from all obtrusive display. She is never "loud." She considers it as much her duty to dress prettily for her husband, at home, as for the most elegant entertainment abroad.

This culture, out of which grows the well-bred woman, is, as we have already said, more of the heart than of the head. Intellectual education alone will not give it. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, is a case in point. He had mental culture, but not social. His talk was brilliant, but his manners were those of a boor. We see a good many similar examples in our own day. Sometimes, even with women, intellectual culture produces a like result. The learning is not, indeed, pushed too far: no woman can be educated too highly: but it is too exclusively indulged in, and to the neglect of things equally essential, to say the least.

Our "High Prestige."—The Lebanon (Pa.) News says: "The last number of 'Peterson's Magazine' is a truly brilliant one, and maintains the high prestige it has won for itself, and which has endeared it to its admirers. Its stories are better than ever."

To Preserve Cut Flowers, in the best way, and to display them properly, are secrets that every lady ought to know. The most lasting way to display them, as well as the most economical, is that of using any low shallow vessel, either of glass or china, of about the size and depth of a soup plate. If this is filled with nice fresh wood moss, made up in a slightly conical or mould-like form, the flowers and foliage can be arranged to great advantage, and made to look almost as natural as if growing in the positions in which they are placed, instead of having that excessively formal appearance they generally have when closely packed in a vase. Not only do they look infinitely better in this way, but they last fresh considerably longer, owing to the much larger surface exposed immediately under them, and from whence a stream of vapor is continually arising from the moss surrounding their stems. Besides the nice fresh appearance this has, it is of great use, also, for keeping the flowers in any position they may be placed in, so that they may be quickly and easily arranged. One reason why many flowers are so short-lived, when cut, is that to get them in quickly, they are sometimes subjected to more heat and confinement than is good for them, and when to this there is loss of light, as occurs in the winter, the petals must inevitably come thin and flimsy, in which state a dry air at once affects them unfavorably. This being the case, any plants that are being grown for the purpose of supplying cut blooms should be stood as near the glass as can be done without touching, and in such positions that they may have full benefit of all the sunshine available. So favored, there will be little difficulty in keeping them fresh for a considerable length of time, provided the situation they occupy in the room when cut is far removed from the fire, and not where they are subjected to draughts, as they would be if placed between the door and the fire, as there is always air passing from the one to the other, caused by the combustion of the fuel.

The One Friend.—To every woman, who holds the honored name of wife, her husband must be her first friend. Between them, no one else can come, without a sad alienation. We once knew a good, but young and thoughtless, woman entertain an old friend, with a laughing commentary on her husband's peculiar weaknesses. He overheard her, and being a man of strong feelings and morbid sensitiveness, it proved the beginning of a life of utter wretchedness for both. We cannot believe that wives can have no female friends, for we know better, but long experience has taught us, that the woman, who exalts one of her own sex above her husband, is on the sure road to domestic infelicity. "Hide one another's faults and bear each other's burdens," is a golden text, that ought to be hung up on the walls of every house. And "My husband is my first and dearest friend," ought to be the language of every married woman.

Another Warning.—We caution the public, once more, against swindlers, who infest the country, soliciting subscriptions for "Peterson." Some of these rascals have gone to the trouble even of getting up printed receipts, in order the easier to deceive. *Do not trust any stranger.* Either remit, direct, to us, at our risk (see end of Prospectus), or else join some club, the getter up of which you know to be reliable. *We have no agents for whom we are responsible.*

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at any time, at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Clubs must begin with either the January, or July numbers.

OUR FULL-SIZE DIAGRAM patterns have been even more popular than we supposed they would be. "They fill a want, long felt," writes one lady. "They were the only thing needed to make 'Peterson' perfect," writes another. In the present number we give a "Polonaise," many subscribers having asked for one.

WAISTBANDS for the front of dresses that have Princesse backs are so popular that they are now added to Princesse polonaises. Some of the latter have a belt of the same material, set in at the first dart, and this belt is so wide that three or four large buttons are required to fasten it. In other polonaises the belt commences under the arms.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—The Des Moines (Iowa) Plain Talk says of our last number, that it "More than maintains the popularity of this unrivalled lady's book." It adds, "At its price, 'Peterson' is the cheapest of the really good magazines."

NO NEW CONTRIBUTORS need forward articles to us, unless the stories are of very decided merit. We are over-run with applications, from aspirants, who cannot, always, even write grammatically. "Peterson" wants nothing but what is first-rate.

"FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."—A lady sends us a club, and writes, as follows: "I have taken your magazine for twenty-five years, and prefer it to all others. Your engravings are so much superior." We have hundreds of such letters.

ALWAYS HAVE IN VIEW some noble end. Don't dawdle through life, if rich, or sink into a mere money-getter, if poor; but remember that good of some kind can always be done by everyone: do "what your hand findeth to do."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Too Rich. A Romance. After the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The name of Mrs. A. L. Wistar, on the title page of a new novel, is a guarantee, not only that the story has been well translated, but also that the story itself is exceptionally good of its kind. As a translator this lady is simply perfect. No foreign idioms, or other traces of an alien origin, are to be met with in the books she renders into English. If we had not been told otherwise, we would, for example, have seen no proof in the book before us, that it was written, at first, in a foreign language. Now we can say this of few other translations that come before us. Whether rendered from the French, or German, they generally betray their origin, some in a less, some in a greater degree. As for "Too Rich" itself, it is a charming tale, belonging to the very best modern German school, being sufficiently romantic to please even "sweet sixteen," and yet not mawkishly sentimental. The volume is printed in the usual neat style, which distinguishes all the publications of the Lippincotts.

Joseph Balsamo. By Alexander Dumas. I vol., 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—After all, we must go back to Dumas, if we want really first-rate romances. No writer of this generation approaches him in interest. In briskness of action he is unrivalled. The volume before us is a new edition of "Joseph Balsamo," the chief character of which is the famous Count Cagliostro, pretended alchemist, possible clairvoyant, and absolute rogue, who figured so largely, in Paris, towards the close of the last century, and duped so many, even of the highest rank. With the exception of the "Three Guardsmen," which must ever be considered the master-piece of Dumas, this romance has always seemed to us, perhaps, his best. It is more than a mere romance, however; it is a splendid historical panorama of the eighteenth century: in it a succession of characters move and act—Louis XV., Du Barry, Choiseul, Richelieu, Marie Antoinette, De Rohan, etc., etc. The volume is a handsome octavo.

The Nabob. By the author of "Sidonie." Translated from the French. By Lucy H. Hooper. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.*—Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, the translator of this new fiction, is one of the most accomplished linguists of the day, a perfect mistress, not only of the idioms of foreign languages, but also of the corresponding idioms in her own. The story itself is written with great art. In this respect the French novelists outrank both the English and German. Our American writers would do well to make a study of the processes, by which this author, and others of his nation, achieve their results. One event follows another, without effort; there is no improbability; the characters work harmoniously; and the whole is told in a style of such limpid clearness, that you never have to read a sentence over twice, as with some of our own writers, to find out what it means. The volume is neatly printed.

Poems and Songs. By Robert I. McMahan. 1 *vol, small* 4*to. Cincinnati: Elm Street Printing Co.*—This is a beautifully printed volume, containing many very choice poems, which, we understand, have met with great favor in Cincinnati and the West generally. The author has the happy faculty of ministering to the gay as well as to the grave. His "Bachelor's Soliloquy," a parody on Hamlet's famous "To Be or Not To Be," is, for instance, as felicitous, in its way, as the tender and tragical "Story of Alonzo," with which the book begins. The author has real poetical ability, we do not exaggerate when we say so, and a sincere wish to do good as well, two qualities which, in these times especially, are not to be ignored. The public should hear from him more frequently.

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ARM-CHAIR.

OUR PREMIUM PLATES afford, to subscribers to "Peterson," a fine opportunity to decorate the walls of their parlors, with choice steel engravings, at a merely nominal price. As we own the plates, from which the impressions are taken, we can afford to furnish impressions to subscribers, (but to no others), at the cost of paper and printing, in other words, at fifty cents each. We have, now, thirteen of the plates, so that there is great variety of choice. They are all engraved in the best style, and are printed from the steel plates. The engravings, offered by others, are generally mere lithographs. We challenge a comparison. This is a rare chance to get first-rate pictures at a nominal price.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND FASHIONABLE WOMEN use Laird's Bloom of Youth, knowing by experience how marvelously brilliant and smooth it renders the complexion, what a chaste perfume it exhales, and how refreshing and cooling it is to the skin. Its entire freedom from everything likely to prove injurious, is another strong recommendation in its favor. It completely removes all blemishes upon the face, neck, and arms, causes wrinkles to disappear, and gives the faded cuticle an appearance of juvenile freshness.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—MALVACEÆ, MALLOW.

The few plants that will be described here, under this order, are herbs with alternate leaves, flowers regular, and as a *family* are remarkable for their mucilaginous and demulcent properties. The *order* is especially noted, and distinguished for embracing the *Gossypium herbaceum*, or cotton plant, which enters so largely into the planting business, the commercial and manufacturing interests of the entire civilized portions of both hemispheres.

I.—ALTHEA OFFICINALIS, marsh mallow (from the Greek *Altho*, to heal, from its reputed properties), grows throughout Europe, inhabiting salt marshes, banks of rivers, and moist places generally. It is also found growing in this country in similar situations, especially in New York and on the coast of New England. It was at one time much cultivated in gardens for its mucilaginous properties, but the *ulmus fulva*, slippery elm, has almost entirely supplanted it in the estimation of physicians.

Its leaves are ovate or sub-cordate, often three-lobed, two to four inches long, velvety; peduncles three to six-flowered, pale red subpaniculate.

USES.—Possessed of diuretic and demulcent properties, marsh mallow-root has been employed with satisfactory results in inflammatory affections of the kidneys, bladder, and urinary organs generally, as *ardor* urinæ, strangury from the action of the fly blister, and it is held to be better than the elm in inflammation of the stomach, bowels, dysentery, etc. As a poultice, it is soothing to painful tumors or swellings, wounds, and burns. In a case of anasarca, with dropsy of the heart, after much vain treatment, a cure was affected by the use of iodide of potassium, in large infusions of this root, after free purging from cream of tartar and mandrake, and the action of a large blister subsequently over the cardiac region.

The *Althea rosea*, or Hollyhock, with its large showy flowers is still to be seen in some gardens; but this, with many of the old favorites of fifty years ago, is being gradually displaced by *new* varieties and novelties. Thus, as in the social world, we part with old friends, indifferently perhaps, and alas! too many are forgotten as others step in and fill the void, or the "vacant chair."

II.—The MALVA ROTUNDIFOLIA, round leaved or running mallow, though originally a foreigner, is extensively naturalized, and even troublesome, in our yards and gardens.

It is a procumbent plant, with a stem nine to eighteen inches long, branching only from the root; leaves cordate-orbicular, obtusely five-lobed, peduncles axillary, flowers reddish-white, with purple veins. This plant is also mucilaginous, and formerly a popular ingredient in poultices, demulcent drinks, etc., but since the almost universal introduction of the slippery elm, this, like the Althea, has gone much out of use. There are other varieties of the Mallow, namely, *M. Crispa, sylvestris and moschata*, frequently seen about gardens, lawns, lanes, etc., which a possessor of Gray or Wood's Botany can readily recognize.

Belonging to the natural order, Malvaceæ, I will note as a matter of interest the *Hibiscus esculentus*, or Okra, which is cultivated for the sake of its young pods or capsules, which are remarkably mucilaginous, and esteemed by many persons as an ingredient in soups. Another species of H. is the *Trionum* or Bladder Ketnia, or Flower-of-an-hour, occasionally seen in gardens.

The only other member of this *family*, I shall note, is the stately Indian Mallow, or Velvet-leaf—Abutilon Avicennæ—growing in lanes, waste places, banks of canals, and in some cultivated grounds, possessing a stout stem two to five feet high, branched, leaves velvety to the feel, four to six inches long, nearly circular, or orbicular-cordate, with a sharp point; petioles, three to five inches long, flowers yellow. The plant is a foreigner, but is becoming quite troublesome. It is readily recognized by its large, soft, velvet-like leaf, and it should be a pleasure to any one to know its several names. Its medical properties (if any) are unknown.

The words *Hibiscus* and *Abutilon* appear to have no special signification or derivation.

FLORICULTURE.

LADIES' FLOWERS.—The three subjects of which we are about to treat are amongst the most elegant and beautiful of spring flowers, and will be in great demand for some weeks for the table, the drawing-room, and the window. They are grown as market plants by thousands. Certain features are common to them all. For instance, they are brought into flower by gentle forcing at an earlier season than pertains to their natural growth. They are all really tolerably hardy out of doors. But they fall into the hands of general purchasers at this period of the year just brought up to the blooming point, and are too frequently allowed to perish after that has gone by for want of a little attention, which would preserve them for use another year. Against this we propose to guard our readers.

Modern authorities have removed the Spiræa, as it was formerly termed, to a new genus, that of Hoteia, as it was found to differ in certain respects from the rest of the tribe. Its proper name, however, is Astilbe barbata. It is a hardy perennial, introduced from Japan in 1835. The proper soil is sandy loam and peat. It is propagated by division. The plants sold at the various markets and nurseries, are flowered under glass in a warm temperature, and therefore must not be set out of doors, at all events till entirely out of bloom, or till warmer weather sets in. They will flourish and blossom in the open border, in such soil as we have named for pot culture, though the situation should be tolerably warm and sheltered. When their season is over they

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may be plunged out of doors, not being left to get entirely dry. In the following October they may be re-potted, placed in a cold frame, and receiving the attention usual to frame plants, and then be taken into the house in December. From that period a gradually augmented temperature may be given them—60° will do—to start them till again in flower. To propagate them, cut the plants (roots to each) into pieces. Plant them out where there is a border, or in plunged pots where there is none. Take them up in October, and lay them in a cool damp place with cocoa fibre strewed amongst them till potted up, which operation should be done in pots as small as possible, filled firmly with good light soil. Begin with a cool temperature, increasing it very gradually. Water freely, but with judgment, give them plenty of light, and a warmth of 70° to 80° by day under glass of some sort. In a warm window or room the flowers will be later. They are imported also as dry roots by the dealers in bulbs in autumn. When obtained they should be put in the compost already described, and brought on gradually.

Deutzia gracilis—deciduous shrub; hardy; flowers white, in May; Japan, 1850. There are other sections of the genus, but "gracilis" is the best known and most useful; "scabra is the next." Light, rich soil. They are much more easily cultivated and adaptable plants than is generally supposed, as they may be grown in ordinary borders. They are specially valuable against conservatory walls, or in the foreground of shrubberies. They may be propagated by cuttings or layers. When their flowering season is over, the old wood should be cut close back. If in pots, they may be treated as the Spiræa till again required for forcing. It will be better, where there is a border, to turn the plants out after flowering into good soil, watering them in dry weather, and afterwards in November to take them up, pot them, and give similar treatment to that we have indicated for the "Spiræa" japonica.

Dielytra spectabilis, one of the most distinct and elegant of flowers, is a hardy herbaceous perennial (once called Fumaria), requiring rich open soil. Propagated by division, or side shoots with a bit of root attached, or cuttings of the young shoots in spring, managed as dahlias are. This root is properly a tuber. It was introduced from the W. of China 1846. There is no more graceful table and drawing-room plant than this, and it may be had early from gentle heat, or will flower without in any place where its succulent stems and foliage can be completely protected from frost and cold winds. In sheltered positions out of doors it forms a large kind of bush, soft-wooded, of course, but in such positions loses much of its delicacy both of flower and foliage, but is still interesting. After passing out of bloom those in pots may be set aside, requiring little attention beyond occasional watering till required to be brought again into use. About November they should be shaken out of the old pots, be replaced in larger, and fresh soil given, and then be placed under cover and brought gradually on either in a warm or cool house, as circumstances require. This is one of the easiest plants to cultivate finely in pots there is. All three of these most valuable plants for amateurs, from their hardiness and simplicity of management, will grow out of doors in almost any situation; and if any winter protection should be deemed necessary, two or three inches of cocoa fibre will be quite sufficient.

ETIQUETTE.

ETIQUETTE OF INTRODUCTIONS, ETC., ETC.—Society in America is so constantly changing, that as yet many people do not always feel quite sure of their social position. In Europe, classes are generally so distinctly marked, that there is no doubt on the subject. There birth has the precedence over money, worth, or refinement. Here, sometimes, the intellectual poor man feels that he may be snubbed by the rich upstart, or the hard-working, honest man, by the well-bred "ne'er do well," whose ancestor may have signed the Declaration of Independence, or made his money two or three generations ago, by selling whisky, or importing slaves. In consequence of this *thin skinedness*, agreeable people often meet, in social life, and never speak to each other, without a formal introduction, as they do not know how their advances will be received. And this, too, in a country where all should meet on an equality. Abroad, it is considered sufficient, if you meet a stranger at a friend's house, that the stranger is a person, whom it will be proper for you to know, or he would not have been admitted to the house, and therefore, you will naturally converse with him, as if you had already had a formal introduction. Here, the custom is gaining ground, we are glad to say, and social intercourse is thereby becoming much more pleasant.

In the best bred circles, therefore, it is considered quite proper to make some passing remark to a person near you, if that person is not otherwise occupied, without waiting for a formal introduction. The very pleasantest acquaintances are sometimes made in this way. But it is never considered necessary to continue the acquaintance, thus commenced, without it may be the wish of both parties. You may meet, the next day, on the street, and pass without bowing, if you wish; though, if there is no decided objection to the individual, it is more civil to acknowledge the acquaintance by a slight bow. If the acquaintance has been mutually agreeable, it will probably ripen to a pleasing friendship. With her own sex, a girl may, of course, make the evening pass more pleasantly for herself, and for another, by getting into conversation, if both should happen to be standing unoccupied, or unattended to. But young ladies should always wait till a gentleman has been introduced to them formally, before conversing with him; and if a gentleman wishes to make the acquaintance, he will be sure to find the means.

In small companies, it is very easy for the host, or hostess, to introduce all the guests to each other; in very large ones, this, of course, is quite impossible; therefore if you wish to be acquainted with any particular person present, you have only to wait till the host or hostess is disengaged, to ask for the introduction, or get a friend who may know the person to introduce you. It is also quite proper, if you are conversing with one or two persons, whom you know in a group, for you to address others in the group, whom you do not know, if the conversation is general; but be careful to express your opinions moderately, and amiably, no matter how much you may disagree with others, for they are entitled to their opinions as well as yourself. But remember, an acquaintance so formed need never go any further; you may pass the next day, without any recognition, if you wish.

The person of inferior position should always be introduced to the superior; the young person to the elder; the gentleman to the lady: as "Judge White, may I present Mr. Brown? Mr. Brown, Judge White; or, "Miss Hutchins, Mrs. Grey;" or, "Mrs. Black, I would like to introduce my friend, Mr. Smith; Mr. Smith, Mrs. Black." Many persons simply introduce "Mr. Brown, Judge White;" or, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Black;" but it is not so elegant, and not so proper, for it is always best to ask permission to introduce a person, if possible. Very few persons, to be sure, have the moral courage to refuse an introduction, but they should have the privilege of doing so, if they see fit. One thing is most important; let the names of both parties be very distinctly pronounced.

The same remarks apply to persons meeting, when making morning calls. In the latter case the hostess can usually introduce all her guests; and in order to set them at ease at once should do so; though if they are people who have mingled much in society, they will not wait for the introduction, but will converse unaffectedly on general topics, though they may never speak again unless they wish. But

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if the hostess, or any one else, formally introduce two persons to each other, it is excessively ill-bred not to recognize the person, so introduced, afterwards, if it is only by the slightest bow.

A lady should always bow to the gentleman first, after he has been introduced; and he should return the bow, not only by touching his hat, but by lifting it from his head; the hat should always be lifted, in bowing to a lady. Shaking hands is very common in this country, bxt it is not at all obligatory, and in very fashionable society it is not done, at an introduction, except between two gentlemen. Shaking hands, between a young lady and gentleman, is not proper, except after they have become on quite intimate terms.

Letters of introduction should be given, with the greatest caution. The person who gives a letter of introduction places the person to whom it is sent, under the necessity of entertaining the person introduced (if possible), and certainly of paying him all the attention in his power. Persons should be very careful how they ask for letters of introduction in consequence, especially to those whose time is very much occupied. The more noted the person is, the more chary they should be of putting themselves under an obligation, that may be grudgingly given. And yet, if a friend gives you a letter of introduction, it is very rude not to accept it. But the letter should never be delivered in person. Imagine the awkwardness of sitting still, whilst an entire stranger was reading about you. Send, or leave the letter, with your card, and wait till the person to whom it is sent, calls on you, which should be done the next day, if at all possible; and you should then return the call the day after. If a letter of introduction is sent to you, you should do all in your power to make the time pass pleasantly, to the person who brought it. A letter of introduction should always be left unsealed, and may be long, or short, as is wished.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Washing Fine Things.—For ordinary muslin collars and cuffs, tuckers, dress handkerchiefs, gentlemen's white neckties, and other things which are not very much soiled, proceed as follows: Put them in soak overnight, in the morning wash them well with hot soap and water, rinse in cold water, slightly blued, dry them, and dip once more in cold water, wringing them well. This makes them clear, yet stiff. Fold them evenly, put them in a towel, and iron them. Babies' frocks, etc., which are more soiled, can be treated much in the same way, with the addition of a little borax in the soaking water to loosen the dirt, and they must be boiled after washing. Lace and muslin caps and other articles which are much worn sometimes become very dirty; in this case they should be put in a basin with shredded soap, and well covered with water, and allowed to stand from twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven. A plate should be laid over the basin to keep in the steam. After this they will require a great deal of rinsing to get rid of the dirt, and sometimes it may be necessary to put them in a pan full of cold water, and leave it on the fire till the water simmers. Snow water is invaluable to bleach fine things, or any white cotton or linen fabric.

Muslin curtains should first be soaked in cold water. In washing it is better to squeeze them with the hand rather than to rub them; they should then be rinsed in blue water, starched and dried. Many people pin them out carefully on a sheet stretched on the floor, and do not iron them, or they may be stretched on a frame, as is done by professional laundresses. If ironing is preferred, it is advisable to pin the upper end to the edge of the ironing table, so that in proceeding, the length can be let down double on a chair, which prevents the curtain getting creased. Two ironers should work simultaneously, and the thicker the ironing blanket the better; care should be taken to iron the edges evenly. For making thin muslin clear it will be found an excellent plan to beat up to a froth the lather in which it is to be washed, merely squeezing and pressing it with the hand, and not rubbing it; then, when quite dry, having passed it through thin starch, mixed with gum arabic water, dry it once more, dip it into clear water, and clap it well with the hands to clear it until it is dry. If this be carefully done, the muslin will look equal to new, the gum arabic giving it a clear, bright appearance.

To prepare the gum water for mixing with starch, pour one pint of boiling water on two ounces of gum arabic; cover it, and let it stand twelve hours; pour it from the dregs, and bottle for use. This will be found useful for sprinkling washing dresses, which have to be ironed only, in course of wearing, and not washed. By rinsing muslin in alum water, or by mixing alum with the starch, it is rendered uninflammable. When muslin dresses are trimmed with plaitings, a piece of flannel is laid between the skirt and the flounce, so that they do not stick together in ironing.

Much of the success achieved by French laundresses is owing to the number of special appliances, various kinds of irons, they have for every branch of their work. Goffering tongs must never be put in the fire; when no stove is at hand, they can be warmed by placing them under a hot flat iron. The frill must be slightly wetted beforehand, and damped from time to time as required. The tongs should be held in the right hand like a pair of scissors, and the article taken between them; the point must be pushed well to the head of the frill, being steadied by the left hand, a half turn given with the right to settle the flute; the process must then be repeated. For the fashionable plaitings lying all one way, it is only necessary to pass an iron subsequently over these gofferings.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

Small Rooms, etc. In the United States, as a rule, the rooms of houses are comparatively small; that is small as contrasted with the vast saloons of English country mansions, or Continental palazzas. This must not be forgotten, when you come to furnish. What would be suitable for an apartment, twenty-five feet broad by fifty long, and twenty-five feet high, (we have occupied such rooms abroad,) is entirely out of place in the ordinary parlor of an American house, which does not contain a quarter as many square feet.

In furnishing, where rooms are small, the first thing to do is to choose discreetly the pattern and color of the paper for the walls. The pattern should be small and not striking; the color light; a blueish gray is pretty, or the lightest shade of olive green, or a light yellow; all these colors show off pictures, engravings, and photographs to great advantage. If the walls of the room are painted, the light yellow is particularly effective.

If the rooms are low, hang the pictures low; the more space there is between the top of the picture and the ceiling, the higher your room will look. It is a very common mistake to imagine that the higher pictures are hung, the higher the room will appear. Besides, pictures always look best, when they are hung no higher than the eye of the spectator. The next thing to be considered is the furniture. Anything large ought to be avoided. It is not the quantity, but the size of the furniture in a room, that seems to crowd it. A number of small tables in a small drawing-room will take up far less room, and be much more useful than one big one. We give, this month, two patterns for small tea-tables, which would look very pretty in small rooms. Even the ornaments should be chosen judiciously; they ought all to be small and delicately shaped, and harmonise in color.

One is so accustomed now to go into good-sized rooms with dark papers, large carved oak pieces of furniture, curtains

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with striking patterns, carpets with startling rugs on them, enormous bowls, jars, and plates, not only on the chimney piece, but on brackets and nails all round the room, that it is difficult to descend to the fact that in small rooms one must give up the bold style of picturesque furnishing, and come down to dainty refined taste in choosing one's surroundings. It is quite necessary to keep the small dimensions of the house continually before one: curtains, carpets, table-cloths, sofa and chair coverings, ought all to be got with the view of striking the eye as little as possible. As with a well-dressed person, so with a well-furnished house, the general good effect ought to strike the outsider, never one individual thing. There is now no difficulty in getting harmonious combinations; in fact, the difficulty at present is for old-fashioned people with gorgeous tastes to satisfy their longings for violent, and what we now think offensive, contrasts in colors. These have disappeared, and in their stead we have soft shades of blue, red, green, and yellow. Black and gold has taken the place of white and gold, and dark oak (stained or time-worn) is often preferred to light-colored woods, though these have lately come much into fashion for sideboards.

One of the drawbacks to a small house is the difficulty of keeping it tidy. It is almost unnecessary to say there ought to be a place for everything, and that a fresh occupation should never be begun until the suits and trappings of the employment last in hand have been put away, lest the material used in each should get mixed up and litter the room. Nothing is more comfortless than the sight of a room with newspapers flung down in one corner, music on the piano and chairs, work baskets open with the last pieces of work lying on the table, writing materials in a confused heap on the writing table, and books piled up anyhow and anywhere. Still you must not let the room look stiff. Let it seem, on the contrary, as if you lived in it: to effect this a little careless grace, not untidiness, is desirable. Some management and thought can always prevent confusion, though it undoubtedly requires the quality of patience added to that of order. It is far easier to fling down one thing and take up another, than deliberately to put it away and take out another. Another important item is having places in which to put away things. There is no possible room for large chests of drawers, chiffoniéres, or even that convenient thing a box ottoman, in so limited a space as that we are considering. One must resort to shelves and small cupboards, put up on the wall in any unoccupied corner that can be found. Even these may be turned to ornamental as well as useful purposes, for nothing is easier than to get plain deal cupboards painted black and gold, and with pretty designs on the panels. Shelves, too, covered with cloth the same color as the curtains or furniture in the room, add to its effect, and help to keep it tidy. Most of our readers will know that in a bedroom, which is not large enough for a wardrobe, a row of pegs put up in a recess of the wall, with a pretty chintz curtain hung before it, is also a useful, and at the same time pretty, addition to the room.

A small house cannot only be made extremely comfortable, but very pretty, and can be more satisfactory in every way to people who are not rich, than a house which is too large for the servants to keep clean, and which can only be barely furnished. No mention has been made yet of the kitchen; but, as cooks generally take as much interest in their kitchens as their mistresses do in their sitting-rooms, it is, perhaps, as well to suggest that a small dresser in a small kitchen is very essential, both to its look and comfort; again, shelves in the recesses of the wall take up little room, and are most useful. The fewer cooking utensils one has, the better; and, as every pot and pan ought to be well cleaned out every time it is used, having few things does not really add to the cook's trouble, though she may have occasionally to give herself more time to cook the dinner, than if she had a separate saucepan or pan for everything.

We may add, that the taste for dark papers on walls, which is now the rage, is not only inartistic in small rooms, but unhealthy, because it absorbs light. Just as plants wither in a cellar, so people, children especially, need light, and the cheerful rooms which plenty of light makes.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper

MEATS.

Mutton Chops Stewed.—Wash and wipe the chops; roll them in flour or cracker dust, and fry them a light brown. To six chops, have ready in a stew-pan, one quart of water, three onions sliced, pepper and salt; after stewing ten minutes, add the chops; cover tightly, and let them stew for an hour and a-half. Remove all scum that may arise. In a small saucepan stir one teaspoon of browned flour, into one tablespoon of melted butter; then pour in gradually the gravy from the chops; stir until it thickens, and then pour upon the chops, and serve on a heated dish.

Gallimaufry.—Take as much cold salt beef as you require for your dish, and mince it small. Boil some cabbages till nearly done, take them out of the saucepan, drain the water thoroughly from them, and chop them small. Take equal quantities in bulk of the minced beef and cabbage, mix them well together, and fry with a little butter, or good clarified dripping, in a frying-pan till done of a nice light color; pile the gallimaufry high in a dish, and serve very hot.

Fillets of Beef with Carrots.—Take a piece of the undercut of the sirloin, and cut it into neat fillets (pear shape), sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them with a little butter in a tin in the oven. Do not let them be overdone; add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over in it. Serve in a circle round some

New Carrots.—Trim a quantity of the smallest new carrots that can be obtained, and boil them in salted water. When done drain off the water, add a piece of fresh butter to the carrots, some parsley finely minced, a dash of pepper, a little powdered sugar, and a squeeze of lemon, moisten with a little stock free from fat, and keep them hot till wanted.

Roast Quarter of Lamb.—Let the fire be clear, but not too fierce. Cover the joint with greased paper, and baste it frequently. Half an hour before serving remove the paper and baste the joint with butter and lemon juice, lastly sprinkle a little flour and salt over it. Time of roasting from two to two and a-half hours.

Mint Sauce.—Chop as finely as possible a quantity of mint leaves previously washed, add to them sufficient white wine vinegar and water in equal parts to float them, and a small quantity of powdered sugar. Let the sauce stand an hour before serving.

VEGETABLES.

Stewed Celery.—Trim the roots, and cut to the same length (about six inches) three heads of celery; wash them carefully, tie them together with string. Parboil them a few minutes, and drain them. Put them in a saucepan with an onion, a blade of mace, some whole pepper, salt, and sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them boil till nearly done, then drain them; melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a dessert-spoonful of flour, add as much of the water in which the celery was boiled as is wanted to make the sauce, a good quantity of grated cheese, with pepper and salt to taste; stir it over the fire, and simmer gently till done.

Brussels Sprouts à la Maître d'Hotel.—Trim them neatly,

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and wash them in several waters. Put them to boil in plenty of salted water, and when almost done strain and dry them in a cloth; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, toss them in this until done, adding some minced parsley, a sprinkling of pepper and salt, and the juice of a lemon.

Potato Snow.—Boil some potatoes in their skins. When they are cooked peel them and pass them through a coarse hair sieve into a vegetable dish, with a few small pieces of butter in it. The dish must be very hot, and the operation must be conducted quickly, not to allow the potatoes to get cold; wipe the sides of the dish, and serve quickly.

CAKES.

Purgative Ginger Cakes.—Take half pound flour, of treacle a quarter of a pound, butter two ounces, powdered ginger half an ounce, jalap one ounce, caraways a quarter ounce. Mix the flour, caraways and jalap together first; then rub in the butter, and finally the treacle. Roll the dough out, and divide the mass into fully fifty cakes, which, when baked, are fit for use. One cake is sufficient for a young child, and two for one of riper years. They act as a mild aperient.

Pound Seed Cake.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, one pound sifted lump sugar, one pound of flour, well dried, eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and caraway seeds to taste. Mix the ingredients, and beat all well together for one hour. Put the batter into a tin shape, lined with paper and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

Plain Cake.—Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, quarter pound of brown sugar, quarter pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, and nearly half a pint of milk. The powder to be mixed with the flour and the milk when going into the oven.

WARDROBE.

Various Modes of Preserving Furs.—1. Lay up along with furs to be preserved a tallow candle. 2. Take out the furs from the drawer, etc., frequently, beat them well, expose them to the air, and scent the box where they are kept either with spirits of turpentine, camphor, Russia leather, or cedar wood. 3. Pepper them well before putting them away. 4. Wash them over with a very weak solution of corrosive sublimate. If this solution leaves a white powder on the fur when dry, it is too strong; ten grains to the pint will be enough.

To Clean Silk.—One pint and a fifth of gin or whiskey, four ounces soft soap, and six ounces honey; to be well mixed in an open dish. Lay the silk on a clean deal table, and rub it well on both sides with a sponge dipped in the above mixture. Have ready two pails filled with cold, soft water, and rinse the breadths separately, first in one bucket and then in the other, and put them in the open air upon a towel-horse to drain (a shady, cool place is best). When the silk is nearly dry, iron it on the wrong side. It will be of little use to turn a silk dress, without first removing all grease spots, as any marks very speedily work through.

A Hint.—Housekeepers should know that a small piece of paper or linen, moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a bureau or wardrobe, for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient perservative against moths.

To Make Linen Collars and Cuffs Stiff and Bright.—Mix wheaten starch in cold water; dip in the articles, let them remain about ten minutes before ironing; they become glossy and stiff as new.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stains of all Kinds.—If you have been picking or handling any acid fruit, and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match, and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stains will disappear. If you have stained your muslin or gingham dress or your white apron with berries, before wetting with anything else, pour boiling water on the stains, and they will disappear. Before fruit juice dries, it can often be removed by cold water, using a sponge and towel if necessary. Rubbing the finger with the inside of the paring of apples will remove the most of the stain caused by paring. Ink, also, if washed out or sopped up from the carpet with milk, immediately when it is spilt, can be almost entirely removed. Ink spots on floors can be extracted by scouring with sand, wetted in oil of vitriol and water. When the ink is removed rinse with strong potash water.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE OR HOUSE-DRESS OF DELICATE YELLOW FOULARD, which is made in the Princess style, and buttoned a little diagonally from top to bottom; the plain trimming down the front is "pinked," as well as that around the bottom of the skirt, which is finished with a black and white lace; the under skirt, sleeves and bow on the shoulder are of black velvet. Small hat of very coarse straw, trimmed with black velvet and cherries.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED BOURETTE, SPOTTED WITH RED AND GREEN; the front of the dress is plain, and has large buttons placed down the left side; the back is only trimmed with three bias bands of the same material corded with green and red silk. The rather short, close-fitting paletot is of gray cloth, fastened down the front with large pearl buttons; it has a belt, with a pearl buckle and two Garrick capes with a very deep collar. Gray felt hat trimmed with a large red rose and red satin ribbon.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAYISH BLUE SILK; the back is made with a long square train, and is embroidered in white silk; the front is trimmed with two knife-plaitings of the silk, the upper one of which is headed by a narrow plaiting and a band of velvet, and the lower one is headed by a band of embroidery. The waist is one of the newest styles, and is tight at the throat, but is cut out square over a plaited chemisette of *crêpe lisse;* it is trimmed with bands of velvet. The elbow sleeves have a ruffle of the silk with a lace ruffle underneath, and a band of velvet above. A wide band of velvet, fastened by a large silver buckle, passes around the upper part of the skirt.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF ÉCRU-COLORED CASHMERE; the skirt is trimmed with a rather wide but scant ruffle of the same material finished with a narrow binding of green silk; the long close-fitting paletot has a vest of the same material, and is trimmed with two narrow bias bands of green silk; the sleeves, which are very wide at the hand in the old "flowing" shape, are lined with white silk and trimmed like the paletot. Yellow straw hat trimmed with a wreath of pear blossoms and a large green feather.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR; it is made in the Princess style, and has a front of silk of the same color with several pipings of silk down the front; the bottom is trimmed with three ruffles of the material; the skirt is slightly looped in the back. Dark blue felt hat trimmed with poppies.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BROWN CASHMERE; the front is a good deal wrinkled, the back is square and trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the same; a ruffle of the cashmere finishes the bottom of the skirt, the deep blouse basque is also finished with a plaiting of the cashmere, and has a broad belt fastened with a steel buckle; the blouse is made with a yoke. Bonnet of coarse brown straw trimmed with fruits.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BOURETTE OF MANY SHADES OF GRAY, which is to be worn over black silk, that is trimmed

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MABEL. [*See the Story, "The Spirits of the Red House."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. HATS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

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BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING DRESS.

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NEW STYLE OF BLOUSE WAIST: BACK AND FRONT.

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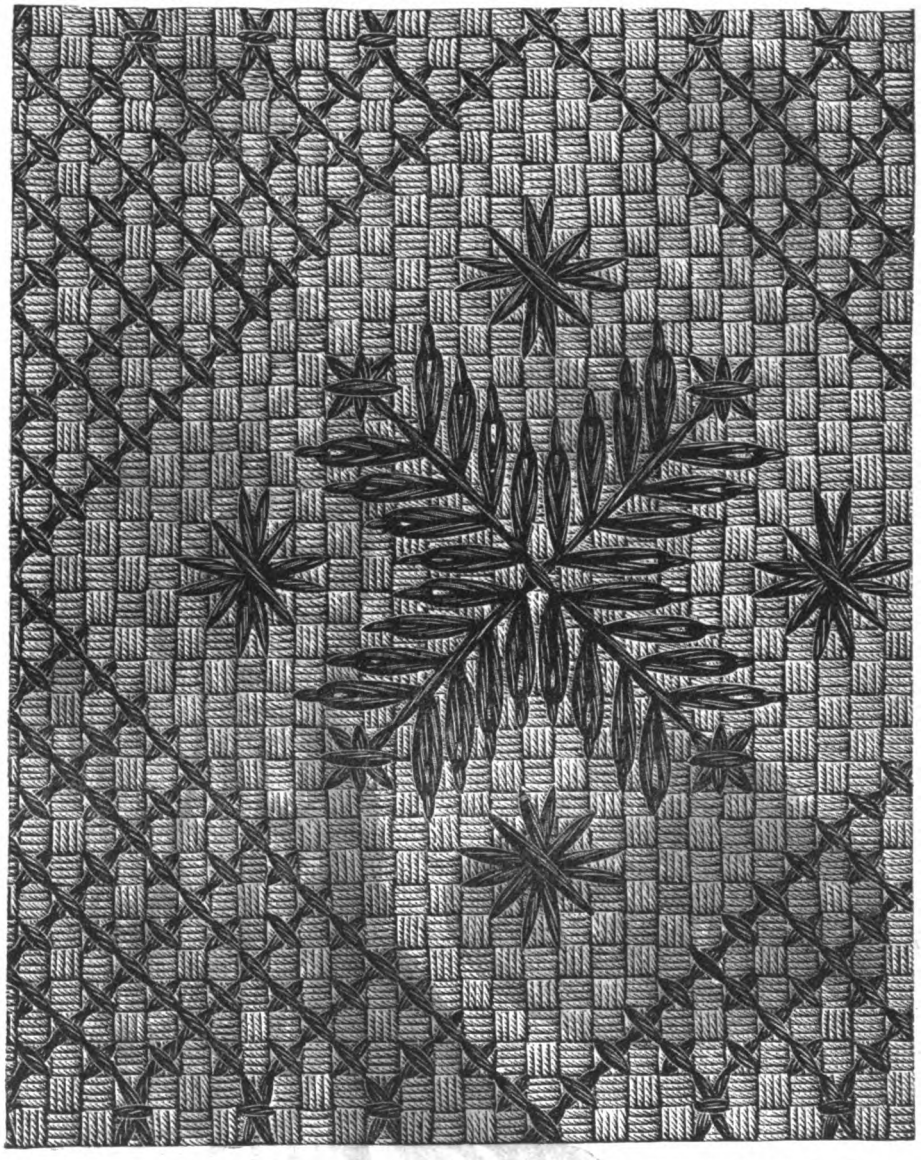
HOUSE DRESS. STRAW BONNET. BOY'S HAT.

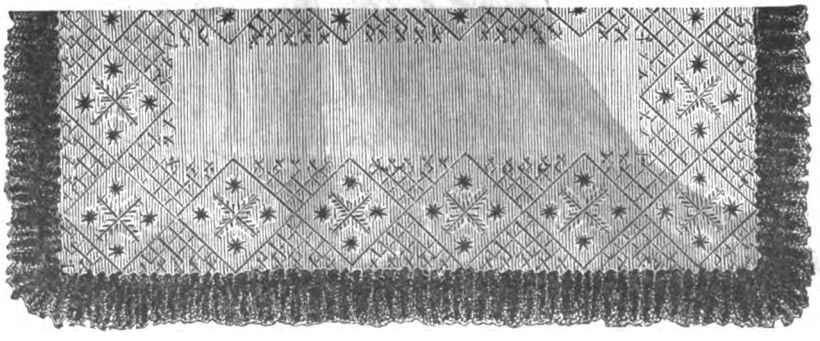
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NEW STYLE MANTILLA. LEGHORN BONNET. STRAW HAT.

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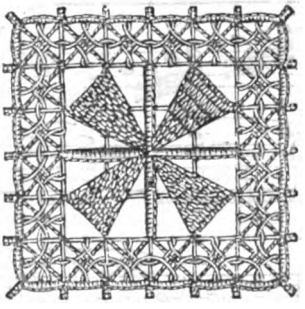


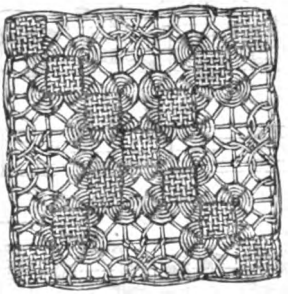


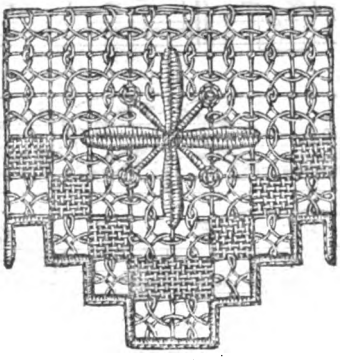
PIANO MAT IN JAVA CANVAS, WITH DETAIL OF PATTERN.

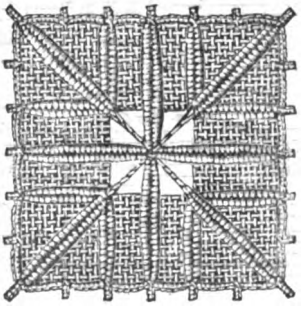
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YOUNG LADY'S MANTILLA. PELERINE COLLAR. LINEN COLLAR AND CUFF.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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KITTY'S LAST MANIA.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

SHE had had so many, that it was hard telling which was the last. There was always some one thing which she was doing with all her might and main—while the fit lasted—and then that was past and gone, and all her thoughts and energies were bent on its successor. Her brother had nicknamed her 'Kitomania," and the name fitted so well that even her father and mother sometimes used it.

This youngest daughter was a sore trial to her good, commonplace mother, who had brought up all her other daughters to be smart, bustling housewives like herself, and had the satisfaction of seeing one after another marry, and settle down in homes of their own. But Kitty was totally different from her sisters. "Just like her father," her mother would sigh. "Not a bit of common sense in her."

Common sense or not, she was certainly a bewitching, little creature, with her great dark eyes shining out from the mass of raven hair, that never could be induced to lie smoothly, or be braided, or tied, or fastened with a comb, or do anything but just dance all over her head and neck in a thousand little waves and curls.

And if Kitty did not take kindly to sweeping, or dusting, or cooking, or scrubbing, no one was more ready to do any little kindness for a sick neighbor, or a poor family. And no matter how great her hurry, or how absorbed she might be in her own pursuits, she never forgot to quietly and deftly arrange her father's study, after he had once said, "Kitty put every book and paper in just the right place."

Kitty's father, the Rev. Mr. Prescott, was the clergyman of the only church in the little village of Bentley, and if he had not much *common* sense, as his wife said, he certainly had plenty of every other sort. Somehow the studious, quiet clergyman, and his gay, wilful daughter understood each other wonderfully well, and seemed entirely contented when together.

"It is no use fretting, dear," Mr. Prescott would say, calmly, when his wife poured forth a list of Kitty's shortcomings. "All are not made alike. For instance, you and I are very different."

"I should think so," muttered Mrs. Prescott, discontentedly.

"Yet," pursued the good man, "that did not, and does not, prevent us from loving each other very dearly."

No answer from Mrs. Prescott, but she slipped her hand into her husband's, and a softened light shone in her eyes.

"Now," continued Mr. Prescott, "your complaint against Kitty is, that she is different from your other daughters. But why do you want them all alike? Jane, and Maria, and Matilda are all quiet and sensible women, who will go through life respectably, just as thousands have done before them, but our little Kitty is of quite another sort."

"I should think so," again ejaculated Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes, and needs different care. But with that care, and Heaven's blessing, I believe her capable of making a much nobler woman than either of her sisters."

"Why, James Prescott, how can you talk so? What have your daughters done that you should go against them like that?"

"Am I going against them?" asked Mr. Prescott, smiling; "and if I am, what are you doing in regard to Kitty?"

"But that is very different," interposed Mrs. Prescott, hastily. "Now just look at that girl!" as the unconscious subject of their discussion came into view, racing along the dusty road which led from the village to the little parsonage.

"I see her," responded her husband, smiling, and waving his hand, as Kitty, catching sight of him, swung her broad-brimmed hat above her head, and redoubled her speed.

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"Well, did you ever see your other daughters act in that way?" demanded his spouse. "How do you think Jane, or Maria, or Matilda would look racing in that style?"

"Very much as elephants would, attempting the same feat," responded Mr. Prescott, with a quiet laugh at the idea of his tall, and somewhat stout elder daughters racing along like that little sprite of a Kitty.

"Why, Mr. Prescott!" exclaimed his wife, indignantly, but the entrance of Kitty put an end to the lecture, which she was evidently ready to bestow.

"Oh, father!" cried the flushed and panting girl; "I have just the *loveliest* things to show you! I ran all the way from the village so as to get here sooner."

"And a most improper thing it was to do," remarked Mrs. Prescott, severely. But her words were lost. Neither Kitty nor her father would hear a single word for the next half hour. That was certain from the air of absorbed interest with which the girl was unfolding a paper, while the same expression rested on her father's face as he watched her.

"It's of no use! They haven't a grain of common sense between them," sighed the poor woman, as she betook herself to the kitchen.

"Now father, look! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" exclaimed Kitty, as she held up, for inspection, some of those little pictures, with which it is now the fashion to ornament pottery. "Just see this bunch of roses! And those ferns! And this cunning little head! And only look at this dog! Doesn't he look like our Tray?"

"They are really very pretty!" said Mr. Prescott, looking at each one, as Kitty called his attention to it. "What are they for?"

"Oh, all the girls have them now, and stick them on vases, and jars, and boxes, and almost everything. They call it potochimania, as aunt Alice did those vases that she ornamented so long ago; but I don't know whether that is the real name."

"Another sort of Kitomania!" remarked her father, with a smile.

"Oh, yes!" laughed Kitty. "I suppose Alf will plague me worse than ever, but I can't help it. My fingers really itch to try these on something. The girls gave me these, and Mary Lane is going to town to-morrow, and will get me some if you are willing. Say yes! That's a good father!"

"Certainly, I am willing, dear. Only don't let this new freak make you forget your work, and trouble mother. You know your manias worry her."

"I know they do," said Kitty, penitently. "She says last month it was gardening, and the month before it was croquet, and it's always something. I'm ever so sorry, but somehow when I am doing one thing, I want to do it all the time, and then take something else the same way. You don't suppose there's a chance that she would let me ornament the tea set, do you?"

The question was too much for Mr. Prescott's gravity. The idea of his common sense wife allowing Kitty to paste pictures over the cups and saucers, pitchers and plates, was irresistibly ludicrous, and he laughed till Kitty joined in his merriment.

"But really, father," she pleaded, "you don't know how badly I want to try these pictures. I must go and find something!" and off she flew.

Half an hour elapsing without her reappearance, Mr. Prescott began to fear that she was doing something which would disgrace her in her mother's eyes, and started in pursuit. He found her in her own room, so absorbed in her occupation, that she did not hear him as he paused by the open door.

There she sat in the middle of the floor, while about her stood the various articles on which she had already exercised her skill. Bowl and pitcher, soap dish and mug, all shone forth resplendent, while the handles of her hair-brush and tooth-brush were highly ornamented.

As her father entered, she was just gumming a bunch of roses, which, it was quite evident, she intended to fasten on a clean white apron which lay before her.

"I wouldn't do that, Kitty," said her father, and Kitty looked up hastily.

"Your mother would not be willing for you to put those pictures on your clothes," he continued.

"No, I suppose she wouldn't," admitted Kitty, reluctantly; "but it would look real pretty, wouldn't it, father?"

"It would be spoiled as soon as the apron had to be washed," suggested her father, consolingly. "Come into the study, and let us try to find some things that you may ornament."

This new mania of Kitty's drove her mother nearly wild. The bean-pot was discovered to have a wreath of flowers about it, top and bottom, while birds, beasts and fishes were scattered over it in wild confusion, and as a thick coat of varnish covered them, they could not be removed. It was useless to scold. The girl really meant no harm. More than that, she meant to do right, but when one of her manias seized her, she forgot all else. The present freak had lasted several weeks, and as poor Mrs. Prescott said to her

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other daughters, the only comfort was that Kitty couldn't find many more places to stick her pictures. Everything was covered with them. Even the old pump in the door-yard had been decorated and duly varnished.

Mr. Prescott smiled quietly at most of the results, but when a picture appeared where it was seriously annoying to his wife, a gentle reproof from him never failed to arrest Kitty's decorative art for the time.

"She will sober down soon enough," he would say, rather sadly. "You did not know me, wife, when I acted in much the same way."

"You!" exclaimed his wife, incredulously. "No, and I don't believe you ever did such things. Why you are as quiet as a lamb."

"Nevertheless, my mother could tell you of sad pranks that I used to play," answered Mr. Prescott; "but she was so gentle and kindly, that I could not go on forgetting."

The words sank into Mrs. Prescott's heart. "Gentle and kindly!" She was not that to Kitty, she knew. Perhaps if she were, it might have more effect on the girl than her constant fault-finding. At any rate, she might try. So for a few days, if she could not quite succeed in looking kindly when some fresh delinquency was discovered, at least she said nothing, and Mr. Prescott being away on business, Kitty was left to her own devices. But her father had charged her to be very good while he was absent, so she really behaved quite well.

Mr. Prescott was expected home on Saturday night, and on Saturday morning Kitty resolved to give his study a thorough sweeping and dusting. Her mother approving, she went busily to work, and soon every nook and corner of the apartment was as clean as possible.

"Now I must fill his vases," said Kitty, as she surveyed the room approvingly, and in another instant she was in the garden cutting flowers.

But as Kitty arranged the flowers, the idea came into her mind, how much some of her darling pictures would improve the vases. It could not be any harm: the vases were her own, and pictures, gum and scissors were quickly found.

The trouble was, not in ornamenting the vases, but that when Kitty once began she never knew where to stop. It seemed to her that she had but just got her pictures spread out, when the dinner-bell rang, and her mother called "Kitty! Kitty! haven't you finished dusting that room yet?"

"Yes'm!" answered Kitty, hastily gathering up her treasures, and realizing with a guilty feeling that her father's favorite inkstand had four pictures on it. However, she comforted herself with the reflection that she had not varnished it, so they could be scraped off, if her father didn't like them. Perhaps he would! At any rate, she would leave them until she could ask him, and she ran off to dinner.

The next morning was a lovely day.

"Are you ready for church, Kitty?" called her father, and he might be pardoned for kissing her fondly, as she came bounding down stairs in answer to his summons, for a brighter, bonnier sight was seldom seen.

"All ready!" she answered, as she returned his kiss, "and ever so glad to have you home."

"Well, run and put my sermon in my coat pocket, and my handkerchief, too. I am afraid I am rather late," and Mr. Prescott hastily went to the closet for his best hat.

"Now help me on with my coat, little woman. That's all right. Now we will start;" and the minister and his family were soon moving decorously towards the little church.

The first part of the service passed as usual. Kitty sat quietly by her mother's side in the front pew. But the day was warm, and Mr. Prescott, while reading one of the hymns, drew forth his handkerchief to wipe the moisture from his brow. It was nicely folded, and as he read he gave it a little shake, when out flew a cloud of pictures—flowers, heads, birds, and beasts, some lodging on the pulpit, others fluttering to the ground.

Kitty gave a faint cry, and half sprang from her seat, but her mother's hand held her sternly down. There was some commotion in the congregation, particularly among the juvenile portion, but fortunately the organ pealed out the opening notes of the hymn, and order was soon restored.

Kitty stood, ashamed and sorrowful, through the singing.

To think that she had played such a dreadful trick on her dear father! To be sure she had not meant to, but who would know that! Who would even know that it was she who had put those pictures there, and not her father himself? She remembered how it happened. Those were the very pictures that she had mislaid, and searched for so long in vain, and she recollected now that she had been using them in the study, and being called away, had slipped them into one of the handkerchiefs in her father's drawer, till she should return.

Poor Kitty! she dared not look towards her mother. Finally she gave a little timid glance up to the pulpit, fearing to see grave displeasure in her father's face. But no! there he stood, as quiet and calm as usual, but with such a loving, tender smile in his eyes, as they met hers, that the poor child was quite overcome. Great tears

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rolled silently down her cheeks, and she took her seat with a subdued air, seldom seen in her.

But the misfortunes of the morning were not over. The hymn concluded, Mr. Prescott drew his sermon from his pocket. Kitty's eyes were fixed on the ground, when to her horror, instead of the text, there fell on her ears, a half smothered laugh, followed by another and another, from various parts of the church.

Glancing up in astonishment, she saw that her father held in his hand the morocco cover in which he usually placed his sermons; but instead of being plain black, as was its original state, it was gaily decorated with a huge Chinese pagoda on one side, and an equally huge mandarin on the other, while the leaves were so profusely ornamented, as to render the manuscript quite unreadable. Once again Kitty caught her father's glance, with the same tender, pitying smile, before she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Only for a moment did Mr. Prescott hesitate. Then laying aside the useless sermon, he began, in a low, sweet voice, a discourse that thrilled to the hearts of all his listeners, so full was it of the "peace that passeth understanding." How beautifully he spoke of the duties of parents towards their children, of the love, kindness and forbearance which should be exercised towards them. Many a parent remembered that sermon with silent blessings on the preacher, with great thankfulness for the work that it wrought.

But to Kitty every word added to her sorrow and repentance, and her distress was evidently so deep, that even her mother forbore reproaches.

That day put an end to *Kitomania* in the Prescott's family, and Kitty advanced steadily in her mother's good graces, as she turned her superfluous energies to household pursuits.

"That girl will make a smart woman yet!" Mrs. Prescott would remark, complacently.

"I quite agree with you, my dear," her husband would reply, "and remember it is all owing to my illustrated sermon."

"IN CŒLO QUIES EST."

BY J. H. DAVIES.

Yes, after all earth's sorrow and earth's sighing,
The body's weakness and the soul's unrest,
There is a comfort in the thought of dying—
"In cœlo quies est!"

O, peace of God, which passeth understanding,
Sweet is thy promise to the weary breast,
When on death's shore the bark of life is stranding—
"In cœlo quies est!"

No longer pain, no longer tribulation!
Only the golden mansions of the blest,
Only the certainty of sure salvation—
"In cœlo quies est!"

Here all is darkness, agony, contending,
And the heart sinks with many sins distrest;
There the bright sunshine of a calm unending—
"In cœlo quies est!"

Here there are partings—hours of bitter sorrow—
Friend torn from friend, and lost who loved us best!
Oh, murmur not!—soon dawns the long to-morrow!
"In cœlo quies est!"

Far from the tumult and the strife of mortals,
Close to the bosom of our Father prest,
There in that city of the pearly portals—
"In cœlo quies est!"

WEARY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

I am weary, let me rest,
Underneath the nodding clover,
With the grass upon my breast,
And the daisies bending over.
Rest! the thought is wondrous sweet,
Rest and peace secure from sorrow,
And the tramp of busy feet—
Rest that breaks on no to-morrow.

I am weary, let me sleep,
With my hands upon my bosom,
But, I pray you, let me keep
In their clasp, some little blossom.
I have loved earth's flowers well:
Sweet the friendship they have given.
Will the flowers seem as fair,
Growing in the streets of Heaven?

I am weary, and would rest;
As a child, with sorrow grieving,
Finds, upon its mother's breast,
Peace, in her great love believing.
Lo! to the green breast of earth
Turn I, weary, tired, and lonely,
For the rest which I shall find
On her gentle bosom only.

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RUTHIE'S TRAMP.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

He was hungry. That is not an alarming condition when one is in easy reach of a restaurant, or the home table. But hungry, cold, and not over clean, in a little Wisconsin settlement, with not a cent in one's pocket is, to any one but your professional tramp, an embarrassing position to be in.

It was in just that position that Tom Hamilton found himself, one summer morning, in the year of our Lord 1877. He, with three or four others, had been spending a couple of weeks among the famous trout streams of Wisconsin. He had walked incredible distances; had ridden in excruciating wagons over diabolical roads—or no roads at all; had made friends with two noble red men, who served them as guides in the ways that were dark to their city-trained eyes, and whose admiration they won by their skill in catching the sparkled beauties, and by their appreciation of Indian cookery. Our tourists had found these companions quite worth cultivating. They were learned in all wood and water-craft, and wore solemn, mysterious expressions, as though they had promised nature not to betray any of her secrets. They were strong, not lazier than their white brothers, did not drink, told the truth, when not too great an inconvenience, and would have been fair sort of Christians but for their heretical views on the subject of cleanliness, and their firmly-grounded objections to the use of comb and brush. At last these pleasure-seekers separated. They had worked harder, and endured more in their search for rest and pleasure, than they had ever done; but they had had a splendid time.

Tom's vacation had not quite ended, so he was to remain a little longer.

They tried to persuade him to go; but he said:

"No, boys; let me stay as long as I can with my original mother and my aboriginal brother; why, there is such freedom in these solitudes, no conventionalities to fetter me, no pie to haunt my dreams."

Jim Hunt suggested that mosquitos answered every purpose, but Tom was in too ecstatic a frame of mind to hear.

But a succession of misfortunes befell Tom. First, John, who had promised faithfully to be his companion for another week, suddenly changed his mind.

A red brother had notified him of another party who wanted a guide, and he showed his business talent by performing the work that had the most money in it. This he denied, however, said he was "much tired;" but as he ate well, and looked capable of tearing the very trees up by their roots, Tom had grave doubts as to his weariness; but he repeated the statement with a face so solemn, and an accent so impressive, that Tom believed, knowing all the time he lied.

The next day he discovered that he had lost his purse. He had had it out of his pocket when he "settled" with John, though he remembered putting it back; but it was gone.

Then he had lost his own hat one day in going over the rapids, and had borrowed one of Jim Hunt's. As it was several sizes too small for him, it gave the sun a great advantage, which it had improved. His coat was demoralized; his boots had lost the shine that distinguished them on State street.

What few effects he had brought with him were either in the hands of the rest of the party, for they had taken charge of the luggage, or in the hands of his aboriginal brother.

All would have been well, or endurable, but for the loss of his purse. But he had learned that the appreciation of money is a wide-spread characteristic, being often in curious ratio to its possession, and had no idea there would be any special exception made in his favor.

That morning of which I speak, his cogitations were something in this wise:

"Well, Tom Hamilton, this is a rather interesting state of things. Twenty miles from a railroad station; no money, no clean clothes, no anything.

"It looks like quite a little trip to take on foot. Walking from necessity is a different thing from walking for fun, and when I get to the station, I shall probably find that the Railroad companies have a habit of charging for a ride; in fact, I don't know but a man is as well off in the Wisconsin woods without money, as anywhere.

"I do charge you, Tom Hamilton, with being a tramp, that's what you are, and now be true to your character, sir, and make a successful tramp. Perhaps, however, you had better take an account of stock; in other words, see what your resources are.

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"First: Two soiled handkerchiefs, evidence of former respectability; a bit of rhyming composed and sung by our camp-fire, evidence of extraordinary mental power. No one could read it without pronouncing it a remarkable production. Shakespeare wrote nothing like it. A photograph of cousin Bessie, showing that I have known the refining influence of female friendship. A copy of Tennyson, showing — don't know what that does show: haven't made up my mind. A couple of cigars. Blessed be Raleigh! and oh, Lucifer! an empty match-box. These are my possessions this a. m. Now here is a little hamlet, where I ought, according to poetic tradition, to find every latch-string out, and every man ready to clasp me in his arms, and call me brother, ready to share the last crust of bread, and the last cup of coffee with me. But I greatly doubt if I find any such thing. I am a disreputable looking creature, but I deny that the apparel proclaims the man in my case."

Tom reconnoitred a little after the fashion of a thorough-bred tramp. One woman offered to give him his breakfast in return for an hour's devotion to her wood-pile, but he fully intended to be consistent, and so he declined her offer.

He noticed a large, pleasant-looking, brown farm-house, set well back from the road. The lawn in front was smooth as a floor. He noticed a flower bed in the distance, gay with bloom. He saw the hanging baskets in the porch, and he looked upon the place as critically as though he had meditated purchasing instead of asking for a breakfast.

"This looks inviting. This house has a fine expression, for houses have expressions as well as their inmates, and there is a young lady swinging in that hammock. I know she is young, because she has on a light blue dress, and any one not young ought to know better than to wear light blue. She also has fair hair, and blue or gray eyes.

"This is a somewhat ridiculous way for a hungry man and a temporary beggar to reason, but it shows that my exposures and privations have not impaired my powerful intellect."

He tried his fate at the kitchen door.

"Sure now, it's hungry you are, and it's something to ate ye're wanting."

"If you please."

"Then I'll be asking the mistress."

"Can't you give me something without?"

"Ave coorse I could, young man, but it's Norah O'Flaherty that obeys orders."

"Certainly, Norah, give him something," he heard a very sweet voice say in answer to Norah's inquiry. "What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Ah, Miss Ruth! he's a wicked looking chap, wid the blackest eyes I ever see in a living cratur's head, and he just takes in iverything at a glance. I'm afraid he's a thafe, Miss Ruth."

"Did you leave him alone?"

"Not I. Maggie is there, and she'll kape her two eyes on him."

"Go and give him something to eat, and I'll come out and take a look at him. But watch him well."

In a minute or two more, Tom was sitting on the back porch, eating a bowl of bread, and milk, and blackberries. Norah had given him a seat at the kitchen table, and had set forth other food, but he had taken this pastoral dish, and retired to the porch.

"He may be a dacent fellow after all," Norah soliloquized.

Pretty soon he saw approaching him as fair a vision as had greeted his eyes for many a day. It soon materialized into a dainty little lady, apparently about nineteen, with a cloud of light brown hair, large, hazel eyes, and a sweet, but resolute-looking little mouth. She wore a light blue morning-dress; had a rose at her throat, and carried a book in her hand. It was that charming little story, "One Summer." Tom spilled the milk he was carrying to his mouth, adding greatly to his discomfiture, but not at all to his beauty. Milk doesn't enhance the beauty of black mustache and whiskers.

The lady took a seat in a chair a little distance; gave him a quick glance, in which there was sympathy and distrust mingled, the sympathy predominating, and said, "Good morning!"

"Good morning, madam!"

"Have you walked far?"

"Quite a distance."

"You look tired."

No response. Tom thought if that was the worst thing that could be said of his looks, he would be thankful.

"Are you looking for work?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, boldly.

"Do you understand farm work?"

"Some kinds."

"My father is in need of help. He is away from home for a few hours, but if you are inclined to wait till he returns, I think he would give you something to do; but, perhaps you were going somewhere in particular."

"No, madam, I was not, and I will be glad to wait."

The truth was Tom had fallen straight in love with the blue robed maiden, and enjoyed the sensation; and though at this moment he would have given half a year's income for a change of

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raiments, he still felt grateful to the fate that had led, or misled, him to this spot. After he had finished his breakfast, he told Ruth that if there was any little piece of work he could do till her father's return, he was ready to undertake it.

Ruth didn't know; she thought there must be something, but she didn't just know what.

She tried to be very dignified and very business-like, and failed completely. Finally she said that if he understood using the lawn-mower, he might employ himself in that way for a while. "Papa is very particular about the lawn," she said. He could easily believe it, for it was already as smooth as a carpet; but he began his work somewhat cautiously, it must be confessed.

Ruth came out and gave some little directions. The wind blew her flossy hair about her face in most bewildering fashion, and heightened the color in her cheeks to actual rosiness. The sight of such loveliness set Tom's heart beating tumultuously under his not over-clean shirt.

The little adventure was beginning to assume an embarrassing character; he wanted to be "himself again." Having assumed a false position, he found it difficult to extricate himself.

"This is rather comical, Tom," he said to himself; "here is a croquet ground, and you are a skilful player; here is a lively young lady, and you have been known to be agreeable to lively young ladies. Here are all the facilities for a summer idyl, and yet—and yet— The man who casts off his real character, and assumes a higher, has some excuse; there is the element of ambition in his deception; but the man who voluntarily abjures his birthright, for the fun of the thing, is a great idiot, and you are that man, Tom Hamilton. Next time you masquerade, be a Polish count."

Then he heard the piano.

"Ah!" he groaned, "that will be harder to bear than all the rest, though probably she will play 'The Mocking Bird,' or 'The Maiden's Prayer.' I've noticed that those two stand prominent in a good many young ladies' repartoire, and though, of course, I dote on them both, I could exist and never hear them again. I will forgive her for playing them, however, if she will not sing 'Silver threads among the Gold.'"

But no; there was a skilled hand upon the instrument, and in a moment, floating from lip and finger, arose exquisite strains from Norma. Tom resigned his position as amateur gardener, and threw himself down under a tree to listen.

Then followed a brilliant rendering of parts of Fra Diavolo; then an aria from Don Giovanni. This she commenced, proceeded with a certain distance, hesitated, tried again, stopped; again and again this was repeated. Tom had several good gifts; he was a good musician, and he had an accomplishment, which, though it may not take high rank as an accomplishment, was still the source of a great deal of pleasure; he could whistle as I never heard a mortal, before or since. There was something positively exquisite in it—low and tender and sweet, or clear and strong, as the spirit of the music bid.

He thought, "I am not presentable in your parlor, but I think I can help you, if I am a tramp." So he commenced the aria she failed upon, that sweetest of all arias, "La ci darem," without a single false note. The melody, with all its tender, soft earnestness, its slow, swimming tones of passionate languor fell upon her ear. She tried again; this time he, from his position under the tree, accompanied the piano. Again she faltered at the same place, stopped, while he carried it through to the end.

Then he saw Miss Ruth on the porch, and her sweet voice reached him, in these words, gentle and courteous, and yet with just the slightest tone of authority:

"I wish you would come here a moment."

Tom walked slowly towards her.

"I wish you would whistle that passage again, where I failed, you remember. I haven't the music. I tried to play it from memory," she half exclaimed. "And you whistle it with wonderful accuracy, and wonderful expression, too."

Tom colored with pleasure, through the mosquito blotches that adorned his face.

He raised his hat and said, "I will stand outside, and accompany you; or, if you will grant me the pleasure, I will play it for you."

Miss Ruth lifted her hands with astonishment, and replied, "I have seen some curious people in my life, but I don't know as I ever saw a—a—a tramp who understood opera music. No! certainly not in this region of country."

"Miss Ruth," Tom said, "you know the poet says, 'things are not what they seem.' I am a living illustration of the truth of that statement. I am not what I seem, but I don't know as I can prove that to you. However, such credentials as I have I lay at your feet," and Tom solemnly took from his pocket his two soiled handkerchiefs, the picture of his cousin Bessie, his copy of Tennyson, the two cigars, and the empty match-box, and also the fragment of rhyming.

"My name is Thomas de Quincy Hamilton. I live and practice law in Chicago, as did my father before me. I have wandered like a lost sheep for a day and a night in the woods near here, in consequence of an injudicious love of

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nature, and an unwise reliance upon the red man's word."

He handed her the copy of Tennyson and the picture. She glanced at the first, saw the name written in it, laid it down; but when she looked at the photograph, she cried out, "Bessie Granger!" and with the impulsiveness of a girl of eighteen carried the picture to her lips, and gave it a kiss, that made Tom wish himself a small piece of pasteboard for a moment.

"Why this is the picture of Bessie, my old room-mate at Vassar, and you must be her cousin Tom, of whom I've heard her talk by the hour together."

"Your penetration does you credit. I am that same cousin Tom."

Ruth held out her hands to him, and said, "To think that I should have given Bessie's cousin his breakfast on the back porch, and bid the servants keep an eye on him; its too comical;" and they both laughed heartily, which helped sweep away the last trace of embarrassment and formality.

When Ruth's father, Mr. Williston, came home an hour later, he was astonished beyond measure, to find his daughter sitting on the piazza, reading aloud to a demoralized looking youth, who sat at a respectful distance, in an easy chair. His first thought was that Ruth had found some one on whom to experiment in a philanthropic way. She was probably trying to sew good seed in very poor ground; but he was soon disabused of that idea, as their merry laughter and chat reached his ears. He was not long in making investigations, which were, as we can understand, perfectly satisfactory.

Tom told his story; Ruth supplemented it with an account of her suspicions, and Norah's watchfulness.

He said, "Since I am again within the pale of good society, I find the demands of an 'effete civilization' strong upon me. I can think of nothing that would go so far to reinstate me in my own good opinion as a bath."

Mr. Williston escorted him to his son's room, and placed it, and its belongings, including the son's wardrobe, at Tom's disposal.

So the young man, who ate his blackberries and milk on the back porch in the morning, sat, clothed and in his right mind, at a pleasant tea-table that evening, and discussed music, and art, and fishing with the young lady, who had feared for the very spoon he ate his breakfast with. I said "in his right mind." I am not quite sure as to that; but whatever his mental condition was, he found it a most delightful one; as he did not stop to analyze it, we will not.

He accepted Mr. Williston's invitation to spend a few days with them. "For truly," said his host, "you are the most delightful tramp we ever entertained; your going astray has brought us a great pleasure. I am here myself partly from one of the causes you have suffered from, excess of confidence in mankind. But after all, we find this a very pleasant summer home."

"I had wondered," said Tom, "how it came about that you should choose to live here. But my wonder has been absorbed by gratitude that you did, be the cause what it might."

There followed three delightful days; days filled with music, and mirth, and "converse sweet;" days golden with heart-sunshine, radiant with budding hopes; days love-crowned and glorious.

Tom rode away with the copy of "One Summer" in his pocket, (Harry Williston's pocket by the way), and the bliss of a hundred summers in his heart, for the little Ruthie had heard his last request as graciously as she did the first, and we are all invited to the wedding, to take place about Christmas.

I trust this will not develop in young ladies a sentimental consideration for the genus tramp. This sort of thing might not happen once in a thousand times.

MIDDLE AGED.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

THE roses bloom as brightly;
The robins build and sing;
And young hearts beat as lightly,
As in life's early spring.
And love is just as tender,
As truthful and divine,
As when we learned to render
Our homage at its shrine.

'Tis sunlight that is glowing
In sultry heats of noon;
Such as at dawn's first showing
Put all the birds in tune.
There's joy in brave endeavor,
Though there be labor too;
We may not dream forever,
But wake to dare and do.

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SEEKING HIS REVENGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270.

CHAPTER III.

Two days had passed since Cissy Erlistown's supper; two days of the most horrible anxiety to Clancy Vane, for matters still hung in the balance, and he did not know whether he should find himself in a position to tide over the worst, or give up the contest, an utterly ruined man.

He saw very little of Hayden, for that ally requested him to keep out of Wall street, and in nothing to alter his ordinary habits.

"If you are seen down here," he said, "you'll be so upset by the constant changes, that everybody will find out the truth, and it only needs a word to set all your creditors on you, like a crowd of harpies. Go off and amuse yourself, and leave everything to luck and me; I tell you I know we shall succeed! Bless me, I'm in the same boat; fighting for you is fighting for myself. I'm not likely to miss a chance! I've arranged it all. I'll turn a corner on those Bristol rascals yet."

It sounds somewhat paradoxical to say, that a man, who for several years has been running a race of dissipation, indulging in every species of extravagance, and keeping up a style of life that only the income of an English earl would warrant, should be overwhelmed with remorse at the idea of not being able to pay his debts; that it should be really this, not the thought of suffering and privation to himself, which moved him. But we see such instances often in this mad age, and it was true in Clancy Vane's case.

The mania for speculation, with which Hayden had infected him, had plunged him into worse difficulties, than all his reckless extravagance. He had entered the stock market, meaning only to speculate lightly, just enough to win some marvellous sum, as so many had done, set his affairs straight, and begin a new course. But those are waters from which a man, who has once set his foot in, finds retreat impossible. He is drawn on and on, irresistibly, almost unconsciously, as a lost swimmer is sucked down a hidden whirlpool.

One of the bitterest reflections in Vane's mind was the thought, that if he did not succeed this time, he must leave his wife to suffer the effects of his folly. The stocks and bonds to a large amount, which he had written to Hayden to hypothecate as a margin, was the only provision he had ever made for Gertrude; if he failed now, he should not even have the shelter of a home to afford her.

For himself it did not matter; life was worth nothing to him. He had determined, if this *coup* succeeded, that he would leave his wife to the affluence the possession of those bonds and stocks would give, and take himself off to some distant land, where they need never meet again. The existence they led was too painful. It was idle to hope that she could ever be brought nearer him than now. He would not endure this misery longer. They were virtually as completely separated, as if seas and continents rolled between them; he would suffer less if such were actually the case, and it should be done as soon as the present uncertainty was settled—if matters took a favorable turn. If not?

He could not consider the reverse side; the idea of going to that haughty woman, to tell her they were ruined; ask her to share poverty and obscurity with him—no, he never could do that! He would rather commit the crowning insanity of a coward—put an end to his miserable life; and he once gone, let her go back to the sole relation she possessed, a stubborn old maiden aunt, who had cast them both off long before, but who would pardon Gertrude if she were actually alone.

The days and nights passed like one long, unbroken nightmare; all that kept him from downright madness was the sort of stony apathy that locked his senses, and deprived him of the power of really dwelling upon the hard facts of the case. Outwardly, his life passed much as usual, only he avoided his wife more scrupulously than ever. The sight of her momentarily broke the stupor which disturbed his brain, and filled him with such inexpressible agony, that his very reason threatened to give way.

And Gertrude was occupied night and day; never more brilliant or beautiful; when people looked in her face, they wondered if she had ever felt a care, and decided that all the rumors in regard to the perilous state of Vane's affairs were mere envious gossip.

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Alfred Hayden had met her, and with the propensity for blundering, which belongs to masculine nature, tried to make his peace by expressions of contrition and remorse, instead of allowing the episode to pass over unmentioned any more. But she so utterly ignored his meaning, and so gracefully glided away from the subject, that he had wit enough to accept the cue at last, and new hope sprang up in his heart. He decided, as a bad man would, that all her indignation had been acting; but it mattered little; a few days more and the blow must fall! With her husband disgraced, her friends standing aloof, penniless, helpless, she must turn to him; she must accept his conditions.

He felt confident that Vane would not remain to face the consequences, when the truth should be discovered—a suit, a trial on a charge of the basest sort of crime, and certain condemnation, for Holywell was the last man in the world to forgive such a breach of trust. As for himself, he should come out scot free, Vane's letter was enough to clear him. Vane's friends might, some of them, believe that he had been guilty of a malicious act, but nothing could be proved; he had only literally obeyed orders. Let their tongues wag; while he was still such a power in Wall street, there would be few daring enough to hint their suspicions very loudly.

It was on Thursday morning—to the hour of her death, Gertrude Vane would remember it—that she sat alone in the apartment off her dressing-room, trying to get her nerves steady enough to go through the wearisome amusements to which she had pledged herself for the day.

Annette stole in with her cat-like step, that so often irritated her mistress by its noiselessness.

"I don't want anything," she said, wearily; "it isn't time for me to dress yet; do let me be quiet."

"I beg madame's pardon," Annette replied, volubly, in her native tongue. "I am desolated to disturb madame, but what to do? The lady insists—truly, she was of such an earnestness, and assured me that I should seriously offend madame, if I refused to come up."

"In the name of goodness, what do you mean?" asked Gertrude, impatiently. "You're as mysterious as a newspaper novel. If there's anybody to see me, why can't you say so?"

"Madame had so expressly desired not to be disturbed, and madame knows—"

"Well, you have disturbed me, and there's an end of it," retorted her mistress, but in an instant was ashamed of herself for having shown petulance with one who, of course, could not answer. "Never mind, Annette, I'm cross this morning."

But Annette vowed that madame never could be that, and rushed off into a harangue concerning madame's sweetness, which made Gertrude long to strangle her with the sofa pillow.

"There's somebody waiting," she suggested. "Who is it? Mrs. Johns or Mary Livermore, I suppose. Say I'm out—sick—dead—anything."

But it was neither of them—an entire stranger, and a lady so elegant, and she had said that madame would be offended at her (Annette's) hesitation, when madame learned the errand that had brought her.

"What does she want?" Mrs. Vane asked, when she could check Annette's torrent of words.

"But that is what she will tell madame—not a word to me—and she is so elegant."

"Some strong-minded creature after money on some pretence," said Gertrude, contemptuously. "I'm just in the mood to see her; show her up."

Annette departed, and Gertrude sat waiting, with a smile, that promised an unpleasant task to the philanthropist, for Mrs. Vane, in a civilly, caustic mood, was a woman to be avoided by one of her own sex.

Presently the door opened. Annette closed it behind the visitor, and disappeared. Gertrude glanced toward the stranger, who hesitated for an instant. Something in the attitude, the graceful sweep of her draperies, sent a sudden hot thrill to Mrs. Vane's heart. She rose from her seat, and walked slowly down the room to approach near enough, that her short sight might recognize the intruder, saying:

"You wished to see me, madam? I am Mrs. Vane."

"I thank you very much," returned a trained, exquisitely modulated voice, "and I am Cecilia Erlistown."

Gertrude came to a sudden stop, as if the words had been a spell that chained her to the floor. Cissy threw back her vail, and the two women looked full in each other's face, the contrast in their appearance heightening the beauty of both, if there had been any spectator to watch.

"May I ask to what I owe the honor of Miss Erlistown's visit?" Gertrude inquired, in a voice so elaborately courteous, so dreadfully frozen, that it would have paralyzed any ordinary creature's courage at once.

"Please don't be angry," Cissy said, neither frightened nor offended. "I can understand how surprised you must be, but I know you'll forgive it."

"Miss Erlistown is too kind in her praise of my amiability," returned Mrs. Vane, transfixing

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her with that terrible glance only a woman can give, the lips smiling, the eyes full of menace and scorn.

This was the most horrible humiliation of her life, even the insult of Alf Hayden's love-making was not so hard to bear. The woman who had stolen her husband's heart, whose name was a synonym for everything reckless, the gossip of clubs, the horror of mothers with susceptible sons, she dared to force herself hither! Gertrude's first impulse was not lady-like, but it was natural; it is a pity to think that most of our natural impulses are ill-bred! She had a mind to ring for a policeman to show the creature out! Had they been living in a mediæval age, holding similar positions, I think it would have gone hard with an intruder, at whom a passionate lady looked with eyes so full of menace. But modern palaces contain no dungeons, and in place of the old order and willing hands to execute it, a commonplace guardian of the law is the only help high-born beauty can call in. But Mrs. Vane checked her impulse, and listened to her visitor's answer.

"I don't think I meant to trust to your amiability," said Cissy, pleasantly, rather enjoying the scene, anxious as she was, and wishing she could get somebody to put it in a play.

"Then I am surprised at this visit," returned Gertrude, sternly.

"I don't wonder at that," said Cissy; "but I must leave apologies till I have told my errand."

"Let us take them for granted. That will shorten the interview," Gertrude replied, in the same icy voice, which made her words hurt like hail stones.

Cissy was not angry even now; she was a generous little soul, and did nothing by halves. She had set herself an unpleasant task, but she meant to go through with it. Of course, Mrs. Vane would be furious at her intrusion; she expected hard thrusts, and had no mind to leave her work unfinished for the sake of yielding to her temper.

"I can give you the key-note to my errand in two words," said she; "Alfred Hayden."

CHAPTER IV.

"Dramatic, but enigmatical," returned Gertrude, never changing her voice, never moving her eyes from her visitor's face. "An errand connected with Mr. Hayden should have led you to Wall street—not here."

"Ah, that's just it," cried Cissy. "This is the place, and I must speak my piece. All I ask is, don't turn me out doors before I can explain, because then there would be no hope of outwitting the rascal."

Gertrude started now, and her eyes wavered in their steely glance. Her thought was that Hayden had gone to this woman with evil stories, and she had dared to come here with offers of assistance, and Gertrude would rather have been trampled to death by wild horses than accept.

"I will not trouble you to explain," she said. "The name you have spoken proves that your communication could possess neither interest nor importance."

A man never would have understood what prompted the speech, but Cissy read her enemy's mind like a book.

"I should not have been idiot to dare warn you for your sake," cried she. "Think a second, and you'll see that."

"For whose sake, then?" demanded Gertrude, and her eyes flashed, and her bosom heaved, with sudden passion.

"For your husband's," said Cissy, courageously, and stood still.

There was an instant's silence. Gertrude thought the other must hear her heart beat. She could not trust herself to move—to speak. She must hold fast to her reeling senses, or she should spring at the insolent creature's throat, and tear her with teeth and hands.

"May I go on?" Cissy asked, sadly, for she read the truth in the woman's eyes, and a great pity rose in her heart.

Mrs. Vane made a slight movement with her hand. Slight as the act was, it restored her self-control. She could bear even this: she would listen: whatever came, her rival should never triumph in the thought that she had moved her either to anger or ill-breeding.

"Let me ask you to sit," she said, and then a sudden trembling of her limbs made her sink into the nearest chair.

"Thank you, I'm tired. My part was a long one, last night, and I couldn't sleep after I went to bed," explained Cissy, establishing herself on a sofa opposite.

"I am grieved to hear it," returned Gertrude, politely. "Miss Erlistown is too precious to all admirers of art, to be allowed to wear herself out."

"That's very pretty," exclaimed Cissy, "but you don't mean it a bit."

She began to laugh, and burst out crying. Gertrude sat still, and watched her without either pity or surprise."

"I'm a fool!" sobbed Cissy. "Of course you'll think I'm acting. I'm a good deal worn out. How on earth am I to tell my story? Where shall I begin?"

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Gertrude could not spare her another thrust.

"Modern romances begin in the middle, if I may venture to suggest."

"This isn't a romance, Mrs. Vane, though it will sound like one," returned Cissy, gravely. "Well, I'll begin in the middle. Your husband—"

"I beg your pardon; I thought the romance—excuse me, the drama—turned on Mr. Hayden's name," and while she spoke so sweetly, sparks of fire and rings of red light danced before the maddened woman's eyes.

"Oh, don't speak so! don't look so!" pleaded Cissy, clasping her hands in dreadful earnest. "See here! if what you think was true, do you suppose I'd have the cheek—oh! my horrid slang—I mean the courage, to face you? Come now! remember I'm a woman like yourself."

Gertrude's blazing eyes shot out a gleam of denial of any claim in union between them.

"Oh, dear," moaned Cissy, with a sort of childish petulance, "It's harder than I expected!"

Mrs. Vane remained silent, and making another dash at her resolution, Cissy went on:

"Mr. Vane visits me a great deal. People gossip, but they will abuse me anyway, and I'd rather be abused for having a real, brave, true gentleman come; and he is that."

"I am sorry Mr. Vane is not here to listen to his own praises," said Gertrude, and her voice warned her keen perceptioned visitor that she would not bear much more.

"I only make matters worse, trying to explain," she said. "Well, think what you will of me, I must say my say. If you won't trust my motives, you must believe my words."

"Have I been so rude that you can express such a doubt?" asked Gertrude, slowly.

"O, good Lord, she'll drive me mad!" groaned poor Cissy. "I'd rather be stabbed with a sharp knife! I must tell it all in a heap! Alf Hayden means to ruin your husband. He's got the plot well laid, but I've found it all out; he's a dunce, like any other sharper."

She was telling the truth now, at least. Gertrude's quick wit assured her of this.

"Go on," she said, "I am listening."

"Thank goodness for that!" exclaimed Cissy. "Vane's on the verge of bankruptcy—may be you didn't know it, but you must now! He's nearly crazy! He wrote a mad letter to Alf, bidding him to hypothecate the stocks and bonds in his hands. They were a settlement on you, but Alf twisted it into a pledging of everything, and twenty thousand dollars worth of the bonds belong to Mr. Holywell. Now do you understand?"

Even now Gertrude did not flinch; there was something to do—work. She could not fail yet.

"What more?" she asked.

"Holywell will be here to-morrow—to-morrow peep o' day, and Bristols will be flat as your hand; Vane helpless, and Holywell asking for his bonds. Is it all clear?"

Gertrude bowed in silent assent; rose from her chair, and began to walk up and down the room. It was impossible to sit still, and retain possession of her senses; and she must have her brain clear now. Cissy sat and watched her, and her sorely tried nerves gave way, and she cried quietly, like a grieved child. Gertrude paused in that measured march, and stood before her, with eyes that looked straight down into her soul, and Cissy, amidst her fright and trouble, sat, actress-like, wondering what would come next.

"I have to beg your pardon," said Mrs. Vane. "You are a brave woman, and you have done right."

"You see," said Cissy, wiping her eyes and bursting into a torrent of talk, "Vane's the best fellow in the world. I've seen for a good while he was troubled. I watched; I was certain Alf meant mischief! Now I'm not half a bad fellow either, and I stand by my friends. If I'd gone to Vane, there'd have been an explosion; so I said to myself, I'll risk it—I'll tell her; and if two women can't prove too much for one dull rascal, I'll cut my hair short, and forswear my sex."

And now another truth shot home to Gertrude Vane's heart, and she cried out:

"You don't love my husband!"

"I should think not," said Cissy, "nor he me. I couldn't have come to you if I had; you see that! Come, here's plain sailing now, let's push ahead. May I tell you something, and you'll not think it's a gag—excuse theatre?"

"Tell me," said Gertrude.

"Your husband loves you!"

Gertrude's livid pallor was broken by two scarlet spots on her cheeks, but she evinced no other sign of emotion.

"That is foreign to the matter in hand, Miss Erlistown."

"Not a bit. I have a right to set myself straight. I demand that right."

She began the history of her acquaintance with Clancy Vane from the first, and any woman not a fool could have known she was telling the exact truth. She and Vane soon got confidential enough, so that he told her how unhappy he was; that his wife did not love him; and Cissy, in her reckless sympathy, told him he was

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welcome to visit her, and make people talk. It might rouse Mrs. Vane's jealousy, and so break the ice between husband and wife, if only by a quarrel.

Gertrude listened; she did not believe that her husband had acted truthfully, but the woman had; that was enough.

"And there is one man I love," cried Cissy; "nobody knows it, but I'll tell you. It was Colonel Harfeld, and he loved me, and he would have married me, actress though I was, and been proud of me, in spite of family, everything—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

She did not weep now; her features convulsed with pain, and dry sobs of anguish broke from her lips. Gertrude Vane caught her hand in sudden sympathy, and whispered:

"He was killed. At least you have memory to live on. Oh, I envy you!"

"Worse than killed," shuddered Cissy. "A ball hit him somewhere near the base of the brain. He'll live and live—helpless—growing weaker and weaker in his head! He's like a baby now, but he always seems to know me—he does! he does!"

She told the rest of her little heart history composedly enough. Harfeld was poor; his brother neglected him, and he was actually supported in a comfortable home in the country by Cissy's exertions.

"And in another two years," she added, "I'll have money enough to take care of us both; then I'll disappear, and at least have the happiness of being with him! I live for that, work for that, am greedy and avaricious for that. But God will forgive me! He knows!"

Gertrude Vane sat silent, and tears, which all the suffering of the past months had not been able to wring from her eyes, flowed freely down her cheeks. This was the woman she had presumed to judge and despise: and compared to her useless existence, this woman's life was a saint-like martyrdom to a holy purpose.

"This won't do," said Cissy, abruptly; "we've wasted time enough over my silliness, and there's none to lose."

Gertrude started up, all life and animation again. She had work to do. She was no longer helpless, aimless; the task was shown, and she would accomplish it. Then, in contrast to the arrogance which still made her rely on herself, came the remembrance of Cissy's childlike expression of faith—"He knows!" She buried her face in her hands, and the appeal for help, so long neglected in her mad career, rose to her lips now.

"Are you frightened!" whispered Cissy. "Don't you know of any way?"

"Yes," cried Gertrude, and her voice rang out firm and true; "at least I'll find it—with God's help!"

"And my dear old grandmother used to say He helped those who helped themselves. I've always remembered it."

Gertrude squeezed her hands again in silence.

"Must I go now?" asked Cissy, humbly. "Don't you want me any more?"

"No—stay—help me! Wait; I want to see the road clearly. There's some means! Oh, I think so slowly!"

She struck her head angrily with her open palm.

"You'll get it," cried Cissy. "Bless me, you're a woman! Let me help if I can. Don't be too proud to hesitate for fear of getting me into trouble."

"The way?" cried Gertrude. "Stop! I must find out in whose hands the bonds were placed; that's the first step."

"I know; Mr. Falconer's—Edward Falconer's."

"Thank God?" muttered Gertrude. "And how long have I?"

"Holywell will be here to-morrow, perhaps to-night."

Gertrude was on fire with impatience. She ran across the room, and seized the bell-pull.

"What do you want?" asked Cissy.

"The carriage. I am going out."

"Not in your own, Hayden might see you. Go out on foot; get a hack." Gertrude let her hand fall to her side.

"I must dress. Where's Annette?" she cried, wildly.

"Not Annette! We don't want her prying! I'll help you. Where's your dressing-room?"

Gertrude pointed to the door. They ran in. Cissy's quick eye chose the newest and prettiest costume with lightning like rapidity.

"Now what can I do?" she asked, when they were through.

"Nothing more. I'll—"

"O, let me help. I've money! don't be vexed."

"You precious woman, if I wanted money, I'd ask you sooner than any human being that lives; but—"

She leaned over and whispered something too precious to speak aloud. Cissy clapped her hands.

"I see what it is; easy, too."

They were ready to go down stairs. Gertrude turned suddenly, and kissed her.

"That's all the thanks I can give," she said. "You know what I would say if I could."

"My dear," sobbed Cissy, "it's the sweetest

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speech I could have! There's nobody to kiss me since grandma died."

Then more last words about their plan, for Cissy had kept nothing back.

It was settled that if, as Cissy believed, the blow came suddenly, and Hayden tried to make Vane think his only course was to follow Cissy to England, where she was soon going, and remain hidden there, while he, Hayden, arranged matters, she was not to oppose the scheme. Let Hayden show his hand completely.

I am sure they talked a large volume, little as I have set down, but they did it in an incredibly short space of time, and then they parted.

At nine o'clock that night, Clancy Vane received a note from Mr. Holywell. He had just arrived, and requested, as a business matter was pressing, that the bonds he had intrusted to Clancy might be returned at the earliest hour possible the next morning. His letter was brief and cold; he was acting in accordance with secret information sent him by Hayden.

Vane went out in search of Hayden, and learned that he was at the theatre, where Miss Erlistown played. He found his way behind the scenes, and up to the pretty boudoir next her dressing-room, which the enthusiastic manager had fitted up for the popular actress, and where heedless Cissy often received her intimate male friends between the acts.

Miss Erlistown was on the stage. Alfred Hayden sat in the dainty apartment waiting for her.

"I was looking for you," Vane said.

"Yes? Well, I've no news; things are doubtful, as I wrote you. To-morrow will decide."

"I know there isn't hope. I'm ruined! But that's neither here nor there. I can bear ti. What did I want? I think my head's going!"

"My dear fellow, that brandy bottle—"

"I've not touched a drop to-day; I'm near enough mad without that. Oh! this was it! Holywell's back, and wants his bonds. Be sure and send them early."

Hayden stared at him.

"Well, I do think you're mad," he said. "You told me to raise what I could, to use everything in my hands. You're a fine fellow at business."

Vane put his hand to his head.

"Do you mean the bonds are gone?" he gasped.

"Of course; look at your letter," and he pulled it out of his pocket, keeping close hold of it, and pointing out the words that Vane read over his shoulder. "You see, there's your order—hypothecate everything. I supposed you meant this, too."

There was an instant's pause, then Vane sprang at his throat, crying, desperately:

"You villain! you did this to ruin me. You knew I didn't mean those!"

Hayden warded off his blow.

"You're mad!" said he. "I obey your instructions, and you accuse me of ruining you! Another man would murder you, or let you go to destruction. I can't, I'm fond of you."

Vane sank into a chair, and sat stupid under the horrible blow.

"Cheer up, man, we'll pull through yet," said Hayden. "There's only one course: you must leave the country, and lie shady till I settle matters. I can do that if you are gone; but you know Holywell, vindictive as Satan, he'll arrest you before noon, if you stay."

Vane staggered up out of his chair.

"Tell me one thing," he said, in a thick, indistinct voice. "Is there any hope that to-morrow will bring me luck?"

"No, I must tell you the truth. We must both lose confoundedly. It cramps me so I can't help you."

Everything gone, the last hope a failure, and added to the rest, dishonor, disgrace, a felon's cell!

Cissy Erlistown appeared at the door unseen, crept into the shelter of a curtained closet, and listened.

"Trust me, Clancy," said Hayden. "There's a steamer sails at daylight. Go on board. I can furnish you some ready money. Go to England, and don't stir till you hear from me."

"This is your advice?"

"Yes, and it's the only course open to you, unless you want to stand a trial for worse than swindling."

"Let it come!"

"You won't go?"

"Never! Am I a thief to run away? I never meant those bonds: you knew it. Alf Hayden, there's some devil's work here."

"That's right! Use a man, and then abuse him;" and he blustered himself into a rage. "I might say, as other people will, that you did mean it. But I know your confounded slip shod ways. Maybe you didn't. I supposed you did at the time, and thought you had some understanding with Holywell, that maybe you were working for yourself and him, too."

Vane made no reply. He buried his face in his hands, and sat silent.

"Mind me," urged Hayden, "you're not fit to think. I wouldn't advise this if it were not the only way. Sail at daybreak; I'll bring you through. Did I ever break my word? And see

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here, there's Cissy Erlistown would go with you, if you only spoke the word. Why, she'd give you every stiver she has in the world, if you asked it."

"Stop!" ordered Vane, in a low voice, so full of menace, that Hayden involuntarily retreated a step. "I'm sunk low enough; don't make me a murderer."

Cissy got frightened now. Their backs were toward her, and she crept out to the door, making a great bustle over opening it.

Vane hurried across the room to another door, that led to an outside staircase.

"Where to?" asked Hayden.

"Anywhere—to tell Holywell—give myself up—"

Hayden caught his arm, and interrupted the crazy words.

"You shan't go. Here's Cissy. Tell her."

Vane flung him off with such violence that he, with difficulty, kept himself from falling, and dashed out of the room like a maniac.

"Bless us and save us!" cried the actress, appearing at the instant. "What are you doing, Alf Hayden? Sounds as if you were making the big chair dance a jig."

"Your friend Vane's gone to the devil," said he, furiously.

"Then, my dear, we're all sure to find him sooner or later," returned she.

"All right! I've only to say that if you care enough for him to keep him out of prison, you'd better get him off on the steamer at daylight."

Cissy listened, made him tell the whole story, and burst out laughing.

"You've done well," said she. "And I suppose now you expect to make pretty madam pay dearly for her ill-treatment of you?"

"I'm not to blame, I've—"

"There, no blarney! Be off with you. I have to dress, and I've enough to do between now and daylight."

"Then you mean—"

"Maybe the newspapers to-morrow will tell you what I mean," she broke in, pushed him out of the room, and locked it in his face.

When the first gray of dawn broke in through the curtains of his bed-chamber, Clancy Vane rose from the table, where he had been busily writing letters. He took them up, one by one, and looked at the superscriptions: to Holywell, to his wife, to her aunt; several others beside.

"That's all," he said, drearily, speaking half aloud. "Maybe, when I'm dead, they'll believe me. It's the only kindness I can do Gertrude, now."

He unlocked a drawer in the table, and took out a small morocco case, opened it, and the burnished steel of a revolver gleamed in the gas-light. He held it up, and examined it carefully.

"It's all right," he said, "it won't take long."

He felt nothing, feared nothing. The trouble in his brain, which for days and days had been growing always hotter, had culminated now in a feverish stupor, that was so near delirium; he had reached the stage when all power of reflection, if not all accountability, was lost.

He walked across the room to a mirror, and looked at himself for an instant, his right hand raised the pistol; another second and it was wrenched from his grasp, and his wife stood beside him, cold and white as a ghost.

"Are you a coward?" was all she asked.

"Yes," he said, eyeing her with sullen defiance.

She swept past him before he could stir, locked the pistol in the drawer, opened the window, and flung the key into the street.

"Us two now," she said, coldly. "You promised your life to me at God's altar: if you would take it without my permission, you would break your bond."

Then the part she had set herself could be carried no farther. The room swam and reeled; she stretched out her arms with a frightful cry, and fell against him, rigid and insensible.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

GONE.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

She hath gone fast to sleep,
Idle her white hands rest,
Never to wake or weep
Throbbeth her breast.

Swift through the wilds of night,
Fled her spirit from sorrow,
Into God's boundless light,
Heaven's to-morrow!

Gone in the morning light,
Fled with the winging dew!
Gone! ee'r the sense or sight
Found earth untrue!

Sickness shall pain no more,
Anguish shall stir her never;
Safe on the bosom of God,
Resting forever!

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THE SPIRITS OF THE RED HOUSE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It was nearing sunset, when Mabel Thorne arrived at the small, wayside station of Havilend. No other passenger left the cars, and with a defiant shriek, the engine whirled the companions of her journey away, and left her alone upon the platform, with her trunk and basket by her side.

It was a very lonely place, shut in by high hills, not a house in sight, although not far away, just around the nearest hill, a little hamlet clustered. It was autumn, and the fields were lying bare and lifeless, and a cold, gray sky shut down over the barren scene.

Mabel's heart was sad, too. A telegram had reached her the day before, in her happy city home, that her sister was dying, and asking her to come immediately. Her father was in Europe on business, and Mabel, who had just returned home from school, was staying alone with the servants; so she obeyed the summons at once.

Mabel was shocked at the sudden message, but as for feeling any great grief, she did not, and could not; for this half sister was the daughter of a former and much earlier marriage, and had married, and left home before Mabel was born; and Mabel had never seen her. Edith Thorne had married in opposition to her father's wishes, and thus, the two sisters, although living in the same State, were strangers to each other.

But after all Edith was her sister, and she was dying, and wanted her, and there was a little baby girl, too, that called out the warmest sympathies of Mabel's warm heart. So without asking any one's advice, she had replied to the telegram, telling when she would be at the Havilend station. But as yet no carriage was in sight.

While she was looking out over the long road, however, that wound round the most dreary and barren hill toward the north, she saw a light wagon approaching her, with its one black horse driven by a tall, raw-boned young man of twenty-eight or thereabouts. He reined his horse up to the gate of the station, and with great deliberation, he looked at Mabel intently for a long minute; then he descended from his seat, hitched his horse to one of the pickets, and coming up to Mabel, said to her, with a solemn earnestness upon his red, honest-looking face:

"Be you the corpse's sister, mom?"

"Am I what?" said Mabel.

"Be you the young lady that was sent for?"

"I was sent for, certainly. My brother-in-law, Mr. Marshall, sent a telegram—"

"All right! the minute I set eyes on you, I knew you was the corpse's sister: jest the same brown eyes, and bright face, the image of her as she was when she came here, a young, married woman, ten years ago."

"Is my poor sister dead?" cried Mabel.

"Yes, mom. She died this mornin', at half-past four, jest as the roosters crowed for the first time. The darkest time in the hull night, as mebby you will recollect it is, jest before day. I knew that thought come into my mind, jest after a certain person came to my door, and knocked at it, and told me it was all over, and I must get up, and go and get two or three of the neighborin' wimmen to come and lay her out. It was as dark as a pocket in my room, when that certain person knocked at my door; but when I had dressed, and went out to the east door, there was a light beginnin' to break in the east, and the thought came into my mind, that that was jest the way it was with the corpse: she had jest got through the darkest time, and the day was a beginnin' to shine for her.

"A certain person happened to come out on the doorstep, jest that minute, with her eyes all swelled up, where she had been a cryin', and I mentioned my idee to her, hopin' it would chirk her up, and comfort her some; but if you will believe it, she jest bust out a cryin' agin, fit to break her heart. It beats all what curious critters certain persons be—wimmen, you know," he added, in an explanatory tone; "so uncommonly fond of bustin' out cryin' on all occasions. Not that I blame her for cryin', for she set her eyes by the corpse, havin' lived with her ever sence she came here, ten years ago. Jest as I have said, we both hired out here the first summer, I and a certain person did, and have lived right on stiddy ever sence. And if there ever was an angel, that kep' house below for ten years, it was the corpse. I cried myself, and I don't deny it, when I looked at them lips, still as white stun, that hadn't never opened only to give a pleasant word or smile. And them brown eyes, that had looked so pleasant on me and a certain person, every day for ten years, and to

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see 'em shet up, knowin' they wouldn't open agin' till eternity's mornin', whenever that may be. I tell you it jest took me down, and I backed right out of the room, as quick as I could, and started for the barn, and there I jest went in strong, what time I cried, I can tell you. I cried as I hain't sence the day my mother died, goin' on nineteen years ago this comin' fall. I sot there in the haymow till I heard a certain person hollerin' to me, wantin' a pail of water, and—"

There's no telling how much longer honest Ebenezer Pardee might have continued his confidences, had not a train come shrieking along from an opposite direction, and the black horse, curious to behold the strange monster, raised his head to look at it, carrying one of the pickets with him.

Ebenezer sprang to catch it, and turning him round, held him till the train stopped. Then the thought seemed to occur to him for the first time, that perhaps the young lady might not desire to remain permanently upon the platform. He assisted her into the wagon, put the trunk and basket in, and followed himself. But no sooner had they started, than the gushing stream of his conversation commenced flowing again.

"Curious doin's, awful doin's, up to the red house."

"What red house?" asked Mabel.

"Why the red house, your brother-in-laws's, the corpse's husband'es. You hain't heard nothin' about it? Curious, though you come from a distance. It is the talk of the hull town here. Sights of folks come to hear the noises. Yesterday the house was most full all day, and she a layin' there off in her room, with her husband and little girl a cryin' over her, and a certain person a goin' in and out a waitin' on her, and a takin' on, as certain creeters will. And she a layin' there white and patient as a lamb, prayin' some of the time, a certain person said, and talkin' the rest of the time jest like a angel to her husband and little girl, and tellin' what she wanted done, and givin' directions about her funeral, just as calm and quiet as a baby, and them awful noises a screechin' and snarlin' all the time like a pack of demons."

"What noises?" asked Mabel, with a strange dread and horror creeping over her.

"The Lord knows what they be, I don't. *He* calls 'em spirits."

There was a scornful emphasis upon the word *he*, that showed whoever *he* was, he stood low in Ebenezer's estimation.

"Who do you mean by *he*?" asked Mabel.

"The corpse's husband," said Ebenezer. "He, that, though I don't want to throw out no insinuations, nor make no accusations, in my opinion killed her: and so a certain person thinks; killed her with his spirits, and his dumb table knockin's, and his mediums, and his circles, and his deviltry in general."

"I had heard my brother-in-law was a spiritualist."

"Yes, and a fool, too, though I don't want to say a word aginst him, nor won't allow anybody to say a word aginst him, in my hearin'. He's a clever feller; pays his hired help regular, and is as easy as a old shoe to work for. But these dumb carryin's on is most enough to make a dumb swearer of a feller. Onsettles a feller, too; makes him feel as if he is a floatin' round loose, as a thistle blew in a high wind. What do you spose the corpse wanted the Rock of Ages sung for, when she was a dyin'? I know; she wanted something to lean her soul aginst—something strong. He sung it right through, with the tears a runnin' down his face, like rain water. I'll say this for him, he jest worshipped the ground she walked on, and never denied her nothin' he could do for her, only jest to give up these dumb spiritulist doin's. A certain person said that, after he finished singin' the hymn, the corpse put her arms round his neck, and whispered a lot to him; what it was she couldn't hear, only she heard the last words, which was, 'Won't you promise me, Arthur?' And she said his face was white as chalk, and he cried out, as if he had been struck, 'I dare not, Edith! How dare I, when the spirits have taken a voice to speak to me; come to my own home to call me? When their voices are never silent; give me no rest day or night?' And then a certain person said he stopped talkin' for a minute, and them awful noises filled up the room, moanin', screechin', snarlin', groanin', as if demons was let loose.

"She had let her arms fall back from his neck, bein' so weak, and she lay back on the pillar, white as snow, it bein' not more than an hour before she died; but she said her eyes shone jest like as if she was a lookin' into Heaven, and she said, 'Will you promise me to let my baby be brought up in her mother's faith; to worship her mother's God?'

"'Yes, yes! I promise you.'

"He was kneelin' by her bed then, so a certain person said, cryin' as if his heart was broke. 'Poor Arthur! God's voice will yet call you louder than any other. Earth's mysteries will be clear sometime. God will make it plain!'

"And these was the last words she said; and she died with a smile on her face, as if her Lord

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had made everything plain and happy to her; had stilled all her fear, and took her into His own arms and soothed her, jest like a trustin' baby; that is the way her face looks now. Though I am free to declare that I believe these noises and dumb carryin's on jest skairt her to death, and worried her into her grave, and killed her."

"What are these awful noises that you speak of?" asked Mabel, with a white face. "You frighten me almost to death speaking of them. What are they? Where do they come from? When did they commence?"

"The Lord only knows what they are, and where they came from. They begun about a year ago. Nothin' like what they are now, though; not half so loud and awful. The first time I ever heard 'em was one night, about a year ago, when they had a spiritualist meetin' to the Red House. He would have it; he had heard 'em before, and the corpse had, but I hadn't. They had heard 'em in the north room, their bedroom, and the library, where he always sot. But that night I heard 'em, and a certain person did, too; skairt a certain person most to death. What with the table tippin', and knockin' itself round, and the spiritualists a howlin' over it, and hollerin' to it, and wantin' the old table to rap three times, if it heard 'em; and the dumb old table a liftin' itself up on its hind legs, and knockin', and them noises a keepin' up. The meetin' was in the library, where the noises was to be heard, and then the spiritualists would howl at that, and want it to talk to 'em plainer. I'll be hanged, take it all together, if it didn't completely upset a certain person. And I found her, after it broke up, a cryin' onto the kitchen stove; and she said, 'she couldn't stand it so, and she had got to leave anyway; wouldn't stay longer than the next day on no account; the mines of Solander couldn't hire her to.'

"And I told her, in a kinder soothin' tone, but earnest as a meetin' house, that if she left, I should. It has been understood between us (in confidence I tell you, Miss), that we are to leave about the same time. And so I let her understand that I laid out to stand by her, wherever she went. Though I tell you in confidence, Miss, and wouldn't want it to go no farther, that there was jest one year's wages lackin' to buy a farm, that I had set my eyes on, and a certain person was a calculatin' to get things together durin' the comin' year, such as piller cases and things, and wipin' cloths. But I give her plainly to understand, I should stand by her, and go where she went, jest as tight as Ruth's mother-in-law did, in the Scripture; you recollect, Miss. But when I said this, in my most soothin'est tone—curious, what uncommon creeters wimmen be to change their minds—I thought I had got her real soothed up, when that certain person bust out a cryin' agin, and said, 'she couldn't leave her mistress alone;' said 'she had fainted dead away, up there in the library amongst them dumb doin's,' and so she stayed, and I stayed.

"The noises kep' a growin' louder and louder all the time, and the corpse kep' a gettin' paler and paler all the time, and them dumb spiritualists kep' a comin' thicker and faster; and *he* all the time took up more and more with their dumb doin's. Excuse profanity, Miss, I haint a swearin' man naterally, never think of swearin', only when I am thinkin' of these doin's, and then I'll be hanged if I don't, before I know it, find myself swearin'. Hope you will overlook it. But, as I was a sayin', the house got so it was overrun by everybody to hear the noises.

"A day or two ago, a new one came though, that if any earthly means can be took to find out what they are, he will find it out. There he is now; 'speak of the devil, and etcetery.'"

A carriage approached them rapidly, and as it passed, Mabel, looking up, saw a face that she thought was almost, perhaps, the strongest face she had ever seen. The occupant of the carriage returned Ebenezer's rather awe-struck bow, with a nod of friendly recognition, and then the prancing bays whirled him away.

"That is the biggest feller in these parts, or that is, he used to live in these parts; got lots of property here, now. He is one of the biggest bugs in the city now, the city of Bosting. Come down here on a visit to his aunts, and to look after his property, and heard of the doin's up to the Red House, and come to see for himself. Talks the most sense anybody has yet. He was to the Red House this mornin', awful shocked, no idee there was a death there; but I heard him talkin' to Squire Ingraham, out on the front step, about the noises. You can't make him believe they are spirits, or ghosts, or any family connections of them. Says he knows it will be explained in some natural way; knows there is some natural cause for it, and I believe it, too. For I swan to man, what would be the use of dyin', if all they are a goin' to do is to pound and rap round, and howl. Heaven must be a curious place, I take it, if they can't find somethin' better to do than to tip over old tables, and scare female wimmen to death. That feller, John Kendrick his name is, chirked me up, more than anybody has yet. For I tell you, in confidence, Miss, and wouldn't want it mentioned, that what with them awful noises, and them spititual doin's,

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and the corpse a layin' there in the north room, I was, I am free to confess it, I was pretty nigh upset. Had to keep up though, before a certain person; certain persons, wimmen, you know, Miss, bein' naterally nervous and skeerful. Had to keep a stiff upper lip before her. But I tell you, in confidence, Miss, that I was, I swan to man I was, nigh upset.

"I'll bet that chap, John Kendrick, will stop to the Red House on the way back. I heard him ask Mr. Marshall, if there was anything he could do, to assist him in any way. And I heard him say, he would call again. I mistrust that, after the funeral, he means to jest search the matter of them noises, through and through. Though, as Squire Ingraham told him, the house has been searched all over, from top to bottom, time and time agin, and not a thing can be found. Some thought it was swallers in the old chimbley. Swallers! I swan to man, jest as if swallers ever screeched and snarled like that. But the corpse wanted the old chimbley tore down, and he gave orders to once to have it tore down. I believe he would be as glad as anybody to find some nateral reason for it, for them dumb spiritualists have made him believe that it is spirits sent directly to him, and it is kinder confusin' and agitatin', you know, to have spirits, ghosts, and so forth, payin' such particular attention to 'em.

"But good land! there wasn't nothing in the old chimbley, but bricks and sutt, not a thing. And the noises have kep' a growin' louder and louder ever sence."

Just at that moment, Ebenezer chanced to look around at his companion, and saw the frightened face, and the tears that Mabel could no longer restrain, that were falling over her pale cheeks, and he exclaimed:

"I declare, if wimmen hain't the curiousest creeters: cry if they are hurt, cry if they are tickled about anything, and cry if they are skairt. A certain person, now, is a perfect water-spout. That certain creeter has shed enough tears, this year past, to run a fannin' mill, if they went by water. Not that I blame her for it, not a mite; nor you nuther, Miss. But don't take on so; I'll stand by you, you see if I don't; and a certain person, why she'll cleave to you like the bark to a tree; or to use a more scriptural and consolin' figger, like Ruth to her mother-in-law. I take it, you hain't likely to stay long." But don't you talk about goin' back, till you have seen that little motherless girl, that looks as nigh like you as two peas. Think of that little thing bein' left alone, to grow up amongst such dumb doin's, as have been a goin' on here, and will most likely be a goin' on agin. And the corpse a wantin' you sent for so anxious, jest to put her baby in your care, so a certain person thinks, and so I think.

"It hain't my way, to be a pintin' out anybody's duty to 'em, nor to make no insinuations, nor give no hints to that effect; but I will say this, that if I was the corpse's sister, I never would leave the little child she prayed for with her last breath, to be brought up in this dumb way. I should take her home with me, if I had to steal her.

"But here we be now, most there. And there is a certain person startin' out now for a pail of water. Get up, Jim, you are slower than old Time in the primmer. I wonder she will be a bringin' in water, 'crackin' her back bones. Couldn't wait a minute possibly. Wimmen are such curious critters; as the Bible says, 'they are past findin' out.'"

As he finished this singular quotation from the Bible, he reined Jim up before the gate of a large rambling farm-house, of a faded red color. Then he got out, and with great deliberation, assisted Mabel to alight, and set her trunk just within the gate, so he could carry it in at his leisure. After this, he drove on toward the out houses, which were some distance beyond the house, leaving her to enter alone.

A young woman opened the door for her, whose round, good-humored face Mabel knew could belong to no other than the "certain person." It was the certain person, and Patience Smith, for this was her name, led the way into a large, well-furnished sitting-room, and for the first time, Mabel saw her brother-in-law, Arthur Marshall.

He was holding a child in his arms, his handsome, but rather weak face, showing, in his wan pallor, the heartfelt agony that was racking him. He set the child down, and came forward at once, greeting Mabel with cordiality, and a quiet self-possession, that showed he was a thorough gentleman. The child toddling after, clinging to papa, half afraid of the stranger, looked up shyly, through brown curls, with Mabel's own eyes—large and soft, and brown as a robin's wing. Her brother-in-law said a few words of greeting and sorrow, that their acquaintance should be formed in such a sad manner. But all the while he was speaking, and after she went to her own room—which was a chamber looking south—and through the supper hour, did Mabel watch and strain her ears vainly to catch the sound of those awful noises.

After the tea things were carried away, Mr. Marshall asked Mabel if she would like to look on the face of the dead. Mabel put little Edith

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down, for the child had already forgotten its shyness, and was nestling in her arms, and silently followed her brother-in-law. He led the way through a large room, through a long, wide hall, with a great flight of stairs, leading upward into gloom, and then he opened the door into another large room, where the strange awe and mystery that seemed to pervade the whole house, seemed condensed in the white, motionless figure lying upon the sofa. Arthur Marshall went up to the sofa, and drew back the white cloth that covered the still features, and Mabel saw the white, dead face of the sister she had never seen in life.

Inscrutable, silent, full of repose, looked the white brow and lips; calm eyelids drooping down in the quietest rest; patient lips holding the secret of the unspoken words, she had so longed to say to the sister beside her, now to be unspoken forever in our mortal language. Perhaps she had yearned for the sister love that was weeping beside her, love vainly lavished now upon the yearning heart that had found its rest in the one divinest love.

As Mabel stood looking down upon the beautiful marble face, tears dropping from her soft, brown eyes, a strange, murmuring sound stole upon her ear, coming from she knew not where. It was not a groan, nor a cry, nor a screech, but a strange, awful mingling of these sounds. She sprang forward, and caught her brother-in-law's arm.

"What is it? Tell me what it is!"

But he never turned his face toward her. He was looking intently down upon the face of the dead.

"Edith, are you coming back to me? Is it your voice moaning, crying about your old home—the desolate old home? Come to me! Come back to me!"

And here he sunk on his knees by the side of the sofa, and laid his cheek down upon the cold face.

"Speak to me with your old, human, loving voice. Tell me you forgive me, if the path was too rough—if your feet were too tender to walk in the way the spirits led me; and you tired by the way. Edith, my wife, my darling, you are not gone. Speak to me—tell me you forgive me. You are here close by my side—speak to me."

So strained and excited were Mabel's nerves, that she almost expected the dead lips would open, and speak the words he demanded, or the awful, discordant, snarling cry change to a human voice. She would have turned and fled down the long room, and through the lonesome hall, into the firelighted sitting-room, but she seemed frozen to the place where she stood—paralyzed by terror, she could neither speak nor move.

Suddenly a little, warm, soft hand was slipped into hers, and a little, sweet, wistful voice said:

"Mama is gone. Eda wants mama."

That was the last Mabel recollected.

When she recovered from her fainting fit—the first in her healthy, happy life, for she was by no means one of the swooning damsels of romance—she was out in the sitting-room. Mr. Marshall, Patience, and Ebenezer were gathered about her, and the kind, strong face of John Kendrick was bending over her.

Instinctively she put out her hands toward him, with a child-like, trusting movement.

"Dont—" She had actually, in her agitation, commenced saying to a perfect stranger, and an extremely handsome young man, the words that had sprung uppermost in her mind, as she looked up into his noble, strong face, "Don't leave us, stay with us."

She checked herself, however, with a celestial blush, after that first word, and changed it to:

"Oh! what are those dreadful sounds? It was silly of me to faint. I never did before. But they frightened me so."

Unconsciously, looking up into that face bending near her, she put her terrible fright in the past tense.

"I don't wonder at it in the least; they might well frighten anyone. But I am confident that there is some natural reason for the sounds, and it will be discovered soon." And then this deep young man, smitten to the heart by his first look into her wonderfully sweet face, answered the "don't," which her big, pathetic brown eyes, and tremulous, wistful, child lips had translated for him.

"If you and Mr. Marshall have no objections, I would like to remain here to-night, and watch, and see if I cannot discover some solution of the mystery."

Of course, Mr. Marshall had no objections, and courteously invited him to stay; and the look of relief that dawned upon Mabel's pale face, attoned for her silence.

Mr. Marshall and Mr. Kendrick urged Mabel to go to her room and rest, but as they saw the pale look of terror and distress that would come to her face at the suggestion, Mr. Kendrick drew up a large easy chair, close to the cheerful fire for her, and they ceased to urge her. Mr. Marshall went to his own room at ten o'clock, his white face and trembling form bearing mute witness of his need of rest.

Ebenezer and Patience remained in the room, but before midnight sleep overtook them in their

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chairs, and Mr. Kendrick and Mabel were alone, but not lonely. During the night, their conversation very naturally turned upon so-termed spiritual manifestations, and Mr. Kendrick stated his views concerning these strange manifestations, called by some spiritualism, by others diabolism, and by others still, electricity or magnetism. He said he was not prepared to condemn anything, because he could not understand it, because there was really so very little in the world that one could entirely comprehend.

He said, very frankly he could well understand the fascination it would possess for those who had lost dear friends, and how grief might endeavor by it, to bridge over that deepest and loneliest gulf between us and the departed; try to form a link between the aching hearts left desolate below, and the hearts God had stilled with His peace. He said he could understand how, in this way, so many good people had been led into this belief, which he considered a delusion. He said there was something strange in it, passing his comprehension, but he thought much of it might yet be explained by some natural law of which we were yet ignorant, and as for him, he was willing to leave it, with other mysteries he could not solve, in the hands of the Great Ruler of the universe.

The sun had arisen in a cloudless sky, the open windows of the sitting-room admitted the sweet air and the sunshine, and Mabel sat by the large eastern window with baby Edith in her arms. Patience Smith was passing in and out of the next room, placing the breakfast things upon the table. Mr. Kendrick and Ebenezer had been out for some time: "Recernortin' round the north side of the house," Patience said. Mr. Marshall had not come down yet from his room. Suddenly the door burst open, and Ebenezer rushed in, his red face redder than ever, his honest eyes round and protruding with excitement, bare-headed, his hat having fallen off unnoticed.

"By Jehosiphat's great-grandmother! we've found 'em out! Do you hear me, Miss? Do you hear me, Patience? We've found 'em out! Hain't we yanked 'em out by their hind legs? oh, no! mebby not!"

"Who—who have you yanked out?" cried Patience.

"The spirits! the ghosts! Hain't we jest histed them though? I swan to man, hain't we gin 'em a trimmin' out? Talk to me about your old ghosts agin, will you? I swan to man, though, hain't it a wonder we got holt of 'em."

Here the honest man paused, panting for the breath he had spent too lavishly.

"Have you found it out? Oh! what is it?"

Mabel, as she spoke, put down little Edith, and in her excitement stood with eager eyes, flushed cheeks, and clasped hands before him.

Patience, at the same moment, stood before him, with the steaming coffee-pot in her hands, as if she were a heathen devotee, propitiating her idol with a gift of fragrant incense.

"Oh! what is it, Eben? Dear Eben, what is it?" she cried.

Had not a certain person been so excited, she would not have used the endearing term, "dear Eben," thus in public. But the blandishment was as unheeded by its recipient, as by its giver, in the deeper excitement.

"Bats! blast their picters! bats!"

At this moment Mr. Kendrick came in, his face flushed with excitement and satisfaction.

"Step this way, a moment, Miss Thorne, please. I want to show you a sight."

Mabel followed him, little Edith toddling after her. Patience and Ebenezer brought up the rear.

He led the way around the house, and there, upon the northern side, Mabel saw one of the old clapboards torn off, revealing hundreds, apparently thousands of bats, clinging, hanging down from each other. Here were the spirits that had haunted the Red House. A very practical and matter-of-fact solution of the ghostly mystery.

Mr. Marshall looked relieved, as if a burden of weird distress had fallen from him. Patience, in her delight, shed tears, while Eben gazed upon her with tender sympathy, although doubtless the tears plunged his honest mind into deeper wonderment, concerning the "curious ways of wemen."

Mr. Kendrick was greatly astonished. He was much of a student, and here was a singular lesson of natural history. It constrained him to come often to the "Red House," during the few weeks following. Perhaps he was learning a lesson of more mystic lore, although he might have been unconscious of it at first. But later I think the knowledge came to him.

It was on the bank of the river, that ran just back of Mr. Marshall's house, that Mabel met John Kendrick, the night before she left for home. He was to return to Boston the next day. By a singular coincidence, the business that had detained him so much longer than he had expected, was now happily terminated.

Mabel had been at the Red House four weeks. Little Edith was to accompany her home, for the present at least. Mr. Marshall was going abroad for an indefinite period, and Mabel had remained much longer than she had intended, because Mr.

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Marshall wanted the child to be with him while he stayed.

His unquiet, restless spirit craved the change and excitement of foreign travel. The attraction that had held him to his native land—the sweet Christian wife—was gone. But who may tell, if the mute, silent lips may not preach to him more effectively than the living ones ever did? I think that, above the roar of the Atlantic, and the rush and clamor of the strange foreign cities, he will hear the sweet voice say "Promise me, Arthur," and his heart will be softened and purified by the divine ministry of sorrow.

The long waiting of Patience and Ebenezer was over, and the act being sanctified and made legal by clerical benediction, they "left" together. "Left," however, only in a figurative sense, for they were to remain upon the farm during Mr. Marshall's absence, working it upon shares, the farm Ebenezer had purchased adjoining it.

As we said, the evening before Mabel left for home, she wandered down to the river. Just below the orchard, there was a lovely, quiet nook, where a gnarled tree hung over the water, its crooked roots running back, forming a rustic chair of Nature's own workmanship. Patience had told Mabel that this was a favorite spot of her sister's, and that she would often take her book and sewing, and go there, and sit through the long summer afternoons, with her baby playing at her feet.

Mabel leaned against the tree, and looked up heavenward; it seemed as if the spirit of her sister spoke to her, from above. It was one of the earliest days of Indian summer. The low sumacs gleamed like banners of crimson velvet in the woods. The setting sun, shining through the peculiar golden haze of the atmosphere, was tinging the clear water with rosy hues.

Mabel sat there, full of sad thoughts. After awhile, spent in silent prayer, looking thus heavenward, she fell into a reverie. The profound stillness soothed her to calm and peace. She found herself unconsciously watching the clouds reflected in the placid mirror beneath. It seemed to her like looking into another world; a fairy world of beauty and promise. As she looked, her sadness gradually left her. Her heart grew light. It was a good omen, she thought, that her last look at her sister's favorite haunt should be so glorified.

Was it an omen of her own future? Should that future be more blissful than it had been? Would the dreaming heart be now satisfied? As she sat thus, a pretty picture in the sunset light, she heard behind her a step that she knew.

She did not turn round, but a warm flush lit her sweet face, tinging even the small ears, and pearly brow.

"What are you looking at, so intently, in the water, Miss Mabel?" said the voice, that thrilled her through and through.

She looked up, smiling into his face, and answered:

"My future."

"Your future! let me look at it, too; it is of great interest to me."

And looking down into the placid, glorified water, searching her future, Mabel saw John Kendrick's kind, strong face reflected there.

And, as in Eden's blossoming bowers, so now, the sun shone, and the river ran onward toward the sea.

YOU AND I.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

No more those purple slopes we tread,
 By rushes fringed, so green and tall;
And now the bramble rose is dead,
 That climbed the wall.
Her summer flown, the meadow lark
 Has sung her mournful, last good-bye,
So oft repeated ere the dark,
 To you and I.

Beyond the woody hill and grange,
 The river ripples to the sea;
As once it did, and yet how strange
 It seems to me.
Alone I watch the moon arise,
 I pass the silent mill-wheel by,
And tears are stealing to my eyes
 For you and I.

I know not why I weep, and yet
 A sorrow weighs upon my heart;
Of all my thoughts, a keen regret
 Has greater part.
Remembrance like an arrow speeds,
 From those dear scenes which now I fly;
And inwardly my bosom bleeds
 For you and I.

I wonder, too, if o'er you now,
 These ghostly forms their shadows cast,
Or if with placid lip and brow,
 You meet the past.
If now with tearless eyes you gaze,
 Down that abyss, so dim, so nigh;
On things so loved in other days,
 By you and I.

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AUNT HEPSIBAH'S REVENGE.

BY ELSA KELMAR.

I WOKE, on the morning of my eighteenth birthday, with a light, happy heart, untouched by care, or pain, or sorrow. It was one of those glorious June days, when it is bliss merely to live; when we are content to draw in the pure, sweet-scented air, and drink in Nature's fresh beauty, asking for nothing more. The robins, outside my window, in the old apple tree, greeted me with bursts of glad melody, and the clear, morning breeze filled me with a sense of indescribable exhilaration.

The closing exercises of the Young Ladies' Seminary, in our town, had successfully terminated, the day before. We had passed our examinations, read our essays, received our diplomas, partaken of the class supper, and gracefully retired from the stage of school-girl life; and to-day, as a grand finale to the momentous occasion, we were to have a pic-nic in the Glen, a perfectly lovely little spot, some ten miles away.

In all the world, I think, there was no one happier than I, that morning. I hastened to array myself in my new and pretty white muslin dress, and ran down stairs to receive my birthday greetings, singing a gay little song. Father and mother were waiting for me in the library, mother looking a little anxious and worried, I thought.

"Eighteen years old, and a grown-up young lady! Papa, just think of it!" and I danced into the room, and was folded in my father's arms; while he bestowed nine kisses upon one cheek, and nine upon the other.

"Eighteen years! Bless my stars! how the years do go! It seems only a matter of months, since I held you, a wee bit of a baby, in these arms."

"But mamma looks sober," said I, and I ran and knelt by her side. "What is it, dear, darling mother? Does it make you sorry to have your little girl grow so big, and so old, that she can never be a child any more?"

Mamma smiled, and laid her hand, with a gentle, caressing touch, upon my hair; then she said, tenderly:

"You will never cease to be a child at heart, Mabel, however great the accumulation of years upon your head. And now, dear, your father has something of importance to tell you."

"Yes, dear child, of great importance," broke in my father. "It is about your Aunt Hepsibah's will."

"Aunt Hepsibah's will!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, for that estimable lady had been dead over two years; and the disappointment I felt at the time, that my father, her only brother, was not remembered in her will, had been long overcome. The possibility of there having been a codicil, in favor of us, at once, however, flashed through my mind.

"You know, Mabel," said my father, "that, ostensibly, everything was left to that *protegé* of hers; but there was a sealed document, retained in the hands of the lawyer, which document he sent to me, yesterday. According to Hepsibah's wishes, it was not to be opened, neither were we to know of its existence, till you should arrive at the age of eighteen. This little piece of paper, Mabel, makes you the possessor of thirty thousand dollars, and me of twenty. A very nice birthday present, isn't it, little one?"

I was so surprised, I could not, for some time, speak. At last, I said, in a bewildered sort of way: "Thirty thousand dollars for me, and twenty thousand dollars for you? Why! thirty and twenty make fifty." Then, clapping my hands, I jumped up, shouting, "Oh! how rich, how very rich we are. Fifty thousand dollars!" And I gave papa a good hug, and then mamma. My world was surely growing very bright. Although we had always been comfortably off, we were far from being rich; and my dear father, I knew, had had a hard time, in trying to keep the old homestead, and clear off the mortgage which still shadowed it. I had always longed for wealth, and many were the fair castles in the air, and the glorious projects I had formed, when the day should come, in which riches should be mine! Yes, the world looked fair, and bright, and wide, to me, stretching on, and on, rich with golden opportunities. My future lay in broad sunshine, before me, with no gloom of tears to veil it. How kind at heart Aunt Hepsibah had been, after all, I said. And I had always thought her cold, and stern, and strange. Suddenly, I asked:

"How came she to do it, papa? Why didn't she put it in the will?"

"Your Aunt Hepsibah was always queer, and never did things like other people," he replied.

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"She has made one condition to all this, which will not be very hard for you to accept, I think. It is, that you—"

"Please, Charles, never mind that now," my mother gently interposed. "The breakfast bell has rung, and Mabel must get ready for the pic-nic. To-night will be time enough for that."

Dear, tender mother-heart! Was it to give your child another day of perfect happiness, a day to be marked with a white stone, that you shielded her from a knowledge which might pain her? Was it intuition that taught you that the condition which my father thought would be so easy to fulfil, might not be possible for me?

My father silently acceded to my mother's request, and folded the precious slip of paper, and replaced it in the envelope; then we sat down to breakfast. I was too excited to eat, and the attempts to appear calm and cool, that my dear father made, were very amusing. He cautioned me against losing my head, with my good fortune, and warned me against being completely upset, when smiled upon by the good fates. My mother was very quiet, and regarded me with an anxious look, which in my unthinking gayety of heart, I did not notice at the time; but it all came back to me afterwards.

Soon after breakfast, we heard the sound of voices, and gay, ringing laughter; and a wagon full of merry girls and young men drove up to the door. Several of us were to go on ahead, and make all the preparations; and the teachers, professors, and our fathers and mothers, were to come later, as guests. Mother helped me get all my things together, and whispered, as she kissed me good-bye,

"Better not speak of what has happened to you, my child! There will be time enough, and you have yet to consider the condition, you know."

"Yes, I know, dear mamma," I replied. "I shall say nothing about it, of course, yet awhile. You will be sure and drive out, with father, this afternoon?" So saying, I ran down the steps, and was assisted to my seat in the high, open wagon. A delightful drive we had, out to the Glen, in the beautiful June weather, with the glad freshness of spring blooming all about us, and with singing of birds, and the sweet fragrance af flowers everywhere.

"Did you know, Mabel, that we are to have a handsome stranger here to-day?" said Mattie Evans.

"A stranger?" I said. "Who is he? And how did you know of it?"

"I saw him get off the stage, last night, and go into Mrs. Martin's. He had a large valise with him, and a sort of a portfolio under his arm. In a few minutes after, I saw Mr. Russell hurrying over there. That's all I know, except that the young man is awfully handsome, with quite a distinguished air."

We reached the Glen, and soon everything was ready. The table was superb. It only needed the exquisite centre-piece, which was to grace it later, to make it perfect. We were to present our Principal, Mr. Russell, with an elegant silver basket, filled with fruit and flowers; and this was afterwards to grace the middle of the table. Soon the people began to come in carriages and wagons, everyone in the best of spirits. Finally some one shouted, "Mr. Russell is coming. Let's receive him with cheers." So we all went forward in a body, waving handkerchiefs and hats, and shouting, "Hurrah!" There was some one else in the buggy, beside him, who seemed to enjoy this tumultuous welcome. Mr. Russell, as soon as he alighted, turned to this gentleman, and said:

"I have brought a friend with me to-day, who, I trust, will not feel that he is a stranger among us. Young ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce to you Mr. Frank Wentworth, who is to spend the summer in our delightful little town, and transfer bits of its beautiful scenery to his canvas."

Mr. Wentworth lifted his wide-awake, and made a graceful, deferential bow. Mattie was right; he certainly was very handsome, with a finely-moulded, clearly-cut face. His manner was easy and natural, as he entered into conversation with those standing nearest to him.

We now gathered around the bountifully spread table, and Mr. Russell made an opening address, which was followed by a few complimentary remarks from others. Then I stepped forward, as representative of the graduating class, and with a few words and many blushes, presented our tribute of gratitude and love to our instructor. He was much pleased, and thanked us in a very impressive manner; then we all sat down, and the business of the day commenced.

My seat was directly opposite Mr. Wentworth's, so we talked together, for most of the time. I noticed him, frequently, regarding me particularly; and, girl-like, I felt flattered. When the meal was over, we broke up into little groups, and went off in pairs, Harry Johnson and Fred Ormsby going with two of my school-mates, and Mr. Wentworth asking permission to join me. We all kept more or less together, however. By and by we paused by a grassy bank, and sat down.

"I have brought my sketch-book with me," said Mr. Wentworth, after awhile, producing a

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tiny one from his pocket, such as artist's carry, "and I am glad I did, for you three young ladies make such a pretty picture, that I should like to make a drawing of you. May I?"

My companions cried, with one voice, that it would be charming. But Mr. Wentworth paused for me to speak, and did not begin, until I had, blushingly, assented, vainly trying to prevent the blush, and angry at myself for blushing, for it feared it would be seen.

"Will Miss Howard raise her eyes, please?" he said, by and by. "I cannot make the features complete without them."

So I lifted my eyes, from the flowers lying in my lap, and looked off into space. I was thinking, when he spoke, how happy I was; and the happy feeling, in my heart, had not sprung entirely from the fact, that I had been made an heiress that morning. I was glad to be young. I was glad to be well and strong. I was glad to be fair, and glad to be admired. There had been no hard places in my life as yet; the path had all been smooth. Perhaps the root of my happiness lay deeper; but I was content not to analyze it; I was satisfied to feel it only.

When the picture was finished, we all crowded to look at it. There we were, in easy, careless attitudes, form, feature, expression, each true to life, I was rather startled at my own face. Did I look like that? Mr. Wentworth had given me a sort of an enraptured, ecstatic expression, which I had never seen in my own face, in the glass. I could not help asking:

"Do I look like that? I did not know that I did."

"Not always, perhaps. But certainly, you looked so, while I was drawing you," he replied, slightly amused.

"Yes, Mabel," the others cried. "You look just like that, whenever you are happy, or pleased very much."

"And were you very happy, or very pleased just then, Miss Howard?" Mr. Wentworth asked.

"Yes," I answered, looking down, and blushing very much. "I was so happy, that I could not help thinking of it."

"You are to be congratulated," and then, in a lower, more earnest tone, he added; "May you have, throughout your life, such thorough happiness forever."

My father and mother had now come, and seeing them, I introduced Mr. Wentworth, and begged him to show the sketches he had made.

"It is a splendid likeness," my father said. "We must have you paint Mabel for us, while you are here, if you will, Mr. Wentworth," he added, courteously. "We have always wanted a good picture of her."

"I shall be most happy, Mr. Howard," was the reply.

That evening, as mother and I were talking over the incidents of the day, I happened to think that I had not heard all there was to hear, about my new found fortune.

"Your aunt Hepsibah," said mamma, hesitatingly, "gives all that money to you and your father, on the condition that you—that you will —marry her protegé, young King."

"But I've never seen him, mamma. How can I tell whether I shall like him or not?" I cried, starting up.

"I know, dear, it is hard to decide upon a matter like this, in this way; but your father and I thought, that, perhaps, as you have not seen many gentlemen, and have not become interested in any one yet, it might not be improbable, that you would like Mr. King. Lawyer Simmons has given your father very fine testimonials in regard to his character, and he is in every way worthy of you, if he can win your love. He is in Europe now, but in September he is coming home, and will spend a few weeks with us, and you are to decide then."

I listened, breathless. Was it true, that I had not yet become interested in anyone? Was my heart still perfectly free? Would it have been the same to me, if I had listened to all this in the morning? I knew I could not answer yes to questions such as these. I managed to preserve a calm exterior, and for the first time in my life, shut the door of my heart from my mother's gaze.

"And what becomes of the money, if I do not choose to marry Mr. King?" I asked, very quietly now.

"It all goes to him."

"And what if he should not like me?"

"You forfeit it, just the same. But there is no danger of that, my child! Who could see and know you, without loving you?" And my mother folded her arms about me, and hid her face in my hair. Then after a moment:

"You must not consider us in the least, darling. I want you to do just as you feel in regard to it. You will have all summer. Of course, twenty thousand dollars is a great deal to your father. He could pay off his debts, and settle down contentedly for the rest of his life; but he will never require you to sacrifice yourself. Only men, you know, do not quite understand a woman's heart, even after a life-time's study; and he thought you would be delighted with the chance of a good husband, in conjunction with

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your fortune, and he, of course, cannot imagine any possible drawbacks to it. But I shall not blame you, my child, if you find it impossible to accept your aunt's proviso; and if you decide to give up the money and your husband, I shall understand why you do it, and feel for you. I do not like to blame your aunt Hepsibah, now that she is dead, but it does seem rather cruel for her to restrict you in this way. It looks a little like revenge. She never forgave your father for interfering in her early love affair."

"But why should papa have to give up his money, even if I do mine?" I said.

"I suppose it was to influence you the more. But now, dear, do not trouble yourself any more to-night; just put it out of your mind entirely. You will have plenty of time to think of it, before you decide. Good-night, my precious, good-night," and she kissed me tenderly many times.

I retired also, but not to sleep. The day which had begun so bright, ended in a night of misery. Yet who shall say there were not guardian angels hovering near, though I could not see or feel them, in the darkness. "Oh! it was worse than cruel," I cried, "for aunt Hepsibah to revenge herself upon me, when I never injured her in the slightest degree." And then I remembered her history, which helped to explain the will.

When a young girl, she had loved Alfred King, the son of a poor minister. He had a refined, scholarly mind, but no faculty for pushing his way in the world. Her father and brother objected to the match, and did everything they could to break it off. At last her brother Charles, my father, got hold of some scandal which was attributed to him (though afterwards it was proved false), and reported it to his father, who shut his doors henceforward to Alfred King. He also forbade his daughter to have anything to do with him; and after a long while, when she had become perfectly indifferent to every one, she was persuaded to marry a very wealthy man, twice her age. She never forgave her brother for the part he took in the whole affair, but after her husband died, she was left a childless widow, in a great big gloomy house in Chicago. She sent for us to come and make her a visit. She took quite a fancy to me. I was then a child of seven or eight, and my father was very much pleased. About eight years before she died, she had a letter from Alfred King, who was dying with consumption in California, begging her to come to him, if she had ever loved him. She went immediately, and found him in poverty, entirely dependent upon the exertions of his only son, a young fellow of seventeen. His wife had been dead some years. Aunt Hepsibah made his last days comfortable and happy, and promised to adopt his boy, and treat him in every way as her own son.

On her return from California, fresh from the trying scenes she had just been through, with the love of her youth renewed, she made her will, leaving all to Alfred King's son, except the sum laid apart for me, if I married him. Never had we seen this *protegé* of hers. She was extremely reticent upon the subject. All we knew of him was, that he distinguished himself in college as a fine scholar, and that she had taken him abroad to finish his education. They were traveling in Europe when she died. No will was found but the one she had made eight years before. We had become resigned to the fact that she had ignored us entirely, and now, behold! what an appalling appendix!

Probably she had been in hopes that I would be in love with some one else, by the time I should be eighteen, and so have a struggle something akin to hers. Through me, would she wound my father.

"I will not take a cent of her hated money. She cannot buy me for her hateful *protegé*," I said to myself, while the hot tears ran down my cheeks. But then I thought of father, and how much good the money would do him. Oh! if I could only give up mine, and he be allowed to keep his. "Aunt Hepsibah! aunt Hepsibah! how could you?" I cried, bitterly, as if she were there to hear my reproaches.

After awhile, I became more quiet, and thought that, perhaps, by daylight, the case would not look quite so hopeless. Anyway I had till September, and perhaps, before then, something else might happen, which would rescue me from my fate.

The summer glided swiftly by, however; only too swiftly. My trouble was ever before me. There were fishing parties, pic-nics, rides, croquet parties, clam bakes, something going on constantly, but all failed to conjure away my spectre. Mr. Wentworth was a great acquisition to our small village society. He was constantly engaged, and so it was the middle of August, before he began my picture. I was daily getting more nervous as September approached. My father, however, took it as a matter of course, that I should marry Mr. King.

"Like him?" I overheard him say to mother, one day. "Why of course she'll like him. He is an upright, honest, manly fellow, I'm told. What more could any girl ask? If she is getting any nonsense into her head about that young artist, she had better get it out as soon as possible. I don't want her to disappoint me in this,

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and she won't, if she is the girl I take her to be."

This, at last, opened my eyes. Mr. Wentworth! Alas, my heart told me it was too late. The hours I spent sitting for my picture, were the only ones of peace and happiness I had. Mr. Wentworth talked, most of the time, while painting, while I listened in silence. He spoke of the pictures of the masters, which he had seen in Europe. And sometimes he would repeat poetry, or tell me some ancient legend. He was always kind and thoughtful of me, and quite often he watched me, with a sad expression in his eyes. Once he said:

"Miss Mabel, something is troubling you." But I turned away, and did not answer.

One day, it was the last of the month, when my picture was nearly completed, he broke out quite impatiently.

"I don't see how it is," he cried. "I cannot get it at all."

"Get what?" I asked.

"Why, I want the expression that I caught, the first day I saw you; at the pic-nic, you know. I have never really seen it in your face since. Where has it gone? I remember you said you were so happy, that you could not help thinking of it. Now, couldn't you think of the same happiness, for a few moments; and let me see if I can get the same expression again."

I lifted my eyes, but they were full of tears. Where had my radiant happiness gone? He dropped his brush instantly, and came towards me.

"Mabel, what is it?" he said, tenderly. "What have I said to cause these tears? I must know what it is that is troubling you. Do you think I have not noticed the change in you: how pale your sweet face has become, and how sad your eyes? It has pained me more than I can tell you, for I love you, Mabel, I love you," he cried, passionately, "love you so much, that I would keep pain and sorrow away from you always."

"Oh! You must not say such things to me," I exclaimed, starting up, and thrusting out my hands, as if to put him from me.

"Why not?" he said, anxiously.

"Because—because I am engaged," I sobbed. "Or rather, going to be—if I can make up my mind—to somebody else."

"And do you love this somebody else?" he asked, turning pale.

"No, I hate him. It is aunt Hepsibah's heir, and she has left papa and me some money, if I will marry him; but if I refuse, we can't have the money; and papa needs it, and I am perfectly miserable about it."

I stammered this out through tears that I vainly tried to keep back.

"Suppose you had the money in your hand," he said, "that has been left to your father, what would you do—throw the fellow over?"

"Indeed—indeed, I would," I said, hastily. "I would refuse his offer point blank, and not touch the money that has been offered as a price for me."

"And you wouldn't give him a chance to win your love? Even I must say that is hardly fair."

I felt my face grow hot. I could not answer. I was half angry with him for taking Mr. King's part.

He saw it probably, for he resumed at once.

"Not that I regret it," he said. "On the contrary, it gives me hope. Take my love, my whole heart into your keeping, Mabel, and let my life be a part of yours."

I think he saw the happy look upon my face, once more the look he had asked for in vain—for he caught me in his arms, and kissed me again and again. After awhile, he said:

"And so you are willing to give up a fortune for the sake of a poor struggling artist?"

"If you had but a crust of bread," I whispered, as I hid my face on his shoulder, "I would rather share it with you, than roll in wealth with Mr. King."

When I went home home, tremulous with my secret, and in suspense till Mr. Wentworth should see my father, which he had promised to do the next day, I found that a note had come from Mr. King, saying he would be with us on the following morning. My face grew scarlet as I thought of the *denouement* to be made, and wondered how it would be received. The next day, about nine o'clock, a carriage drove up to the door. I rushed up-stairs to my room, to prepare myself for the interview. What should I do? Frank had not come, and he had promised to see father early. I heard voices down in the parlor, father's, and mother's, and a murmuring undertone, which, of course, was Mr. King's.

In a few moments, my father called at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down, Mabel, you are wanted," he said.

I went down, trembling. At the door I paused, and summoning all the dignity I could, entered the room. Father, mother, and Frank Wentworth were there, but no one else.

"Where—where is Mr. King?" I stammered, in astonishment, stopping at the door.

"I am he, my darling! I am Frank Wentworth King," cried a dear, dear voice, and the

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speaker advanced, and taking my hand led me to the sofa, and sat down beside me.

I was so nervous and overcome, that I burst into tears.

"Mabel dear, please don't. Are you sorry that the hated King has won? My darling! I promise never to deceive you again. But can you blame me for wanting your pure, freely bestowed love, before you should know who I was? I could not take my bride on compulsion. I cannot tell you how glad I felt, and how relieved, when I found that money had no weight with you; and that it was only the loss to your father, that caused your grief. You do not blame me, Mabel?" he asked, tenderly.

Indeed, how could I blame him? I was too happy. The weeks of sorrow and anxiety were over; the dark cloud was lifted and dispelled; I was folded in a radiant love, which would encompass me forever.

Father and mother were overjoyed at the way things had turned out. I was to accept, after all, aunt Hepsibah's condition; but there was no longer any sting in her revenge.

THE STARS OF WINTER.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

THE stars are out, to-night,
In dazzling splendor: all the frosty air
Sparkles and throbs with light,
'Till the blue depths seem kindling ev'rywhere.

See Sirius, the lord
Of countless hosts; and higher up, a-blaze,
Orion with his sword;
The Twins; Capella: shining maze on maze!

The mystical Three Kings,
That Rigel pilots, and lo, Betelguese.
Up the vast circle swings!
There, Aldebaran leads the Hyades.

There, Perseus; and there,
The Northern Cross; Arcturus bright as day;
Cassiopeia fair—
The myriad millions of the Milky Way!

And all these armies vast
Wheel round the Pleiad Sisters, spear on spear;
Ten thousands glitt'ring past;
Thick crowding up as thick they disappear.

Their stately march to keep,
From soundless spaces, measureless, unknown.
In one eternal sweep,
Forever circling round that central throne.

Coming and going, gay
With golden shields and helms of amethyst.
Then fading, far away,
But dense and denser yet, to silver mist.

The smallest, still a sun,
With subject worlds, though seeming but a speck.
It was ere Earth begun,
'Twill shine and shine when Earth is but a wreck.

The nearest, still so far,
Its light, swift shot, took ages ere it crost
The wide abyss. Yon star
But seems, perhaps; and ages has been lost.

For even stars decay.
They are but waves, whit'ning a shoreless sea
That stretches dim away.
They break and die, lost in Eternity.

But God remains—through all!
To Him the æons are the briefest span;
And systems sand-grains small;
And worlds mere atoms. Oh! what then is man?

TWO DAYS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

ONE held a rare and peerless joy,
'Twas at the radiant verge of May;
Sweet snows of balmy buds were white,
Upon the hedge rows all the way,
As down the still, green lanes we walked,
Where sweet the blue birds sang, *one day*.

The twilight's lustrous, purple glooms,
Upon the musky air slipped down;
The stars their golden glories lit
Above the pine wood's dusky crown;
And false blue eyes looked deathless love,
That day of days, to eyes of brown.

One held a bitter, hopeless woe,
'Twas when the autumn woods were gay
With blush and bloom, of fire and gold,
And amethyst and silver gray—
Round breezy echo-haunted heights,
The mists were softly rolled, *one day*.

A burning crimson sunset poured
A sudden splendor on the air;
Like restless spirits, rising gales
Fled shuddering down the hillsides bare;
Beside the grave of Love I stood
That day of days, and faced—despair.

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"BEING NEIGHBORLY."

BY KATHARINE M'DANIEL.

The first person that called on us, when we moved to Trumpletown, just after our wedding, was Mrs. Colton. As her husband owned the house we were to live in, as well as that occupied by his own family, and was besides the proprietor of the two finest farms in the vicinity, I felt quite flattered by the attention. "I always like to be neighborly," Mrs. Colton said.

When the doctor came home, for I had married a physician, I told him what a pleasant acquaintance I had made. "Evidently a woman of influence," I said. "It was so kind in her to call at once, and especially to promise to be so neighborly." My husband of course assented.

A few days after, as I was getting supper, a red-headed, unkempt urchin thrust his head in at the kitchen window, and said, in a high, nasal tone, "Ma says, can't you lend her a mess of flour for supper and breakfast: company's comed, and she hain't got none; and pa's gone out, and won't be back till night."

"And who may your ma be?" I said, wondering at this cool proposal, for in the place which I had lived until my marriage, we not been accustomed to such free-and-easy lending and borrowing.

"Miss Colton, ma'am."

"Oh!" I replied; and that only.

"And ma says," resumed the shrill voice, "if you could spare it, some butter and 'lasses."

I took my hands from the dough, and proceeded to comply with the request, for I wished to be considered "neighborly;" but I thought to myself that Mrs. Colton might have sent to the store for what she wanted, as it was hardly a three minutes' walk distant: it certainly was what I should have done, instead of applying to a person almost a stranger.

Hardly a day passed, after this, that the shock-headed boy did not thrust his head into my kitchen door, and ask for the loan of something; and as my husband had to make a practice, and so ought to be popular, I continued to be "neighborly," and lend whatever was requested. Now it was eggs, or meal, or a bit of fresh meat, or butter: now it was a book, a magazine, a flat-iron, a pattern for a dress, a few cups, or something else.

Of course, I expected the things to be duly returned, or, at least, what represented them. But day after day passed, without meal, or butter, or eggs, being forthcoming; and though the books and magazine came back, the latter was soiled and torn; and as for the flat-iron, it was absolutely rusted from neglect.

At first, I thought this failure to return "in kind" the result of forgetfulness; but when "Peterson" came back, with the fashion plate missing, I could no longer conceal from myself the truth. Yet I went on, complying, long after I had arrived at this conclusion. "She can't keep the thing up forever," said my husband. "Let us lose a little, my dear, rather than give offence. If we get Mrs. Colton's enmity, I shall never be called in there, or to any of her relatives: a country physician, especially, in a neighborhood where he is not yet well known, has to study policy more or less."

But at last, Mrs. Colton's "being neighborly" began to cost so much, that we could no longer afford it. If a beef was killed, or a deer shot, she knew of it as soon as ourselves almost; and lo! at the kitchen door appeared the shock of red-hair, and I heard the nasal twang, "Ma wants to know if you can't lend her," etc., etc. Finally I got distracted. "I can't, and won't stand this any longer, practice or no practice," I said, one day, to my husband. "If that woman sends here again, or even comes, I'll have it out with her. If she was poor, I wouldn't mind it. She'd be welcome to borrow. But as she's far better off than we are, her borrowing is simply meanness." My husband made no reply, but gave me a quizzical look, for he had learned, by this time, to know, that, when my mind was made up, I was "dreadful sot," as my old aunt used to say.

A few mornings after this the crisis came. Our meat for the fall and winter had just been brought in to be cured, having been fed and killed at a farmer's a few miles off, and the smoke-house was being got ready by the farmer's men, when Mrs. Colton made her appearance. As soon as I heard her open the garden gate, "I seed it aforehand," like Josiah Allen's Wife, "and knowed there'd be a quarrel," for I divined her errand, and at once resolved to settle matters with her, for good and all.

"Mornin', Mrs. Mac," she began. "I seed the boys pass the house, and thought I'd come

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and larn what's the news down yonder. I hain't hearn from Jane," (her sister-in-law, who lived near the farmer) "in quite a spell: her youngest gal was sick, last word I got from her."

"I have had no conversation with the farmer's men," I said, with dignity. "I have been too busy." Then, fearing I had been too brusque, I added, in a more conciliatory tone: "But I will ask them, as soon as they come in from the smoke-house."

"Well, do. I want to know rale bad. I don't think Jane'll ever raise that gal: she's too likely and peart: onusual smart to her age. Ain't you gittin' in your meat ruther early? Seems to me 'tis."

"I think not. The weather is quite cold already, and the doctor says we'll have an early winter; and it's better to be early than late, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's so in most things. But we ain't ourselves puttin' in our meat yet, and so I guess I'll borrow some from you. My ole man'll kill fore long, and then I can give it back."

"I am sorry to seem disobliging, Mrs. Colton," I said, nerving myself with a great effort, for when it came to the point, it was more difficult to face the enemy than I had supposed, "but we really cannot spare any of the meat; there is only just enough, hardly that, to last us."

"La! now, I'd never have thought you'd refuse me anything; and me always trying to be so neighborly," cried my visitor.

"To be frank," I answered, for now my blood was up, "I object to borrowing. I never do it myself. What I can't pay for, or earn, I do without."

For one moment, Mrs. Colton looked at me as if I had been the "Great Enemy" himself, hoof, horns, and all: then she gave an audible sniff, and turned to her red-headed scion, who had accompanied her.

"Come, son," she cried, "let's go. Folks as talks so big about yearnin' things, and payin' for 'em, won't have much to do it with afore long. They'd better not hold quite such a high head," she continued, darting back on me a Parthian look of defiance and scorn, "or be so onfriendly with naboors, 'specially when they're only a 'pothecary's wife, and poor as Job's turkey, if they is stuck up."

Of course the Coltons never called my husband in. Of course also they instigated such of their relatives, as had already employed the doctor, to send for his professional rival, when the next case of sickness occurred. But though this affected our income for a time, it did not ruin us; and when the year was up, for which we had leased our house, we moved to the other side of the village, and ceased "being neighborly," in any sense, to the Coltons. "The 'pothecary," as she had called the doctor, did not trouble them.

The change proved a wise one, in other respects also. Our new neighbors were very different from our old ones, more cultivated, better bred, and really "neighborly." They took a liking to us from the first, and my husband soon worked his way, through their influence, into a handsome practice. We now own the place where we reside, and it is, by general consent, considered one of the handsomest in Trumpletown.

Occasionally I meet Mrs. Colton in the village streets; but she is always oblivious of my presence. Once, at a wedding at a church, there was a crowd, when we came out, and she was pushed close to me. I shall never forget the gesture, with which she drew away her skirt, as if I carried infection with me. She was tired, you see, with me at least, of "Being Neighborly."

HIS CIGAR.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The room is a blaze of splendid light;
Fair ladies glide thro' the festal hall;
A thousand gas jets dazzle the sight;
But oh, to be out of it—out of it all.
Down in the gloaming and dusk afar,
With never a light but my love's cigar.

I walk in a garden of royal bloom.
The very tropical islands seem
To have brought their odor and rare perfume
To lull the soul in a lotus dream.
I would give it all, and be well content,
For a breath of his fine Havana's scent.

I hate this life of glitter and gold—
Of folly, and feigning, and fashion's strife.
O, for the freedom I bartered—sold—
For my love, and the sunshine it gives to life,
The cottage yard, and the garden seat,
And a musky odor as rare as sweet.

O, to be under the evening skies,
Gay and happy, and blithe and free,
Watching the light of my own love's eyes,
As they shine in their perfect trust on me.
O, to be under the evening star,
Alone with my love, and his fine cigar.

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THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE HYACINTH."

It was a balmy, October day. Mrs. Martin sat on a low porch, winding hanks of yarn from an old-fashioned turnstile reel. From within the house came a monotonous lullaby song. Mammy Lisa was rocking baby Clara to sleep. The cat was asleep. The hounds were asleep, stretched out in the sunshine as if dead. The colt, having loudly lamented his mother's departure to the cornfield, had hung his head over the fence, in nibbling distance of a box of geraniums, and now was forgetting his sorrows in a succession of naps. Under the big walnut tree, on the brow of the hill, sat Nora, preserving peaches. The peaches were not asleep, for they bubbled and spluttered noisily. You might have supposed that Nora was asleep, so motionless was she, but if you looked under the hat pulled down over her forehead, you could have seen her eyes wide open, fixed on the hazy, distant mountains. Nora was not asleep, but she was dreaming.

Suddenly, through the stillness, came the clap of a distant gate, and presently, on the winding road up the hill, emerged a buggy.

"Who is that, Nora?" called Mrs. Martin.

"Uncle Hudson, ma'am."

"Uncle Hudson! Mercy on me! Run, Nora, and tell Laura to bake a hoe-cake right away. You know he likes to have something to eat the moment he gets here."

"Well, I can't go this minute, mother; I must fill the jars first; these preserves are done."

More than done, Mistress Nora. Instead of building airy turrets on those blue mountain peaks, you should have been stirring your peaches. Of no use now to plunge in, vehemently, your wooden spoon. Pour them off carefully as you may; taste and taste again, and shake your foolish head as you will, your peaches are burned.

Uncle Hudson was very deaf. Uncle Hudson had ideas of his own. One was to wear a huge overhanging oil-cloth cap; one was to drive a tall, sleek mule; another was to tie the bridle reins up carefully in a little clump on the mule's back, and allow that reliable animal liberty to roam the yard as far as the buggy would permit, which confidence, Choctaw, the mule, maintained by deportment of unimpeachable decorum.

Another of uncle Hudson's ideas was that his great niece Eleanora was the prettiest and the best girl in the country, and the personage who could have convinced uncle Hudson that he was mistaken in any one of these matters of taste, had yet to be born.

"Where's Nora?" said the old man, when he had settled Choctaw and the wagon to his taste. "She was here just now."

"She's gone to get you a lunch," shrieked Mrs. Martin. "Hadn't you better let Tom unhitch your mule, uncle Hudson, and give him some oats in the stable?"

"No, he does very well as he is."

"But you've driven him so far to-day. Better let Tom take him."

"Let him alone, Clara, he does very well as he is. Why does Nora stay so long?"

Nora appeared with a tray.

"He's as obstinate as usual, Nora," said her mother, calmly. "I wish he'd let Tom take his mule. I'm dreadfully afraid that creature will drag the wagon over the rose bushes."

Nora laughed, and gave her uncle his lunch.

The old man was of a calm, happy nature, when nobody interfered with him. He asked nothing better than to sit there, with Nora beside him, smelling the mignionette and roses, and looking through the trees at the ever-changing mountains, watching

> "Light gauzy clouds that dropped on them like fleeces,
> Or came sailing up the valleys, and got wrecked, and went to pieces,
> Like sloops, against their cruel sides.

Uncle Hudson made a point of hearing nothing that other people said to him, if his great niece was near to interpret it. Mrs. Martin was anxious, as she said, "to get a little news out of him, if that were possible," but the visitor was not in a talking humor.

"What's Richard doing, uncle," said Mrs. Martin, at length. He turned to Nora. She repeated the question.

"Richard is well."

"When is he going to build on his lot?"

"Hot! I don't think so."

"I said '*lot*,'" screamed Mrs. Martin. "*Lot*—Richard's lot on Ashe street. When is he going to build on it?"

"What does she say?" said uncle Hudson, turning an unmoved countenance to Nora.

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"She says, when is cousin Richard going to build on his lot on Ashe street?"

"He has sold it," said uncle Hudson, placidly.

"Sold it! you don't say so! Ask him who to, Nora."

"Sold it to whom, uncle Hudson?" said Nora.

"To Jack Hampton, some months ago. He has put up a nice little house on it."

Here was news indeed, to one auditor. Did uncle Hudson remark that this auditor's cheeks flushed brilliantly, and that his affectionate little interpreter's eyes, and ears, and tongue incontinently deserted their service?"

"What are you looking at, daughter?" said the old man.

Something very rose-colored, if it resembled what uncle Hudson was looking at.

"There's that beast snuffing around your preserve jars," Mrs. Martin said. "What's in that skillet you left out there, Nora?"

"Nothing."

She was mistaken, there was something; an investigating nose, and two long, inquisitive ears. The next moment:

"Mercy on me!" shrieked Mrs. Martin.

"Whoa there, Choctaw! Deuce take the fool," yelled uncle Hudson.

But his master might as well have yelled "Whoa!" to the wind. Down the hill, at full speed, wagon and all, racketted Choctaw, with a bell metal skillet bumping, and clumping, and swinging on his distracted neck! and away, at Choctaw's heels, pursued all the available force of the establishment: that frenzied Choctaw—Tom on the east; uncle Hudson on the west; Nora and old Daddy Jim in every direction at once; and the bell metal skillet jiggling and dancing about like mad.

The colt was delighted. He squealed, and kicked, and galloped up and down the barn yard in an agony of sympathy and excitement. Every time the wagon bounced over a stump, uncle Hudson muttered words too terrible to be recorded. "Head him off—head him off, Nora!" shouted Tom, "head him off, can't you?"

Nora opposed her small person, but gave way on the approach of the enemy.

"I declare," panted Tom, scornfully, going by on the run, "you'd better go into the house; you're no use here."

At length Choctaw, with a sudden, mulish recollection, stopped short, planted his fore feet firmly, lowered his head, and showed his iron heels, when presto! the jiggling, thumping, diabolic horror was gone, and that astounded mule, in his bewilderment, suffered himself to be captured and escorted up the hill, the meekest, mournfulest, most uncomprehending animal that ever was bewitched.

"Girls are such fools, I declare," growled Tom. "You couldn't even head him off. You *ran*, Nora, the moment you saw him coming."

"You're crazy, boy," retorted his sister. "I think I *would* be a fool if I stood right in the way of a wagon, and a great creature like that, all snorting, with a kettle hanging around his neck."

"It's all your fault, the whole of it," continued Tom. "If it hadn't been for your carelessness, uncle Hudson's wagon wouldn't have been smashed; and here *I'll* have to spend the rest of the day splicing it up, so he can get home."

"It's not much broken," said Nora, cheerfully.

How long Nora lingered on her sunset hill that evening—lingered until the dew fell, and the dusk fell, and all was silent, except down in the meadow, "the waters laugh through reeds and rushes."

Jack Hampton was building a house like himself—solid and strong—and building it as all good work in this world is built, without many words.

Every day he walked over, and inspected every part of it. There was to be no papering, but every wall was finished in fir wood. "All this here balsam wood," said a workman, one day, "makes this here place smell like the Black Mountain itself."

"That's just what I want," said his employer, shortly.

As he stepped through a pile of shavings into the next room, and inhaled the resinous fragrance, Jack smiled to himself, a gentle, happy smile, that illumined agreeably his determined, somewhat stern features. Should he not rejoice in the wild sweetness of Black Mountain balsams? It was during that week's camping party on old "Craggy" and "The Black," that the sun first shone brightly on Jack Hampton's sombre life.

Winter set in early that year, and winter is no trifle over there, on the other side of the mountain, where Nora lived, on her high hill. Winds howl like wolves down the valleys, snow and ice and black mud clog the roads, and block them sometimes for weeks, except to heavy wagons. The mountains are wondrous in their "white raiment, the ghostly capes that shroud them:" but there are days when the mountains' beauty seems but savage desolation, and the river's voice, the roar of a wild creature.

Neighborly visitations were rare in the cold

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season. One little person, however, made her way about manfully. It was Miss Thompson, Miss Kitty Thompson, the dressmaker, and cutter and fitter of every imaginable garment, from the baby's frock to the teamster's "overalls."

One snowy afternoon of December, found Miss Kitty at the Martin's, fitting a dress-waist to Nora.

Little Miss Kitty cut and basted with amazing rapidity, and little Miss Kitty's tongue travelled as bravely. Nora was a willing listener. Miss Kitty was a woman of the world; had been "behind the scenes," as she said, mysteriously, in many a household. Nora considered her as wise as Pallas Athenæ's owl.

"As I was saying," said Miss Kitty, "he went west, and that was the last *she* saw of him. Here, try this on once more, Nora. I want to slope out the neck and arm-holes."

"O! please don't, Miss Kitty. I do hate to have necks and arm-holes sloped out. You always stick the scissors in me."

"Hate, indeed! A pretty looking dress it would be without it! You'd be sorry the next time you went to A—."

"But I am not going to A—."

"I don't know about that. A— is getting to be a fine place, I can tell you. Have you heard about Jack Hampton's new house, all lined with balsam?"

"Miss Kitty! you stuck that pin straight into my shoulder!"

"Of course I did. Why don't you stand still?"

"Those scissors, Miss Kitty! you flourish them so around my neck, it frightens me!"

"Well," said Miss Kitty, giving another flourish of the scissors, more frightful than before. "It's a very pretty house indeed, that Jack Hampton is building. He must intend to get married."

"Is he engaged?" said Nora, demurely; but not without a sudden throb of the heart.

"Not that I know of."

"Then what makes you think so?"

"Because young men don't set to work to build themselves houses for nothing."

"What a queer fancy," cried Nora, laughing, "to build his house first, and then ask his sweetheart. Suppose she should say '*No*,' Miss Kitty, *then* what would he do? He'd have had his pains for nothing."

"Pshaw, child," said the dressmaker, emphatically. "You don't know *men*. That makes precious little difference! He wants a house, and a housekeeper to take care of it for him. If he can't get one, he'll get another. That's common sense."

Nora said nothing in reply. A sudden gravity fell on her face.

The dressmaker's words seemed a sudden revelation of truth. Her happy dreams, faithfully cherished through the months since Jack Hampton had said "Good-bye" to her, with such looks, though not words, of earnest meaning, were turned to bitterest mockery.

"If he can't get one, he'll get another," ugly, stinging words; day after day they haunted her. Nora's was a passionate, jealous nature; it took but a spark of suspicion to set it aflame. There was a pretty house standing far away, behind the mountain tops, but she would think of it no more, she said to herself. And so it would be for a few days, and then she would throw herself across her bed, and weep and sob wildly, and think of the little house, and Jack's dark eyes, and those happy days on the Black Mountain, until her heart was sick.

Slowly December wore away, and now the January thaw had come.

"Cold, cold, and lonely, and sad," whispered Nora, pressing her forehead against a window pane, and looking down listlessly at the strip of high road visible in the distance. As she looked, a white wagon top came in sight, rocking and swaying as the horses labored through the mire. "Nothing—nothing! Must it be always so?" Nora said, sadly.

"Nora," called her mother's voice. "Take that key and go up into the garret, and bring down two of those big jars. There are four there, but you can bring but two at once."

Nora obeyed, and presently returned, with a great jar on her head, like one of Ali Baba's slaves, and the other in her hand.

"I could find but three," she began, but stopped abruptly; and really, the rest of her sentence was of no consequence, for there, with his hand extended, and his glad face flushing all over, stood Jack Hampton.

Yes, he had come, after all those weary days; after all the doubts and fears, he had come.

The same Jack! With not much to say, as usual. A man to be trusted. With many faults, doubtless, but an honest man, a man worthy of a woman's deepest faith, of her most passionate adherence.

And Nora—perverse girl! A moment before, to see Jack, would have seemed a joy incredible. Now, she fished out a long strip of something from her mother's work-basket, and went to work on it as though that was the one important matter in life, and John Hampton's appearance—the most insignificant of incidents.

Mrs. Martin talked fluently, and asked the

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young man questions about people and things, which he did his best to answer; but his information was so vague, that the lady gave up in despair.

"Well, John," she said, rising; "you have less to say about these people you have been seeing all the winter, than any man I know. See if you can't find something to tell, by the time I come back."

John Hampton had something to tell, and he had driven forty miles to tell it, but he was not likely to wait until Mrs. Martin came back to listen.

Nora stitched persistently, her pretty dark head bent over her work. Jack could not make up his mind to break the silence; it was so delightful to watch her, to look at that round, fresh cheek, that round, fresh throat. Under the sweeping eyelashes, were clear, gray eyes he knew.

"Nora," he said, at length, and he went over and took the seat beside her. "Nora, I have built my house.

The eyelashes lifted not.

"It's all complete, but for one thing. It wants a mistress, Nora."

"That is a want easily supplied." She tried to say this unconcernedly, but the hand that held the needle trembled.

"Will *you* come and be its mistress, Nora?" Jack's voice was wondrously grave and sweet.

She shook her head.

"Ah, Nora! not when I love you so dearly?"

"I don't think you have shown it," she murmured.

"Because I have not spoken of it before?" he said, eagerly. "I was waiting, Nora, until I had a home to offer you. Since we parted in the summer, I have thought of nothing else."

"And do you think a woman is won in that way?" cried Nora. "If you had *yourself* to offer, do you think anything else could add to your value, that is if she wanted you at all?"

"Which you do not, Nora," said the young man, sadly, "or you would not so misunderstand me."

"I do not misunderstand you. I understand perfectly. Your *house* was the all important point; *then* you decided that it needed a mistress, your *house* needed a mistress. It was not *you* that loved a woman, and could not be happy without her." These last words nearly choked this foolish girl; they made her so miserable.

Jack sighed. "I thought it would please you," said he. "I made it as pretty as I could, and I thought—but no matter what I thought. I have made every absurd mistake that I could make, it seems. I will trouble you with myself and my house no longer."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Nora," said Jack.

"Good-bye," said Nora.

He clasped her hand closely.

"*Have* I made such a mistake?" he whispered. "Say you are not in earnest, Nora."

She turned away her head, and withdrew her hand, quickly.

"I am quite in earnest."

Jack sighed no more. He marched out of the house, and into his wagon, and was rattling down the hill, at a good speed, when crack went the swingle-tree into two pieces, and two ironshod heels promptly avenged the insult.

A long-legged youth came running.

"What's the matter? Whoa there! Swingle-tree broken? Hallo, this is uncle Hudson's buggy, isn't it?—knew that swingle-tree'd fly into fits some day. Uncle Hudson wouldn't have it fixed right, but cobbled it up in some cantankerous way of his own."

"Get me a piece of rope, Tom, there's a good fellow, and help me to tie it together somehow."

"Come back to the house—come back to the house, Jack, and I'll take it up to the shop in the morning. Don't be in a hurry."

"Must. Couldn't go back if I had to tie the wheels on. Get me a piece of rope, can't you, Tom?"

"Have to take this horse out first. Here, I have it. There's Nora at the window—she'll bring it."

"O, don't ask her."

"Why not? Here, Nora," shouted Tom, with a yell of appalling volume, "bring that piece of rope out of the press in the corner. Hurry up."

"How *can* you trouble your sister, Tom?" said Jack, angrily.

"Why shouldn't she bring it? You and I have enough to do here. *She* never does anything."

Here came Nora, with the piece of rope in her hand. She would have thrown it down and departed, but the energetic Tom had no idea of letting her off so easily.

"Tie the horse to the tree, Jack. Now, Nora, you catch hold of this end while I splice it."

Nora could not but obey this imperious person, so she patiently held together whatever Tom put in her hands, while the keen wind blew her hair into her eyes, and set all her ruffles to fluttering.

"Do not stay out in this cold air, I beg you," said Jack, immeasurably annoyed. "Pray, go in. We can manage to tie this thing perfectly, without help."

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"No, we can't, either," sung out Tom. "Don't you let go, Nora. There—wait a moment. You two hold it just as it is till I come;" and Tom was off like a shot.

"Do not mind what Tom says; go into the house," said one of the persons left in charge of the wreck.

"If you think I am of no use," responded the other person; "but, indeed," hesitatingly, "I don't mind the wind at all."

"Don't you?" A glance at her face gave him a sudden resolution. "Perhaps then, if you don't mind, will you hold this?" And quite dropping his share of the burden, Jack said, resolutely: "Nora, perhaps I displeased you, a few moments ago. But I will promise never to trouble you again, if you will tell me one thing. It is but a trifle. Will you?"

"Since you say it is a trifle—yes."

Jack bent his head in such manner that his earnest, hazel eyes could not be evaded.

"Then, Nora, say to me, 'Jack, I refuse to be your wife, and to be the mistress of your home, not because I think you do not truly love me, but because it is impossible for me to love you.'"

"Oh! how unkind you are."

"Say it," said Jack. "It will be easy for you. Say it, and I am silenced."

Nora's lip began to quiver, and up went two hands over her burning face.

"Say it," whispered Jack, inexorably.

A silence; and then a tear fell on the broken swingle-tree.

"O, Nora! you cannot—"

"No," she cried, impetuously, "you *know* I cannot, because—because—"

And here a perfect shower of tears fell, but not on the swingle-tree, for Jack had taken to his heart, crimson face, and tears, and all.

"OH! POOR ME."

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THROUGH the sunset's golden glory,
Comes a wood-note wild and free;
And the songster's sweet, sad story,
Often told is "Oh, poor me!"

While the sunset clouds are lying,
In the west, a crimson sea,
And the day is slowly dying,
Sounds that mournful "Oh, poor me!"

Oh, poor me! the woods are ringing
With an hundred notes of glee;
Only one is sadly singing,
Mid the chorus, "Oh, poor me!"

While the twilight shades are falling
Over all the dewy lea,
Sadder still that voice is calling,
Through the gloaming, "Oh, poor me!"

Only when the night, advancing,
Veils in darkness bush and tree;
Songsters to some covert glancing,
Wail no longer "Oh, poor me!"

But so much like human sorrow,
Seemed that plaintive cry to me;
That my heart through all the morrow,
Needs must echo "Oh, poor me!"

CALL TO THE FLOWERS.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

OH! daffodil, open your balmy buds
In ruffles of vivid gold,
For softly the sweet, rain-spirits sigh
For your blossoms to unfold.
Oh! bravest bloom of the flowery throng—
The moon is here, though the night was long.

The cascade's silvery trumpet calls:
"Oh! violet sweet, awake;
'Neath your wind-built tent of dead brown leaves,
Your long, deep slumber break.
In a bower of your own bright leaves, arise!
Your chalice blue as the April skies."

Oh! cowslip, smile with your sunny head,
From under its leafy hood;
The south wind's mellow music blows
In the depths of the purple wood;
And the breezy haunts of the blue birds ring
With the first rejoicing songs of spring.

The beautiful May will soon be here,
And make the maples burn
With scarlet bloom—where the shad-bush snows—
On shady banks of fern.
Then, darlings, awake from your winter dream,
To the call of the wind, the rain, and stream.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XII.

LORD HERON staggered into the great hall at Oldham, with the deathly form of Edith Norton in his arms. Behind him came a groom, carrying the boy, who had so bravely risked his life that hers might be saved. His pallid face lay, supine and motionless, on the shoulder of the man, his limbs hung downward, limp and wavering. No gleam of strength or vitality seemed to possess the slender body. Amid the wild commotion that followed, no one, at first, seemed to regard the boy, for general attention fell upon the young lady that Heron carried in his arms, himself almost as pale as the whiteness of her insensible face.

Down the grand staircase Lady Carew rushed, startled for once out of her stillness. The master of the house came more deliberately out from his private room. Both guests and servants rushed to the hall, breathless with alarm.

Heron had carried his burden some distance on the moor, and was shaking from head to foot, with fatigue and excitement. He had laid her on a couch in the drawing-room, and was wiping the moisture from his forehead, when Lady Carew rushed in, and dropping on her knees, pressed her hand down upon the girl's heart.

"It does not beat. She is dead, and you have killed her," she cried out, lost to all sense of appearances; "killed her, and in doing it blocked up your own path forever."

The young man looked at the haughty, rebuking face in astonishment. He was at a loss to comprehend these words.

"She is not dead. It is only the reaction. Will some one who has a little self-possession, bring water—anything that can restore a fainting person to life."

Lady Carew started to her feet, took the little golden flacon from her chatelaine, and applied it eagerly to the fainting girl's nostrils, while the servants went in one direction, and some of the guests in another, for more potent restoratives.

While the whole household was thrown into a tumult, and gathered anxiously around the young lady, Rufo was left to the groom, who laid him down on one of those grandly carved chests, that bespoke the antiquity of the Carews, and waited in the hall for some one to come, and determine whether he was quite dead or not. It was a piteous sight—those frail limbs laying over the chest, so limp and still; the face, beautiful in defiance of its marble whiteness, rendered all the more pallid, because of the blood that had stained his lips with its vivid crimson. The slender hand falling down the side of the chest; the bosom utterly devoid of breath. Yet no one came to his help, until a girl ran, fluttering, like a frightened bird, to the head of the staircase, and, seeing the white face turned upward from the chest, gave one shrill, wailing cry, and leaped downward, falling on her knees, and making mad efforts with her two trembling hands, to tear away his clothes, and feel if there was any warmth about the heart.

"Is—is he dead?" she gasped, lifting her eyes, full of terrible fear, to the groom.

The man shook his head. How could he tell? It seemed to him a long time since there had been any sign of life in the form he carried.

One moment Beatrice looked at him in wild doubt; then she sprang to her feet, seized him by the arm, and tried to say:

"Why don't you speak? Tell me—tell me!"

But no such words came. Fear seemed to have curdled them on her white lips. Then her hold on the man released, and she fell to the floor, half prostrate, half upon her knees. Then came another figure fluttering slowly, painfully down the stairs, with the halt and caution of an invalid, unused to exertion, and moving from the inner strength of a soul in pitiful commotion.

It was Lady Jane, drawn from her solitude by the cry which had broken from Beatrice, when she came in sight of her brother.

In the depths of her anguish, Beatrice saw the flutter of those white garments, and the sympathy in that sweet face.

"Oh, lady, lady! he is dead! he is dead!" she cried out, holding up her arms, "dead! dead!"

Lady Jane reached the chest, and finding her-

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self very weak, sank down by the girl, hushing her gently.

"Not yet. He may not be past all hope," she said, with infinite pity and soothing in her voice. "Wait a little!"

Gently as a cropped lily falls to the earth, Lady Jane laid her hand over the heart that seemed so dead; held it a moment there, and pressed it closer.

"He was alive when I took him up, I am sure of that, my lady," said the groom, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"There seems to be, I think there is, life, but so faint I cannot tell, I cannot tell."

Beatrice lifted her head.

"Oh! do not move your hand; mine shakes, I could not tell. He said there was life only a little while ago. Oh! lady, help me! help me!"

As Lady Jane reached forth her hand again, her mother came into the hall. She took no heed of the senseless boy, but addressed the groom at once.

"Thomas, have a horse ready directly. Ride over to Ashford, and bring a doctor here as soon as possible."

The groom cast a regretful look on the boy, and ventured to speak.

"For him, my lady?"

"For him!" repeated Lady Carew, with a disdainful lift of the head. "You will say that Miss Norton has met with an accident, and requires his attendance at once. If the lad is hurt, send for Mrs. Colt, she will know what to do."

Saying this, the lady turned to enter the drawing-room again, when her eyes fell on the two girls, on their knees, and clinging together.

"You here, Lady Jane Rutger," she exclaimed, in angry amazement. "What madness sent you from your room?"

"He is hurt; we fear that he is dead," answered the girl. "And oh, mamma, he is her brother, all she has got in the world."

"Hurt, is he? How did that happen?"

"In this way, mother," answered Lord Heron, who had just entered the hall. "The brave fellow saw that mad horse tearing across the moor, with our guest yonder reeling on his back, and threw himself under the brute's hoofs. But for that, Miss Norton would hardly be lying yonder, already half recovered, while he is here uncared for."

"No," said Lady Jane, lifting her sweet face, "not uncared for. We have been here all the time."

"What, you, Jane—"

Before the young man could express his astonishment, Beatrice interrupted him.

"He has not moved! he cannot speak! Is it that he is dead? Oh, tell me!"

Lord Heron stooped over the boy, and listened for the breath that seemed hushed forever. He lifted the pale head from a cushion that the groom had put under it, laid it gently down again, and sighed heavily. Turning his face from the agony of appeal in the sister's eyes, he said, with forced composure:

"I hope—I think it is only that he is stunned. That is so like death. Who can tell?"

Beatrice detected tears in his voice, and covered her face.

Lady Jane, who held the boy's hand in hers, dropped it suddenly, with a faint cry.

"It stirs—it beats," she exclaimed, "like the quiver of an hour-old bird. I felt a pulse move here in his wrist."

Beatrice started from her trance of grief, snatched the hand, and pressed her shivering fingers upon it so wildly—so eagerly, that she could discover nothing.

"What is all this trouble about?" said Lady Carew, who had been watching this scene impatiently. "From all this ado about him, the lad might think himself heir of the house, if not a hero of romance. Heron, you forget that Edna has come back to consciousness, and may feel this desertion. Jane, get up from your knees; this is no place for you. Leave the girl alone with her brother."

Lady Carew threw her arms about her daughter's waist, as she arose to obey, and almost carried her to the stairs, but the poor girl had fearfully overtasked her strength, and at the first step, lay panting in her mother's arms. Lady Carew looked over her shoulder, and saw that Heron was not regarding them, but leaning, with tender interest, over the wounded boy.

"Egbert! Egbert!" she called out: "Have you no eyes for your sister?"

The young man came forward at once, took Lady Jane in his arms, and carried her up stairs. As her head rested on his shoulder, she whispered:

"Do not let them put him among the servants, dear. They would never understand him."

Heron answered her only with a caress. He, too, was suffering from prolonged excitement, and had strength for no superfluous words.

Lady Carew watched them as they disappeared, then turned upon Beatrice.

"The young lady in yonder needs help. Go and care for her. One of the men can take your brother to his room."

"But, my lady, Rufo has scarcely learned to breathe."

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"Well, that is enough. It proves that very little is the matter with him. Go in, I say."

"No," answered Beatrice. "I should do ill to leave him."

The girl's face was full of trouble, but her voice sounded clear and decided.

Lady Carew was unused to contradiction of any kind. Now the hot blood rushed up to her forehead, and one foot beat time to her rising anger. Before she could reiterate the command, Lord Heron came hurriedly down the stairs, and took Rufo in his arms. The boy opened his eyes, saw Beatrice watching, with agony in her face, and tried to smile. The effort was piteous, but it reached her heart like a flash of sunshine, and while she was trying to answer his smile, her eyes filled with a flood of grateful tears.

"Where are you taking him?" questioned the lady. "Have we no servants in the house that you become his attendant?"

"Plenty; but in this case I prefer to see to the lad myself. Before the doctor comes, I shall be down again."

The young man spoke firmly, but with entire respect. He hesitated a moment, as if wishing to offer some word of sympathy to Beatrice, but checked himself, and carried the boy away.

Beatrice dropped both hands from her face, and lifted it—all tear-stained—to the lady.

"Now I will obey the signora," she said, "for I know that Rufo is safe."

The heiress had been placed on a couch heaped with cushions, and over her torn habit some one had thrown an India shawl, that gave peculiar richness to her surroundings. She had received a great shock, and the prolonged strain on her nerves had been terrible. Still she was quite conscious, and answered the inquiries of those around her in faint, broken sentences, that gave a vague idea of the race for life or death, which she had been so madly riding.

As Beatrice came in, following Lady Carew, she was speaking of the last moment of her danger.

"I do not know what it was—something slender and dark. It might be human; it might be an animal."

"It was my brother Rufo," Beatrice broke in, glowing with excitement. "It was my Rufo, who is himself almost killed. No animal, for not even a lion was ever so brave."

Edna Norton rose to her elbow, and, spite of her lassitude, looked at the girl with gleams of dislike, stirring her whole face.

"Your brother! Oh! how could one tell?"

As if overcome by some disgustful feeling, she settled back among her cushions, and closed her eyes, not exactly from weariness, but, as it would seem, to shut the face of the Italian girl out from her sight.

Beatrice saw this, and drew back, muttering between her teeth:

"The ingrate! Does she count my Rufo's life for no more than that? The ingrate—the ingrate! Oh, how I hate her!"

The girl was not searching her own heart, or she might have found a cause deeper than the ingratitude of Edna Norton, for the feeling of repugnance that seized upon her, whenever she was forced into nearness with the young lady, for it deepened and burned into tremulous excitement.

Then Lord Heron came in, and passing her with a single sentence, "Your brother is better," went up to the couch where Edna was lying, and dropping on one knee beside it, inquired after her state with an appearance of absolute devotion.

"I shall never, never forgive myself for allowing you to ride that vicious beast, or, that I did not have him shot before he left the moor."

"No, no; I would not have had you do that for the world," she said, clasping her hands, as if it were necessary to interest him. "Promise me that you will not let him be harmed."

"Oh, I can promise," he answered. "One does not shoot an animal like that in cool blood, but when he had two lives almost under his hoofs, I could have done it with satisfaction."

"Two?" repeated the young lady, as if Rufo's part in her rescue had entirely gone from her mind.

"Yes, the Italian lad—his brave dash at the horse was the gamest thing I ever saw."

"Ah, yes! She was talking of it—his sister, I mean—quite warmly. It tired me a little. I could only remember that it was your arm that swept me from the saddle, and that was all I wished to know."

Edna's voice was subdued to absolute tenderness as she said this, and her blue eyes, lazy with languor, turned to his with a look that filled the heart of one young creature, as she looked on, with absolute loathing. Lady Carew stood by triumphant. Every tone of the conversation thrilled her with new hope. This accident, which had threatened to turn all her cherished plans into a tragedy, now promised to bring them to a more speedy consummation than she had dreamed of.

"Had she not better be taken to her room," questioned Heron, appealing to his mother.

"No, no! not yet! I am resting here," pleaded the young lady, reluctant to end a scene that kept Heron at her feet. "Some one must tell

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me how it all happened. I was so terrified that it all seemed like the flight of a bird. One moment dashing onward like a storm, the next carried like a child—so—so. Ah! I never shall forget, nor quite understand it: only this, you saved my life; death itself cannot make me forget that."

"You give me undeserved credit," said Heron, rising from his knee, and seating himself near the couch. "It was that plucky Italian boy that saved you from being dashed to death, and me from eternal remorse, for allowing you to ride that vicious brute."

"But I would ride him. You tried to prevent it. How could you, in fact, when I was determined, and—and even now I am not sorry."

Lady Carew grew uneasy. She knew her son's character, and dreaded the effect this conversation might have upon him, if carried too far.

"My dear," she said, addressing her guest, "perhaps you had better be taken to your apartments."

"No, no!" protested the young lady.

"Then I must forbid you to talk. The doctor will blame me when he comes. Heron, you should be more thoughtful."

The young man arose.

"I beg pardon. It is time that I should see to our other patient. He is seriously hurt."

Before Lady Carew or Edna could protest, Heron had left the room, from which Beatrice had already withdrawn unnoticed.

Why was she so deeply agitated? Whence came the fever of pain that burned, like an atmosphere, about her heart? It was not the feeling of terrible alarm that had seized upon her, when Rufo was brought in seemingly dead, nor the tender anxiety that followed his return to life. All at once, this over-crowning apprehension was thrust into the background, and after it came a burning sense of wrong, the humiliation of a great defeat; tears, which pride kept back from her eyes, swelled her bosom, filling it with suffocating storms.

Once away from the drawing-room, the girl fled to her own little chamber, close to Lady Jane's apartments, but exclusively her's. There she fell before the little white bed, and burying her face in the pillows, gave free way to her tears, wondering at herself all the time, and sobbing, like a child that does not understand its own grief.

Was it that those people were so ungrateful that they could not understand the sublime act of bravery, that had filled her with so much fear and pride? No! she would not have mourned so over that. Was it not enough that she could glory in him? What was the appreciation or gratitude of the rich Miss Norton to her, or him? Was she still in terror lest the beloved one should die? Not now; that awful feeling had merged into hopefulness, since she had seen that smile on Rufo's face. Besides she was ignorant of disease, and in that lies a world of self deception.

What was it, then, that made Beatrice so wretched, that thrilled her with pain, and burned her cheeks with resentment? Had she grown suddenly envious, and altogether wicked? Why was it, that she loathed the very thought of Edna Norton so?

CHAPTER XIII.

"BEATRICE!"

"I am here, Rufo."

The girl started up from a deep old chair, covered with faded tapestry, in which she had been half buried, and her face brightened at once out of its disconsolate sadness.

"Is it that you know me, Rufo?" she questioned, with a quiver of hope in her voice, and a trembling of her hands, as she pushed the damp hair back from his forehead, and touched it softly with her lips, as if she feared to frighten back the spirit of life that was returning to him.

"Yes, I know you," he whispered, lifting his great eyes to her face, then closing them slowly, as if the effort of sight overpowered him.

The girl fell upon her knees by that huge old bed, and taking the hand which lay on the faded silk of the coverlet, held it to her cheek tenderly, as if it had been a wounded bird she had found there.

"Can you speak again, my Rufo?" she pleaded, also in a whisper, for she held her voice in thrall, rather than disturb the spark of new life that was scarcely perceptible in its faint kindling.

The lad opened his eyes, and they wandered from her face to a window crowded with diamond panes, and latticed with lead, over which hung a cloud of mist, that broke and eddied a little with the wind, like a soft drapery some invisible hand was striving to sweep away.

Beyond this, a crowd of leafless trees outlined their boughs and twigs against a darker background of the sky, seen dimly through the gray of the mist, like the first faint penciling of a landscape without distinct form or coloring. These floating tints of gray, or perhaps the soft indistinctness of the outlook seemed to rest the eyes, that a brighter scene would have blinded, for a look of vague wonderment came into them, and a faint smile followed, as if the dream of a

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future harmonized with the haze in his own mind.

Still he did not attempt to speak, but lay there like a little babe before it has learned to think, gazing at this window picture in languid wonderment.

Thinking that the faint dawn of mind that had startled her hope was dying out again, Beatrice grew desperate, and in her passion of hope and fear, kissed him, crying out:

"Oh, Rufo, my brother! One word! one word! There is nothing at the window, but I—I am here."

Those great dark eyes were turned from the window to her face. Then the boy strove to reach out his arms, but they fell back, limp and strengthless, as the stalks of frost-bitten flowers.

"Beatrice," he called, very faintly. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"But you know me! you understand!"

"Yes. You and I together; but where? Are we dead?"

"No, no! You know things! you will live!"

Again the boy turned his eyes on the window. The gray mistiness there seemed to fascinate him.

"A new life and a new world only half made," he muttered, dreamily watching the naked tree boughs swaying, with a soft rhythm of motion, behind the curtains of the fog—light and darkness floating together; trees forming into shape. "Will the sun ever shine? Will the dead branches ever bear leaves and fruit? Who knows? This is the beginning. It was in this way the other world was formed; but why do they send us here where everything is just begun?"

"Oh, Rufo," pleaded the girl, in dire alarm. "You are going back—wild and crazed again"

"Am I? But you are Beatrice, I know that. Are we alone here?"

"Quite alone, just now; but it is not often so. *He* comes to see you, every day—more than that, sometimes; and my young lady herself is often here."

"The young lady?"

"Yes, *anima mia*, she who moves so seldom, comes here now and then, and sits hours together in the great chair here, watching as you sleep."

"Did she? But oh, Beatrice, it was cruel to let me sleep. How could I sleep, and she looking? It was like having the Madonna watch over one."

"It was, indeed; but she is beautiful and good, like our lady. Her smile is like a benediction."

Rufo smiled, and a mist came over the wild brightness of his eyes as the lids closed over them.

"It was that which made me live again," he murmured, and as he spoke, tears stole through the long, dark lashes, leaving them tremulous and moist.

After awhile he turned upon his pillow, and looked around the room, which was darker than the darkness out of doors, for the shadows were dense, like the fog, and to that was added some old tapestry on the walls, and the draperies of that huge old bed.

"How came it that I am here?" he questioned, wearily. "Why is everything so dusky?"

"It was my young lady, who had it done. She would not let them take you to a servant's room, when they brought you home so near to dead, but made them carry you in here. The room is in the old, old wing, and has not been used this many a year; but she had it arranged, because it was nearest her own apartments. Besides, my room is close by, so I have you all to myself, though the house is so large, and this part so very old."

The boy listened, questioning her only with his eyes, which seemed striving to see through the shadows of a dream.

"When I was brought in dead," he whispered, at length, as if the words puzzled him greatly. "How was that?"

"When they took you from under the hoofs of that terrible horse. Oh! Rufo, Rufo! death was like that, when the young man brought you into the hall, lying white and limp, in his arms, as I have seen the Saviour in pictures, with the shadow of the cross on his drooping face."

"A horse—a horse!" cried the lad, making a faint struggle upward from his pillow, but falling back, breathless.

"Oh, Rufo, Rufo! you frighten me!"

"A wild, black horse, with eyes of fire, his head tossed aloft, and a long main streaming in the air. It was the last thing I saw; but the lady, the lady—was she, too, taken up dead?"

"No, no; she was not hurt—frightened, but not hurt at all. It was only you *angelo mio*, who seemed dead, but the grand lady would have it that she must have care first; so they left you to us. Only the young lord seemed to understand, when the doctor said it was you that needed him most; but you have been ill so long, it breaks my heart to think of it. So wild, too, like a bird beating its cage, then lying all day long, searching the dark wall with eyes, that had neither thought nor life in them."

"Ah, I remember it all now. I see the great hoofs lifted in the air, the red mouth grinding its

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bit, and scattering foam over me; the white faced lady reeling in her saddle—but it tires me so; it tires me so."

"Do not think of it, then, or the fever may come back. Try and sleep a little, and all will be well, as if the mad horse had never lived," said Beatrice.

"It frightens me," murmured Rufo, shuddering on his pillow.

"That is because you are so weak. You were not frightened then, but leaped right in front of the mad horse, and dragged down his head with your weight. It was in that way you saved the lady."

"Saved the lady! Did I, really?"

"Lord Heron says so, and he saw it all. Besides, I am sure of it, because there never was so brave a boy, only—only it was you that suffered."

While Beatrice was speaking, the sick boy, worn out with excitement, had closed his eyes, and was, or seemed to be, sleeping. While he lay there in the calm of excitement, Lady Jane came into the room, very slowly, for a walk down the long corridor was severe exercise for her. Beatrice seeing this, ran forward to help her.

"Go," she said, dropping into the great, easy chair; "I will watch while he sleeps."

Beatrice dared not raise her voice to explain that a return of reason had made her brother conscious, for she was rebuking herself for the state of prostration into which her own imprudence had thrown him, and obeyed the gentle whisper of her mistress without a word.

When she was quite alone, Lady Jane arose, and leaning over the bed, listened to the scarcely perceptible breathing of her charge. Lower and lower she bent, until her face almost touched his. A moment of breathless hesitation, and then he felt a kiss—light and soft as a rose leaf—fall upon his forehead.

A faint shiver, such as had never thrilled his nerves before, ran through his feeble frame, so faint, that even her exquisite power of sympathy failed to discover it. But later on, she saw that the black lashes that lay upon his cheek, were wet, and wondered at it with gentle pity.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is a matter which concerns your reputation as a gentleman. You have imperiled her life, your devotion has been apparent to the whole circle of our friends. It is the one thing upon which your father—I will not speak of myself—has set his heart. The lady has a right to expect it. Continued delay would be dishonor."

Lady Carew spoke with energy, softened with more persuasion than was common to her. She was so earnest in her appeal, that her voice shook, and her eyes filled more than once.

Lord Heron was greatly disturbed. He felt that there was truth in what she said, and that his own imprudence had armed her with these potent arguments. During Miss Norton's visit to Oldham, he had, against his own will and judgment, been drawn into attentions that partook of his own uncertainty, but were capable of positive construction. He had, at least, met such covert overtures, as even proud women can make, without compromising their modesty. Wishing to please his mother, of whom he was very fond, he was ready to fall in love with the lady of her choice, if falling in love were possible, and thus had entangled himself in meshes so fine and subtle that his honor could scarcely break through them unsullied.

Of late the young man had drawn back, and was less frequently in the young lady's society. She owned a small estate in the neighborhood, on which was a picturesque cottage, or villa, formerly built as a dower house to a much larger property which other land holders had absorbed, leaving gardens, a park, and one or two small farms to the original estate.

In this pretty nest Miss Norton had settled, and with her fine taste and great wealth was turning it into a paradise. Formerly it had been merely picturesque, now, without changing anything of the wild beauty with which insidious nature draws art back into its bosom, the heiress brought in the aid of her own intelligence, and gave ideal grace to the changes time had made.

To this place, Heron had been lured more times than were good for him, since the heiress had quitted Oldham, and here he was sure to find a sincere welcome, and such objects of interest as kept his fine intellect in a state of pleasant excitement.

"You have visited her almost every day since she left the house," persisted Lady Carew.

"I know; because almost every day you have found some errand that I could hardly refuse," he answered.

"You have aided in her plans—"

"With your good help, mother, I have made a precious fool of myself, and you are compelling me to feel it. The young lady will not thank you for forcing the consequences on her."

"Take your seat, Heron; this tramping up and down the room shakes one's nerves."

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The young man sat down.

"Tell me, what is the urgent need of this marriage? Something more than the lady's wealth, I feel confident."

"No one has ever spoken of her wealth, though with all sensible persons that should be a consideration," was the lady's reply.

"Not with me, lady mother. Oldham is not a principality, but it is quite sufficient for me. Why should I crave more than has contented my father? Above all, why must I barter my soul for that which I neither need or want?"

"Is it bartering a soul to return the entire love of a beautiful and charming young woman, who has selected you from a score of men ready to fall at her feet?"

"Not if I returned the love. You sacrifice her womanly delicacy in speaking of it," he said.

"Not when your own attentions have made it so apparent?" answered the lady.

"Mother, do you say, upon your honor as a lady, that I have so carried myself, that nothing short of a proposal can redeem my honor."

"Yes, Heron, I do say that, and—"

"Enough, enough! just now we will let this subject drop. Is my father in his room?"

"Yes."

"Then I will wish you good morning."

The young man was about to leave the boudoir, in which his mother usually gave her lectures, with angry heat in his face and heart, but in a moment the chivalry of his nature came uppermost, and, turning back, he kissed her hand.

Half an hour after this, he came out from his father's room, walked down to the front entrance, where a man was holding his horse, mounted and galloped down the main avenue. There was a vista in the trees of the park through which a stretch of the highway could be seen. Lady Carew stood at the window looking anxiously down the break in the foliage, until she saw her son pass it without slackening his speed.

"He is going to Hazlehurst," she said, radiant with new-born hope.

Another person stood at the window just above, also looking out through the break of the trees: a young girl with dark, sad eyes full of wistful anxiety. As the horseman rode across the opening, her hands dropped, and a faint moan broke from her. Then she crept drearily away from the window, with one hand pressed to her bosom, as if she had received some wound there, and was trying to hide it

Thus it chances in life, over and over again. The joy of one person is purchased by the pain of another. That which came like death to Beatrice, filled Lady Carew with exhuberent delight.

CHAPTER XV.

Edna Norton was at home in the dower house, which she had transformed into something picturesque as a ruin, and beautiful as a pavilion. Much of her wealth had been accumulated in trade, and she was conscious of lacking that patrician claim of descent, which in Old England is the one inheritance better than gold. But in all other things the heiress was so conscious of possession, that it enhanced the value of that which could only be obtained by a marriage with the blue blood of the realm. She had taste, education, the natural grace that springs from conscious power, and a certain degree of beauty which she prized most of all. Just of age and the entire mistress of herself, she sat in the lower room her own taste had created, waiting in doubt and anxiety for the presence of one, who could give her the most precious thing her ambition and fancy craved.

"He was not here yesterday, or the day before," she thought, moving up and down the room, restless with expectation. "But the morning is so beautiful, and everything is so bright here, it seems as if he must be lured out of the grand gloom of his home—ah, that is the tread of a horse—no, no, I am always cheating myself. I am tired of fluttering up and down this silken nest like a bird in its cage. It looked so pretty when I first came in, but I think one sickens of luxury sooner than of anything else. I wanted to make a bright contrast with his ancestral antiquities—something to draw him toward the place; but, after all, he may think it the display of a parvenue. Again, I— This time it is a horse—his horse—I should know the tread in the midst of a cavalry troop. He shall not find me here waiting like a pigeon on its nest."

The girl caught up a cloud of white lace, and drawing it over her head, went out in the fresh spring air. Passing into a garden, through a door of plate glass, that framed in its bloom and glow, like a picture, she became intensely busy among a forest of hot house roses, just released from their winter prison, pausing now and then, with her hand on a bud or flower, to listen if the sound of hoofs drew nearer.

Thus it was that Lord Heron saw her, when he entered the boudoir which she had left, fluttering like a fairy among the roses; plucking a golden one here; a bud bathed in blushes there; another of rich crimson, all of which she dropped into a loose fold of the lace that covered her like a mantilla, and swept downward over her arm.

Drawing a deep breath, the young man threw himself into a chair, opposite the sheet of crystal, and watched the girl in her graceful work. More

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than once, she cast a side glance from under her drooping lashes; saw that he was observing her through that translucent screen, and was content that nothing should arise to disturb the seeming unconsciousness of the tableau she was performing in. After awhile, she deepened the effect by walking thoughtfully forward, dropping a bit of fern into the filmy net in which she carried her roses, or breaking a tulip from its stalk, and holding it to the sunshine till it glowed and swayed on its stem like a ruby wine cup.

At last, she came slowly up the steps, caught a glimpse of the young man, and gave a faint, little cry, exquisitely performed.

Heron started up, flung the glass door open, and drew her into the room so suddenly, that he swept the lace from her hold; scattered the floor with roses, and left her two hands clasped in his.

"Edna," he said, speaking breathlessly; "I have come to offer myself—to propose that you should become mine. Am I making myself understood?"

A genuine rush of color came to the girl's face. His ardor took her by storm, and for the moment she was natural.

"I do not know; this is so sudden—so strange. Perhaps I misunderstand," she faltered, wondering, with a subtle undercurrent of cool thought, why he held her hands so close without attempting to kiss them.

A gleam of treacherous hope shot through the young man's heart. He looked at her earnestly.

"Loving me you could not misunderstand," he said, in a tone that almost implored the mercy of a refusal.

Certainly she did not read him aright then, for his earnestness seemed like pleading for her love. Pride alone would have prevented the expression of those eyes, as they were lifted to his, could she have comprehended his full meaning.

"Then you do love me?" he said, dropping her hands, but resuming them on the instant "It is no offence when I ask you to become my wife."

"Offence! Oh, how can you imagine it?"

He stood a moment in silence, tempted by an honorable impulse of truth, but her eyes were looking into his. A smile parted her lips. Around her floated the perfume of roses he was treading under his feet.

What man living could have said to her then, "I do not love you as a man should, who asks a woman to be his wife—a fine sense of honor—the wishes of others bring me here, spite of my own heart."

If such a man does live, it was not Lord Heron. He was young, and the girl beautiful, surrounded by a thousand sensuous luxuries, full of life, and fresh as the spring air, that her garments had brought in from the garden. All at once he took her in his arms, and kissed her, passionately, upon the mouth.

The man was defying his own heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIDDEN MEANINGS.

BY ELISE ARMSTRONG.

A BIRD within its cage
Chirped all day long;
A merry little bird,
That knew no song.

But sunshine fell so bright
On head and wing,
That it began one day
With mirth to sing.

And all day long its notes
Rang free and clear;
It was in radiant spring,
Nor winter near.

Each day as spring went past,
Some glad new tune
Of mirth and joy it learned,
Through spring and June.

But all the summer long,
One self-same lay
The gladsome bird would sing;
"How sweet," said they.

All summer long, until
One day, no light
Fell over bird and cage,
All dark as night.

And then the bird began
To beat its wings
Against the cage, nor cease
Its flutterings.

The winds grew cold and shrill,
No cheerful lay
From restless bird was heard
The whole dark day.

And so one morn, they found
The songster cold,
And never more its voice
Sang songs of old.

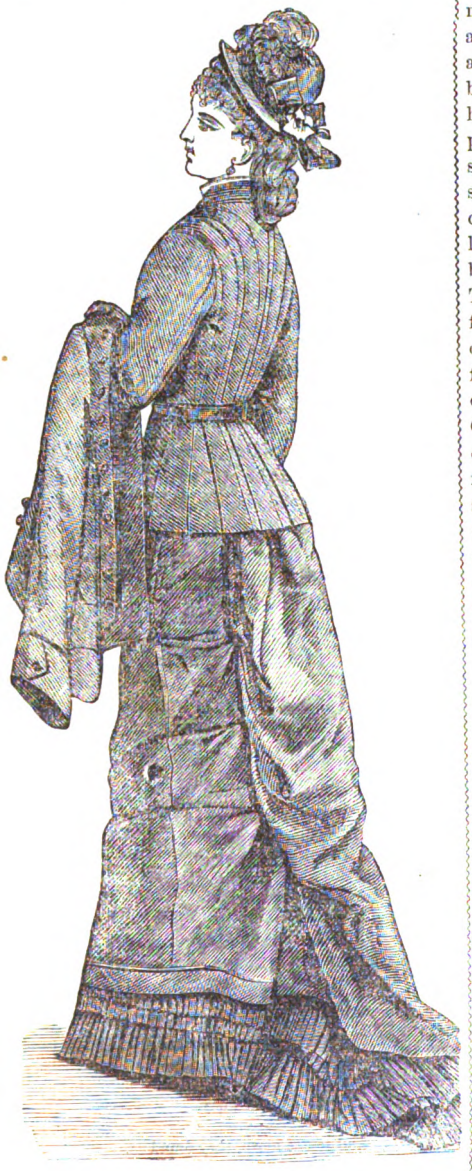
O! glad one, would you know,
Ere I depart,
The little songster's name?
It was—a heart.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a costume suitable for either street or house. It is a mixture of



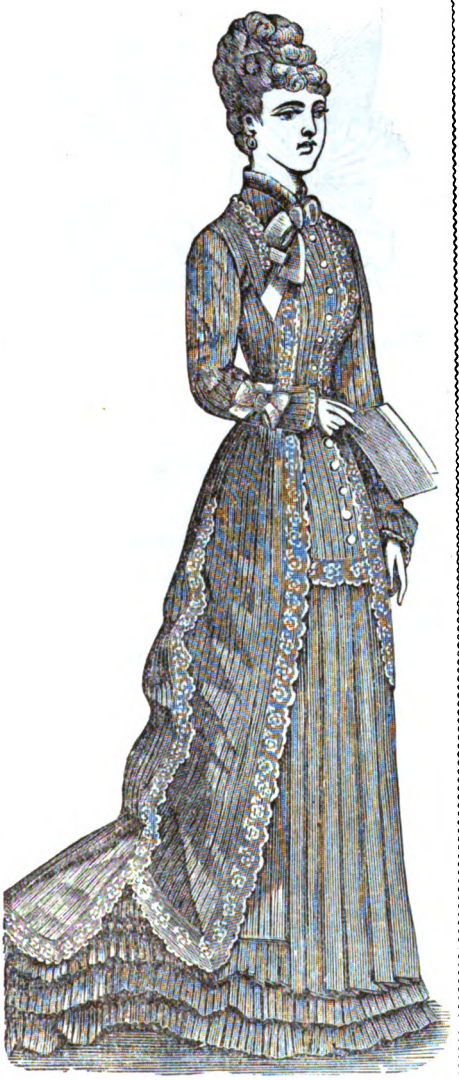
silk and light woolen material. The demi-trained skirt is of dragon green silk, with a deep kilting, say six inches, either separated in the centre by a narrow one of an inch and a-half, or else stitched by the sewing machine. The tunic and Norfolk jacket are of mixed woolen goods of a very light shade of greenish gray, shot with threads of yellow, red and brown. These pretty mixed goods are of light texture, like cashmere, and the best cost from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per yard, but they can be bought from twenty-five cents up. The tunic here is bordered in front with a cross band piped with the color of the under-skirt; it is slightly wrinkled in front, and the back falls shawl shape. The Norfolk jacket is cut like a cuirass basque trimmed back and front, the entire length, passing over the shoulders, with cross bands an inch in width, piped to match the tunic. This costume will serve as a suggestion to re-fashion an old skirt, making the tunic and jacket of something to correspond. It will also serve for one of those pretty chintzes with a bordered edge for the tunic, and trimmings for the jacket. Of double width material five yards will be required for tunic and jacket. The kilt-plaitings may be mounted on an old foundation for the skirt, or it is not necessary, if new, to make the entire skirt of silk. The depth of half a yard will be sufficient, faced on to a Silesia lining, if economy is desired, as with these very long over-skirts there is no possibility of the upper lining showing.



An out-door costume for a little girl from six to seven years is something entirely new. It is composed of silk and cloth or cashmere, both

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bége color, which is a light mixed gray. The plaitings are all of the silk, and they are mounted on a stiff crinoline lining. The remainder of the costume is in the woolen material. The edge is bordered with Torchon lace. Four yards of silk and one and a-half yards of cashmere will be required; one and a-half dozens buttons.



Next is a pretty and economical costume for a young lady's house-dress. The under-skirt is demi-trained, and has three narrow knife-plaitings, two and a-half inches deep each, when finished. The polonaise is cut Princess shape with vest front, from under which falls a long kilt-plaiting, reaching to the second plaiting on the skirt; this is placed upon the under-skirt, and the polonaise fastens over it. The edge of the vest, sides and back of the polonaise are all trimmed with coarse Torchon or imitation Russian lace, and the material of the dress is only fine Wamsutta sheeting, at eleven cents per yard, yard wide. We have seen a costume of this fine creamy cotton, and can answer for its making a beautiful dress. This design would also be very desirable for one of those cheap fifty cents pin-striped silks, using a narrow knife-plaiting for trimming the polonaise in place of the lace.



Next is a walking suit for a young lady, with the short round skirt, which will, no doubt, be

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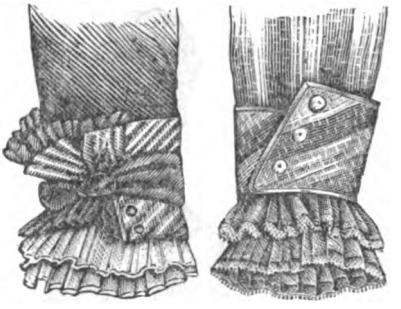
universally worn. The skirt is of indigo bourette, a mixed woolen material; the polonaise is of French merino, same color, trimmed with a wide galloon, embroidered with pale blue and brown. There is very little fulness in the polonaise, and all at the back, where it is bunched up in two loops, as may be seen. This will be a pretty way of making up percale and the soft chintzes, called Toile d'Alsace. Five yards of merino for the polonaise; two and a-half to three and a-half yards, according to size, for the under-skirt, of double fold goods; six yards of galloon. Price of pattern, fifty cents.



Back and front of a paletot for a child from two to three years. It may be made of light



baby blue cashmere, trimmed with Torchon lace; or of pique, trimmed with Hamburg edging, put on a little full, and quite deep for the bottom of the garment, narrower for the cape, cuffs and pockets. An embroidered insertion heads the edging, and above that is a simple design in braiding. If made of cashmere, use Torchon insertion for heading the lace, and omit the braiding.



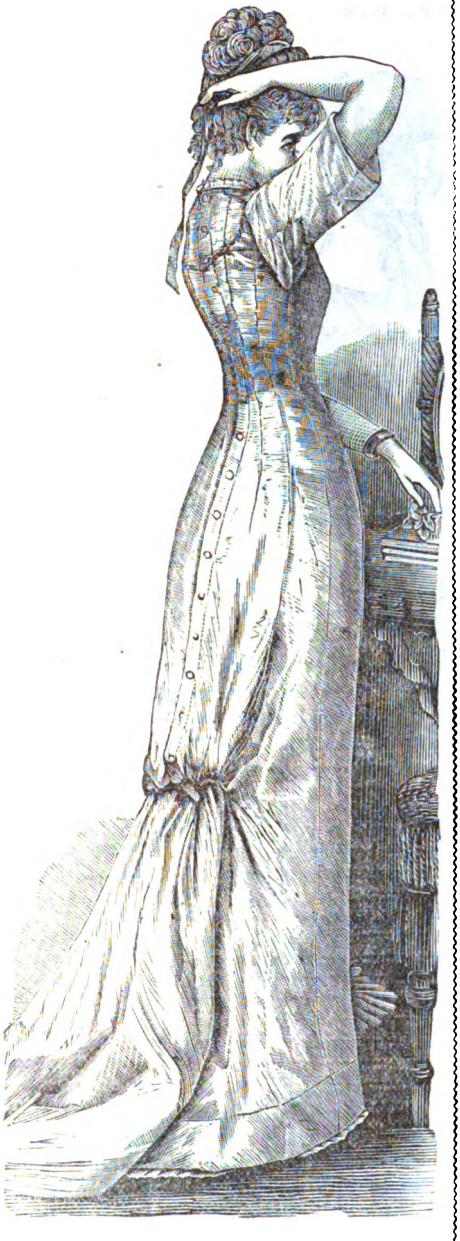
Two designs for trimming the cuffs of sleeves.



Breakfast cap of Swiss muslin, quilled Valenciennes lace, ribbon bows, to be worn quite on the top of the head.

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We give, here, an illustration of the new combination garment, that many ladies may like, and which, as will be seen, is a high petticoat bodice,



and petticoat in one. This combination underwear is Princess in form, and is buttoned at the back. It fits the figure closely, and at the termination of the fastening there is a drawing string. It may be made in either colored foulard or white nainsook. This garment, when made in colored silk, serves admirably for the slip of any transparent material, such, for example, as a white gauze dress.



Double collarette of clear muslin, with a neat pattern of embroidery, or an insertion may be laid on, and stitched down, then the muslin cut away. Edge with a narrow imitation Valenciennes lace, put on full enough to goffer. The upper collar is fitted to a band, and then turns over. Cuffs to match.

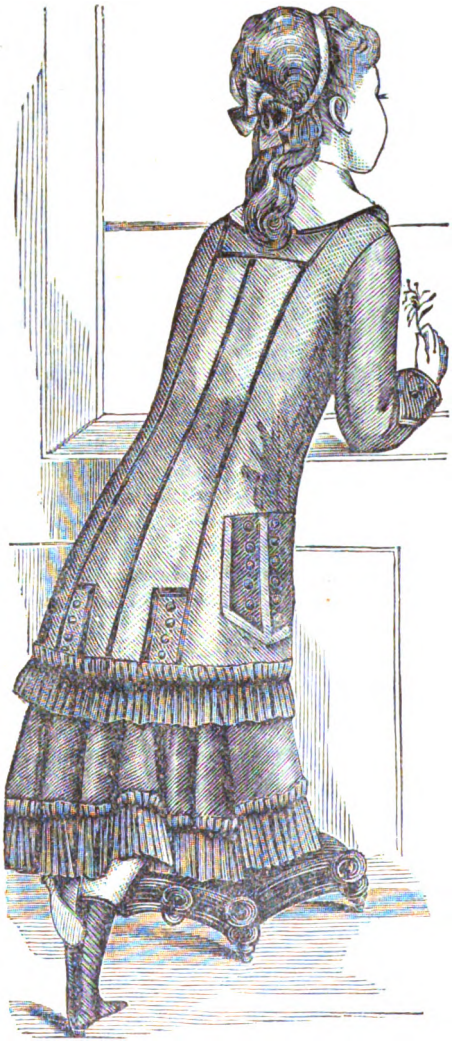
PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

Carry

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COSTUME FOR LITTLE GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our supplement is a full-size Princess dress for a little girl of eight or nine years. It consists of seven pieces.

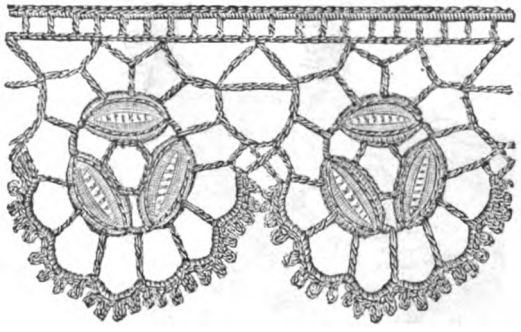
No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Side Front.
No. 3. Half of Back.
No. 4. Half of Side Back.
No. 5. Half of Kilted Skirt.
No. 6. Pocket.
No. 7. Sleeve.

Make of pique and cord all the seams with a thick cord. The kilted skirt at the back is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of nainsook, also the back of the dress where the skirt is joined. The flaps, pockets, cuffs and yoke collar are trimmed with white marseilles braid, and pearl buttons. This would also be a very suitable design for making up chintzes, and cording them with a plain colored cambric, making the ruffling of the same to match.

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POINT-LACE BRAID AND CROCHET.

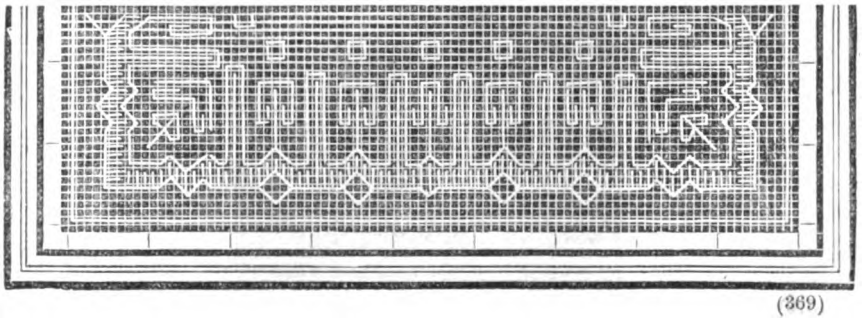
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Along a chain of sufficient length crochet as follows: First row: alternately one treble, two chain, miss two. Second row: along the other side of the chain, three double in the two chain missed in the first row; repeat. Third row: to form separate rosettes. * Arrange three ovals of the point lace braid as shown in the illustration, and crochet inside the ovals three times alternately four slip stitch in edge of oval, two chain, close the round with a slip stitch, turn the work, four chain, turn the work, join to the outer edge of the same oval, eleven chain, the first four to form one long treble, one long treble in same oval, seven chain, one long treble in same oval, † seven chain, one long treble in cord, seven chain, three treble with seven chain between each in next oval; repeat once from †, join to the centre of the last seven chain but one to the eleventh treble the centre of the last seven chain, and the eighth treble of the first row, then ten chain, join to next treble but three of first row, fifteen chain, one slip stitch in fourth of previous ten chain, three chain, one long treble in next cord, thirteen chain, one slip stitch in fourth of thirteen chain, three chain, close the round with slip stitch, fasten and cut the thread; repeat from * joining as required. Fourth row: * ten double, with five chain between the second and third, fourth and fifth, sixth and seventh, and eighth and ninth in the last seven of the first eleven chain of the rosette, five times ten double as before, with five chain between every two in the next seven chain, then two chain, one double in centre of five chain, two chain; repeat from *.

DESIGN FOR DARNING WAFFLE CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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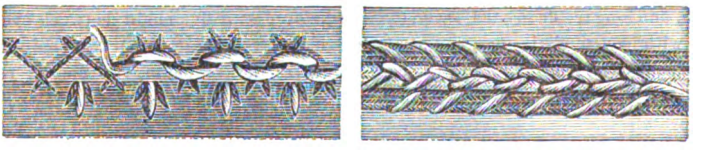
WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

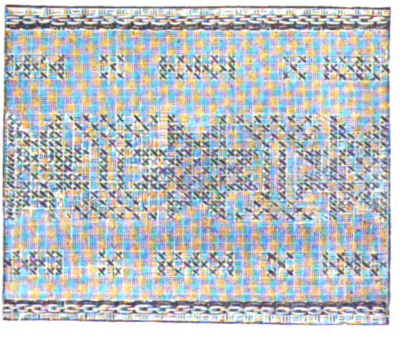


The basket is wicker work, ornamented with embroidery in red wool. The border of the under part is of white cloth, notched out at both edges, and worked in herring-bone stitches in red wool. The handle is wrapped with a thick cord to match the embroidery, and tassels to correspond, are added to the end. The inside of the basket is lined with quilted white satin. Any pretty-shaped basket can be ornamented in this way.

STITCHES IN SILK AND CREWEL EMBROIDERY.



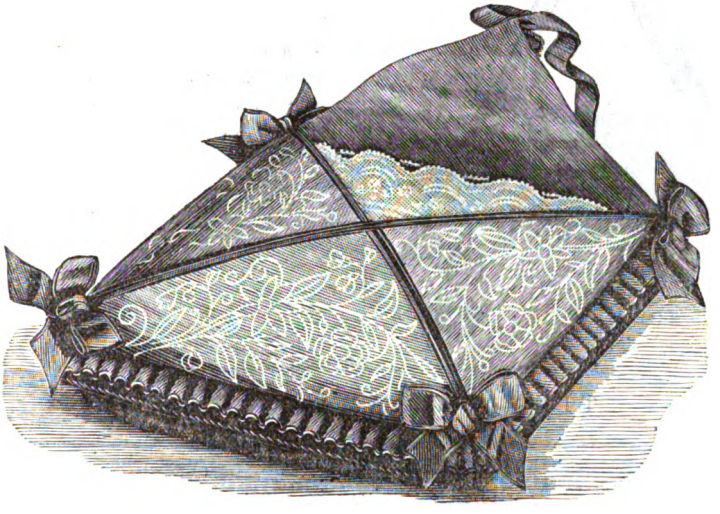
DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



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POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

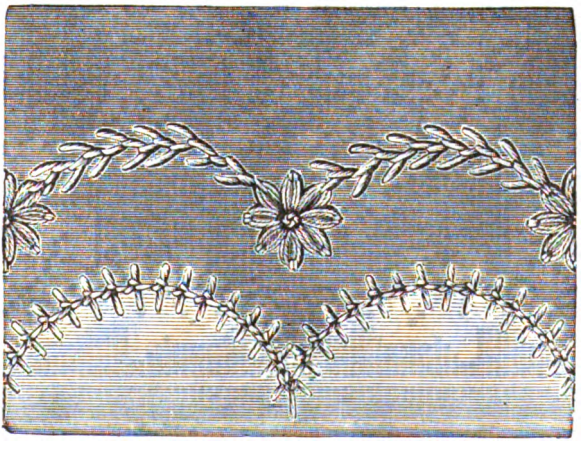
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The case is cut out in card board, and lined with blue satin, the wadding being scented before the satin is quilted. The flaps are embroidered, but they look well illuminated with bouquets of flowers, cut out of cretonne chintz, and appliquéd on with button-hole stitch, in sewing silks to match each flower and leaf. A ruche of blue satin ribbon finishes the edge, and the corners are decorated with bows.

EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Let a fir cone soak in cold water until the separate scales open, then wind it round with green silk, which falls down at each end, and finishes off with a ball of silk. Above them are bows of green ribbon, and a loop for hanging up the cushion.

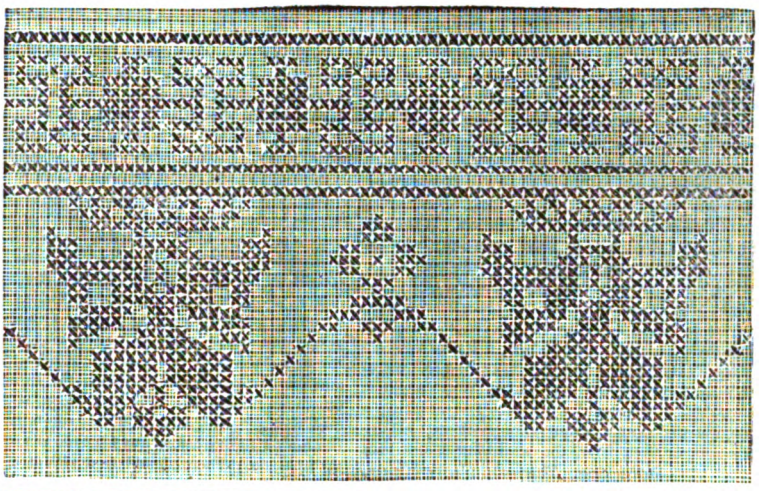
TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.

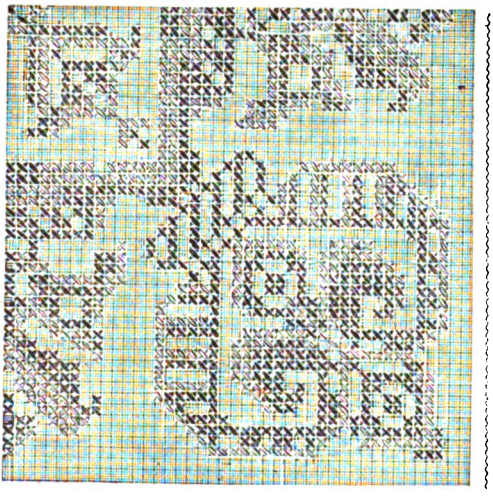


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BORDER AND CENTRE PIECE FOR TABLE-COVER.

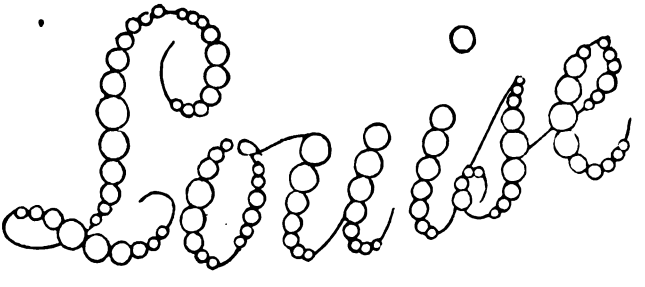
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Ground of Java canvas, or coarse linen. The design is done in cross-stitch, entirely with crewels, ingrain cotton, or wool, according to taste. This cross-stitch embroidery is the newest and most popular kind of fancy work at present. The crewels are different from ordinary zephyr, in being finer and closer twisted. They come in all the new and beautiful colors. Red or blue, and black combined are most popular for these table covers, but brown and maize color, or blue and red, make a very effective combination. The red and blue working cottons, with black silk, are most serviceable for lunch cloths and fruit napkins.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COOKERY AS "A FINE ART."—In Boston, New York and Philadelphia, clubs to teach cookery have been organized, within the last year or two, and have had great success. In England, also, similar clubs have been started, and have met with equal popularity. Ladies go to these clubs, and take lessons, and then cook and eat the lunches and dinners they have prepared.

We regard this as a positive step in education. It is quite a mistake to think that a lady must learn only what is ornamental. On the contrary, that is the truest education, which utilizes our faculties for the happiness of others. We have no right to bury our talent in a napkin. And if there is anything, more than another, in which a reform is needed, or in which woman can work this reform, it is cooking. To be able, if necessary, to cook well, and to teach a servant to cook well, is an accomplishment of which every daughter, sister, or wife should be proud.

This, too, was the opinion of our grandmothers. A hundred years ago, or even later, the wealthiest ladies took lessons, when girls, in cooking. There are plenty of men, now living in Philadelphia, who can remember when their sisters were sent to Mrs. Goodfellows to learn cookery, as regularly as they were sent to school to learn French, or deportment. The result was that the cookery, fifty years ago, as a general rule, was altogether superior to that of to-day. Very few, even of the rich, can afford a French cook. But ninety-nine hundredths of the women who go out as cooks, are no cooks at all, and what is worse, never can become good cooks, because there is nobody to teach them. Once it was not so. When ladies themselves knew how to cook, they were able to teach their raw "help." But the race of cooks, trained by our grandmothers, has died out, and the only hope of getting good cooks again is in beginning at the fountain-head, and making it fashionable, as it formerly was, for every lady to study cookery.

Hence we hail the establishment of these schools for cookery as a real advance. We hope these cookery clubs will not be confined to our Atlantic cities. It is as much the duty of a woman to know how to cook, and so to be able to teach her servants to cook, as it is for a man to understand book-keeping, and be able to train his clerks.

GLOVE CASE AND WALL POCKET.—We give, in the front of the number, printed in colors, two very pretty and useful designs, one for a Glove Case, the other for a Wall Pocket, both of which are to be worked in darned net over silk. This is an extra embellishment, published in compliance with a request. We may here say that it is impossible for us to give all the patterns that we receive requests for: we should have to print a dozen magazines to do so; but we give as many as possible, always selecting those which seem to be most in demand, and sometimes, as in this case, even giving an extra embellishment, at an additional expense.

"ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS."—A lady, who got up a club, writes: "I have just received the premium engraving, 'The Angels of Christmas,' and cannot find words to thank you. It is perfectly beautiful. With it came the numbers of the magazine for my club. 'Peterson' is brighter and fresher than ever: stories splendid; pictures beautiful."

TO MAKE SCRAP SCREENS.—One with three folds is most convenient, and the height should be from five to six feet, according to the height of the room for which it is intended. Each partition should be covered with a paper to constitute a ground, and for this nothing looks better than a glazed black paper. Place a large colored picture in the centre of each partition, and round it group smaller ones, all of which should be colored to look well. Most people cover their screens entirely, leaving no ground to be seen, but this is quite a matter of taste; as, if the bare edges of pictures are concealed by a wreath of flowers or ferns (which can be bought by the sheet ready cut out), the black ground is rather an improvement than otherwise. Each picture should be pinned on the screen and arranged before it be pasted on finally, so that the effect may be seen. Paste is the best material to use, and should be made rather thick and free from any lumps. When the three panels of the screen are finished (for it is very seldom both sides are covered with pictures) each should be carefully varnished and be allowed to dry before any attempt at folding the screen up be made. There should be a border of leather round each panel (either a binding or the stamped leather), which is scolloped out and laid on the edge of the screen; a brass-headed nail being placed in each scollop is a great improvement.

ECONOMICAL YET PRETTY QUILTS may be made by getting two yards of coarse red serge and two of brown, cutting the length into strips, and joining them together. Tuck layers of old newspapers here and there, and line with Coburg. This kind of quilt is light and warm, and not expensive. Or cuttings and scraps of colored serge, which are to be bought sometimes at large shops, cut into large diamonds, patchwork fashion, leaving the paper in, over which the scraps are tacked before sewing together, make very good quilts, with a border, either plain or in lengths, joined together. Leaving the paper linings in, and adding a material lining makes the quilt as warm as if it had sheets of paper. Brown paper can be used. Coarse cheap winsey is very warm, and, with an edging or binding of broad red braid, looks comfortable.

SUBSCRIBE EITHER to some reliable news-dealer, or bookseller, or join some club, the getter up of which you know, or remit direct to us, as directed in the Prospectus. *Never trust a stranger.* We give this warning, once more, in order to put people on their guard. Several rascals, this year, have been going about, soliciting subscriptions for "Peterson," and swindling large numbers of persons. *We repeat that we have no agents for whom we are responsible.* Some of these scoundrels have been offering "Peterson" for one dollar. This of itself ought to have put people on their guard.

"SIGN OF REFINEMENT."—A lady writes to us: "I judge of the refinement of my neighbors, by the newspapers and magazines they take; and wherever I see 'Peterson,' I know they are people of taste, not only in dress, but in other things also."

PIANO MAT IN JAVA CANVAS.—In the front of the number, we give a pattern of a piano mat in Java canvas, and also a bit of the detail. This is a very effective design.

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OUR PRINCIPAL CLUBS.—It is still in time, remember, to get up clubs for "Peterson." No other magazine gives so much for so little money. *We charge but two dollars, when others, not so good, charge three, or more.*

To clubs our prices are even more tempting. Thus, at $1.70 each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or we will send, instead of the "Angels of Christmas," any other of our premium plates, if preferred.

Additions to clubs, we may add, can be made, at any time during the year, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. Back numbers to January inclusive can always be supplied.

PAPER KNIFE, FAN-LEAF, ETC.—A new and pretty fashion for fancy work is painting on wood. We give, in the front of the number, some patterns, which may be painted, either in shaded tints, or in suitable colors. The two panels are for the sides of jewel boxes. The paper knife may be done, as in the illustration, in black, on light or colored wood, or etched on bone, and afterwards nicilioed. The flowers on the fan-leaf, representing forget-me-nots, and pansies, may be painted, either in black, or in colors, but the last would look the gayest.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Higher Education of Women. By Charles J. Stillé, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo*, 12 *pp. Philadelphia: Penn Monthly Press.*—The author of this pamphlet is peculiarly fitted to speak of the higher education of women, for his position, as Provost of that time-honored institution, the University of Pennsylvania, gives him unusual facilities in all matters connected with education. He maintains that there is no royal road to learning; that women, who wish to become proficient, in that direction, must study, as men study; that the old-fashioned system of a long, thorough systematic course of training, under competent teachers, is the only system worth anything. He claims that Philadelphia possesses unusual advantages for women, who wish to pursue study in this complete manner. There is first, he says, the Girl's Normal School, with its nine hundred pupils, and School of Practice, occupying, probably, the largest and best arranged building for such a purpose in the country, and having a course which extends over four years, and which includes, not only all the most advanced studies at the best men's colleges, except the foreign languages, but also other studies, such as drawing, music, etc., etc. There is also Swarthmore College, an institute established by the Friends, with a liberal and comprehensive system of instruction, an apparatus of the best modern description, and a standard of scholarship of the highest kind: in this college the theory of the co-education of the sexes is fully carried out in practice, and with marked success. Lastly, there is the University of Pennsylvania itself, where arrangements have been made, recently, to encourage young women to pursue certain advanced studies, among them chemistry, physics and history: the women are there as special students, in precisely the same position as the young men who are special students: the instruction being the same, and the conditions of the examinations, entrance and final, being the same for both sexes. In a recent very able article in the London Quarterly Review, on the causes that have led to the growth of liberty in the Old World, within the last hundred years, it is said that, "Pennsylvania enjoyed the most democratic constitution in the world, and held up to the admiration of the eighteenth century an almost solitary example of freedom." And it adds, "it was principally through Franklin and the Quaker State that America influenced political opinion in Europe, and that the fanaticism of one revolutionary epoch was converted into the rationalism of another." If Dr. Stillé is right, that higher education of women, for which every lover of his race so ardently wishes, will disseminate itself the world over, from the same centre, and principally through causes not dissimilar.

Flirtations in Fashionable Life. By Catharine Sinclair. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the fifteenth volume of "The Dollar Series," the popularity of which continues unabated, as may be judged from the fact that so many numbers have been issued. Miss Sinclair is well-known as the author of "Modern Accomplishments," "Beatrice," and other novels of society and manners. She is of the school of Miss Austen. Her books are, critically speaking, as she well says, not romances, but novels. The present story is one of unusual merit, quite above the average of ordinary fiction.

Margaret Cheteynd. By Susan Morley. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new novel is already favorably known as a writer of fiction. Her "Throstlethwaite" was a work of more than ordinary ability. Her "Aileen Ferrers" was also good. But the present tale is much better than either of its predecessors. The character of the heroine is particularly well drawn; the incidents are artistically managed; the end is one that will please all old-fashioned admirers of love stories.

The Story of Elizabeth. By Miss Thackeray. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We consider this, on the whole, the best of Miss Thackeray's fictions. Those who wish melo-dramatic scenes, who think Miss Braddon the type of the true novelist, will not, we fear, take kindly to "The Story of Elizabeth." But those who wish to see life as it really is, who would read a simple tale naturally told, will, on the contrary, be delighted with the book. We confess to belong, ourselves, to the latter class.

Speeches of Webster and Hayne. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—These are the famous speeches, delivered nearly fifty years ago, in the Senate of the United States, on the celebrated resolution of Senator Foote. But they still remain of engrossing interest, no speeches since at all rivalling them in eloquence or interest. They should be in every library, for they form part, and ever will form part, of the history of this country.

Ernest Linwood. By Mrs. Catharine Lee Hentz. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There has never been any American novelist, who excelled Mrs. Hentz in writing a love story. Her novels, even at the present day, are excellent reading. They posses additional merit now, moreover, for they depict a state of society that has passed away forever, and are, therefore, valuable as a study of bygone manners.

The Buried Treasure. By Harry Castlemon. 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.*—This is one of those books for boys, which are now so popular, and which achieve success through their exciting narrative. The author is already known to the public by other successful fictions of the same class. The volume forms one of "The Boy Trapper Series."

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ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSONS' DOLLAR SERIES" of Good and New Novels are the cheapest books at One Dollar each ever published. They are all issued in uniform style, in 12mo form, and are bound in red, blue, or tan vellum, with gold and black sides and back, and are the best, the largest, the handsomest, and the cheapest books in the world, being sold at the low price of One Dollar each, while they are as large and as handsome as any books published at $1.75 and 2.00 each. The following books have already been issued in "Petersons' Dollar Series," and a new one will be published every month, in the same style, same size, and at the same low price.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN. Miss Mulock.
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THE MATCHMAKER. A Novel. By Beatrice Reynolds.
THE HEIRESS IN THE FAMILY. By Mrs. Daniels
FLIRTATIONS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE. Miss Sinclair.
TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY; or, IS IT LOVE?
THE DEVOTED BRIDE. By St. George Tucker.
LOVE AND DUTY. A Novel. By Mrs. Hubback.
COUNTRY QUARTERS. By the Countess of Blessington.
MY SON'S WIFE. By the author of "Caste."
SARATOGA! and THE FAMOUS SPRINGS. Love Story.
SELF-LOVE. A Book for Young Ladies and for Women.
THE MAN OF THE WORLD. By William North.
THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE; or, The Price of a Crown.
THE CAVALIER. A Novel. By G. P. R. James.
OUT OF THE DEPTHS. The Story of a Woman's Life.
COLLEY CIBBER'S LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST

☞ Above Books are all issued in "Petersons' Dollar Series," and they will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, everywhere, at One Dollar each, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting One Dollar for each one wanted, in a letter, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Any six of the "Dollar Series," will be sent, post-paid, for Five Dollars.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—ARALIACEÆ-SPIKENARDS.

ARALIA RACEMOSA, or *Spikenard*, has a stout stem, three to five feet high, with spreading and somewhat dichotomous branches; *leaves* ternately and quinately decompound, doubly serrate; *racemes* axillary, compound paniculately umbellate; *berries* small and dark purple when mature.

This plant is sometimes found growing in rich woodlands, and Darlington says it is seen on the Brandywine hills, but it is not common. It flowers in July, and fruits in September I have seldom seen it elsewhere than in gardens, or near habitations, where it has been introduced and cultivated more in times past than at present—for domestic medicinal purposes The root, in strong infusion, has enjoyed some reputation as an alterative in blood diseases, and, made into a syrup, for weakness of the chest, cough and pulmonary complaints generally, especially when combined with elecampane, comfrey, etc. But the favorite preparation in "ye olden time" was a *tincture*, made by steeping the berries in whiskey, a good dose of which was advised to be taken before breakfast, as a stomachic or appetiser. It was a most perilous habit, as it served as a plea for an indulgence of a morbid appetite, or a craving for stimulants. Long before the Revolutionary war, according to Bartram, this plant was called "wild licorice."

ARALIA NUDICAULIS, *False Sarsaparilla*, or *Naked-stem* Aralia possesses the following botanical characters: One leaf and one flower stem, springing, as it were, together from the root. The *leaf* on an erect petiole, six to twelve inches long, three parted at the summit; each division from two to four or more inches in length, and bearing five odd-pinnate sessile leaflets. *Scape*, four to eight inches high, divided at summit into three to five smoothish peduncules, about two inches long, bearing a naked many-flowered globose umbel, an inch or more in diameter. *Berries* when mature, purplish black larger than the garden aralia or spikenard. Root (the medicinal part only) creeping and very long, somewhat aromatic but mawkish. The plant is found in rich, rocky woodlands and hills throughout the United States, at least from Canada to North Carolina. It flowers in May, fruits in July. The root of this species of Aralia, under the names of *False and Wild Sarsaparilla*, and *dwarf spikenard*, has been considerably used in domestic practice, and by some practitioners in the country for rheumatic, syphilitic and cutaneous affections.

In other words, this root is used as a substitute for the genuine (Smilax) **sarsaparilla** of the drug stores, and I fully concur in the common saying that both are "rather innocent medicines, provided the disease be not serious." There are scores of syrups, made from roots and herbs, and taken *ad libitum*, which possess no alterative action or medicinal virtue whatever, except that which is derived from the sugar which enters into their preparation. The late Professor Dunglison declared to his medical class, at Blockley, over thirty years ago, that, in hospital practice among the poor with broken constitutions, he had derived all the benefit from three or four ounces of loaf sugar given patients daily, that could possibly be obtained from the best made syrup of simple vegetable substances. The *blood* is *as the food*, and the sugar improves the chyle, and thus is the blood modified, improved and enriched. This is the whole secret, or physiological view of "syrups" made from simple inert vegetable infusions.

The ARALIA SPINOSA is an indigenous, arborescent shrub, with erect, simple prickly stem, from a few to many feet high, with very large bipinnate or tripinnate leaves near the top. In the woods around Panama Mills, near Jacksonville, Florida, this species is most abundant as mere canes, clubs or stout trees. I have seen stems full twenty feet high, without a branch, and after the huge leaves fall, they sway in the wind like long fishing rods. It is called Angelica tree, tooth-ache tree, etc. In the Northern States it is sometimes seen about old settlements, and cultivated also in gardens, as a curious plant. It is readily recognized.

The only other herb belonging to this order is the PANAX —from *pan*, all, and *akos*, a remedy, being a supposed Panacea. P. Quinquefolium, five leaved panax, or *Ginseng*, which is interesting from the fact of its having afforded an article of some commercial importance, especially in our Chinese trade.

ETIQUETTE.

CARDS, NOTES OF INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.—As our circle of acquaintances increases, we find that personal interviews with our friends are often impossible, and sometimes not even desirable. In such cases the useful little bit of engraved pasteboard, called a "card," becomes quite invaluable. In thinly settled country neighborhoods, of course, the card is of but little use; there every one within visiting distance knows every one else; and should the person visited be not at

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home, the name is not likely to be forgotten; but in large cities the card is absolutely indispensable, very often with the most intimate friends or even close relations, for with the multitudinous duties which crowd on a servant in a house where there is much visiting, the name or message may be forgotten of one whom they are in the habit of seeing frequently.

The shape and style of engraving the card varies slightly occasionally; some years the fashion being for those somewhat larger or smaller than other years, but the change is so little that it is hardly noticeable.

The name is engraved in script in the centre of the card, with the address in smaller letters in the right hand corner, and the address should always be given, though it may be written instead of engraved.

When a lady is visiting in another city, she should draw a pencil through her usual address, and put on her card the address of the place where she is staying.

If a lady is to be at home one day in the week, to receive all whom may call on her, let the day be put in the left hand corner of her card, either engraved, or simply, but distinctly, written, as

MRS. HENRY JAMES,

No. 521 Queen Street.

Thursday.

But it must be remembered that by thus naming the day on the card on which to see her friends, it renders it obligatory that the lady should be at home to receive them. If, however, necessary absence from the city, or illness, prevents her from seeing her friends, a daughter, or sister, or some female relative living in the family, may do so in her place. If she has none such, the servant who opens the door should always give a sufficient reason for the absence of the lady.

When a lady wishes to leave her husband's card upon her friends, she may either leave his own separate card with hers, or his name may be engraved on her card, as

MR. & MRS MATTHEW EVERETT.

A mother, who has a daughter, or daughters, old enough to go into society, should have the name or names put under her own on her card, as

MRS. PHILIP TOWNSEND,

MISS TOWNSEND,

No. 215 Albemarle Street.

A young lady may have a separate visiting card to leave on her friends, but it should always have the prefix of "Miss;" no girl should have her name engraved simply, as "Emily White;" there is too much apparent familiarity in it.

Black edged cards are used for persons in mourning, but too deep an edge of black is in very bad taste; it is to be supposed that if the grief is so severe as to make such heavy mourning necessary, it is much too great to permit of visiting.

The turning down of the corner of the card usually indicates that the card is left in person, not sent by a servant, as is sometimes done to make inquiries in cases of sickness, etc., etc.; but this has long been a mooted question, and some persons turn down the corner of the card to indicate that it is intended for two or more members of the family. As we have said, however, it usually means a personal call, and when there is more than one person called upon, a separate card is left for each one. For instance, when there is a husband and wife and two daughters called upon, the *strict etiquette* is to leave cards thus, "Mr. Francis Gordon" for the husband, "Mr. & Mrs. Francis Gordon" for the wife, and two of "Mrs. Francis Gordon" for the daughters.

If you have no cards with "*Mr. & Mrs.* Francis Gordon," leave two of "Mr. Francis Gordon" with one of your own, that is, one "Mr. Francis Gordon" for the husband, and one for the wife.

This rule is not always observed, sometimes only one of the husband's cards being left. If a married woman is residing in the house with her parents, a card should always be left on her, and her husband.

A lady may always leave her husband's, son's, or daughter's card with her own, and it is always to be considered the same as if these individuals called in person. A daughter may in the same way, leave her father's, mother's, sister's, or brother's card, but she must remember that she must never leave her own card for any gentleman in the family in any case.

When a person is leaving a place for a long while, the farewell visit should have "p. p. c." (*pour prendre congé*) written in the right hand corner.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Carrot Soup.—Two pounds carrots, three ounces butter, seasoning to taste of salt and cayenne, two quarts of stock, or gravy soup. Scrape and cut out all specks from the carrots, wash, and wipe them dry, and then reduce them into quarter-inch slices. Put the butter into a large stew-pan, and when it is melted, add two pounds of the sliced carrots, and let them stew gently for an hour without browning. Add to them the soup, and allow them to simmer till tender—say for nearly an hour. Press them through a strainer with the soup, and add salt and cayenne if required. Boil the whole gently for five minutes, skim well, and serve as hot as possible.

A French Soup Made without Meat.—Take a large lump of butter, and tablespoonful of flour; brown them in the sauce-pan in which the soup is to be made; then chop up finely some carrots, onions, celery, sorrel, and potatoes, and mix them together; put them into the sauce-pan with pepper and salt; pour boiling water over them, and let them stew over the fire for three or four hours; they can hardly simmer too long. A little thyme, parsley, cress, and mint are a great improvement, added to the other ingredients.

FISH.

Fish and Macaroni.—Take the remains of any kind of white boiled fish, remove the bones and skin, and break it in rather small pieces. Boil some macaroni in water till tender, drain it well, and cut it in lengths of about an inch, and mix equal quantities of fish and macaroni. Then put two ounces butter into a stew-pan, add the yolks of two eggs, a little lemon-juice, pepper, and salt, and stir in well half a pint of good melted butter; make the sauce quite smooth, put in the fish and macaroni, and heat it thoroughly in the sauce. Pour it out on a dish, keeping it as high as you can in the centre, cover it thinly with fine bread-crumbs, and brown the top in the oven till of a nice light color.

Lobster Baked in its Shell.—Boil the lobster. After removing the meat, put it in a sauce-pan with quarter pint of cream, or rich milk, pepper, salt, and a dessert spoon of butter rolled in flour; stir it to keep from oiling, when all ingredients are well mixed, pour them into the shell, having first cleaned it. Strew bread-crumbs over the top, and bake in the oven until of a light brown color, then serve hot.

Fresh cod-fish and halibut are both excellent cooked in this manner.

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MEATS.

Beefsteak Smothered in Onions.—Take a juicy beefsteak two inches thick; broil it nicely; then have ready six onions, sliced and fried brown in butter; be careful not to let them burn; fry them a light brown. When the steak is done, and ready to serve, put several lumps of butter upon the steak, and pour two tablespoons of boiling water upon the steak; then pour on the hot onions, and serve immediately. The onions should be allowed to lie in salt and water for an hour, and then wiped dry before putting them into the butter to fry.

Veal Croquettes.—Take half pound of cooked veal; mince it very fine, and season with salt, pepper, onions, and garlic; mix with it two eggs, well beaten, and a-half pint of cream, two sweetbreads, if you have them. Make them into small forms, and bake, or fry them in boiling lard. Mix the eggs with the croquettes; roll them in egg, and in cracker dust, and then fry them. Be careful to take them up free of grease.

To Fry Chickens.—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in one-quarter pound butter, one teacupful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley chopped fine for the sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage and Bacon.—Take equal quantities of onion and bacon (fat and lean), chopped finely; fry the onion in butter, and before it takes color add the bacon; when this is cooked, add some cabbage, parboiled and shredded; then put in pepper to taste, and toss the whole on the fire till quite done. Serve as a garnish, more particularly to goose or duck.

Turnips à la Crème.—Take small new turnips, peel and boil them in salted water; drain them thoroughly. Melt one ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, add to it a dessert-spoonful of flour, pepper, salt, grated nutmeg, and a small quantity of milk or cream; put in the turnips; simmer gently a few minutes, and serve.

Turnips à la Maître d'Hôtel.—Boil some small new turnips, as in the preceding recipe; drain them thoroughly, and melt some butter in the saucepan; put the turnips in, give them a toss or two, add a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt, a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve.

Chopped Cabbage.—Parboil a cabbage, shred it not too finely, and toss it in a sauce-pan with plenty of butter; add pepper and salt, and grated nutmeg and powdered mixed spice; moisten with some cream, and let the whole simmer till the cabbage is quite done.

DESSERTS.

Custard.—The antiquity of the following may be as acceptable as its excellence. The date of it is 1669: Take two quarts of cream, and boil it well with whole spice, then put in the yolks of twelve eggs, and six whites, well beaten and strained; then put in these eggs over the fire, and keep stirring lest they burn, then, when they are thoroughly hot, take it off, and stir it till it be almost cold; then put in rose-water and sugar, and take out the whole spice; then put your custard into several things to bake, and do not let them stand too long in the oven; when you serve them in, strew on some fine sugar.

Poor Author's Pudding.—Flavor a quart of new milk by boiling in it for a few minutes half a stick of well-bruised cinnamon, or the thin rind of a small lemon; add a few grains of salt, and three ounces sugar, and turn the whole into a deep basin; when it is cold, stir to it three well-beaten eggs, and strain the mixture into a pie-dish. Cover the top entirely with slices of bread free from crust and half an inch thick, cut so as to join neatly, and buttered on both sides; bake the pudding in a moderate oven for half an hour, or in a Dutch oven before the fire.

Rhubarb Pudding (Cold).—Take a quart of rhubarb, and cut it in short lengths; put it in a sauce-pan with a very little water, cover it, and let it boil until reduced to a pulp. Soak one-half ounce of gelatine in cold water for half an hour, then put it on the fire; when melted add it to the rhubarb, with one pound of moist sugar; boil for a quarter of an hour; pour into a mould, and leave it in a cold place. When wanted for use, dip the mould in warm water, turn it out, and serve with custard flavored with lemon poured over.

CAKES.

Feather Cake.—Beat to a cream half a cup of butter, add to it two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; beat well together, then add one cup fine flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar previously rubbed into it, add next the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites separately till stiff, add them, and then two more cups of flour; beat well between each successive addition. Butter two middle-sized tins, put in the cake, and bake it for twenty minutes or half an hour, moderate oven. Use while fresh.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY BOURETTE SPECKLED WITH YELLOW; the under-skirt is of gray silk trimmed with two scant flounces edged with knife-plaitings of the same; the over-dress is a draped polonaise fastened down the front, and looped with gray and yellow ribbons; the shawl mantalet is untrimmed, and tied loosely in front. Hat of yellow straw trimmed with yellow *bourette*, gauze and red roses

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF FAWN AND PINK STRIPED PERCALE; the under-skirt of which is trimmed with knife-plaitings, and the sleeves are of fawn-colored percale, and the over-dress is of the polonaise style, and made of striped percale of two shades of pink. White straw hat trimmed with fawn-colored ribbon and pink apple blossoms.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF BOURETTE GAUZE OF OLD GOLD COLOR worn over silk of the same color; the close-fitting princess dress is laced down the back and is trimmed in front with bows and straps of ribbon ornamented with pearl beads; the sleeves rather short and open; the wrap for the head is of white lace edged with Spanish blonde, and is trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF RICH BLACK SILK; the skirt is slightly gathered in front, and has a train with a broad box-plait in the back; the low neck waist is trimmed with white lace and bows of ribbon.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT GRAY SILK TRIMMED WITH BROWN; the under-skirt is plain, with upright pointed bands of the gray silk placed at equal distances around the skirt; the over-dress is of gray silk, and made in the Princess style, and buttoned down the front with brown silk buttons; the long square train is lined with brown silk, and the washerwoman skirt is turned up in front and faced with brown silk; small cape trimmed with brown silk and brown collar; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt.

FIGS. VI. & VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF STRIPED WOOLEN BÉGE OF TWO SHADES OF GREEN; trimmed with myrtle green silk; the long polonaise is of the bége, and is edged with a plaiting of the silk; a wide scarf of the bége, trimmed with three bands of the silk, crosses the front of the skirt; it is tied loosely at the back after confining the skirt closely around the hips; the lower part of the skirt, which is almost round, terminates with double plaits of the woolen material.

FIGS. VIII. & IX.—MORNING HOUSE-DRESS. Both the front and back of this costume are illustrated. The material is

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Painted by F.W. Topham

Engraved & Printed by Ilman Brothers

THE FRESHET.

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MAY EVERETT'S GOVERNESS. [*See the Story.*]

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FASHIONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

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IN-DOOR JACKET: BACK AND FRONT. COLLAR.

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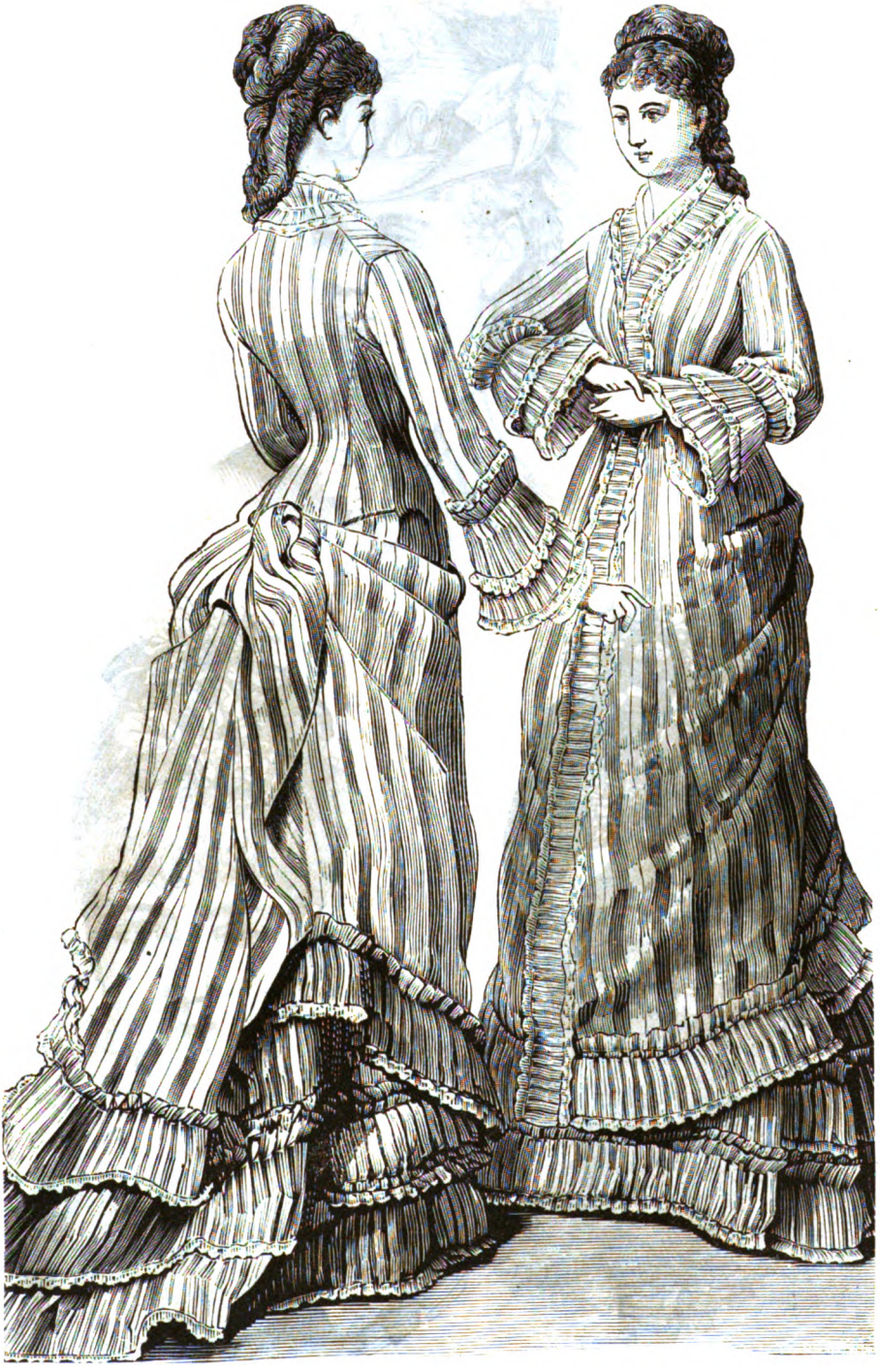
LOUIS XV. JACKET: FRONT AND BACK. CUFF.

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DRESS FOR SUMMER: FRONT AND BACK.

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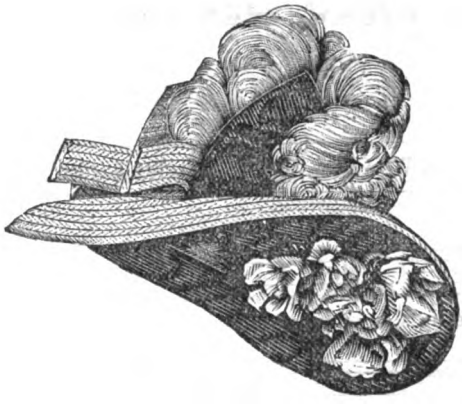
AFTERNOON DRESS FOR SUMMER: BACK AND FRONT.

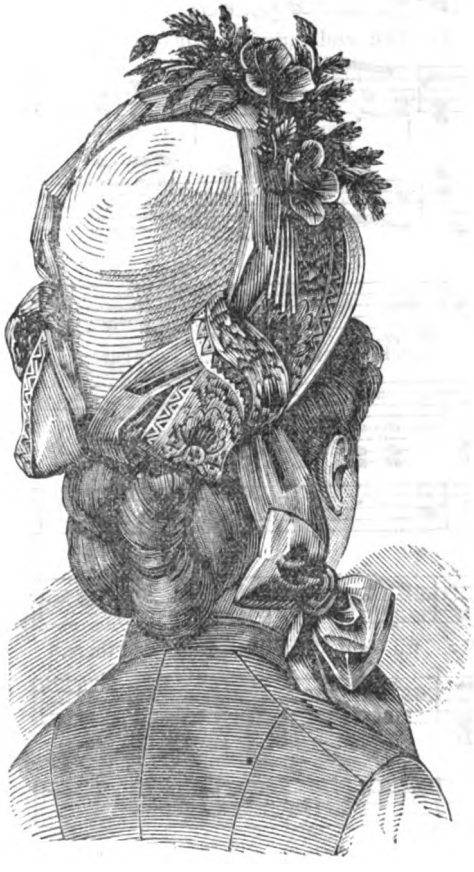
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BLACK STRAW BONNETS. STRAW HAT.

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TUSCAN STRAW BONNETS. LEGHORN HAT.

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I'll Plant a Rose Beside Thy Grave.

Words and Music by PERCY GUYER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Andantino.



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CHORUS.



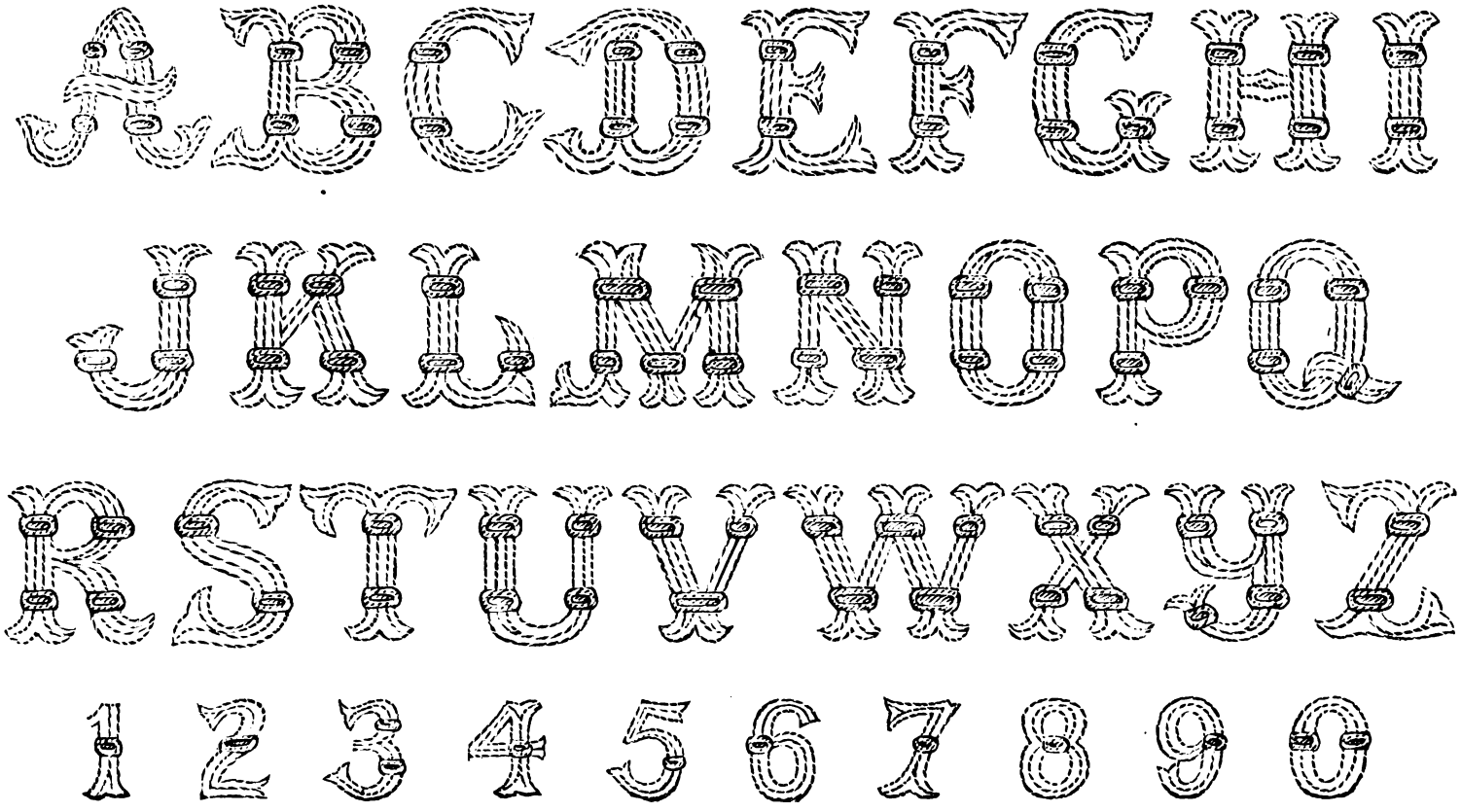
2.

I'll plant a rose upon thy grave,
A sweet white rose of early bloom,
To cheer the spot and glad the eye,—
To shed its shade and sweet perfume.
I'll wear a bud upon my breast,
For thou art buried in my heart,
Thy form is only resting there,
My soul from thine can never part.—*Cho.*

3.

I'll plant a rose beside thy grave,
To beautify the lonely scene;
The spot shall be my resting place,
I'll see the sod kept fresh and green.
But, ah! the rose will never seem
The same sweet flower it was to me;
The grass will never look as green,
Since I can wander not with thee.—*Cho.*

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ALPHABET FOR MARKING. NUMERALS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE FRESHET.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

SHE stood in the stormy twilight, the swollen waters running swiftly beneath her bare feet; her dusk eyes fixed intently upon some object, lower down the stream; a little, stray lamb closely clasped in her arms.

They called her Kelpie; nothing else, for the slim, lithe-limbed, lustrous-eyed maiden had no claim to any other name.

One mid-winter night, when the snow lay white and heavy on the surrounding hills, and a bitter blast whistled through the valley in which Maplethorp nestled, the widow Buckstone, sitting comfortably in her chimney corner, was startled by a sharp rap at the door.

"Why, who can it be on such a night?" cried the widow, pushing her spectacles up on her forehead. "Run to the door, Tom!"

Tom obeyed.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

Only the hoarse roar of the wintry blast answered him.

"There's some one lurking about," said Tom, "I'll see what they're after."

But he stumbled over something at his feet. A basket, covered with a colored blanket.

"What's this?" he cried.

The colored blanket was removed, and underneath, all folded in flannels, they found a little mite of a baby.

Tom's mother held up two deprecating hands.

"It's a shame," she cried, "and I a lone widow. I won't keep it; I won't; it shall go to the poor house in the morning; now there!"

Tom was silent.

But when the morrow came, and the news got abroad, and all Maplethorp came flocking in to have a look at the little foundling, Tom got behind his mother's chair, and pinched her arm.

"Mother," he whispered, when she turned round, "don't send the midget away; I shall be a big fellow soon, and I'll work for you both."

His mother nodded, and smiled, but tears rose in her eyes. And when Mr. Thorndyke, the minister, came with the rest, and offered to make some provision for the child, she answered with curt decision,

"I intend to keep it myself."

So the little waif remained at the small cottage, in the sunny pine woods, beyond the village of Maplethorp; and when spring came on, in beauty, Mrs. Buckstone carried her little charge to the village church, and the baby was christened, the minister's wife standing godmother. Only Rose! And the sweet name suited her well; for the bloom on her dusk cheeks, and the dewy carnation of her young lips, were as bright as the heart of that queenly flower.

Rose was her name, but as she grew into a slim, slip of a girl, everybody called her Kelpie. Because she was such a wild, bright, defiant thing, perhaps, and had such a fondness for the water.

While other girls of her age were playing at baby-house, Rose might be found on the shore of Cedar creek; launching her miniature boats amid the shallows, wading in the cool water, with bare, brown feet as exquisite in form as a sculptor's model, or swinging in the fork of an over-hanging willow, watching the wild ducks as they sailed down stream.

"She's an out-an'-out Kelpie," said old Hawks, the Maplethorp miller, and from that hour the name clung to her.

Tom made good his promise, and worked hard and willingly for his mother and her adopted child; but there came a time when the little slumbering town was too small for Tom. His growing capacities called for some wider field of action. Where there is a will, a way is generally opened. A fine opportunity came up, and Tom availed himself of it at once. But it required a severe wrench to tear himself away from Maplethorp, and the little cottage under the shelter of the pine woods.

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"Kelpie, I'm going," he said, when he had parted with his mother.

The girl was driving her lambs into their fold, but she turned round and faced him.

"I'm going," repeated Tom, standing up straight and handsome, a wistful expression in his resolute gray eyes, "but I shall come back, Kelpie."

Kelpie stood like a statue.

"Shall I find you here at the old cottage?" he went on. "Will you wait, Kelpie, and have a welcome for me?"

A slight quiver stirred her red lips, but she looked at him with shy, almost defiant eyes.

"I cannot promise," was all she said.

A shadow of pain crossed the young man's eager face. He made a step forward, and caught her two hands.

"You are cruel," he cried. "You know how I love you—"

"Stop," she commanded, freeing herself of his grasp, "I will not hear another word. You have been kind and good to me all my life, and I am not ungrateful; let that suffice. Go you your way, and leave me to mine."

Tom drew a deep breath: his eyes flashed.

"You prefer some one else," he said, bitterly. "If it were young Doctor Talcott asking you for your promise, you would answer him quite differently, I'll warrant."

"If you think so, well and good," she made answer, and turning from him, followed her lambs to pasture.

Years came and went. Kelpie grew up to womanhood, straight as a dart, and graceful as a young willow.

There was not a young man in Maplethorp, who would not have risked life and limb for a smile from her shy, red lips, or a glance of favor from her luminous, dusk eyes. But she kept them all at a distance, even young Talcott.

There came, as time sped on, a spring afternoon, wild with storm and rain. The valley was deluged, and the mad winds tossed and bent the pines, and tore off the branches of the maples.

"I must see that the lambs are folded," said Kelpie, as the twilight drew near.

"You'd better stay in doors, and let the creatures shift for themselves," said the widow, from the chimney corner.

But Kelpie had a will of her own, and went out into the storm. A little later, she looked in.

"The house lamb is missing," she said, "I'm going to find it."

"Nay, nay!" cried the widow, "you must not think of it. Ten to one it has strayed beyond the creek. Let it alone."

"The water is rising rapidly, and it may perish. It is a poor, little stray lamb, too," said the girl, her bright eyes softening. "I raised it myself; I cannot leave it to die."

Maplethorp was fast closed against the storm, not a creature to be seen in the streets. Beyond, in the ravine, through which the creek ran, the gale had been fearful. Trees were up-rooted, and broken boughs tossed about, and the swollen stream dashed over the rocks at a mad rate.

Kelpie went resolutely on, calling her lost lamb, in a clear, high voice, that rang even above the clamor of the storm. And at last, away up amid the laurel cliffs, a plaintive cry answered her; and at the foot of an old pine, she found her lamb.

She caught it up with a hushed cry of delight, and turned her face homeward. Twilight was falling, and the rising waters were all about her feet. She went on carefully, picking her way, leaping lightly from rock to rock, the wind tossing her unbound hair.

A sound of tramping hoofs, and directly a man's voice, in imperative command, reached her from below. Standing on the slippery rocks, the swift-flowing waters beneath her, one hand resting upon a rough boulder, the other grasping her lamb, she peered down the stream.

There was a horseman at the lower ford, making vain efforts to cross.

The horse reared and backed, evidently frightened at the swollen stream. But his rider urged him on, with whip and spur, and at last he went in, with a wild leap. Plunging furiously, he gained the opposite shore, but with such a frantic bound, that his rider was thrown from the saddle. The horse galloped off in the direction of Maplethorp, but his master lay motionless.

Kelpie, looking on breathlessly, uttered a low cry, and still clasping her lamb, darted over the rocks, and down the shore of the creek. Before she reached him, or looked into his death-like face, some subtle voice within, told her it was Tom.

There he lay, his right arm doubled under him, the sharp edge of a rock piercing his temple.

Kelpie raised his head to her bosom, and held it there for an instant, as a mother might hold her babe; then, with an unspoken prayer on her ashen lips, she caught up her lamb, and darted off through the falling darkness, with the speed of a swallow.

Help came in a very short time, and the injured man was placed on a litter, and borne across the valley to his mother's cottage.

"He is not dead?" said Kelpie, confronting Doctor Talcott, when the brief examination was over.

The young man looked at the lovely, dusk face, pallid with suspense and agony; and in that

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minute he understood why it was that Kelpie had turned a deaf ear to all his ardent wooing.

"No, he is not dead," he answered, his eyes softening with pity. "I will save his life for your sake."

It was after midnight, when Tom recovered consciousness.

"Where is Kelpie?" were his first words.

"You mustn't talk," said his mother. But he silenced her with a gesture.

"Call Kelpie."

And the girl came. He took her hand in his left one; his right lay bandaged and disabled by his side.

"I was coming to bring you good news," he said, a slight quiver stirring his firm lips; "that's what brought me. Kelpie, I've found your friends. You are no longer a waif. The man, who put you at my mother's door, is dead. I saw him die, and heard his confession. You stood between him and a great fortune, and he wanted you out of the way. He is dead, and the fortune is yours, and your mother will be in Maplethorp to-morrow, to claim you."

The dark, southern face grew fairly dazzling, in its exceeding joy.

"Oh! thank God! thank God!" she said.

A shadow of intense pain filled Tom's eyes.

"How glad you are," he said.

"Yes, I am glad, very glad, Tom."

"Then, I'll try to be glad for your sake," he answered, hoarsely, and turned his face away.

Silence fell. The clock ticked on the mantel, and the cat purred before the hearth. Kelpie stood irresolute, great tears standing in her eyes. At last she stole to the bed-side, and her slender, brown hand, which had never touched Tom's, only with the shy, coy touch of a bird, fell softly upon his bandaged head.

He opened his eyes, with a great start.

"Kelpie?"

"Yes, Tom!"

Again there was silence.

"Tom," the girl began, at last, her starry eyes downcast, her red lips quivering, "Tom, you remember that morning we parted, out yonder by the sheep-fold?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You asked me for a promise then—"

"And you refused it, wisely enough."

"Tom," and the soft, fluttering hand touched his forehead again, "if you have not changed your mind, ask me again, ask me now!"

All bruised and bandaged as he was, the young fellow struggled up.

"Why, Kelpie, you don't mean—"

"Ask me, and you shall see, Tom."

Something in her downcast face gave him courage. He caught the fluttering hand, and held it fast.

"Ask you now, Rose? Oh, you know how I love you. I have loved you my whole life long. I shall love you till my dying day. But Rose—"

"Do you want my promise, Tom?"

"Want it? I would die for it, Kelpie."

She extended her other hand, and looked up at him, all her woman's heart in her shy eyes.

"Then it is your's, Tom. When you asked me before, I was nameless. I couldn't bear to think I might bring you shame some day—but, thank God, all that is past—I am—"

"You are what you always have been to me, Rose, the sweetest, purest creature God ever made; but you forget, child, your mother comes to-morrow, and you are an heiress—"

"I forget nothing, Tom; if I were the queen on her throne, I should say the same thing. I am yours, if you really want me."

"NEITHER MURMUR YE."

BY HELEN J. MOREY.

COMPLAINING at my life, I sighed,
And challenged God's decree;
If He be just who doth divide,
Why so much ill to me?

Why fence me round these peaks of care?
Why are such labors vain?
Is mercy in this stifling air?
Hath justice forged my chain?

"Come hither, man," a voice replied,
And through the dark I flew;
I felt a river coldly glide,
My head was wet with dew.

That night I shivered in the fen,
And made my cheerless bed
Among a hundred thousand men,
Ill-drest and barely fed.

"I thirst," a dying soldier cried,
And woke me with his moan;
I hastened pitying to his side,
And then I was alone.

Borne over heated wastes of sand,
And mountains thunder-riven,
Unto a famine-stricken land,
Beneath an iron heaven;

I saw its victims, stark and dead,
By prowling beasts ignored,
And in those awful horrors read
A lesson like a sword.

How easy now my lot appears,
My bread a feast how fine;
And for these true and grateful tears,
The glory, Lord, be thine.

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MAY EVERETT'S GOVERNESS.

BY MARGARET T. SUTHERLAND.

THE park at Baddesley was conceded to be the most beautiful in the country. Not only could it boast of oaks almost as old as the Conquest, and great glades in which the deer were nearly hidden by the fern, but it possessed a lake, which for extent and picturesqueness could hardly be matched, for its size, anywhere.

Near this lake, on a bright day in early summer, when the turf was thickly sprinkled with wild flowers, a young girl was sauntering idly along. She had just plucked some fern, and a flower, and was thinking herself quite alone in this secluded spot, when her ear caught the quick sound of footsteps, and turning, she saw, to her surprise, not a game-keeper, as she had expected, but a young man in the morning undress of the upper classes.

The stranger seemed to be hardly less startled. He had never, he thought, seen so beautiful a face. He was evidently a thorough-bred gentleman, however, not only in dress, but in reality, for observing the slight confusion of the girl, he raised his hat, courteously, and said:

"I am sorry I frightened you."

The girl recovered herself, with native dignity, at once.

"It was so still here, and I did not hear you, till you were close at hand—it was that which startled me," she answered, in half apology.

The young man appeared as if he could not resist the temptation to engage in conversation with this pretty stranger. So he said:

"You were gathering flowers and ferns. It is a delicious sort of work, this lovely afternoon. Don't you find it so? But I beg pardon," seeing that she looked a little amazed. "I ought not to have asked."

There was such knightly deference in his tone and manner, that whatever little alarm the girl might have felt, disappeared; and she looked up, with a smile, into the face of the dark-eyed stranger.

"I came out to gather flowers and ferns to decorate the tea-table for May Everett's birth-day *fête*, at Springfield, to-morrow," she said, frankly. "But the delicious air, the perfect stillness of this secluded spot, has made me almost forget my work. I was just beginning, in good earnest, when you came up."

"Yes! it is a lovely spot," he answered, looking around, and speaking as if thinking aloud. "It looks neglected, however. Everything about looks neglected. I passed through the old church-yard, as I came along, and the church is dreadfully dilapidated."

"Dreadfully," was the frank reply. "And such a dear old church, too! I wonder the owner is not ashamed of it."

"Who is the owner?"

"You must be a stranger, sir, to the neighborhood, not to know. The Park and Hall belong to Sir Guy Fleming, who has lately inherited them. He was abroad, when his father died, and has not yet returned: does not intend to return, it is said. Everything, in consequence, is going to decay; the church, especially. Even the armorial bearings of the proud Fleming family, over the great square pew, hang in ghastly fragments, and the old oak pew itself is worn and moth-eaten. These grounds, too, are neglected. Servants, when the master is away, do not care, you know. I never saw Sir Guy," she added, positively, "but I can never forgive him. Why does he not come home to the old place? Why does he not have the church repaired?"

"Perhaps he does not know what a condition it is in," said the stranger.

"He ought to know it," answered the girl. "No doubt he is leading an idle, useless life in some part of the world," and she turned, with a decided air, to go.

"Pardon me, but let me detain you one moment. Do not judge the present owner of Baddesley too harshly. If his life has been idle and useless, it has not been altogether his fault—" He stopped, looked at the sweet face searchingly, then said, "I am Guy Fleming."

What a beautiful picture she made, standing there before him, with her great brown eyes wide open, in utter astonishment, her Dolly Varden hat pushed a little back from her face, showing the low, white forehead, and clustering ringlets of yellow hair, that fell low on her shoulders, the crimson stain in her cheeks rivalling the color of her lips.

"I am so sorry. I—I beg your pardon," and she looked so much like a grieved, frightened child, that Sir Guy said, gently,

"Do not look so distressed, or I shall be sorry I told you. I am going to try and do my duty here now; will you not wish me success?"

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"Yes, of course," she answered, quickly, "but I am so sorry I—"

She was not much more than a child, it seemed, for he saw the tears in the sweet brown eyes, and the quiver of the red lips.

"Do not let it trouble you so," he said, earnestly. "You only said what every one thinks; but I have no friends here, and it seemed a little hard that I—that you should think ill of me. Must you go? You spoke of Springfield; do you live there?"

She nodded her head.

"I wonder if you will be offended at my next question?" This, very politely. "Are you Miss Everett?"

The color in the smooth cheeks burned no less brightly, as the young girl answered:

"My name is Alice Linette; I am May Everett's governess. Good afternoon."

"Good-by, Miss Linette," and he lifted his hat again, and watched the small, girlish figure, until hidden from view, in the winding walks of the park.

Then he slowly retraced his steps, through glade, and wood, till he reached, half an hour later, the grand old pile, with its great portico, and ivy-wreathed tower, which he was, in the future, to call home.

The terraces in front were overgrown with long grass, the marble basin of the long disused fountain was dotted with patches of moss, and the once trim flower garden of the middle terrace showed only unshapely mounds and grass-grown walks. He would change all this, however, in a very little while, Sir Guy thought; and the church, too, that must be restored as soon as possible. In the gentleman's mental vision of the future, the picture of a young girl occupied the most prominent place, however; a girl whose face, framed in a rich setting of golden hair, bore a striking resemblance to that of the one who had so lately looked at him with crimson cheeks, as her lips uttered the words:

"I am May Everett's governess."

Miss Linette walked quickly across the park, thinking it would be a long time before she would enter its precincts again; and saying to herself, "What made me say such a thing to a stranger? Poor papa was right about my thoughtless tongue. But how could I think that was Sir Guy Fleming? He doesn't look a bit like the portrait of his father, that I've seen up at the hall, hardly even like an Englishman," and she hurried along, fearing that Mrs. Everett would think she had been too long away from her little charge.

May Everett was a spoiled child, but she loved her governess dearly, and such gleams of happiness as reached Alice Linette came from May's loving little heart.

There was another daughter of the house of Everett, the beautiful blonde Maud, no longer in her first youth, but graceful and fascinating still.

The father, a quiet inoffensive specimen of humanity, was, or rather, had been, a Birmingham tradesman: he was now supposed to be a country gentleman; but poor man, he felt sadly out of place in the luxury of his great house, so grand, so new, so glaring, and he looked back, with unspeakable longing, to "the old shop in 'igh street."

Mrs. Everett was such a woman as quiet, meek men usually marry; there is a fatality about such things, so I need not describe her.

Her first remark, when the young governess entered her august presence, was,

"How very long you have been, Miss Linette, May has been quite fretting for you."

It was soon noised abroad that Sir Guy Fleming had returned to Baddesley Hall, and had there taken up his abode; without a wife, too! This last was, by far, the most important part of the information. Of course, no one knew anything of his past life. But what did that matter? He was young, extremely handsome, had a fair rent-roll, and was a baronet—what more would you wish for?

His first call on the Everetts took place in due time. Mrs. and Miss Everett were charmed. Mrs. Everett expatiated at length on his manners, his looks, his conversation, etc. Mr. Everett said what he usually did—nothing.

Miss Linette, of course, the baronet did not see; but the following Sunday, when sitting in his pew in the old parish church at Wroxley, he beheld a slender, gray-robed figure come up the long aisle; and fair Alice Linette, leading little May Everett by the hand, entered the great square pew belonging to Springfield.

I am afraid Sir Guy Fleming did not fully appreciate that morning's services. He felt himself staring more than once at the lovely girl nearly opposite him, and paid diligent attention to his prayer book, for several minutes after each such little episode.

After church, Miss Linette disappeared so quickly with her young charge, that Sir Guy could not have felt sure that she had recognized him, had it not been for one shy look, and sudden flush, as she caught his dark eyes fixed on her face.

One day, not long after this, he met her while walking in one of the stillest and deepest of the country lanes; a lane shaded on either side by wild hedge rows, white with hawthorne blossom,

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or tinged with the bloom of the blackthorn. Was he not fortunate (so thought Sir Guy) in having chosen that particular lane for his morning walk?

She could not refuse his polite and even deferential request that he might walk with her; she was only going to the village with letters, and it was such a lovely morning, she was going the longest way.

No, she did not go for walks very often, unless Mrs. Everett had some errands she wished her to do; but May did not feel very well this morning, and Mrs. Everett had given her a half holiday.

"May is the little girl who was at church with you last Sunday?" he asked.

"Yes. Isn't she a pretty little thing?"

"I never noticed," he answered, truthfully.

Miss Linette looked disappointed, "I thought every one noticed May, she is so fair and sweet looking."

The young girl little thought that the man beside her, cared not to look at any face, however fair, when near her own. From the height of his six feet of manhood, he looked upon her with increasing love and tenderness, as he walked with her to the village, and back to the door of the Everett mansion.

How could Alice Linette help enjoying that long delightful walk? Poor child; little consideration was shown her, in the great house of which she was an inmate, and in days gone by, she had known such tender, protecting care, as made the contrast all the more bitter.

Worthy Mrs. Everett, who had seen her little daughter's governess walking with Sir Guy Fleming, was very much shocked. "Where were you introduced to him?" she inquired.

Alice tried to explain that she had met Sir Guy on the first day he came to Baddesley, and he had spoken to her, whereat Mrs. Everett was, very properly, more shocked than before, and assured the girl that the acquaintance must end.

"You are only a governess, you know," she said.

Sir Guy Fleming attended church, at Wroxley, very regularly, the one at Baddesley being closed for repairs. So, once a week, he saw the shy, sweet face of Alice Linette. That was all, however, for he never by any chance met her again, until the first day of August. That day was one long to be remembered by the inhabitants of that part of England, as the date of "the great storm," a storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, which, although of no long duration, was terrible in its fury.

After May Everett's lessons were finished that afternoon, Mrs. Everett informed Miss Linette that she wished her to go on an errand to Wroxley, nearly two miles distant. When the young girl's services had been engaged as governess to little May, Mrs. Everett had remarked, "As you will have only one pupil, Miss Linette, of course you will have no objection to giving me any little assistance I may require, out of school hours." Alice had not objected to this, and soon found that it meant that she was to be ready, at any time, to do anything Mrs. Everett requested. Requested is a mild word. This time, however, she was so fearful of the approaching storm, that she begged to be allowed to wait until the next day, and even ventured to call the elder lady's attention to the dark, brassy-edged clouds, swiftly spreading over the western sky; but it was of no use. "There was plenty of time to go to Wroxley and back before the storm," which, she could not deny, was approaching. Poor Alice dared not say any more, for she had had hard work to find this situation, and she was homeless. So she put on her hat, and throwing her waterproof over her arm, started. The air was still, ominously still, and so hot and oppressive, that it seemed almost impossible to breathe. Soon after she left the house, she heard the low muttering of distant thunder, and thought she must turn back; but knowing how angry Mrs. Everett would be if she did, she hurried on.

When she reached Wroxley, she was almost worn out by the rapid walk, and the dread of going back. The over-worked little milliner tried to have her stay with her until after the storm, but it was drawing near four o'clock, and Alice feared that if she waited till the storm was ended, she could not reach Springfield before dark.

One thing, however, she decided on: that was to follow the little foot-path across the fields to Baddesley church, thence over the park to the turnpike road, which would lessen the distance nearly half a mile. But the thunder sounded louder and nearer before she had crossed the first field, and though she ran as fast as her failing strength would allow, by the time she reached the church, the awful roar of the thunder was mingled with the sound of the rapidly rising wind, and more than once, the gathering darkness was lit up by lurid flashes of lightning. At first, she thought she would take shelter in the church porch, but she had a child's fear of being alone in a thunder storm, and after crossing the park, it would be only a few steps to a little cottage, where she could find shelter.

So she hurried through the church-yard and entered the laurel walk, almost blinded by fear and the vivid flashes of lightning.

Suddenly, she felt, rather than saw, that some one was near her, her hand was drawn through

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some one's arm, and Sir Guy Fleming's voice said, "Let us hurry as fast as possible."

She was too exhausted to speak, when he left the path and hastened up the broad steps to the terrace, and as the first drops of rain struck her pale face, an arm was passed around her, and Sir Guy almost carried her across the last level stretch of lawn, before the hall door. They were only just in time, for the rain came down in perfect torrents, as they entered.

Alice Linette sank down, almost fainting. Sir Guy, uttering an exclamation of dismay, raised her up and placed her on a sofa in the drawing-room. He looked at the white face and colorless lips; he saw how her breath came in great gasping sobs.

Poor Sir Guy did not know what to do.

She tried two or three times to speak, before her lips could frame the words, "Water, please."

Sir Guy did not wait to summon a servant, but went himself, and in a very few moments returned with a glass of water. After she had swallowed a little, she said, faintly, "I shall be better by and by. I always have the head-ache in a thunder storm."

Sir Guy remembered that, long years before, he had seen his mother bathe her head in cologne to ease a head-ache, so now he rung for some to be brought to him. Then, drawing his chair to the side of the sofa, he bathed Alice's throbbing temples, and gently stroked back the rippling hair from her white face.

He saw her flush at the first touch of his hand upon her forehead, but she kept quite still for a few minutes, her soft brown eyes veiled by their fringed lids, while his large white hand performed its unaccustomed work. Outside, torrents of rain beat against the windows, and the wind roared around the old house, while ever and anon, the room was lit up with ghastly blue and yellow tints, as flashes of lightning came in quick succession.

Presently, Alice looked up to him. "That will do, thanks, Sir Guy. You are very kind."

"I hope your head is a little better," said the baronet, reluctantly removing his hand from the shining hair.

She did not answer, but covered her face with her hands, as a prolonged and awful peal of thunder seemed to shake the house to its foundations.

"Are you frightened?" he asked, gently.

"No," she answered, "only to think, what would have become of me, if you had not met me."

His dark cheek paled a little as he looked at the childish face and figure, and thought how unfit she was to meet a storm of any kind; but he answered, quietly, "I am very glad I did meet you," and after a little pause, he went on, "I was up in the tower, watching the approach of the storm, when I saw you hurrying across the field next the church. Where had you been?"

"To Wroxley. Mrs. Everett sent me with a message to her milliner. I asked her to let me wait until the morning, but she said, no."

"How cruel of her!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"She thought I would have time to go and return, before the storm; she did not mean to be unkind. I ran nearly all the way across the fields coming back; that was the reason I was so faint when I first came in. O! I wish I could have reached Springfield before the storm began. Do you think it will last much longer, Sir Guy?"

He rose and went to the window, looked at the clouds for a few minutes, then returned to his seat near the sofa. "I think the clouds in the west are lifting. The worst seems to be over," he said.

But the worst was not over till nearly an hour from that time; then the fury of the storm slowly spent itself, the wind died away, the flashes of lightning were less frequent, and half an hour later all was still, save the sound of quiet rain.

Alice Linette would not remain till it stopped raining. "She had her waterproof with her, and the rain would make no difference," she said.

In vain Sir Guy begged that she would allow him to drive her to Springfield.

"No," she answered, "she preferred walking, and must go at once; it was only a little way."

She turned in the great hall to say good-by to Sir Guy, but he stood beside her, with his hat and umbrella in his hand.

"O! Sir Guy, you are not—"

She stopped, blushing, furiously.

"Not going home with you? Yes, I am," he answered, smiling. "I am not even going to ask if I may."

"Please do not come," she said, imploringly. "Mrs. Everett—"

She stopped, unable to finish the sentence.

"Indeed I must go," he answered, resolutely. "You are not fit to walk across this room even, and you think of walking alone, to Springfield."

The tone of his voice told her, it would be useless to say anything more, so she took the arm he offered, and walked beside him, very pale and very quiet, till they reached the stately abode of the Everetts; then Sir Guy said, tenderly, "I hope you are not angry with me, Miss Linette?"

"No, I am not angry. You do not understand. You—you have been very kind."

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That was all, except her low "Good-night," as a servant opened the great door of the house.

The girl had scarcely reached her own room, when word was brought to her that Mrs. Everett required her presence, in the sitting-room, immediately.

Alice found the elder lady alone, and the first remark addressed to her was, "Where have you been, Miss Linette?"

"The storm was so fearful that I stopped at Baddesley Hall."

"With the housekeeper, I presume?"

There was color enough in the girl's cheeks, now. "I did not see the housekeeper, Mrs. Everett. I met Sir Guy Fleming, as I was hurrying through the laurel walk, and he insisted on my going to the hall with him."

"And you went!" in shrill crescendo.

"I had no choice, Mrs. Everett, there was no other shelter near."

"What made you stay so long at Wroxley?" demanded Mrs. Everett.

"I did not remain at Wroxley one moment longer than was necessary. I hurried all the way there, and ran most of the way coming back."

"And tired yourself so much that Sir Guy was obliged to walk home with you, I suppose?"

The girl's lips quivered. "I did not wish Sir Guy to come with me. I asked him not to."

Mrs. Everett drew herself up, and assumed as majestic an appearance as possible, as she said, "I am very sorry this should have occurred, Miss Linette, but under present circumstances, I do not wish you to remain longer in my house."

Alice looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Mrs. Everett, what have I done?"

"A very foolish and imprudent thing, to say the least," returned Mrs. Everett, severely. "You had ample time to get back here before the storm; but instead of that, you waited at Wroxley, or somewhere else, and then came back by Baddesley Hall, to try and see Sir Guy Fleming; after what I told you last May, too. I am surprised at you, Miss Linette."

"So am I surprised, Mrs. Everett," answered Alice, with spirit, "I did not believe any woman capable of uttering so wicked a lie as—"

Mrs. Everett started to her feet.

"Don't you dare to say another word to me. John will take your boxes to the station, in time for the seven o'clock train, to-morrow morning."

Alice turned, and walked toward the door, without a word; she paused a moment on the threshold, at the sound of Mrs. Everett's voice.

"You have forfeited your quarter's salary, by your insolent remark," said that lady. "I'll have you know, that I am not to be talked to in that way, Miss Linette."

As the girl closed the door, Mrs. Everett returned to her seat, and strove to calm her ruffled feelings. To tell the truth, she did not feel quite comfortable; she had said rather more than she intended. She wished to send Alice away as soon as possible, but she had hardly taken the kindest method of so doing. She had not at all liked the way she had seen Sir Guy Fleming look at Alice's sweet face, Sunday after Sunday, in the old church at Wroxley; for the excellent woman had discovered that it was not fair Miss Everett's blonde beauty, that so attracted the attention of the young baronet. She had no objection to her daughter being made Lady Fleming, but Alice Linette—May's governess—how absurd!

The next morning, a little after eleven o'clock, Sir Guy Fleming stood before the door at Springfield, and asked to see Mrs. Everett. He was shown into the drawing-room, to await her appearance.

She came in very soon, serene and stately. Yes, she was quite well; Miss Everett also. Mr. Everett had not yet returned from London. It was a lovely morning. A fearful storm last night, etc., etc.

Then Sir Guy approached the object of his call.

"And Miss Linette, is she quite well after her last evening's fright?"

Mrs. Everett's pale blue eyes looked steadily at the dark, heavily-bearded man, as she said, "I did not know May's late governess had such delicate nerves as to be overcome with a storm."

Sir Guy looked his amazement.

"Is Miss Linette no longer with you, Mrs. Everett?"

"No, indeed," returned the lady. "I sent her away this morning. I have been far from satisfied with her for some time, and lately her conduct has become quite unbearable."

"Where has Miss Linette gone?" asked Sir Guy, bluntly.

"My dear Sir Guy," answered Mrs. Everett, smiling sweetly upon him, "I have not the slightest idea. It is impossible for one to keep track of all the servants and governesses one has to put up with for a time and then dismiss. I was very much disappointed in Miss Linette; very much indeed," she added, sighing.

Sir Guy controlled the hot Fleming temper in a way that certainly did him credit, and soon after made his adieux, and departed.

He had intended to have asked Mrs. Everett's permission to see Miss Linette, and then have pleaded his cause with the beautiful girl, and

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asked her to give him a husband's right to love and cherish her; and now, how was he to find her?

Before many weeks, however, he had solved this question, and to a quaint, little cottage near Rossmere, where Alice Linette had found a refuge with the old woman, who had been housekeeper at Eardley vicarage, in the days of Alice's sunny childhood, came a tall broad-shouldered man, who asked, in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, to see Miss Linette.

The old woman showed him into the little cottage parlor, where Alice was writing.

"Sir Guy Fleming!" she exclaimed.

He went to her, and took her hand, "Are you sorry to see me, Miss Linette?"

"Why should I be sorry?" she answered. "But I was so surprised. Will you sit down?"

"Why did you not tell me you were going away from Mrs. Everett's?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I did not know it myself, when I saw you last, Sir Guy. Mrs. Everett was very angry, and—" The crimson cheeks, and quivering lips told their own story.

"May I tell you why I am here to-day?" was his next question, certainly a very innocent one.

Alice Linette flushed and trembled as she bowed her head in answer; but I cannot tell why Sir Guy Fleming found it necessary to take her tiny white hands in his broad palm, before he told her his reasons for having taken so momentous a journey as the fifty miles between Baddesley and Rossmere.

Sir Guy asked only one more question. What was his answer? How can I tell?

I only know, that on a glorious Sabbath morning in October, Mrs. Everett, sitting erect and stately in her grand pew in Wroxley church, saw, as in a vision, Sir Guy Fleming walk proudly up the aisle, and enter his pew. Alone? Certainly not. There was a lady with him, a slender little lady in robes of silvery gray, with downcast eyes, and golden hair gathered back from a beautiful, happy face. And Mrs. Everett recognized, in the bride, her daughter May's "late governess."

WORTHY WOOING.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

Would you have me bend and sue her,
As a slave might sue?
Such a wooing were unworthy
Of a love so true.

While I give her all the fondness
Of a faithful heart,
Yet I will not for one moment,
Act a slavish part.

Those who fawn upon a princess,
Trembling at a tone,
Scarce are fit, that she should place them
By her on the throne.

All the love of a strong manhood,
She has won from me;
Loyalty and love I offer,
With humility.

For true love is always humble,
Mine, I hold, is such,
And because 'tis true, will never
Urge her over-much.

As I hold the love of woman
To be pure and high,
I would strive to win it nobly,
In all royalty.

And if she can give me freely,
Love, such as I give,
I will as life's holiest holy,
Guard it while I live.

Hold it as my fairest treasure,
'Till earth's ties are riven,
And when they shall break (God willing),
Hold it thus in heaven.

JUNE ROSES.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

AT TWENTY.

O, red June roses! red June roses!
Flushing the earth with your passionate bloom,
O, sweet June roses! sweet June roses!
Making the night one fragrant gloom,
I've watched you, crowning the year's perfection,
Twenty long summers of happy days.
But this, O roses! O, sweet red roses!
This was the May of all the Mays!

AT THIRTY.

O, white June roses! white June roses!
Pale as the face 'neath the coffin lid,
O, sweet June roses! sweet June roses!
Shedding your dews o'er my treasure hid,
Thirty years you have bloomed to wither,
Since I started my fate to meet.
Now, o'er a grave you smile upon me,
Pallid as lovely, sad as sweet!

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SEEKING HIS REVENGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 335.

CHAPTER V.

For the first time in such a long, dreary while, Clancy Vane stood clasping his wife to his heart, and pressed upon her unconscious lips one lingering, passionate kiss. Then he laid her gently down on a sofa, and knelt on the floor beside her, making no effort to bring her to her senses, studying eagerly the pale, beautiful face, kissing the blue-veined temples and white hands.

It was so long since he had looked closely at her, that he saw, for the first time, how much she had changed in the past eighteen months. The pallor of insensibility revealed the alteration so plainly, that it was startling—very lovely, but no longer a girl's face; wasted enough to make the outlines of rare delicacy; sad, almost careworn; and the white lids drooped so wearily over the eyes, that it seemed as if they would never voluntarily unclose on the cold disappointments of this poor life.

Presently, with a great effort, her lips parted with restored respiration; she opened her eyes and saw him leaning over her. The terrible pride of the woman's nature was so strong, even after the agitation of the past hours, that it made her first thought a determination not to yield to her anguish or her fears.

"Please to get me some water," she said, firmly enough. "This was mere physical weakness. I have had no sleep, and am less strong than I believed."

He brought her some water; she drank it; thanked him as composedly as if nothing had been amiss.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"All night, in the next room," she replied.

"Why didn't you come in before?"

"I had no right to intrude; you were writing. When you turned suddenly into a madman, it was my duty to interfere; it would have been that of any human being."

"O!" he cried, bitterly, "I should not have dreamed of accusing you of any warmer motive."

"Naturally not," she answered, in an icy tone.

"How came you to watch me? Did you fear—"

He stopped; he felt, for the first time, the cowardice of his conduct, and was ashamed to put it in words.

"Yes," she said; "I knew enough to fear the worst; only I had believed you a braver man."

"Do you know what has happened?" he asked.

"Yes," again.

"That I am ruined? That I cannot even give you the shelter of a roof, or bread to eat?"

"Yes."

"And that there is more behind? That before noon I may be arrested, like the commonest felon?"

"Yes!" Nothing more.

"Are you a live woman?" he cried out. "Do you care?"

She looked at him with cold, glazed eyes.

"You are not guilty." The words were an assertion, not a question.

"No; God is my witness! Bad enough—guilty of enough folly and sin, but not of a base crime."

"And yet you would have sought the criminal's one refuge," she answered, slowly.

"At least, I should have spared you—

"Pardon me," she interrupted; "it is far too late to consider me."

"But I did. I could not save you the reflected disgrace, but I could keep you from being bound to a criminal."

"And left me a harder burthen to bear," she said.

"Only if losing me could have been a grief; you and I know that would not be."

"I am not speaking of my own feelings," she answered, with the same frozen composure. "It would make to me the worst form of reflected disgrace. It would have proved that you lacked courage to face the consequences of your life."

"I did lack courage," he said, and his voice grew sullen and defiant again.

"Yet I must face the consequences of mine," she replied; "and I shall."

"You! What have you done?"

"In the ruin that has overtaken us, I am as much to blame as you," she said. "I have been as reckless and extravagant as you, and it is only right that I should bear my share of the suffering. I mean to do it, and not complain."

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"You are a brave woman, a reproof to me in all ways. But I'm too tired and stunned with worry and thought to feel ashamed."

"You have neither eaten nor slept for days and nights," she answered, kindly; "your nerves and brain are in such a disordered state, that you are no more accountable than a madman."

He looked at her in a sort of weary surprise.

"You are very good," he said; "much better to me than I deserve."

"If you really mean that, prove it by doing as I ask."

"What do you want me to do?" he questioned, in the same absent manner.

"Go to bed and sleep till I waken you. Leave me to act in the meantime—"

"I should be wakened by an officer to arrest me," he interrupted.

"Admitting that, what can you do? You don't mean to—to—" her voice faltered for the first time; a gesture of horror and fright completed her sentence.

"No," he said, gravely, but without emotion, "that crazy fit is over; it won't come back."

She received the promise, with as little apparent excitement as he spoke; it might have been some ordinary matter, in discussion between them, from the manner of both.

"That is as binding as an oath?" Her voice took a tone of interrogation now.

"It is an oath," he answered.

"You admit, there is nothing you can do—no way you can turn?"

"None. I am as helpless as if I were an idiot, or bound in a dungeon. Hayden misunderstood my careless letter of instructions; disposed of Holywell's bonds—"

"I told you I knew it," she broke in, "but you have forgotten."

"Yes, I had. But how in the world—is it known already? Am I disgraced? O, fool, as if an hour or two earlier made any difference!"

"It is not known yet. Now, answer my questions."

"Anything; go on."

"Mr. Holywell has written you for his bonds?"

"Yes, last evening. I hunted up Hayden. It was only then I learned the truth."

"Then Mr. Holywell has had no answer from you?"

Vane pointed to the pile of letters, lying on the table.

"There's one for him among these," he said, "I thought, when I was dead, he would believe me."

"But that's all over; you must try and satisfy him in another way."

"I can't, Gertrude; he is the most unforgiving man I ever knew. Indeed, now he will be right."

"But you don't mean, in any way, to avoid the consequences of your actions?"

"I shall neither kill myself, nor run away. I am innocent of the crime, at least."

"That is enough, for you and me," she said. "Now sit down, and write one more note."

"What about—to whom?"

"Mr. Holywell. Ask him to meet you here, at the house, at eleven o'clock."

He looked at her in a half dazed, half questioning way. The fearful excitement of the past hours had gone off, leaving him exhausted, mentally and physically, like a man suffering from the reaction of powerful drugs.

"I don't understand," he muttered.

"You can't think now, Clancy; you must let me do that. Trust me—"

"There's nothing to be done, Gertrude."

"Trust me," she repeated, "it is the one favor you can do me now."

"I'll do it—here, what shall I write?"

He seated himself at the table, took up a pen, and leaned his head on the other hand.

"It seems odd," he said, slowly, "to remember what I thought, when I sat here, writing, a little while ago."

Gertrude shuddered; whiter, she could not grow. She made him no answer; did not appear even to have caught his words.

"Now write," she said.

"To come here—to—" He looked piteously at her, in an effort to make his senses act collectively.

She dictated, and he wrote. She put the letter in an envelope, and gave it to him to direct.

"That is all," she said. "Now, these letters."

"I'll burn them."

"Not yet; here is one for me."

"You wouldn't care to read it, Gertrude."

"I will promise not to break the seal. May I keep it?"

He bowed his head. She put the letters in her pocket, and turned to him again.

"Now, come with me," she continued.

She helped him to rise; his limbs were weak and trembling; he looked and moved like an old man. She got him into his chamber; assisted him to the bed; ran across the hall to her own apartments, and came back with a bottle and glass.

"It is six o'clock almost," she said. "I want you to drink this; it will make you sleep four hours, and leave no sort of effect after."

"Do you have to keep such things by you?" he asked.

"I don't always sleep," she replied, with a wan smile

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She handed him a wine glass of the colorless liquid; he drank it, lay back on his pillow, and in a few moments, owing to his weakened state, the potion took effect. He slumbered quietly.

Gertrude sat down by his bed side, and never stirred, till eight o'clock, holding her watch in her hand. She rose then, crept away to her room, and wrote a few hurried lines to Alfred Hayden, begging him to come to her at eleven.

It was now an hour when she could summon the servants, without exciting surprise. She rang, and ordered one of the men to take the letter to Holywell, and the note she had written. He was not to wait for answers; simply to leave them, and come away.

About ten o'clock, Clancy Vane woke from a long, dreamless sleep, opened his eyes, and found Gertrude sitting by his side. After an instant of hesitation, he remembered everything that happened.

"You here still?" he said, faintly, and turned away his head, hiding it on the pillow.

"Do I disturb you? Do you want me to go away?"

"No, no! But you are too good to me; I don't deserve it."

"We don't, either of us, deserve much," she replied, "but life isn't over yet."

He raised himself quickly on his elbow, and looked at her.

"In an hour, Mr. Holywell will be here," she said, "I want you to get up and shave; change your dress, and be as like yourself as you can."

She rang the bell; the servant knew what was meant, and presently tapped at the door. Gertrude brought a tray with breakfast, placed it on a table by the bedside, and gently forced her husband to eat and drink.

Vane asked no more questions until he was dressed; looking pale and worn, but very unlike the wild-eyed madman, who had sat alone in the silence of the night, preparing for a cowardly crime.

"I am walking blindfolded," he said. "I don't know what you mean to do."

A clock in the adjoining room struck eleven. At the same instant there was a knock at the door: a servant with Mr. Holywell's card.

"I mean to thwart a scoundrel," she said, quietly. "Don't even give him the satisfaction of seeing that you are surprised."

She took her husband's arm, and they walked down stairs together. She opened the library door, and they stood in the presence of Mr. Holywell and Edward Falconer. Vane stared at the latter, but spoke quietly enough, and Gertrude greeted both men with her most delightful words and looks.

Holywell was evidently stupid with astonishment. Mrs. Vane and Falconer talked pleasantly of indifferent matters, and Holywell stared at the man whom he believed had been false to his trust. Finally it struck him that this odd reunion was some trick; he began to get angry, and not being a well-bred man he showed it, actually interrupting the lady.

"I say, Vane," he stammered, "you appointed this hour to settle up matters; I'm in a hurry."

"We are waiting for Mr. Hayden," Gertrude said. "I expect him every moment."

Holywell shuffled in his seat, and waited. Vane sat still; he remembered afterward that he was wondering if, when the policeman arrested him, he should be obliged to walk along the street under his guardianship. Mrs. Vane and Falconer still kept up their idle conversation, now about the new opera singer, now about some much talked of book.

CHAPTER VI.

THE door opened; and the footman announced Alfred Hayden.

Hayden hurried into the room, catching sight of Gertrude who sat nearest, made a step forward and found that he was not alone with her. He had come, believing that her note meant success to his plans; come by protestations of love, by threats, by any means to fulfil the wicked vow he had made.

He stopped short, and grew blue white; controlled himself; approached Gertrude, and said, in a low voice:

"You see I am punctual. What does it mean?"

He had not noticed Vane, who was seated in the shadow of a window curtain. At that instant, Vane came forward, saying:

"Good morning, Hayden; you see I'm here yet."

The other men greeted him; Hayden answered, and got into a chair; glanced at Mrs. Vane's serenely haughty face, and began to fear that he was in a trap.

Vane looked inquiringly at Gertrude; he had no hope; he only wanted to get it over; to let Holywell know the truth; have the worst come.

She made a sign to Falconer, and he spoke immediately in his grave, quiet voice.

"Mr. Holywell," he said, "you called to receive your bonds from our friend Vane. They are here in his wife's hands."

Hayden sprang to his feet; sat down as quickly. Every eye was on him.

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"Did you wish to speak, Mr. Hayden?" Gertrude asked, in her softest voice.

"No," he said.

"The bonds, eh?" cried Holywell, feeling a great load of anxiety lifted off his mind. To do him justice, it was not so much the money he had cared about, as the fact that his old friend had been made to appear a scoundrel in his eyes. He would have punished him for the deception, for he was a hard man, but the money would have been a secondary affair. "That's all right, Vane; I knew you'd have 'em for me."

He got up and shook Vane's passive hand, looked at Hayden, and blustered.

"Look here," he exclaimed; "what the deuce did you mean, Alf Hayden, by making me believe Clancy had played a rogue's trick on an old friend?"

"Perhaps I had better explain," said Mr. Falconer. "Mr. Vane, may I speak for you?"

Clancy nodded. Since Falconer's announcement he had not even stirred; he could not believe that he had heard aright; it was only his insanity coming back in a different form.

Hayden made another movement. Mr. Falconer's sharp eyes nailed him.

"Am I to explain?" he asked.

"I don't know how you'll do it," Hayden answered, with a wicked laugh.

"Mr. Holywell," continued the broker, "our friend Vane is no business man, we all know; so you'll not be surprised to hear that, allowing himself to be drawn into Wall street, he has got dreadfully bitten."

"Deuced sorry to hear it," cried Holywell. "Anyhow, he has an old friend in me, remember that."

The mists cleared from before Clancy's eyes; he could trust his voice now; he wanted, at least, to prove to Gertrude that he was not absolutely an idiot.

"See here, Holywell," he said, clearly enough. "Two days ago, Hayden wrote me that I must raise a certain sum, or I should be ruined. I had put stocks belonging to my wife in his hands, and your bonds were in his safe. I wrote him to hypothecate—he disposed of your bonds as well."

"A pretty proceeding," growled Holywell.

"Does any one here mean to insinuate that I over went my instructions?" thundered Hayden. "Here is Vane's letter," and he read out the scrawl. "Didn't I follow instructions?"

"You knew those bonds were simply placed there to be secure," said Vane; "you couldn't have thought I meant them to be sold."

"Holywell," called Mr. Falconer, "should you have disposed of them, knowing the circumstances?"

"No," said Holywell, "and nobody but a scoundrel would."

"I shall not stay here to be insulted," Hayden said. "I have tried to help my friend; these are the thanks I get."

"Looks wonderfully like trying to get him into a scrape," said Holywell. "Remember your letter to me."

"Gentlemen," said Vane, "this is foreign to the subject, just now. Mr. Falconer, you have the bonds?"

"Yes; Hayden placed them in my hands. Yesterday Mrs. Vane came to me, and related the circumstances, paid back the money I had advanced, and I have the pleasure of restoring them."

"You paid it?" Vane faltered, going toward her.

She met his eyes with a smile of happy triumph.

"I had saved twenty-five thousand dollars," she explained. "You gave it to me a year ago for the hospital. I had never paid it in; it was all I ever did save, and no thanks to me."

Hayden heard the whole; she had outwitted him. He could do nothing, could not even make his own hands look clean in the transaction. Vane turned on him, but Gertrude touched his shoulder.

"We need not detain Mr. Hayden any longer," she said. "I wished him to be present when the bonds were returned, that was all. He has been your friend—didn't you tell me, or was it he who said so? Well, I knew then it would make him happy to know that you were not likely to suffer for wording your letter wrong. I'm sure you are glad, Mr. Hayden?"

"I—I'm delighted," said he, with a gulp.

"Yes, I expected it! You knew that my husband did not mean to use Mr. Holywell's bonds—"

"Oh! excuse me, madam! I don't know what a fellow will do in a tight place."

"Now don't let us have any doubt," said Gertrude, cheerfully. "Do you remember your conversation with this lady?"

She put Cissy Erlistown's card in his hand. He looked as if his brain had suddenly softened.

"You knew that my husband meant no treachery to the friend who had trusted him?" she asked, and there was a warning in her voice now that he understood.

He was foiled utterly; ignominiously beaten; added to it, the fear that his conduct might be made to appear a moral wrong, even if he were innocent legally.

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"I did know that, and said it," he answered. "I thought Vane must have some understanding with Holywell."

"Whatever you thought," continued Gertrude, "you knew my husband did not mean to be dishonest?"

"It so often—"

But she would not let him shuffle.

"Yes or no?" demanded she.

"No," said he, and under his breath fulminated a curse, that was as useless as it was horrible.

"Are you satisfied, too, Mr. Holywell?" asked Gertrude. "I am putting myself forward unduly, perhaps, but my husband will pardon me."

"I am satisfied," said Holywell, heartily.

"Then it's all ended," pursued Gertrude. "So much obliged to you for coming, Mr. Hayden; so glad to relieve your anxiety. Good morning."

She swept him a courtesy. He retreated toward the door, nodding to the men, and trying to brazen it out to the last, but looking like a whipped cur all the while.

One last blow—she was a woman.

"Oh, good gracious, Mr. Hayden," she called, "I forgot!"

He stopped and glowered at her.

"You promised Janet still another version of Red Riding Hood; don't forget it; she wants to know what the wolf did, according to your story."

Hayden had presence of mind enough to bow, then hurried out, followed by Mrs. Vane's silvery laugh, in which the three men joined, not understanding what she meant, but certain it was some dreadful bit of feminine revenge, and greatly amused in consequence.

The four talked for a few moments longer, then Holywell said:

"I must be off. Look here, Vane, if you want a friend, here I am; say the word."

Vane shook his head.

"I am ruined," he said, "I think my debts can be paid out of the unmortgaged property—"

"Then you'll begin over," interrupted Holywell. "We can manage it."

"I have a proposal to make, Clancy," Mr. Falconer said. "Go off with you, Holywell."

So blundering Holywell shook hands with his hostess, fell over a foot-stool, knocked down some books, after his usual habit, and took himself out of the room.

Gertrude stole away and left the two men to themselves, and in the long conversation that followed, Clancy began to see the way to an honorable settlement of his affairs, and Mr. Falconer promised, that if he really meant to begin a new life, he would give him a share in his business, and start him on the certain road to success.

After more than an hour, Falconer took his departure, and Vane sat down, now that the fears of the past days were removed from his mind, to think of his wife. He loved and admired her more than ever, but he had no hope that this crisis would bring them any nearer each other.

She did not love him; she had acted her part from a sense of duty and pride. Now where he was personally concerned, instead of the indifference of the past years, there would be added contempt.

She would wish to leave him, he could not oppose her; indeed it would be better than to suffer as he had, from their estrangement; better to know that the wide sea rolled between them. From his arrangements with Mr. Falconer, he should be able to support her comfortably, in Europe, while he began his new life here. He could not set her free, but at least he could relieve her of his presence, and he believed that she would accept even that boon with gratitude.

He rang the bell, and asked the servant to see if he could speak with Mrs. Vane. The man came back. Mrs. Vane was in her morning room, if he would please to go there.

Vane ascended the stairs slowly, at a loss how to begin the conversation. He would speak so quietly, that she should not perceive he suffered; would make his offer, and then the sooner they parted the better. In the world's eyes, it need only appear a separation, forced on them for the present, by the exigencies of his affairs.

As he opened the door, Gertrude rose to meet him.

"I was waiting for you," she said. "You don't yet know how I found out the truth."

"No," and partially forgot his resolve in wonder, now he had time to be surprised.

"Through a friend of your's, whom I want you to thank."

She went to her bed-room, and came out with Cissy Erlistown. Vane stood paralyzed.

"Tableau!" cried Cissy, and began to laugh. "I told her, Mr. Vane! I knew Alf Hayden better than you did; but wait—your promise."

"Promise?" repeated Vane.

"Yes; will not open our lips, unless you swear as we do on the stage, never to quarrel with the beast."

"I can easily promise to do that," he answered, "he is nothing to me."

"Good! Well, then, he meant mischief to us

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all; he really believed I would be fool enough to run off with you. I let him show his game; hurried off to this beautiful creature here, and we nailed the rat. Trust two women!"

"We can't, either of us, thank Miss Erlistown yet," Gertrude said, "but sometime—"

But Cissy interrupted her, impetuously.

"Vane, she says I may be her friend; may I?"

"I know you can be a good, sympathizing one," he said.

"That's it, and you and I have both been wrong. I had no right to permit your visits; I deserve to be talked about; but she's satisfied. And oh! dear me! I want to say something, I don't know how! You two are unhappy; try to get matters straight; you're both mistaken."

She burst out crying and ran away.

"I'll only detain you a few moments," Clancy said.

"First, I want to ask your pardon," returned Gertrude; "I have asked hers. I was jealous; I did think badly of you both; I know the truth now, and am ashamed."

"I didn't think you could care about anything where I was concerned," he said, hastily. "I came here to tell you that hereafter you should be free from meeting me—"

"You mean we must part?" she asked.

"You will wish it. But after your words, I want you to know a truth I did not mean to tell. Read my letter, and remember that a man doesn't tell lies, when he believes he has only an hour to live."

Gertrude got the letter; read it: the wild confession of love, the remorse, the piteous pleas for pardon.

He stood with his back toward her; some sound made him turn. In an instant, she was in his arms, sobbing out,

"I love you! I love you! I thought you did not want my love!"

I like to leave people happy, so you need not call it romance when I tell you that the business affairs were settled, and that at the close of two years of learning to live aright, the old maid aunt died, and left them her fortune. And Cissy Erlistown's lover, it is hoped, may recover; at least, he has his reason back; and Cissy has left the stage, and will marry him.

[THE END.]

PHILIP'S FLOWERS.

BY L. H. CARPENTER.

Will I wear your flowers, my Philip,
To-night, at the closing ball?
If my heart speaks forth in my raiment,
I shall wear no flowers at all.
Here are roses, queenly roses,
And pensive lily bells,
And a breath of honey-suckle, blown
From green and grassy dells;
And there are yours, a spray of white,
With a flush like crimson wine.
I shall wear your flowers, dear Philip,
They are more sweet than mine.

Good-night, your eyes are closing
Like blossoms at the eve;
I pray that they may never learn
In wakefulness to grieve.
One kiss, and am I crying?
I did not know it quite;
Don't think about it, darling,
am so tired, to-night.
I'm going now to dress me
In raiment bright and fair,
To scorn away the tears, and bind
Your flowers in my hair.

It is almost morning, Philip,
The night away has crept.
You smiling dream, and do not know
How long, how long you've slept.
O, happy, happy pillow,
To give such peaceful rest!
O, happy, happy childhood,
In innocence so blest!
So gentle is your breathing,
Your calm I dare not break;
So false appears the waking world,
It seems not best to wake.

I hear the ball room murmur,
The voices sound, each one,
There is a sweep of garments,
And the dancing seems not done;
The music sways, and throbs, and fails,
Like a wailing voice of pain,
And a scent of flowers everywhere
Makes sick my heated brain;
Beautiful faces blush and smile
With joyless hearts below,
And the graceful flattery of praise
Makes up the dreary show.

I left you sad and weary,
With a boding sense of ill;
I come again with a wounded heart,
And I am weary still;
Weary of hearing truthless words
On lips I had learned to prize,
Weary of feeling new distrust
In once beloved eyes;
But with the great disquiet,
One thought of peace was there:
Your good-night kiss, O, Philip,
Your flowers in my hair!

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PRISCILLA'S FORMER EXISTENCE.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

PRISCILLA did not know what to make of it!

When she rented her house to that Mr. Waring, she had made sure to ask a hundred questions of him, and the first and foremost had been, "were there any children?" And the answer had been, "No," that Mr. Waring was a single man. She had felt glad of this ending of the clause, for she looked thenceforth to her house, as being kept in as good condition as rented houses always are, when there are no little feet and hands to bark the paint and batter the walls—for "I can't bear children," said Priscilla.

Now, this house was all she owned in the world; and she had a hard time of it to keep herself, when the house was not rented. There were the water-rate, the awful taxes, the repairs to make, the roof that always wanted fixing, and various odds and ends, till one would think that Priscilla had been glad to have anybody in the house, rather than it should remain empty. But no! She had a principle to support. No children should go into that house.

The fact is, that she never imagined a child, other than a creature endowed with pertness, iron-shod toes, hammers, and blowsy hair. She did not even remember the time, when she had been a child herself, for as far back as she could think, there had always been a preternatural oldness thrust upon her, in a struggle to keep up appearances. At fourteen, she remembered having her mother tell her that they were of a decayed family. At forty-five, she fell into the way of her mother, and told it to others. The knowledge of the decayed condition of the family, meantime, had kept her apart from young people of the two sexes.

I do not doubt but she had had hard times of it, all alone with her querulous mother, when her life was young, and filled with some dreams of a vast, undefinable future; but the dreams had long ago resolved into gray wakefulness, and her mother had resolved into gray dust, and ashes, and ruin, and was in the position of her family—or in whatever it was.

So, then, Priscilla, after a hard winter, when her sole possession had been uninhabited, was glad enough, when Mr. Waring took it unto him, and put a month's rent in advance—for Priscilla prided herself some on her business proclivities—down in her soft white palm, and gave her his word that he was a single man.

But now, this whole week—yesterday—to-day—on looking out her window, towards the house (for it was on the opposite side of the way), she saw a child's face pressed against a pane of glass, in the second story room. At first, she thought it was some visitor's child—she couldn't guard against her tenants having visitors—but she had since seen it yelling (she knew it was yelling by its awful formation of mouth). And it pounded so on the window, that she was certain no visitor's child would do that, so long as there was sponge cake and sticky candy to be had for love or money. Even now it had its nose pressed flat against the glass, in such an exasperating manner, that Priscilla was on pins and needles.

She did not know what to make of it. Mr. Waring was a respectable enough sort of man, *as* a man (and a poor man, too), who, she could see while she watched him, was always busy at some mechanical work, and the old woman he kept to do the household chores was as bad a servant as he could have found anywhere. Priscilla had never had anything to say to him since the first day, for he left the rent for her at the door, and called for the receipt book afterward.

But that child there now! what could it mean? She would not have it: that she determined on. As the day went by, and she sat there watching, she grew chilly and shivery, and whenever the child left the window for an instant, she imagined all sorts of depredations going on. She could see that the old woman paid little or no attention to it; and once she saw Mr. Waring take and actually hug the little thing close to him. "Ugh!" said Priscilla, and went and drank a glass of water. After that she wouldn't look at the house again, but went to bed.

But the first thing in the morning, after she had put some crumbs on the window-sill, for a poor dilapidated sparrow, she raised her eyes, and lo! there were two children over at that house, the last comer about the same age as the first. Now she was dumb-foundered! She felt like remembering the camel and the eye of a needle, only in her excitement she became slightly confused; for what she really did feel like remembering was the camel and the last straw.

Wherever did children come from in this reckless way? Now her house would certainly go to wrack and ruin. These were *not* any visitor's

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children, for any sane visitor would have been at the window with them, sometime or other. Look! Even now the pair had blocks of wood in their hands, and there is no knowing what two healthy children can do with blocks of wood. She was exasperated. She could scarcely fix her collar.

Then immediately after breakfast, she posted herself on the look-out for Mr. Waring, determined to hail him, if she saw him go past, and tell him that she really couldn't have it. She had no scruples at telling him so, for she was bold to protect her property.

But he did not go by; and she looked down the street to see if he were in sight; then up the street; and lastly did what she might have done at first, looked over to his house, and oh! save the mark, there he was in the window, holding a *third* child, a baby with red hair!

This baby was Priscilla's last straw. White and angry, she put on her bonnet. She had always thought that she was afflicted with heart disease, and now the baby had developed it in her, for her heart beat as though it would choke her.

"At any rate," said Priscilla, "I'd rather have the heart disease than a red-haired baby!" and she shudderingly drew on her gloves, looked once more in the glass, to see if she were straight, shook herself out, and went across the away.

The old woman opened the door to her. Was Mr. Waring at home? (*Politeness* required her to ask, though she knew he was at the window then). Yes, Mr. Waring was at home! Would Priscilla come in? No, she wouldn't! She would see him here! "Catch her going into that trio of terribleness," she said to herself.

"Mr. Waring!" said she, speaking very fast, as fast as she was angry, "I really cannot allow it! You know you told me, yourself, that such was not the case. I would not have rented you the house, had I known it. I have kept it idle for six months, for no other cause. A lady wanted it, but she had them, and I said, no! I really, sir, cannot allow it!" She spoke breathlessly, and as though she alluded to some sort of contagion.

The poor man looked in perfect amazement at her!

"You will excuse me, Miss Young. But I do not understand you. To what do you allude?

"Why to children, of course," said she. "You know you said you were a single man, when you rented the house, therefore these children—I mean—I really don't know what *you* mean." She was red as a peony, and as fussy.

"Miss Young!" said he, very gravely, "I was perfectly honest in all that I said, for I am still an unmarried man. Those three little ones upstairs are the children of my dead brother. Their mother died last week, and I am all they have in the world. If I have in any way gone against your desires, as to having children in the house, I am sorry, and shall immediately look for another house."

She gave him a nod of acquiescence, and went away. Well, she'd hardly have expected to do so much in so short a time.

Somehow or other, she felt uncomfortable in her mind, though; she had not counted on hearing that these were the children of dead parents. Though it wasn't her fault their parents were dead; weren't her's dead too? And who pitied her, or thought differently of her for that fact? She hadn't killed their parents anyhow. Somehow or other, the man's look had reproached her, as he stood there so grave.

"But, I will not have my house abused for all that," said she. "And he can go as quickly as ever he pleases, even if I don't rent it for a year, and have to go to the Almshouse."

Yet she fell to thinking of many things. Their mother died only last week, he had said, and he was all they had left them in the world. *That* was not so much. She, herself, had no one in the world to care for her. She, herself, could look back to the time of her mother's life, and know that she had done her "duty," a horrible word, signifying that the force of superior circumstances compels what pleasure dies in doing.

She could look back and see no extenuating circumstances in *her* case. In fact, she was fidgetty all day.

Now something happened, that night, to Priscilla. She dreamed of these children! She dreamed that they were clustering about her, that they loved her and held to her, and that the red-haired baby buried its little face in her breast, and laughed, and crowed, and did all that a baby can so eloquently do—except to cry. She dreamed that she was quite happy, with them, and that Mr. Waring looked on and smiled.

She woke with a head-ache; who would not have done so? She even called her dreams the nightmare, and said it was the pickles at supper.

She dressed, and was as low-spirited as could be; she reverted to yesterday; she glanced over at the house. Lo! there was the baby, all mussed and shabby-looking and tumbled, being minded by the other two little ones; and all three seemed as though they needed care.

Now, another peculiarity of Priscilla was, that she had always been terribly fussy about cleanliness. If there was anything she hated in this world, it was dirt. She hunted dust and smirchi-

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ness, with a hard heart and revengeful eye. She was passionately unscrupulous about mire.

So when she saw these children over there, in that terrible condition, she put her lips close together, and began to cry; for her head ached, and she remembered her dream, and she could not get Mr. Waring's look out of her mind. And then that house to be empty again, for dear knows how long, and the taxes eating it up. She even went so far as to call herself a lonely old woman, and when an unmarried lady of forty-five calls herself that, there is something the matter.

And it seemed that she was to be shocked and upset, to a great degree, this week—and all about the same thing—for, hearing a tiny voice in the street, below her, she looked out, and there was one of the children, escaped from the house, and in imminent danger of being smashed by any passing wagon. And that wagon was leisurely coming up the street, the driver reading a newspaper in sweet oblivion. A little while, and there would be only two children left, and there would also be two iron-shod feet at rest, and two busy hands nerveless. With a wicked intent, she was going to close her eyes, and put her fingers in her ears, till it was all over, when she saw the red-haired baby come creeping out on the step, with the most sanguine countenance in the world, the baby who "snuggled" up to her in that dream.

Without thinking, with her heart bobbing up and down at a terrible rate, till it seemed that the hooks and eyes of her dress were shrinking, she darted down stairs, across the street, caught up the child, who was now under the horses' feet, grabbed the baby, and met her tenant coming out, pale and frightened.

"Miss Young, you have saved the little one's life," said he.

"I would take it as a favor, if you want your children to be killed, not to have it done under my window," she said, savagely, and feeling more savage now that the peril was all over, and he, her tormenter, was there.

"I don't understand children," said he, "for when you think you've got 'em nearest, they're farthest away. A flight of steps is of no more consequence to a child, than a piece of paper which it trips over. I can't understand 'em! Betsy, the old woman who does the work, is sick to-day; and I really don't know what I shall do; although I've given them a tub of water to play with, and all the dishes in the house."

He had taken up the baby in his embrace, while he stood there, when Priscilla had the breath taken out of her, by that innocent jumping plump into her arms, and folding its dirty hands close about her neck. "Mamma," said this baby, and Mr. Waring's eyes grew blurred, and the cry of horror on Priscilla's lips never came; for somehow she couldn't say a word, though maybe, she was thinking of the tub of water and the dishes, maybe of her dream, maybe of her own baby-hood.

"You are troubled, indeed, by us," said he, at length. "But come, let me take the child, and we shall, perhaps, find a house to suit us soon." So he took that baby, and again thanking Priscilla, went into the house.

She crossed over home, with a strange feeling at her heart. The baby had lain there for just a minute, but that minute had done wonders; it woke her like a thought, a flash, that all this had occurred long ago, millions of years ago, when she inhabited another body, in a different state of existence. She was even awed by the thought. The baby's voice was not a new thing to her; it had called to her in a previous individuality; and she had then responded to it as she did now.

She loved the baby!

It was as strange as could be to *her*, but perhaps not to many others, for she had never experienced a spontaneous burst of affection before. Nothing had clung to her as this child had done, calling her by the only name it knew, that corresponded with sure protection and ineffable love. Then the helplessness of the man hurt her. A helpless man must always hurt an idle, thinking woman; that is, such helplessness as his.

I really think that Priscilla changed more, in that minute, than in all her previous forty-five years, not counting the millions of years before even *them*. There was a sadness on her, too, and a lump in her throat (the which she had accused the heart disease of being the cause of,) and she fell to pitying.

There was something very womanly in Priscilla, after all; for after thinking and worrying a long time, she became impulsive (is it not strange that thought should lead to impulse?) and went over to that house, rang the bell, received no answer, and so turning the knob, went in. All was quiet except one voice, a man's voice, singing "Shoo! Fly!"

Guided by that uneuphoneous sound, and glancing around her at the littered state of affairs, the mussed-up appearance of the place, the sixes and sevens of everything, she reached the second story, and there in the front room, she saw the two little girls sleeping side by side on the floor, and their uncle seated along with them, holding the baby in his arms, and putting it to sleep by singing to it.

She was horror struck. It looked so lonely

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there. The children were so dirty and uncared for. He saw her, as she came in, and reddened up to his temples. He would have got up, but one of the little ones was lying across him, and held him down, and just then the baby cried.

"I found the door open," said Priscilla, nervously, "and I took the liberty of coming over, to see if I can do anything for you."

"You are very kind," said he. "And if you *would* take the baby, I should be happy, for I cannot hold a baby, it always seems to be slipping out of its clothes. I suppose you have had much experience; all ladies have."

"Yes, I have had some experience," said Priscilla, blushing, for her experience had been in her previous state of existence, when her life had inhabited another body, you know.

So she took the baby, obtained some water, and fixed it up as well as she could, and it was soon fast asleep in her arms. She did not even think of the impropriety of the thing, she who loved propriety so well. She did not even care to think of anything but the red-haired baby at the time.

"Let me take it home with me," said she; "and if you will give me its clothes, I shall try to keep it for you to-day, till your servant is well again."

"It—it has no clothes," said he. "I've mislaid them somewhere."

He looked so disconcerted that she could say nothing, although at any other time she felt she could have said the traditionary volumes, or looked them. She wrapped the little thing up in a table cover, and carried it home with her, after she had done some needful things for the other two. It was ragged and forlorn-looking enough. She placed it on her bed, and then she went to an old trunk, unlocked it, and took out some yellow baby clothes, limp and creasy things enough indeed, but still, like all baby clothes which have been once worn, filled with a presence that never leaves them. Ah! those were Priscilla's once, when she was no older than this little child; Priscilla had worn them forty-four years ago. She arrayed the child in these antiquated garments, and it looked like a lily seen through amber; indeed it might be truly said, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like that baby; for the Queen of Sheba was not Priscilla Young, no matter what else might be advanced in her disfavor. And she fed the baby, and at night it laid in her arms, sweet and warm; and again she was sure of premonitions of a previous existence.

Now the next morning, Mr. Waring called on her to get the baby, and was pleased to see how well it looked. The old woman had gone away, he said, and he did not know what to do.

'I must look for a house—"

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Priscilla, snappishly.

"But you told me to do so."

"And I tell you *not* to do so. You will stay there as long as ever you please; that is, until your present difficulties can be obviated."

It would be useless to say how, for weeks and weeks, Priscilla went over every morning, and did the dressing and fixing of those children. She had become a gentler woman, too; not near so snappish as formerly, and oh! much younger. And she moved about that place as a mother moves about a house; it was astonishing what wonders she worked, in a short time. Mr. Waring was glad looking, and the children doted on her. Every night, too, the baby slept with her; and she kissed it, and learned little gibberishes for it, even though she felt a trifle foolish and ridiculous in doing it. She was awkward, at first, but she got over it, and being always a determined woman—for being which, she had to thank her struggles for appearances—made everything pleasant. She obtained a good, strong girl to do Mr. Waring's house-work, a girl whom you could scold to any amount, and who minded it not at all.

Then, too, she was so pleased that Mr. Waring approved of all that she did. She liked to watch him now, I'm afraid, of a morning, when he sat there at the little table, planning architectural designs; she liked to see the sunshine glint in across his hair; she liked to see that peculiar, studious look come in his face, while he worked—a look unconscious of any presence but the presence of a nearing thought. And so she would be there, talking in low tones to the children, telling them old-fashioned fairy stories she had picked up, somehow or other; indeed she never before felt that she knew a fairy story, till she tried to tell one.

The fact is she thought a great deal of her tenant!

She was not born for love though, she thought. It had come so late in her life, that she could not show it, in little, nervous ways, so appealing to a man of sensibility. She could only shower on these children kisses, and old-fashioned little affections.

Priscilla could only take this baby of a dead mother to her heart, at night, and watch it, as its little lips parted, and its face grew rosy, while its tiny pink fingers wrapped about her own. Tears would sometimes drop on that little baby's face, and her voice, crooning a quaintly gentle hymn, would be sadly shaken and old.

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She thought of Mr. Waring now, night and day. I do not think that she ever dreamed of marriage, or that he should love her over much. She had not been intimate with love before this, and now she only knew of a child's love, that takes for granted every love, and can give nothing in return but a cry for more. Yet, Priscilla, when she received a word of praise from the man, felt pained now. She did not want his praise. She would like him to feel that he was used to her, and need not remind her, by word or look, that he appreciated what she considered her right to do. She would, betimes, catch his eye, when she was romping with the children, and then again would come the feeling, that she had known all this before, in some vague, distant time, past thought and recollection.

It became a matter of course for her to go over every day, and knowing nobody, she cared for nobody's opinion.

A terrible thought struck her once, that this might all go past her, might leave her some time, and she should be alone once more; ah! more alone than she had ever been before. She could not *prevent* it, but she determined on a great trial, although all that was womanly in her revolted from so unwomanly an effort. She would try to make Mr. Waring think enough of her to marry her.

She reasoned that she was doing what her soul told her was right for her to do. She could not, oh! she could not give up this great joy, this awakening in her old life; she could not stand aside, and see all this go past her, and have no power to call it back; for she knew that her life was growing fast away from her, and she had but this time to carry her through, as the only joy she had ever felt she was a part of.

She threw herself in his way. She petted the children, feeling guilty all the time, although the petting was heartily earnest and true, too.

Oh! that he might grow sick, and have no one but her to tend him. How faithfully she would watch by his side, doing everything for him, till she might, if only out of gratitude, be asked to be with him always—his respected wife. Yet that word gratitude was terrible to her.

But it seemed to her that he was not thoughtful of her, in the way she should like. He was too thankful for all that she did; he appreciated too much the least of her favors. The children were thriving and beautiful to look upon—she had grown used to them and they to her long ago.

"I don't know what I should have done but for you, Miss Young!" said he, one day. She was glad, and told him so with a strange, bashful fervor, half natural, half assumed; and he looked up into her face with a quick understanding. She saw that look, was ashamed, and hated herself instantly, and was cold to him.

But after that, he never seemed to look upon her as he had done. He was more reserved, more polite; and she saw, with pain, that he was *trying* to like her, as she had intended—as lately all her life had engaged he should. Her heart was fierce at this thought, and many and many a wild night, she had all by herself, while the little baby was sleeping by her side. Oh! that she had never let him see that she liked him; that she had never let him see that she wanted his love. For now she made up her mind she would *not* marry him, even if he asked her; for that would be the only thing left her to do, after her great, great fault. Yet he had grown so dear to her; he had become so great in her mind, his every look so known and thought of, that she could not give him up without many a pang, without many a sad memory, though she reasoned that those pangs and memories *should* be her's for her hateful shame.

Yet one day, as she sat in that room, with the children about her, and he looking on, she suddenly said, in a hard, cold voice:

"Mr. Waring, I shall not be able to come over here, any more."

He started. "Miss Young, do I understand you correctly?"

"Yes," she answered. "The children are now getting on so finely, and your servant is really such a good girl, that I am sure everything will go on bravely without me. You can, though, if you like, send the little ones to me every day, and I will do all I can for them. And, if you desire it, the baby may be brought over, every night, as usual."

Oh, how her heart swelled, as she said that! How it ached, as usual!

He looked at her very curiously then.

"I have to thank you for so much," he said, "that I have nó wish, nor right, to oppose your wishes now. But if I might venture to expostulate, I should say that the children need not trouble you any more, nor come over to you; for, as you truly say, everything is going on finely. Yet, if you desire it, I shall not say no."

"Let it be as I say," she replied, "and I require no expression of thanks whatever."

That was the last time she went there. Every day the children came and created a panic with the furniture; and every night the baby was left with her. She saw little or nothing of Mr. Waring, as she desired, and she grew lonely, even with the children. Many a time they saw

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her tearful, but she was always kind and affectionate to them.

But she found that being absent from the man only made her more gentle toward him. There were no more premonitions of a former existence, for her present one did all for her.

And he—he had seen the look she had given him that time, and had understood it; before then he had never imagined that she cared for him, any more than he for her; indeed, had not thought at all of her feelings and ideas regarding him; but after that he had tried to think that she was much to him, for he appreciated her goodness to him, he understood her lonely life and pitied it, he knew her fear of losing the children, and yet he failed to love her. He thought he was too old, and that she was, too, to think of such a thing; yet after she had gone, and he saw no more of her, there seemed a want in him, which he could not understand. He thought he was glad that he no longer made her uncomfortable by his presence, for he could see that she was restless, when he was near her. Still, as day after day dragged on, and he had no sight of her, he began to think there was something more, after all. I know this is a strange way for a love scene to be carried out, and that there should have been impetuosity, and longing, and all that; but such was not the fact.

Mr. Waring began to think that he and Priscilla understand each other *too* well. If a man and woman understand each other too well they never marry. It is the *soupçon* of uncertainty which lends zest and delight to all love adventures in the world; a fully understood fact, or doubt, keeps us either far from it, or entertains us with the mere usualty of living itself.

So, at last, one morning, he presented himself to Priscilla at her house. He told her everything, not even omitting that he knew that she loved him, and then that he cared more for her than he had ever cared for any body in the world, and would she marry him?

"No," said Priscilla, she did not care to marry him. But she thanked him for the honor he would have conferred upon her. He was astonished—shocked!—he had not counted on such a thing! he remembered the look from her which had waked him; and now to be rejected!

However, he went home, not very much the worse for it, while Priscilla felt that she had done a very good thing. She even, metaphorically, patted herself, and was slightly, she thought, a heroine. She persuaded herself that he had had no right to come to her thus, and prove so surely that he pitied her—for she looked upon it as pity; he had no right to prove to her so diffusely that he had detected her feeling for him; he had no right to do anything whatever. She would put him entirely out of her heart, and had almost done so, thank heaven! Yet a day came, when one of the children said, that uncle had told them they would soon have a new mother. At that Priscilla's heart beat more than ever. What could he mean? The only solution to it was that he intended to be married, and he intended she should know it. Thereupon all her feeling for him returned tenfold. She loved him more than ever, now that she saw he was irreparably separated from her. Her whole being revolted against it, against the woman he would marry; that woman had no right to marry him, while she, Priscilla, held that feeling for him; or, rather, Priscilla had no right to have her own feeling for him, while that woman lived. She loved the man, she always had, even in that vague, uncertain former life, of which she knew nothing, save that the least of spontaneous visions, sensations, took her back to it, and made it hers, part of her. But she must live it all down; she must live it all down.

And not before she had said many prayers to herself, for strength and courage to bear the rest of her life, did she dare to take the children home one day, and meet him face to face.

"Mr. Waring," she said, "I must really have this house; I desire to live in it myself. And at the same time, allow me to congratulate you."

She had profanely determined that no Mrs. Waring should live here, should occupy *her* house, bang the doors that belonged to *her*, look out at the windows where *her* light came through.

"Congratulate me! on what?" asked he.

"On your approaching marriage?" she replied.

"Ah, yes! But it is rather premature, as the lady has not yet consented."

"I beg your pardon! Good evening."

"Stay! Miss Young," he said, "am I to understand that you believe I have asked another woman to be my wife?"

"I really cannot say; my belief is immaterial, even to myself."

"Am I to think that your own refusal is permanent?"

"Certainly."

"You will never give me the chance to ask you again?"

"No."

"Even though I know you care greatly for me?"

"You are very cruel and unmanly," she said, passionately. "And whatever you think you know, my position should protect me."

"It *does* protect you, Miss Young! And *I* am

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in the position of a rejected man. I am far too old to talk, as I might have talked years ago, for now I can only ask for a yes, or no! and take either for a true answer. But I tell you, truly and honestly, that I have a sincere love for you, such as demands nothing but belief; and had I met you in those younger years of ours, I perhaps should not have been so long in finding it out, nor should my slowness have forced a confession from you. Yet, had I, in those younger years, have loved you, nor waited to see if you cared for me, I doubt not but you would have refused me, with more bitterness than you have now. Am I not right?

"You are right!" she said. For *she* remembered those younger years of her's, and she knew that had his position then been as it was now—and no doubt it had not even been so much then—she would most unquestionably have refused him; in fact, she would not have listened to him or known him: the pride of an old, though decayed, family, would have prevented it.

"And, so, now," he continued, "though I did not know it, at first, I find that you are very near and dear to me, and I would have you always near me."

Then something actuated her to speak openly to him, and she suddenly said, "You know you are near to me," while great tears were running down her face, "and I cannot deny it, if I would. Yet it seems to me so sad, for a woman to have to show a man that she loves him, when she knows that she is nought to him."

"It is sadder for a woman to love a man, and have to beware of showing it; it is sadder than all for a woman to show a man, that she loves him, and yet believe that he does not love her, because she was the first to wake him to that love. It is woman's lot to teach man love, whether in one way or another, in her early years, or late."

She was crying softly now, and feeling a little as though all this had happened long ago—millions of years ago—when she had been in a previous state of existence. And yet it was wondrously new and beautiful, as though it belonged to some sweet future she had hardly dared hope for—it had nothing whatever to do with the present, you know—love never has. And he said:

"But, Priscilla, if you really will believe me; if you really know that you are the 'new mother' I have spoken to the children about; if you would make me very, very happy, and, yes, even thankful—though that is not the word to use in affection (and I am sure I should try to make you happy, as you dearly deserve),—if you will do all this, you will place your hand in mine, without another word."

And all this time the children were tugging at her—even the baby—and the good servant-girl was looking on, with open-mouthed admiration.

"And I would make you very happy? And you are sure I am doing right?"

"You will make me very happy, and you are doing more than is right, you are doing what is best."

Then Priscilla placed her hand in his.

WORDSWORTH.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

Wordsworth, with late regret, the whole world owns
 Her blind neglect of merit such as thine;
 For mellowing years and purer taste combine
To prove thee right; and so the age enthrones
Thee first, 'mongst those whose genius dared to lay
 The broad foundations of a holier shrine,
 Than art had reared, since Milton's voice divine
Struck her last lofty note. 'Twas thine to stay
The muse, and lead her back whence she did stray
 In uncongenial fields—'mid brain-spun themes,
And musty town-talk—to the light of day,
 And sweet fresh nature with her hills and streams
 All vocal with God's teaching, and bright dreams
Of things that with this life pass not away.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

We meet and part; ah! briefly thus
 Is told the story of our days.
Together for a space we walk,
 Then a memorial cross we raise,
And at its foot clasp hands, and part
With shadowed brow and saddened heart.

But, far into the years to come,
 O'er all our wanderings to and fro,
E'en to the threshold of that home
 Wither we, soon or late, must go,
The shadow of that cross still falls,
And fondest memories recalls.

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MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY MRS. M. B. SHERIDAN.

A GLORIOUS morning in the latter part of June, 186—. The trees were dressed in their brightest, liveliest green; the early summer air was fresh and sweet, and heavy laden with the perfume of roses, clematis, and delicately scented honeysuckles; and on the mirror-like bosom of the grand old river was reflected, with rare perfection and fairy-like accuracy, every shrub and tree, that over-hung it.

We had come across the river, this sunny morning, in Captain Wise's little sail boat, to spend the day at the base of the mountain, that we might gather berries, wild flowers, anything we wished. There was no landing, save a few rough rocks, and on leaving the boat we had to pick our way from stone to stone as best we could. The ground was marshy in places, and I was carefully choosing my steps among the rocks and decayed roots, when suddenly, without a shadow of instinctive warning, my eyes fell upon it—this terrible object lying at my very feet. Fascinated, spell-bound and motionless with horror, I stood and gazed down at it. The sight made my blood curdle in my veins. It was the body of a young girl, dead, but even yet very beautiful. The features were regular, and delicately outlined; the tiny teeth, shining through the purple lips, were white as pearl; and the hair, though tangled with sea-weed and wild grass, was, I could see, long, wavy, and golden as sunlight.

The dead girl could not have been over seventeen, and the body had evidently been in the water but a short time, for the dress, though wet, was neat and uninjured. She had probably floated up, or been washed up, by the high tide, and left by the receding water.

As I stood gazing down at the piteous object, I heard a sigh, and looking up, saw a man standing at my side. His face was ghastly pale, his great, slumberous, gloomy eyes shone from under their heavy lashes, and fastened their gaze on mine, with a searching, imploring expression, as if he would read my soul. Perhaps it was the extreme blackness of his hair which made his face look so frightfully, deadly white, perhaps not. How long he had stood at my elbow I could not tell; I had not heard him approach.

He cast one glance at the body of the dead girl, then suddenly reaching out his hand, he grasped my arm, and the deep, rich tones of his voice thrilled me into life again.

"Come away, this is no place for you," he said.

I pointed down to my feet.

"It is already discovered," he replied, comprehending my gesture. "I have sent my servant to the nearest town for the proper authorities to come and take charge of it."

I was only too glad to have the spell broken, to get away, and in a few moments we regained the rest of my party. I explained to Captain and Mrs. Wise the cause of my fright, and after a little hesitation they walked off slowly towards the spot.

I sat down on a mossy stone, to recover myself, and wait for them.

The stranger, with his ghastly face, was a little further off, slowly pacing up and down. Evidently he was waiting for the return of his servant.

I watched him furtively, though he took no further notice of me, and spoke not a word. He was, I judged, a foreigner; his look and accent indicated it. He was tall, stately, and grandly proportioned, his hair was silken, and as I have said, black as night. There was something inexpressibly grand, powerful, and magnetic about his whole physique, form, face, and manner.

A few rods further on, there stood an empty house, with wide-open porches, over which the thick, uncut vines grew in wild, luxuriant profusion. A feeling of nervous uneasiness came over me, as I sat waiting; and I rose from my mossy seat, and walked over to the deserted house. I went up the unswept steps, and sat down on a bench in the shaded porch.

Presently Captain and Mrs. Wise came up. As they passed the stranger, I was quite surprised to see the Captain stop and speak, and shake hands with him. Then they all came on together, and my friend introduced the stranger, who bowed politely, and extended his hand. As I felt its pressure, a shiver passed over me; the long, white, tapering fingers were cold as ice; and they clasped mine like bands of steel.

The stranger was an Italian, by the name of Petilla, a celebrated tenor singer, who had come to this country, the year before, to fulfil an engagement with a first-class opera company. The

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season was over, and he was ruralizing in the country, during the summer months.

His conversation was intelligent and agreeable in the extreme; he used most excellent English; and he spoke of his travels, which had been extensive, and told many anecdotes, and incidents in a very pleasing manner. He talked with so much fluency, and in so fascinating a style, that the time passed unconsciously. With rare tact he kept the conversation wholly turned from the unpleasant subject which had been uppermost in our minds. The feeling of aversion, which I had first felt towards him, gradually diminished in consequence; and we were all quite startled when his servant arrived, and announced that the coroner, with his assistants, had come from N—.

I will not go over the inquest in detail. On the clothing of the dead girl, the initials, D. P. were found, probably those of her name. The hands were firmly bound together, with two pocket handkerchiefs, in the corners of which, these same letters were delicately traced. There was a deep wound, like the cut of a knife, on one side of the beautifully shaped neck. This was inflicted in such a way as to show that the unfortunate girl was no suicide, a physician testified, but had been murdered, and thrown into the river. On one delicate foot was a tiny, bronze slipper, fastened around the ancle by a slender, elastic cord. The other shoe was missing.

Our pleasure was spoiled for the day by this sad incident, and we soon returned home. The next morning, the papers were full of an account of the supposed murder, together with a minute description of the dead girl. The excitement was very great, and for weeks every means was taken to gain some clue to the murderer, but in vain. Equally unavailing was the result of all inquiry to find out the name and parentage of the victim. She filled a nameless grave.

The hotel, where we were staying, was filled with a gay crowd of visitors, many from New York, and some from our more Southern cities; and in the never-ending round of pic-nics, balls, and excursion parties on the river, the sad incident I have just related was soon forgotten. Everybody seemed embued with an almost endless and limitless spirit of enjoyment; even my stiff, and rather puritanical uncle, and stately, reserved aunt, to whose care I had been intrusted, found themselves overruled, or carried along by the ceaseless tide of pleasure. The grounds around the house were very beautifully laid out, and our last novelty, in the way of variety, had been a series of impromptu concerts, given in the open air. There were several fine amateur musicians in the house, and our supply of material was by no means limited.

One morning, about a month after our excursion, I received a roll of music, quite a collection of new pieces, from the city. I went into the parlor to look it over, and sat down to the piano, to try a piece, which had been chosen for one of the ladies to sing that evening, and to which I was to play the accompaniment. I was humming the air of the song, as I played, when the parlor door opened, and Captain Wise came in.

"Miss Ada," said he, "I have secured you a valuable assistant for your concert, to-night. I made his acquaintance last winter. I forgot to tell you about it; but I believe you know who I mean; we met him on our disagreeable excursion over the river, a few weeks ago. It is Petella, the celebrated tenor. He looked like a dead man the day we met him over there, and no wonder. I shall never forget it, that horrible sight; but he has quite recovered himself now.

"Ah, yes, I remember," I answered. "But where is he?"

"He is here, in the house. I heard he was still in the neighborhood, and wrote him to come. He arrived on the evening train, last night."

"Well, pray introduce him, immediately," I replied; "and I hope he will be willing to help us, for we are sadly in want of a good tenor."

I turned to the piano again, and Captain Wise left the room, rather abruptly.

What caused this strange, unaccountable trembling at my heart, when I heard this man's name mentioned, and knew he was near, already in the house? I asked myself this question again, and again. To be sure, his dark, splendid face, his great, luminous, dreamy eyes, with their gloomy, penetrating, imploring expression, had haunted my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, for weeks; his magnificent form, stately and faultless as that of a god, was ever before my eyes, sleeping or waking, and had been, since that miserable day, when we first met him; but then, this dark-faced Italian, who was he, and what was he to me? A hundred times that morning, did this question come up to me. All day long, I was trembling, throbbing, almost beside myself with excitement.

That evening, he and I sang together, that beautiful duet from *Trovatore*. He was Manrico, I Leonora. How exquisitely he sang it! That sweet, silvery-toned voice, how its pleading tenderness thrilled through every nerve of my body!

After the concert was over, he led me to a shaded seat, and as he placed himself beside me, remarked:

"You have a magnificent voice, Miss Ormande, I should like of all things to see you on the stage. You would soon make your fortune."

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"My fortune is already made, so far as money is concerned; at least, sufficiently for me," I replied.

He told me much of his former life, both professionally, and otherwise, and his conversation was so pleasing, so entertaining, that all my unpleasant impressions wore off, and before the evening was half over, I felt myself yielding gradually, almost insensibly, to the fascination of his presence, to his subtle, magnetic power.

When we parted for the night, he handed me a blush rose, and murmured softly, as he pressed my hand in his, "*mio cara*, I shall long remember this night. May your dreams be sweet as mine will be, my Leonore." The low, rich tones of his voice echoed long in my ears, and my dreams were full of bright, delicious imagery.

Ah! the many delightful days that followed this never-to-be-forgotten evening; the long walks in the dim forest avenues; the songs we sang together; the moonlight boat-rides on the river; and the often repeated story, old but so sweet, whispered in tones of earnest pleading in my ear.

Well, the days, the weeks glided away as fast as fleeting shadows, and the long, pleasant summer came to an end. The first frosty days of autumn found us in our city home.

Antoine, my Antoine, came with us, and when the October sun shed its last golden glory on the gaily tinted leaves, we were married, Antoine and I.

At first, my grave, solemn uncle had shaken his head, and looked disturbed; but my aunt had loved Antoine from the first, and he returned her kindness with the tenderest devotion. He gave up his professional career, at their request, and took quietly to our secluded, retired way of living.

Five years passed away. They were five long, happy, joyous years, so full of an indescribable peace, so full of my Antoine, my love, my life, that the memory of them makes my present existence more desolate, more terribly bitter. Often in my dreams, always in my waking hours, my wearied, restless spirit cries to him, "O! my Antoine, my beloved, come to me! speak to me! tell me, is your soul stained with a hideous crime? is your condemned spirit wandering, restlessly, in hopeless, endless agony and remorse, on the shores of the unknown river?" But the dumb spirit answers me not, and I live on, weeping, hoping, waiting till we meet again, till I shall see him face to face.

How can I live, and think, and dream over all the early years of my life? And how can I tell the sad, terrible sequel, and not go mad? Alas, my poor wearied brain, my saddened, breaking heart!

It was the fifth summer after our marriage. A terrible epidemic raged in our midst, and my husband was one of the first to fall a victim. He was sick but three days, at once became delirious, and remained unconscious to the last. At times he was quite unmanageable. In his wildest moments, he would call frantically on some one, "Doria," to leave him, to save him, to forgive him; he would call on "Doria," to have mercy, not to destroy him.

In the midst of my anxiety and grief, I took little notice of what he said, no notice of the names he uttered. I thought of nothing but his danger, and my own misery. All that skilful management and kind care could do to relieve him and save him was done; but all was in vain.

When all was over, and they were preparing his body for burial, they took from his neck a slender gold chain, to which was attached a tiny golden key. This was handed to me, and I put it away, with other treasures belonging to him. I never once thought of the chain or its singular appendage, until six months after his death, when I came across the little chain quite by accident.

I noticed then, for the first time, that the little key was rare and curiously wrought. I suddenly began to wonder why my husband had never shown me this little trinket. What was its use? To what delicate, rich, and costly casket must it belong? Antoine had many curious old relics sent to him from Italy, after our marriage, when he took up his final residence in America; but this was something I had never seen, or heard him mention.

For days I sought among my lost husband's effects, but found nothing. At last I remembered an old-fashioned desk of black oak, which he once told me had belonged to some of his ancestors. Antoine had always regarded it as one of his choicest treasures. It had been an object of curiosity to me, and I had often opened it, examined its contents, and wondered at its singular arrangements and workmanship.

I turned again to it now, with renewed curiosity. Perhaps the casket to which this key belonged, I said, was hidden somewhere in it. I looked carefully through all its drawers, and pigeon-holes, but found nothing. At last I bethought me to remove all the drawers, and examine the back of the desk. In doing this, I found two small, very narrow drawers, so nicely fitted in the massive wooden back, as almost to defy discovery. I eagerly drew them out, and with nervous, trem-

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bling hands, began to look over the contents. One was filled with old letters and papers, all yellow with age. The other contained the object of my search.

It was a small ebony box, richly carved, and ornamented with gold; a curious, unique affair, such as I had often read of, but never seen. With trembling hands, I applied the tiny key, and raised the lid. How many times have I regretted it. How often have I almost wished that my hand could have lost the power of motion, my eyes the gift of sight. All unconsciously of what was about to be revealed to me, I began to remove the articles. Carefully wrapped in a piece of oiled silk, was a tiny, bronze slipper. When had I seen its mate? At first I could not recall where. Then, suddenly, a nervous trembling seized my arm, and I quickly laid the slipper down. Beneath the slipper was a small, slender-bladed knife, with a wrought-ivory handle; the knife was stained and rusted with blood, for half the length of the blade. The next article was a lady's handkerchief, plainly hemmed, and in the corner were the initials, D. P. delicately traced. In its soft, white folds was carefully wrapped a miniature, that represented the face of a young girl, fresh, young, beautiful. At last, like a sudden flash of inspiration, the truth dawned on my mind. I turned to the back of the picture, and there, plainly engraved in the golden frame, were the words, "From Doria, to her beloved husband, Antoine."

I tried to drive from my mind the awful suspicion. But my memory persisted in recalling that fatal day, years back, and the dead girl found on the river's brink. The carefully preserved shoe, I saw, was mate to the one she wore; the letters on the handkerchief were the same as those on the two which had bound together her lifeless hands. Alas! and what further evidence did I need? The face, the features were the same, I had looked on, six years before; the face of the dead girl. I replaced the articles, and closed the box. Would that I could shut, from my memory, all recollections, all visions, all remembrances of the past!

JUNE DREAMS.

BY CELIA E. GARDNER.

I CANNOT write! the whispering wind
Steals all my thoughts, ah, witching wooer!
The sunlight's gold falls on my page.
How can I write of heroes sage,
When breezes sweet to dreams allure,
And wins response from heart and mind.

Ah, who can *think* on days like these!
Who o'er unwritten pages pore,
And trace with rapid pen stern words
By dead lips uttered, dead ears heard?
Who delve in mines of ancient lore,
When air is music, balm the breeze?

Upon the grass the sunlight's sheen
Lies soft; with shifting 'broiderie
The flickering shadows fleck it o'er;
The joyous birdlings sing and soar.
The trees bend low, and whisper me
Of violets, hiding in the green.

The brook runs singing, laughing by;
The willow stoops to kiss its face;
I hear the stealthy, soft caress,
And dream of lips whose loving press
Left on my cheek as tender trace—
And skies were blue, and summer nigh.

I dream of other days than this,
Days not less fair, no whit less sweet,
When not so calmly throbbed my heart;
And through my veins, with rapturous start,
The thrilling life-blood swiftly beat;
And breath was joy, and being bliss.

Oh! take my pen, and let me dream!
The summer woos me with her wiles.
A thousand voices, music fraught,
Ring in my ears and banish thought.
My heart is full of June's sweet smiles.
Begone, ye tasks, and let me dream!

JUNE.

BY FLORA BISHOP.

THE breezes blow up, and across my mouth,
With the still warm kiss of the warm still South.

The lake lies 'neath me, all lilies and bright,
The sky bends o'er me in azure and white.

I tangle my boat in a fringe of vines,
That drop from the lake edge their em'rald lines.

I loose it with laughter, to float and dream,
While my thoughts are wearing the sweet month's gleam.

I think of the past; they were many days.
I look to the future—a crimson haze.

So I cry up out of a glad full heart,
"The dearest and greenest month thou art.

"May my life keep with thee in rythm and tune,
Forever, forever, oh! days of June."

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XV.

THE artificial excitement, which follows a rash act, was upon Lord Heron, as he rode home that afternoon. It was a beautiful day, and the sensuous nature of the young man was so completely aroused, that the remembrance of his interview with Edna carried with it all the glamour of love. He thought of her as she stood in the rose garden with the sunshine touching her hair, and the rich color of blossoms breaking through the lace that clouded her, with all the enthusiasm of an artist. Her soft blue eyes appealing to his, the velvet touch of her hand, as she bade him farewell, all dwelt upon his mind, with a sort of fascination; but beyond that he did not go. Fancy spread a veil between his heart and brain, filling one with rose tints and holding the other silent. Not once did he permit that heart to be questioned. When his mind turned that way he rejected the impulse of self examination, put his horse to greater speed, and once or twice, broke out impatiently, as if some one had been expostulating with him:

"What's the use of thinking? It is done, and all of them will be the happier," he said, once, quite aloud.

As he neared home this sort of defiance sunk down to dreamy unrest. He rode slower and the expression of his face changed. He was leaving that fair picture in the garden far behind. Spite of himself, that of his own home came uppermost. The young sister he loved so well, the Italian girl—

Here the young man checked his horse, and for a moment sat motionless on its back. Was the news he was carrying to Oldham likely to bring happiness to Lady Jane? Was Edna Norton the sister she would have chosen? He did not pursue this question beyond that; but unconsciously shrunk away from it, and as if determined to escape from further self communing, urged his horse to a swifter trot. All at once the animal shied from the road, startled by something that in moving, sent a flame of red through a thicket, crowning an embankment that sloped, in that place, down to the highway.

A second look, and Heron sprang from his horse and led him up to the thicket.

"What, you Beatrice! So far from home?" he exclaimed, reaching out his disengaged hand.

The girl had sprung up at the sound of hoofs, and thus had startled both the horse and his rider. But that was nothing to the agitation that seized upon her. At first a pallor swept her face, then the blood came into it with a rush, and she stood before him, crimsoned in neck, face and hands—crimsoned and trembling from head to foot.

"Have you lost youself?" questioned the young man, wondering at her agitation.

"Lost myself," repeated the girl, looking around, as if she meditated an escape. "Yes, yes; I did not know that this road led to her house—to the Hazlehurst. How should I, so much a stranger?"

"The road to Hazlehurst!" said Heron, flushing, suddenly. "Why who said anything about Hazlehurst, and why should you not come here? I do not understand."

The girl turned pale again, her eyes sunk guiltily, and she answered him with an evasion.

"It was the violets, signor, that made me lose myself. Rufo loves them so, and he longed for them so, I searched and searched till the blue on this bank brought me here. See how large and fresh they are, like those we used to pull in Sorrento. It was the violets, signor, and because Rufo pines for them, that made me lose myself."

Heron looked down on the grass where she stood, and saw that it was rich with great tufts of violets, such as blossom in perfection nowhere as they do in England; but he also noticed that none of them had been gathered. A smile stirred his lips, but it died away instantaneously.

"You have gathered none as yet. Shall I help you?" he said, very gently.

She seemed disturbed by the observation, and lifted her eyes guiltily; for she had been sitting on that bank of flowers a full half hour, without heeding their beauty, or that the sweetness of their breath was floating all around her. Did he know this, and had the knowledge made him smile?

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"I will pluck them with my own hands; Rufo will love them much better for that," she answered, kneeling down and gathering the flowers with eagerness.

Heron stood by, watching her with great seriousness. She felt this, and swept flowers and grass together with trembling hands.

"But I must help," said the young man. "You have walked too far, you tremble."

"It is the horse, signor; he is restless, don't you see? and tears up the poor violets with his hoof. That frightens me, so I tremble a little."

Heron drew the horse to a small tree near by, flung the bridle over a bough, and turned back again. Beatrice heard his footsteps, and in that moment's breathing space gathered up her pride.

On his way back, the young man stopped by the hedge, and plucked some primroses with a few milk-white hawthorn blossoms. Beatrice was sitting on the bank, with the roughly gathered violets and grass in her lap, when he came up, and offered them as a part of the bouquet she was forming. The girl reached forth her hand blindly, and it touched his, only for an instant. Then it was drawn swiftly back, and the flowers dropped on the skirt of her dress, whether from his hand or hers neither of them ever knew, and neither of them dared to look in the other's eyes and ask the question there.

Heron stood quite still, while the girl made a vague attempt to form a bouquet of the flowers in her lap; but as the color ebbed from his face, a look of trouble followed, and after a moment of dead silence, he turned from the bank, mounted his horse, and rode away very slowly, feeling as if the best part of himself had been left behind. A little way onward the wood curved, and, without looking back, he could command the spot on which Beatrice had been sitting. She had fallen forward on the bank with her hands holding fast to the grass, and by the motion of her shoulders, seemed to be sobbing bitterly. Struck with a sudden impulse, the young man turned his horse and rode a few paces back; but checked himself, wheeled again, and rode on, startled and filled with absolute dismay by the revelations a single minute of time had unfolded.

Did the girl love him? The pang that came with the thought was half smothered in a glow of joy that thrilled him the more keenly because of the pain. Did he love her? Was he villain enough for that, with the kisses of another woman still fresh upon his lips? Had he all this time cheated himself into a belief that he was struggling to meet the love he had sought and won, when his heart was full of passionate longing for another?

Yes, passionate longing; he knew it now. That one glance in those tear-laden eyes, the single touch of a hand that flew from his, as a bird flutters from a serpent, subtle in its charming, had enlightened him fully. He loved the helpless young creature lying there on the violet banks, and had just engaged himself to that other woman, who had looked so beautiful among the roses. What had he done? In what way could he turn without leaving pain and dishonor behind him? Only a few hours before, he was a free man, urged forward to the thraldom of two lives by those he loved best, but strong enough for resistance. Now his honor was snared, and his very limbs seemed laden down with the golden shackles he had put on.

The girl loved him. This wild, sweet young creature, who had drifted into his life so strangely, whose very helplessness had given her the sacred claim of sister-hood upon him, was even then writhing yonder in an agony of wounded love. What could he do? Indeed, what could he have done had the events of that day never taken place? Had he ever been really free so far as this pretty Italian was concerned? Were not the obligations of rank as binding as those he had just assumed? Under any circumstances could he have trampled down the traditions of a proud family, because of her helplessness and her beauty?

While the young man reasoned thus, a warm glow was in his heart, and a wonderful brightness shone through all the anxiety in his eyes. When he had ridden away from Hazlehurst, triumphant in his wooing, flushed with satisfied vanity, dazzled by golden visions of wealth, pleasantly disturbed by the excitement of every selfish wish in the progress of completion, all the lower qualities of a fine nature were in exhuberant action, and a more splendid specimen of vigorous and manly beauty could not have been found in all England. But he had paused a moment where the young Italian was seated, sad and lowly by the road, and one glance into her eyes, one touch of her hand had transfigured him. The soul of the man awoke within him then, a mist of tenderness subdued the light in his eyes, over his features came a look so soft, so full of troubled sweetness, that there was something almost feminine in it. In all humanity there is nothing more beautiful than this soft gentleness in the features of a strong man.

Through all his power of reasoning, this feeling ran, as the bright waters of a brook send sweet music through pebbles and over broken rocks. He was forbidden to love the young creature, yet this newly discovered passion pervaded his whole

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being, and flooded all his thoughts. He ceased to censure himself for anything but the rash engagement of the morning. For the time his love seemed set apart from the worldly interests of his life, some newly discovered thing, holy and sweet, that he must put from him by and by, but not yet. For a little time he would dream of things that might have been.

Lord Heron did not ride homeward now, but turned into a cross road, and went on and on, lost in reveries all the more absorbing, because he knew how unsubstantial were the castles his brain was building. At first he had felt something like tender pity for the young creature he had left so far behind, but the sweet delirium of a newly acknowledged passion swept all such feelings away. If she loved him, if she could rest there among the violets dreaming as he did, was not that enough? Was not love its own recompense? She was but a child. Such reasons as would haunt him need not disturb her. Still he remembered how sorrowful she looked; how strangely pride and tenderness struggled in her face, when he stopped to speak with her.

Thus filling the time with fragmentary thoughts, half dreams, half self-reproaches, the young man rode on, dreading to go home and endure the eager questioning of his mother, or the keener anxiety of his father, seldom embodied in words, but not the less impressive for that. For another and very opposite reason, he dreaded seeing Lady Jane that night, for while his engagement was sure to bring joy to others, she would receive it with regret.

CHAPTER XVI.

Yes, Beatrice was left behind. She had read the truth in Heron's face as he rode up, flushed with triumph, smiling in the self-complacency of gratified vanity. Sensative in her own nature, made alert by the quick observation which is sometimes keenest in youth, she read the morning's history in his features, and shrunk from it as flowers wither under the first white touch of frost. Something that had taken growth in her soul seemed to die then, leaving thrills of pain behind. I think she did not understand this in its true meaning; but a sense of wrong seized upon her; a feeling of proud resentment, that a person she thoroughly disliked, should have the power to make her benefactor happy.

When Heron left her, she flung the primroses and thorn blossoms passionately away, and springing up, trampled them under her feet.

"Rufo shall not touch them," she said, "let him take them to her; they are full of thorns, like his kindness."

Then looking after the young horseman, until her eyes were blinded with hot tears, she flung herself on the grass and tore at it, maddened by a great burst of sorrow, pitiful from its very childishness. Half lifting herself from the ground, she had seen him look back, and turn his horse, as if irresolute. Then the breath was checked between her parted lips, and broke forth in a pathetic cry as he turned again and rode away.

Then it was that she took a resolution born of disappointment and passionate pride.

"I know how it is," she thought. "He will bring her to Oldham. She will live there like a queen, as his mother does, and I—and I—perhaps she will want me for a maid, to brush her hair, and put on her slippers kneeling, and Rufo for a page. I heard her say once, how lovely he would look with buttons; but he never would—oh, never! I had rather see him dead—dead!"

Beatrice repeated the word, holding her breath, awe-struck by its terrible meaning, when thought drifted into sound.

"Dead," she repeated again, this time in a solemn whisper. "He has been so close to that—how dare I speak it? But we will go away, far, far away, where no one can reach us, he and I. Back to Italy, where people knew us, and were sorry when we had trouble. Oh, yes, we will go—we will go!"

Beatrice gathered up her violets, and began her walk toward Oldham, wondering in a vague way that the landscape had become so dreary, and the road so long.

Lady Jane looked up in wonder when Beatrice came into her room, dragging her footsteps so wearily, and with the violets in her hand, wet here and there as if dew were still upon them. It was only the tears which had dropped unconsciously from those heavy eyes, as the girl had made her tired way homeward.

"Oh, what quantities and how beautiful! Where did you find so many?" she exclaimed, made happy by the sweet breath of the flowers she had long been unable to gather for herself.

"I do not know; a long way off I think."

"I am glad of that. The day has been so beautiful, that a long walk will be good for you. Still it does not seem so; your eyes are heavy, as if they ached. What is the matter, Beatrice?"

"It is only that I am tired, and my head aches a little," replied the poor girl, turning her face away, that the young questioner might not observe the trembling lips or the moisture that sympathy had brought to eyes that were, in truth, heavy with pain.

"But you are ill; something has happened

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since you went out; tell me about it," persisted the gentle lady.

"No, no. How could anything happen to me, signorina? So lonely, so unimportant, sorrow itself might pass me by."

"But I thought the walk would make you cheerful again."

"And so it has, only I am tired. Shall I take some of these to Rufo?" Without waiting for an answer, Beatrice took some of the violets and left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

Beatrice could not remain quiet. A feeling of passionate unrest had seized upon her. Locked in her room, she gave way to it without restraint; pacing the floor, pressing both hands to her temples, and occasionally sitting down on the bed, tired with thoughts, that seemed to have no beginning nor end.

She had found Rufo asleep, and glad to escape his soft, questioning eyes, laid the violets on his pillow, and watching a moment to see a dawning smile steal up from his sleep, as the perfume floated over him, went away to her own room. But at last she said to herself,

"Poor Rufo! he must be awake, and wondering that I do not come back. Never in all his sickness have I been away from him so long. Lady Jane has discovered that I am unhappy; my brother must not know of it and thus break his rest. I will compose myself, and when the light has faded, go down and sit with him."

The poor girl remembered that her garments were soiled with the dust of the road, and prepared to change them, as had been her custom; for, as the companion of Lady Jane, the dainty habits of the invalid had reached her, and her dress was not only far above that of a woman-servant, but still, from the young lady's artistic desire, retained all its national picturesqueness. So she smoothed her hair, bathed her face in cold water, and put on such raiment as she had worn all her life, save that the materials were of a richer quality, and more elaborately ornamented. As she looked at herself in the glass, the sound of a horse, coming up the chestnut avenue, reached her. Instantly the color leaped into her face, and a smile, in spite of herself, quivered over her lips. She had unconsciously listened to those hoofs too often for a mistake. Lord Heron had returned home; perhaps he had seen tears in her eyes, and thought her childish out yonder. Should he come to Rufo's room before dinner, or should Lady Carew send for her to sing for them in the drawing-room afterward, that would be all changed. He should never find her eyes so full of tears again—never.

Beatrice did not know it, but the very sound of those hoofs had driven away half the turbulent sensations that had made her so miserable. The marvelous reaction of youth was fast turning a silver lining in the cloud that had been so dark to her only a few minutes before. She went down to Rufo's room. Lord Heron usually came there after any absence from home, and would think it strange if she were not at her post. The girl cheated herself with this thought, while her heart was panting for another sight of his face; for it seemed as if he had been absent for weeks, so much of emotion had been crowded into the few hours since they had separated.

Rufo was awake when she entered the great sombre room where he lay. He had lifted himself partly up in bed, and was feebly arranging the flowers she had left on his pillow; a soft light was in his eyes, as he bent over them.

"I have been away from you so long," she said, regretfully, as she approached the bed.

"But you brought these," he said, pressing the flowers to his lips, and smiling upon her, "and I have had sleep, such sweet sleep."

"Has no one been with you?" questioned the girl.

"Oh, yes! The signorina, she read to me, sitting there, with the light on her face. I do not know when she went away.

Beatrice sat down in silence, while he sorted her gift of flowers with gentle touches, murmuring to them under his feeble breath, as if they had been living things. She watched him wistfully, but was listening all the time for a footstep that did not come. So an hour passed. A knock at the door, loud and sudden, startled them both. It was only a servant, who brought an order from Lady Carew that Beatrice should go at once to the drawing-room, and bring her guitar.

Beatrice arose promptly, and went down through the hall into the great drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted. There she found a group of richly dressed ladies, who had just come in from the dinner-table, and were waiting for the gentlemen, who lingered over their wine, to join them. In the group were several persons whom she had seen before, but there was one stranger whose presence took her by surprise, for in everything she was unlike the usual guests of the house, grander in appearance, and as it seemed, more conscious of rank.

As Beatrice entered the room, this lady was talking with Lady Carew, who seemed to be urging some request upon her, which she was reluctant to grant; but at last she moved across

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the room with a superb air of resignation, and took her place by the harp which a servant had just brought in from the music-room. In a moment its strings were vibrating from a careless sweep of her hand, but after this one dash she stood leaning against the instrument, with one foot slightly uplifted, and listened with drooping lashes and a queenly bend of the head, to something Lady Carew was saying.

Thus, poised like a Sappho, with her dress of crimson velvet catching a warmer glow as it trailed along the carpet, under the wax lights, with a flash of diamond fuchsias and emerald leaves that held it together, where the velvet was cleft low on the bosom, Beatrice saw the woman, and was struck dumb upon the threshold with wonder and admiration.

She knew, at once, that the lady was an Italian. The dusky face, touched on the cheeks with the red of sun-ripened peaches, the coils and braids of raven black hair crowning that stately head, the blended pride and grace of her bearing, all spoke of the land of flowers, which Beatrice had herself abandoned so rashly.

"This is the young person I was speaking of," said Lady Carew, as Beatrice presented herself in the doorway.

The lady lifted her head, and turned her large, gray-black eyes on the girl, at first indifferently, then with a quick flash of interest. Observing that the girl hesitated, and seemed about to drop her guitar, she reached forth her hand as if to invite approach.

As if acting under some strange fascination, Beatrice came forward.

"You are Italian, I should know that," said the lady, in her own sweet language. "A mere child, too. How came you so far from home?"

"It was not home after she died," answered Beatrice, in a voice that thrilled sadly in the utterance of her native tongue. "Besides—besides—"

"Well, what was there besides?" questioned the lady, with an encouraging smile.

"Nothing that a stranger would understand; nothing that, signora, that I have a right to talk about. When our mother died, the home was broken up."

"Your mother!"

Beatrice turned away, her eyes were full of tears. The lady had uttered that word with a sort of passionate music in her voice, as if it had a vivid meaning to her, and this touched her young listener to the soul.

"She is with the angels, signora. How could we stay in the old home after that? When the mother leaves one alone, all things grow sad, even the music."

"You must not think so," answered the lady, lifting her head. "That is full of inspiration. Listen!"

Turning to the harp, the lady touched the strings lightly with her fingers, and smiling down on the face uplifted to hers. At first the sounds, that came through the magic of her touch, were soft and low, as if flowers were talking to each other, after the first break of a storm; then a gush of liquid music floated through the room, swelling into a burst of riotous sweetness, such as a host of song birds might send through the blossoming trees of an orchard.

The dusky loveliness of that woman, heightened with her music, her lips were parted as if each breath gave its share to the sounds that followed the flight of her hands. You could see the rise and fall of her bosom under the glow of diamonds, that flashed upon it; themselves less bright than the gleam of her eyes through their inky lashes.

Beatrice, entranced, drew close to the performer, thrilled in every nerve, her eyes beaming with inspiration. The passion of music was in her; its power in the woman to whom her young face was uplifted.

The strains of that harp, as they rose and fell through drawing-room and hall, reached the dining-room. Glasses filled with wine and half uplifted, were held in suspense or set down untouched; conversation ceased entirely; men held their breath to listen. Then there was a sudden uprising, and the male guests glided into the circle that crowded around the harpist. She did not seem to observe them, but with her head bent and her eyes fixed on the kindling face of Beatrice, seemed absorbed by the effect of her sweet work on that one soul, as the serpent thinks of nothing but the bird it is charming.

So keenly did the girl feel this, that she grew pale and faint with intensity of enjoyment. The woman saw this, and pushed her harp away, while the music was yet trembling on its wires.

"I am an egotist," she said, laughing lightly, "being promised music from the pretty signorina here, I am tiring you with my own."

There was an instant confusion of denial and protest, more truthful than such performances usually call forth, and the lady was entreated to go on; but she only seemed to heed one low, timid voice, and the beseeching eyes that enforced it with silent pleading.

"Do, oh, do, signora."

"No. My Lady Carew promises that you shall permit me to listen. The guitar! there was one in your hand."

Beatrice looked around bewildered. In her absorption the instrument had dropped from her

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hand, and lay on the carpet, at her feet. She took it up with a troubled look.

"Oh, signora, after your music I dare not."

"But it was the lady's promise that won me to play," answered the strange guest, smiling, still with a tone of command in her voice.

"Why do you hesitate, Beatrice?" said Lady Carew, imperatively, "the signora is not afraid that you will rival her."

The sneers in these last words stung the girl; she lifted her head a little proudly.

"It is because my poor music will sound so worthless that I hesitate," she said, "but if the lady really desires it—"

"You need not fear; genius is always inspired by genius," whispered a voice, that made the blood leap to her face.

Lifting her eyes, she saw that Lord Heron was standing close to her, looking pleased and a little anxious. He stooped, lifted her guitar from the floor, and drew a chair that she might sit down.

The gentlemen from the dinner-table and the ladies who had gathered around the harp, kept their places as this young creature sat in their midst, trembling with dread, still so inspired by the music, that her hands fluttered over the strings of her guitar, drawing forth no sound, and feeling as if every note in her voice were melting into tears.

"Courage, Beatrice, courage!"

She knew Heron's voice, gave him one grateful look, and answered him with a tremulous touch of her instrument, that gave out a faint, broken sound, as if the blue waters of a brook had just been disturbed by dropping pebbles. Then her voice stole in, at first sweet and slow, but swelling, presently, into liquid power. The harp music was yet filling her brain with inspiration. She selected nothing that she had ever learned, was even unconscious of the spirit of inspiration that broke from her lips in one divine burst of sound. The instrument she touched answered her voice. In her own soft language she blended words sweet as her music. They stood around her in amazed silence. Some of them had heard her sing before, but timidly, when fear kept back half the force of her genius. Now they were astonished. Even Lady Carew stood up more proudly, applauding with her fan, as if, in some way, she had a share in the general approval.

Beatrice saw nothing of this; her soul was in the music. But inspiration cannot last forever, and even the wings of a bird tire of beating the blue ether after awhile. All at once the little hand dropped away from the guitar. The sweet voice hushed itself, and, amid murmurs of pleasure, and the soft clapping of hands, Beatrice came back to herself.

Still she saw only two faces in that little crowd, that of the Italian lady, flushed with smiles, sparkling with animation, and a fair manly countenance, turned upon her with a look of tender approval, that filled her heart with a richer sweetness than the music had given.

The Italian lady stooped down, and kissed her once, twice, and again, after the passionate way of her country.

"You have the voice of an angel," she said, "and the face—ah! I do not know where that came from; only it tells of the dear home country, and one always loves that. My Lady Carew, this pretty waif has a voice to charm the world. You will give her to me, and no one shall hereafter call her an orphan."

Lord Heron gave a sudden start, and an angry flash came to his eyes, as he turned them on his mother's guest.

"And what would you make of her?" questioned Lady Carew, carelessly.

"What? The greatest prima donna that walks the stage. Her voice is something marvelous."

"It was that which induced us to place her in attendance on my invalid daughter," answered the lady, indifferently, as she would have spoken of any other servant. "But these arrangements cannot last forever."

"An attendant! I did not think—I did not know; but that makes it all the easier. With good masters, she may accomplish everything. An orphan, you tell me. Father and mother both dead?"

"Both dead, I think," answered the lady, pleased with the idea of ridding her house of an inmate that never had met with her approval. But here Lord Heron broke into the conversation, that seemed to him coarse and unfeeling in the presence of its object.

"The young lady is my sister's companion, her friend I ought to say. She never would consent to the separation."

Beatrice sat in her chair, growing paler and paler as the conversation went on. Only a few hours before, she had been wildly anxious to leave Oldham, but now the very proposition struck her with dismay. Pushing the guitar from her lap, as if that had in some way led to this hateful proposition, she arose, and turned to the Italian lady with a pathetic look.

"My young lady loves music as you love it, and she is ill—ill and so good. For all the world I would not leave her."

The Italian was evidently unused to contradiction. She drew her superb figure up, with a look of haughty displeasure.

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"You are neither old enough or wise enough to know what you are refusing," she said, "these gentlemen can tell you, that in this world there may be women who hold rank above that of a queen or empress, at least in our country; this rank you may win."

"I do not understand, signora, but while Lady Jane has need of me I would not leave her, to take the place of queen or empress; still I thank you."

It seemed impossible for any one to keep displeasure with a creature, who disarmed resentment with such gentle sweetness of opposition. But the lady simply bowed her head, and when Beatrice turned to Lady Carew, asking leave to retire, she allowed her to depart without a word, but her glance fell on Lord Heron, and when she saw the bright change in his face a smile crossed her own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rufo could not sleep that night; his sensitive organization felt the impulse of joy or sorrow so keenly, that the least excitement kept him awake and restless, with thoughts that were, at times, like inspiration. Airs that he had never heard from voice or instrument, were coming and going in his brain, to haunt him with a broken creation, and die out in the morning, like the dreams he remembered but vaguely. At such times and with such persons, the soul is always ready to prey upon the body, consuming the strength that sleep should renew, and burning up vitality as it destroys rest.

This dangerous kindling of the intellect was rendered more vivid by his surroundings; for the vast room was idealized by the moonlight, that fell like great blocks of silver, overrun with a delicate net-work of shadows on the floor, shadows wrought by the lattice-work in which the diamond panes of glass were set.

Part of the room lay in deep shadow, for all its furniture was old and ponderous. On one side was a curious, antique cabinet, inlaid and blazoned around the lock with a scroll-work of brass, tarnished now, and broken in places.

The sick lad lay still, watching the moonlight as it swept along the floor and up the face of this cabinet, till he could trace the curvings of these brass ornaments on the background of ebony. In his sickness this cabinet had been a gloomy object, tiresome to his feverish eyes; but now, idealized by the moonlight, he began to speculate about it.

As his eyes, enlarged by spent fever, and bright as stars, were searching out the dim tracery of carved work, a shadow swept in between his bed and the cabinet, as if cast downward from one of the casements.

What was it?

Rufo shrunk back among his pillows startled; could it be a great loosening of ivy that had fallen against the window? No; that would scatter its spray, and let the moonlight through, while this shadow seemed solid, like a block of black marble cast noiselessly on the floor.

While he was wondering, the shadow stirred and rustled—at least the excited boy thought so; for as it stirred, the sound and soft sweep of trailing garments came to his ear, and directly a woman stood in the broad moonlight, between his bed and the cabinet.

Rufo held his breath, between fear and fascination.

The woman was standing sideway, and her profile was defined clearly by the moonlight. It was a face that he had never seen before. A change in her position made him sure of that, for then the moonbeams struck a flash of light from something that seemed to take a dull fire in her bosom, and he saw the features for one moment distinctly, even caught the dark gleam of red in her garments.

With both hands extended, this strange vision seemed to feel along the front of the cabinet, where the brass shone brightest; then came the slight tinkle of metal striking metal, a motion of the lady's arm, as if she were applying force in some effort, then a deep breath, amounting almost to a sob, of bitter disappointment.

Still, whatever the lady's object was, she did not give it up at once; but continued searching the closed cabinet with her hands, straining at the door once or twice, as if she had some desperate hope of forcing it open by main strength. Failing in that, she again tried the lock, but a sudden twist of the hand sent the key whirling into the darkness, where it fell with a faint clang to the floor.

Still Rufo remained silent; his bed stood in the deepest shadows of the room, and though his eyes were wide open, and shining like fire, he made no noise. The presence of that strange being had exhausted the little strength that fever had left to him. So he lay in that great bed, as if charmed there, without the power of motion or speech.

As the key flew from her hold, this visitor of the night sank to her knees, and sweeping the floor with her hands, tried to recover it. For some minutes she groped in the dark, moving forward on her knees; but all her efforts were futile, and at length she stood up, and noiselessly as she had entered the room, left it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TWO COUSINS.

BY KATHERINE F. WILLIAMS.

NEXT to being pretty and admired yourself, the best thing is to have a pretty daughter; nay, a loving heart might derive more pleasure from another's triumphs than from one's own. So Mrs. Livingston found it. One can imagine how delightful it was to he to see her child budding and blossoming into beautiful girlhood.

It was the more delightful because unexpected. From the time when she used to sit upon lap, a clumsy, dull-complexioned baby, on through all her childish years, Alida had been, and had been called, uncompromisingly ugly. Almost the only redeeming thing about her face was the frank, good-humored expression, which she inherited from her mother. But when she was twelve years old, her mother began, tremblingly, to hope that there was an improvement. Her complexion certainly was better. There was no question of pink and white, it is true, but the dusky, muddy look was clearing away. As it did so, one observed how delicate was the tracery of her eyebrows, how full and smooth were her temples. Her lips, too, grew as scarlet as ripe barberries. But the great charm was her magnificent coloring. It was not that of milk and roses; say, rather, of peaches and cream. It had the tone of an autumn day, with golden sunshine and clearest skies, with brilliant forests, and deep-hued flowers.

The change, so delightful to her, bore hard upon the aunts. It was painful to see Alida, whom they had always regarded as hopelessly inferior, thus overtopping and extinguishing their own darlings. Perhaps they would have been hardly human had they not found something derogatory to say.

"Alida may look like 'a young empress,' as Mrs. Vanden Huvell called her," remarked aunt Emily to aunt Agnes, "but I'm not so fond, for my part, of these overgrown beauties. A slight, middle-sized figure, like your Ethel, is a great deal more girlish and pretty, to my mind."

"To be candid, I agree with you," replied aunt Agnes. "She is built on entirely too large a scale; why, her hand would make two of Rose's. Rose has the darlingest little hand! and her hair and teeth, though they are well enough, don't compare with Blanche's."

Rose and Blanche were the offspring of aunt Emily, and the compliment was thus returned.

"And what a manner for such a person!" aunt Emily went on. "She ought to have dignity and repose, and there isn't a particle of either. And then her eyes! With such a complexion, they ought to be hazel or dark grey, at the least; and they are the very lightest blue. People don't always notice it, because she has such black eyelashes, but that's what they are."

"And her education so neglected," sighed aunt Agnes. "Poor Maria will find out, by-and by, what a mistake it was to let her run wild as she did. I used to warn her sometimes, but of course it was not taken well. I know they have been trying, for a year or two, to do something with her, but you cannot make up lost time. And what a disadvantage she will be at, when she comes to be compared with other girls, who have been properly attended to."

There was a grain of truth in every one of these strictures, and it is to be hoped that the good ladies derived some comfort from this fact, for otherwise, not much effect was produced by it.

The "scattering" personal advantages of her cousins, did not make much show in the royal presence of Alida's beauty. She came out in society, and produced a great sensation; she made the tour of fashionable watering-places, and was everywhere acknowledged as a reigning belle. While the fact that she was to be heiress to a considerable fortune, did not, in the least, detract from her charms.

Ethel Livingston was two years older than her cousin, and had thus the advantage of some experience, before the latter came upon the stage. It was soon evident to her practised eye, that Alida had not the slightest *savoir-faire;* not a notion of how to make the best of her splendid opportunities. She enjoyed her beauty, she liked to be admired; but she held no overweening estimate of her own charms. Of coquetry there was not a spark. A gay, frank, light-hearted girl, pleased with herself, and with all the world, she had no arts with which to oppose *finesse* in others. Ethel could almost forgive her beauty in consideration of her incapacity. She herself was of a very different style; she thoroughly understood and cheerfully accepted the creed, that the chief end of woman is—to marry. As well, of course, as possible, but in any event, to marry. Good matches are never very abundant, considering the

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number of candidates for them; but being young, as yet, she had not set herself to consider seriously the merely tolerable ones. She did not mean to wait too long; but for the present, her standard and her hopes were high. And it was a relief to find Alida so little formidable as a competitor.

"That girl behaves as if she had hardly common sense," said aunt Emily to aunt Agnes, in sisterly confidence. "To see her, last evening, accepting attentions so readily from Henry Danvers, and absolutely neglecting Mr. Fairlie! He was a good deal struck at first—caught, as men are apt to be, by that showy style of looks—but he soon grew tired. A man of that consequence knows it, of course, and expects to be attended to. And I don't suppose Henry Danvers has a cent."

"Mr. Danvers is well off, but there are half-a-dozen younger children; and, as you say, Henry has nothing of his own. I should be sorry to have a child of mine take any fancy in that quarter. It is very foolish for Alida to throw away her chance of Mr. Fairlie; but she is quite capable of doing it. I used to think she might make a great match, but since I've seen how she goes on, I should not wonder if our own girls do as well or better."

Alida had always pleased herself, and smiled on her adorers without regard to their pecuniary standing, nor had her mother interfered with this imprudent course. She supposed that Alida would marry some day or other—at least, she had never contemplated her in the character of a maiden lady—but there was no need to think about it now. These things came about in due season. For the present, she was solicitous to give the girl every indulgence; to see her beautiful, admired and happy; and to find her own happiness in the sight; all the more that Alida had still the heart of childhood, and her mother was the confidante of her pleasures and her preferences. Yet Mrs. Livingston was not entirely heedless of passing events. She noted, from her post of chaperon, the effect produced on her charge, by every attention she received, and it was a little disappointing to see, as less loving eyes had done, the complete indifference with which Mr. Fairlie was regarded. He had been talked about so much, he was held to be of such consequence, by the whole matrimonial "board," that she could hardly avoid being influenced by the general opinion.

"You don't think I did anything rude, mamma?" said the girl, rather anxiously, when something of this was hinted to her.

"O! no, my child, you were polite enough, only you did not seem at all impressed, nor to take much pains to keep him by you."

"If that is all," laughed Alida, "my shortcomings were made up by others, I've no doubt."

"Yes, indeed! But if such attentions are considered desirable, why shouldn't you have them, as well as anybody?"

"You dear mamma!" said Alida, taking the little woman in her beautiful arms, with a filial squeeze and kiss, "you always want that I should have the best of whatever is going. But this is a good that I don't covet in the least. I don't admire Mr. Fairlie; don't like him. I am very willing that any one, who wants it, should have all the glory of his notice."

"Ethel would be glad enough of it," said Mrs. Livingston. She was not an ill-natured person, but, as she sometimes remarked, she could not help having eyes, and seeing what went on before them. "I was really amused, last night; such absorption, such interest, whenever he spoke! You were so occupied with your own partner, that you, perhaps, did not observe that they danced together."

"Yes, I saw them, but I did not pay much attention."

"Henry Danvers is very nice to talk with, isn't he?" asked the mother, with more interest than she cared to betray.

"Nice enough," replied Alida, carelessly. "It is his dancing, not his talking, that interests me. He is the best partner in all our set. O, I do love dancing! It is almost as good as riding."

The world smiled on Mr. Fairlie, and did not feel itself bound to inquire too curiously, whence came that wealth, which formed his title to consideration. A man, verging toward middle life, there was nothing in his face, or figure, to attract remark, nor had he, ordinarily, much to say. Much, however, was not required of him. There were few places at which his mere presence was not considered a boon. Occasionally he chose to talk; and then, said the favored interlocutors, he was delightful. Mere bystanders did not observe much animation, but they might have been at fault. He had seen many climes and many men, and certainly had material for conversation. As he had appeared in society, it was at once considered that he must be in want of a wife. Every match-maker, with stock on hand, assumed, so to speak, that proposals were invited, and entered eagerly into competition. When he entered a room, the eye of every chaperon followed his movements, and hopes rose or fell in accordance with them. He had, however, remained indifferent, till the evening already referred to, when the splendid beauty of Alida, for the first time, met his eye. That glowing picture of youth and happiness struck his fancy,

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perhaps a little warmed his torpid heart. He took pains to obtain an introduction, with what result we have already seen; and a few nights later the experience was repeated.

It was not likely that he would remain neglected, because one heedless girl was blind to her own interests. Ethel had presently the happiness of finding herself in conversation with him. The distinction was great, and she felt it to be so. All the battery of looks and tones was brought to bear on this undemonstrative companion. A looker-on must have supposed the discussion to be of the most interesting character, instead of a mere exchange of commonplaces. When Mr. Fairlie asked her to dance, her inward elation was unbounded. It was one of the things he did well, but with the sight of which he did not often regale his admiring public.

"What a sunny face Miss Livingston has!" he remarked, in one of the pauses of the figure, glancing toward Alida, who stood not far away. It is probable that, as a general thing, he was aware that it is inapposite to entertain one lady with praises of another, but in this instance he chose to do it.

"Yes," responded Ethel, with the utmost cordiality. "Did you ever see anything more open and smiling? But—" she hesitated, feeling that it was unwise to go on, yet tempted to do so by the nature within her.

"You were about to say—"

"Don't ask me; I speak too much from impulse."

"Impulsiveness is delightful in these days of constraint and artificiality. Pray finish your sentence."

"You must not think me ill-natured then—but how much I am making of a trifle! I was only going to say that such very sunny weather is liable to be suddenly overcast."

"I understand. There may be dark clouds—thunder storms, perhaps."

"Ah, yes; quite tropical in their character. An only child; and such, you know, do not receive much discipline. We can hardly consider it her fault; and she is very pleasant when the gust is over."

"Probably. But one would prefer more reliable weather," he said, assenting to her meaning, and perfectly aware of her motives. "Pure spite," he inwardly pronounced. Even were it true, the idea that a girl's temper should be supposed to influence his position toward her. Standing there with Ethel, he glanced back for a moment, over a long line of dark memories; and smiled at the absurdity. Still, men are vain as well as women, and the envy being after all a tribute to himself, he looked with some approval on her who offered it. The set over, he lingered at her side, she quite contented to forego the pleasures of the dance so long as her abstinence were shared by a personage so conspicuous.

But a little before the waltz he left her, and was lost in the crowd. Some change of position enabled her to discover him presently, making his way to the vicinity of Alida. Ethel smiled with gratified malice; she knew what success his application would meet with, since her cousin always refused round dances. If he asked her afterwards, should she accept or not? It was very unflattering to be sought as a *pis-aller*, and she should like to show him that she, too, could decline an attention. But would it be judicious? If indifference were an attraction, it was plain that she could not surpass Alida there. When Mr. Fairlie approached, therefore, and proffered his request, she gave a gracious and graceful assent. Ethel waltzed to perfection, and she had now a fitting partner. Half the room was soon watching the pair, as they floated lightly as thistledown, on the strains of the lovely music. Ethel was fully aware of it all, but she looked as serenely unconscious, as if not an eye beheld her.

"I think we must stop," she said, after a while, before people grew tired of looking.

"Certainly, if you are weary," her partner replied. He had not been insensible to the beauty of the dance, nor the admiration of those who witnessed it, and his manner implied enough of his sentiments to give Ethel much of hope and something of confidence.

The rebuffs of one or two evenings did not suffice to discourage Mr. Fairlie. Whether he were piqued by Alida's indifference, or whether his heart—such heart as he had—were really touched, certain it is, that he spared no pains in wooing and endeavoring to win. But the girl as steadily refused to respond.

"Why are you so averse to him, Ally?" asked her mother.

"I have one good reason, at any rate," she answered; "he persecutes me. I don't want his attentions, and he *will* keep on with them, though he must see that they annoy me. And every one appears to feel that I ought to be so greatly pleased and flattered—yes, even you, mamma."

"O, no, my child! I shouldn't wish to constrain you in the least; and yet it does seem almost a pity. He is so devoted, and so very rich!"

"It distresses me to see you grow so worldly, mamma," said Alida, smiling through her vexation. "I am afraid his devotedness would not count for much, were it not for his riches. I

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should like to know how they were acquired, before I shared them. And what do we want with them, whatever they may be? We have enough of our own for every comfort."

"I know we have; but after all, my dear, great wealth must not be undervalued. There is an *éclat* about it, and it enables you to keep well in the front of society. Of course, you are too young to realize the importance of these things; and I don't want you to marry for money, certainly. There is no need of that." So spoke the indulgent mother, never dreaming of the new reasons that underlaid the girl's restiveness. She had become so accustomed to see Alida surrounded by admiration, that she could hardly discriminate among those who offered it. How was she to know that a few words of interest, from a quiet and reserved young man, were more to her beautiful child, than all that Mr. Fairlie had to offer? And had she known, she could not greatly have approved, for John Desborough had his own way to make in the world, and had not, as yet, advanced far upon it.

Of all who were ready to beam on the millionaire, when Alida frowned, Ethel's chances must have appeared the best to an unprejudiced observer. Not that she was incontestably superior in beauty or accomplishments, not that she was more constant or lavish than others in offering incense to his vanity. But there was a piquancy about her which enhanced charms in themselves considerable; and she had a certain tact in rendering her homage, which gave it peculiar value. As Mr. Fairlie's hopes of her cousin declined, he turned to her for consolation. He was not ignorant of the contrast between them. The freshness of youth and innocence, which had attracted him in Alida, he did not at all expect to find in Ethel. He was quite aware of her different nature, and smiled, from time to time, as the claws pierced through that velvet covering she habitually offered to him and to society. But he was not used to exact a high moral tone from ladies whom he honored with his regard, and Ethel had the good fortune to please his taste. Gradually and reluctantly the rivals were forced to draw off, and it was conceded that Ethel Livingston had secured the best match of the season.

Who would have thought it, people said, for there was really nothing very particular about her? And that she should gain such a prize, while her beautiful cousin, with a thousand times her attractions, and thrice her money, should fall to the share of John Desborough; for by this time, the youthful pair had arrived at an understanding of each other's feelings, and Alida's parents had been induced to give consent, so that the two engagements were announced almost simultaneously. It only showed that love would go where it was sent.

Ethel might claim that she did not receive promotion as the result of idleness; she had worked for her prize. Nobody but herself knew with what patient assiduity she had followed up every chance; with what meekness she had endured slights and snubs, that must have been resented by a less persistent spirit. Mr. Fairlie liked to feel his power, to show both himself and the object of his preference that he was master. But what would you? You cannot expect to share the splendors of millionism for nothing. And now she had her reward; a vista, golden and glorious, opened before her. The triumph of her engagement was followed by the delightful excitement of preparation for the wedding. Here she could smile, superior, upon her cousin. Alida's trousseau was handsome; but Ethel's was magnificent. It was nice to be able to refer, deprecatingly, to Mr. Fairlie's extravagance, and the luxuries he would insist on ordering, and to say of Alida's things, that they were pretty, yes, really very pretty, and for her part she should be perfectly satisfied with them; but then, Mr. Fairlie's tastes were different. Alida's mother winced under these suggestions, but the girl herself cared nothing for them, her heart being set on something else than fine clothes, and the pride of showing them. There were plenty of others, however, to go into ecstacies over Ethel's possessions, and envy her good fortune.

Time went on, and at last the eventful day arrived. "The guests were met, the feast was set." Ethel, surrounded by her bridesmaids, was charming as satin and lace, and orange-blossom could make her; all was ready and awaited only the arrival of the bridegroom. But he did not come. Expectation grew to impatience, impatience to uneasiness, uneasiness to anxiety; yet he did not appear. Inquiry at his hotel only elicited the fact that he had not been seen since morning; his servants had understood that he was to pass the day in the country. All was now conjecture. Had he been detained by an accident, had he been waylaid and murdered, was he voluntarily staying away? None could say, there were no means of information. The malicious smiled furtively, the kind-hearted sympathized, and after staying to a late hour, in the momentary hope of some decided news, the guests dispersed.

The next day brought no solution of the problem, nor yet the next. Neither the deserted bride nor her friends knew what to hope or fear. But within a week rumors began to fill the air. The

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great corporation, of which Mr. Fairlie was president, discovered alarming discrepancies in its accounts; there were over-issues of stock, deficit in funds. From other quarters the same stories came in; forgery, defalcation, absolute theft. People abandoned the idea that Mr. Fairlie had been mysteriously disposed of by the "longshore men;" and the conviction gained ground, that a vessel which sailed on the bridal morn, for an obscure port in South America, had on board the fugitive from justice and from wedded bliss.

The buzz of tongues was loud. Of course, people had always had their suspicions; there had been something about the man they never had liked, something that seemed to suggest evil from the first. As there had been no limit to the homage paid to his success, so now no story was too bad to be believed. It was remembered how little was really known of him; how he had appeared in Wall street but a few years back, and by brilliant operations and extensive schemes, had risen to prominence in the monied world; but who or what was he? Great was the wonder expressed, that the Livingston family should have been so ready to adopt a man, of whose antecedents they were ignorant; and valuable were the warnings drawn from the punishment of their unparalleled worldliness and imprudence.

After the first agonies of mortification and disappointment, Ethel looked about her, and saw that there were some things left. There was the trousseau, of which so large a part had been provided by the lavish outlay of her suitor; there were the jewels, above all, that superb *parure* of diamonds, his wedding gift. What could have induced all this expenditure at such a time, she thought? She felt a little relenting of heart, in the conviction that he must have adored her, must have wished to give her pleasure. But a few days brought another explanation. As the evil reports gained credence, tradesmen of all sorts flocked to the Livingston mansion. Nothing had been paid for. The laces, the India shawls, the sables, all went back to the original owners. The climax was reached, when the fashionable jeweller discovered that paste had been substituted for the costly stones he had furnished. These last, it was to be presumed, had accompanied the bridegroom on his South American trip. The spurious marriage preparations, the extravagant presents, were now accounted for; they had been used simply as a cover for further plunder, and as a guaranty, in the eyes of the world, that all was secure and right.

This last blow Ethel felt most deeply. To have been made a dupe, a target for ridicule and sarcastic sympathy was terrible, but the vulgarity of the manner intensified it all. She was overcome; would see no one, and shut herself up for a week. At the end of that time she rallied, and remembered that life was left; youth was left. She planned a new campaign, and before people had done talking of the affair, Mrs. Livingston took her and her younger sister abroad. She is pretty enough, and *spirituelle* enough, to deserve the success she has had there, and after her sharp experience, she is not liable to be imposed upon a second time. If we hear, as we may, that she has married a French count, or a German baron, we can rest assured that all is genuine, far descended and thoroughly approved.

While news of Ethel's *fêtes* and toilettes come, from time to time, across the water, Alida pursues the tranquil routine of domestic life. With her baby in her arms, with her husband devoted to her, she cannot envy Ethel her triumphs, nor doubt that she herself is far the happier and more fortunate of the two cousins.

JUNE—PASSING BY.

BY W. E. PABOR.

And still the days go by,
And summer hastens to the autumn's breast,
Where, wrapped in leaves as in a yellow vest,
Its mission is to die.

The passion of its prime
Pervades the air, and nature, at her feet,
Lies prone, and listens to the weary beat
Of hearts in summer time.

But neither late nor long
Her reign shall be; already on the wing,
I hear the murmurs that to earth shall bring
The later, tenderer song.

That patient nature hears
When all the treasures of the earth are poured
In lap of prince or on the peasant's board,
The fruitage of the years.

And one by one the days
Fade into sultry nights, and still we take
Each blessing as it comes, and from them make
A wreath of greenest bays.

To crown the pallid brow
Of memory, so that, when at her feet,
We kneel and ask for some remembrance sweet,
We not in vain shall bow.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a charming combination toilet of pale, very pale, striped green and écrue cambric, trimmed with plain cambric, and edged with écrue Torchon lace. The striped



skirt is bordered with two plaited ruffles of the plain green cambric, edged with narrow Torchon lace. The Princess tunic is trimmed down the front with a row of pearl buttons. This tunic

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falls at the back in a graceful drapery, terminating squarely. The Breton jacket has a square opening at the neck, and a long waistcoat. The bottom of the jacket and the waistcoat is trimmed with a plaiting edged with the Torchon, same as that upon the tunic. The plaiting that is carried up each side of the waistcoat is half the width of that upon the edge of the jacket. Tight coat sleeves trimmed to match. Any plain, and figured or striped cambric, or lawn, would make up prettily after this model, and Valencienne edging may be substituted for the Torchon, if preferred;



it certainly is much cheaper; can be bought as low as twenty-five cents per dozen yards, whereas the Torchon costs one dollar per dozen yards, for the lowest price. It would require about three dozen yards of edging for this costume, ten yards of striped cambric, four to five of plain for the trimming.

Next is a promenade costume of fine cambric, or percale, of the shade known as pale toast color, striped with chocolate brown. The trimming consists of a knife-plaiting of the plain cambric, headed by a bias band of the stripe, edged with a narrow Hamburg edging. The Princess tunic buttons down the front, and is slightly draped at the side, and trimmed to match the skirt. The little mantilla crosses over the chest, and is confined to the waist by an inner band at the back. Trimmed to match the tunic. Ten yards striped, and four to five yards plain, twelve to fifteen yards of Hamburg edging.

For a baby of two years, a pretty robe, trimmed with English embroidery, or fine Hamburg insertion and flouncing. Our pattern has three rows of insertion back and front; one all round at the bottom, where the wide embroidered flounce is put on. Edge the neck and arm-holes with embroidery to match; or make with a yoke of tucks and insertion and long sleeves.



Next is a house or walking dress, for a miss of twelve to fourteen years. It is made of navy

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blue bunting, and trimmed with either worsted braid in black or white. It is cut in the Princess style, and the skirt is edged with a kilting set on underneath.

The five rows of braid are around the neck, and carried down both sides of the buttoned front, and they head the kilting at the bottom. The cuffs and pockets are ornamented in a similar manner. Ten to twelve yards of bunting, which can be bought at twenty-five cents per yard, will make this dress. Three dozen buttons, and two dozen yards of braid, for trimming, will be required.



Another dress for a young miss of fourteen to fifteen years, is of baby blue; plain lawn or organdie for the under-skirt, which is trimmed with three plaited flounces of the same. The square-cut polanaise is of figured lawn, or dotted muslin. It is cut with a vest of the plain material of the skirt, laced across with narrow ribbons. Bows and ends of broader ribbon are arranged as in illustration.



Next is a walking or house-dress of Russian gray de begè, either plain or checked; our model is checked. It is trimmed with a cotton galloon worked in cardinal red. For this, any pretty

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embroidered braid may be used instead. The demi-trained skirt has a plaited flounce five inches deep. Princess tunic buttoned at the back with red buttons, and draped on the right side under three buttoned folds. Sleeveless tight-fitting jacket, to be put on or off at pleasure, and in accordance with the weather. Tight-fitting coat sleeves with turned up cuff. This would also be suitable for making up one of those pretty shepherd-plaid chintzes, and border with a stripe of chintz with a dash of red in it.



For a little girl of from nine to eleven, we have a dress of bourette cloth or chintz, with a square-cut bodice and chemisette. Plain material in cashmere, or plain cambric, if the dress is of chintz, is used for the plaited chemisette, and the plaited flounce at the bottom of the skirt, also the bands, which are piped with one of the colors to be found in the bourette material. For washing, select either red, dark blue, or écrue, as these colors always wash well, and of the plain colors for the piping, to match.

For a boy from four to five years, we have an elegant costume of white pique, cashmere or flannel, colored or white, trimmed with a wide Hamburg edge or Torchon lace. Made in the



Princess form, in front. A wide double box plait forms the back, from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. The revers in front, pockets, cuffs and sailor collar are all trimmed with the embroidery.

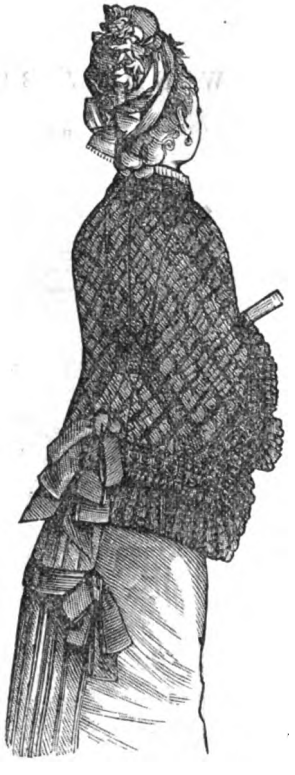
PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

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JACKET FOR BOY. SUMMER MANTLE: SEE SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.





We give, on our supplement sheet, this month, two full-size patterns; one for a jacket for a boy from eight to ten years old, and one for a summer wrap, or mantilla, for a lady. The diagrams for the jacket run length-ways with the sheet, while those for the mantilla run cross-ways, *so as to prevent any possibility of confounding the two.*

THE JACKET is double-breasted. We give, in the diagrams, one half of it, full-size, complete. It consists of six pieces, viz.:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. SLEEVE.
No. 4. POCKET CUFF.
No. 5. COLLAR.

The dotted line, on the sleeve, shows how the under-side is cut. The material for this jacket may be light cloth, or flannel. Knickerbocker pants may be worn with it, with a band around the knee.

THE MANTILLA is the very latest pattern, and unusually graceful. It may be made of lace, or of net crossed with braid or chenille, or of a heavier material, or of cashmere, or silk, if preferred. It consists of three pieces, which are given on our supplement sheet, full-size. They are:

No. 7. HALF OF BACK.
No. 8. SIDE PIECE.
No. 9. HALF OF FRONT.

The letters O, O; P, P; Q, Q; R, R; S, S; show where the pieces are to be joined together.

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TIDY PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

No patterns, that we give, seem so popular, or are so often asked for, as those for tidies, whether to be worked in crochet, or on Java canvas. We give, in the front of the number, printed in blue, a very pretty design for one of these tidies. It represents a bird of Paradise.

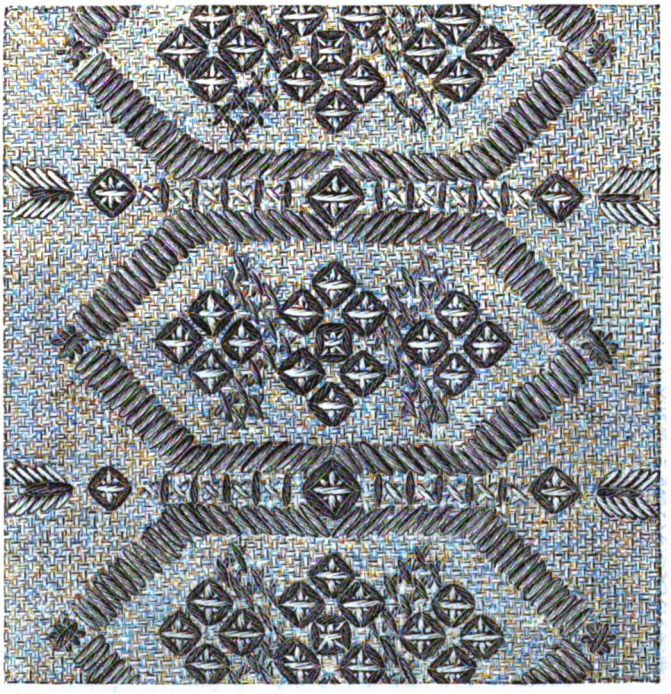
WINDOW BLIND: EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Embroidery is now very successfully applied to window blinds. Our pattern (see above), is écrue canvas cloth, and the design with which it is embellished, is given, in full working size, in the engraving on the next page. It is carried out in violet, green, and pale blue wools; but the colors should be selected with regard to the furniture of the room. The model is lined with dark green silk. Any lady can make this curtain for herself, and at a comparatively small expense.

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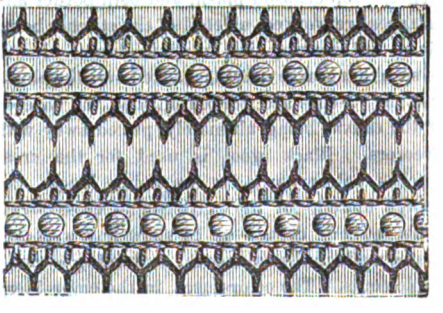


BATHING SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



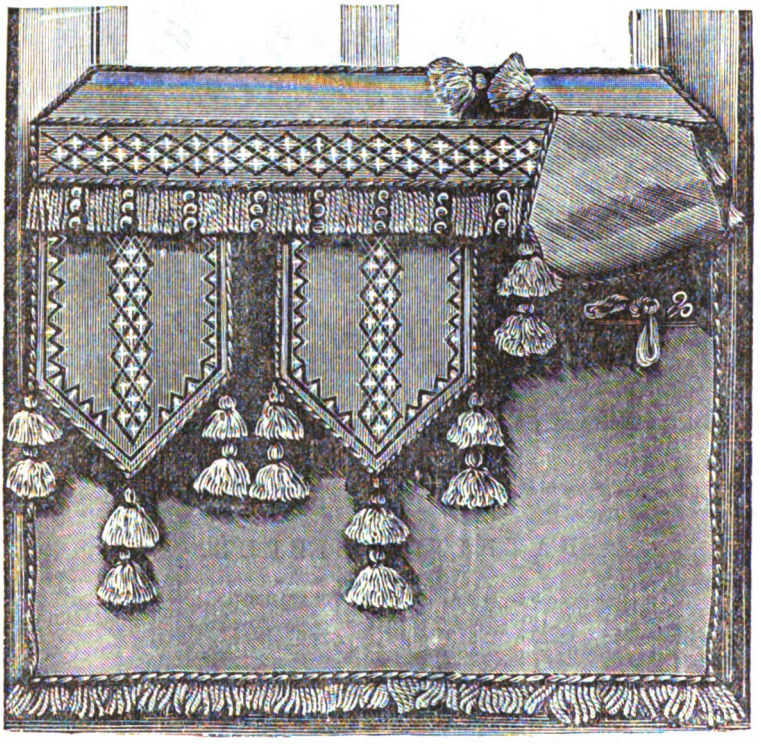
We give here a design for a bathing slipper, with a pattern, full-size, for the detail. This slipper is made of gray linen cloth, embroidered in buttonhole stitch, with red cotton, or crewel, and the point russe stitches are done in blue. The raised spots are done in white cotton. After the embroidered piece is done, it is sewed upon a cork sole, being previously lined with some of the linen cloth. Finish the edge of the slipper with a ruching of red worsted braid, and add a bow made of loops of the same braid. Trimmed with ribbon, and worsted, on cloth or ticking, this would be a beautiful design also for a bed-room toilet slipper.



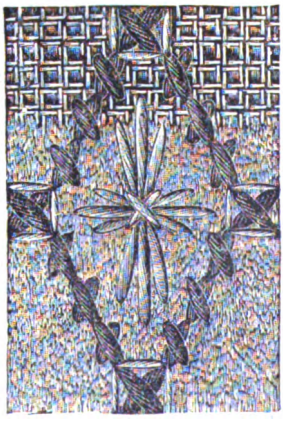
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DRAPERY FOR WINDOW SEAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In country houses there are often windows with deep ledges, and since dados have reappeared round our rooms, it has become fashionable to ornament these ledges with drapery. Our pattern is deep crimson plush, and both border and valances are worked, a detail of the stitches being given, full working size, in next column. It will be seen that coarse canvas is tacked over the plush, and the stitches are worked on that, the threads of the canvas being ultimately pulled away with tweezers. Black wool is used for the cross stitches, pale crimson for the points lancés, and orange filoselle for the outlines and cross. One lambrequin is turned up to show how a pocket can be made in the valance for containing working implements. The colors used in the embroidery are repeated in the tassels and fringe.



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DESIGNS FOR NARROW BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

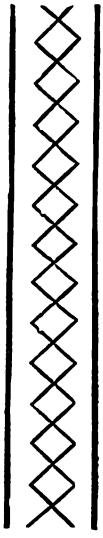


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

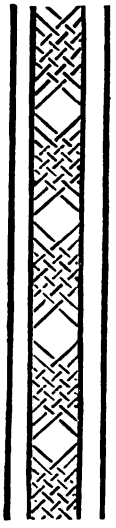


Fig. 3.

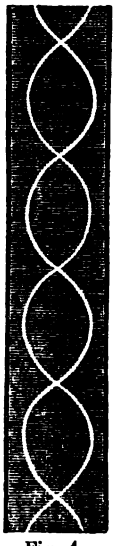


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

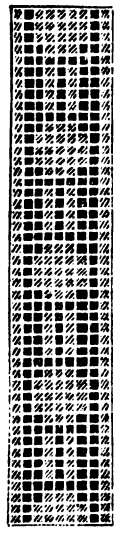


Fig. 6.

Narrow borders or bands admit of endless combinations, which ought to be different in character on light-colored and on dark grounds. Figs. 1, 2, and 3 represent examples of borders for light-colored material. The straight lines are best done in chain, stem, or cordonnet stitch; and the ornament between them with cross stitch in Fig. 1, with satin stitch in Fig. 2, and with lattice stitch in Fig. 3. The borders or bands shown in Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are more suitable for dark materials, and represent the element of repeat patterns, which is further developed in Fig. 7.

Fig. 7 may be executed in chain stitch or braiding.

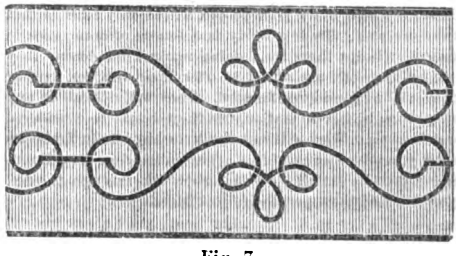


Fig. 7.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PRIDE AND POVERTY GOETH TOGETHER."—It is an old saying, and just as true as it is old, that you never saw a poor person that was not proud. Of course, there is a vast difference in pride. Some ladies will not go out, unless they can dress as well as Mrs. Flint, who is worth her millions. They will start for church, at the same time she does, and keep close in the rear, taking note of every article of dress the fortunate lady has on. If she has plaitings, instead of rufflings, on her dress, they will feel miserable, and long for the morrow to come, so they can take off those horrid ruffles, and put instead beautiful plaitings. Then when they get seated in the church, they will look over the congregation, to note if any one has richer looking hats than themselves.

Even when they bow their heads in prayer, their eyes will wander around, to see if there is anything new in the way of over-skirts and basques. And if there is, they will begin to puzzle their brains about a way to cut theirs over in the new style; then they fall to calculating the cost of that lovely ball fringe. They do not hear the "Amen," but are brought to their senses by the voice of the choir. And when they go home, they tell their husbands that such and such things they must and will have! They will show Mrs. Flint and Miss Dupoy, they say, that they are just as good, even if some people *do* dress so gay, and hold their heads so high.

On the other hand, there are poor people, that are too proud to dress well. Their pride takes a different direction. If a well-dressed person was to ask one of these for a drink of cold water, they would be too proud to give it to them. They would say, "There is the water, wait on yourself, I'm no one's slave." Or, "Who was your waiter, last year?" There are still other poor people, whose only fault is that they *are* poor. Their poverty is a source of annoyance to them; it keeps them from doing many kind deeds; they are willing, but are afraid to offer their services, for fear they will be considered forward. They will not call on any neighbors, higher in station, lest they should be considered out of place. They will not speak to any one in first-class society, unless spoken to first. This is the class we call sensitive proud. But if you once *do* break through the ice, you will find these people the best friends.

GOLD IS AGAIN fashionable, as trimming, both on dresses and on bonnets. It is handsome when used with taste and extreme moderation, but it is vulgar when lavished, and when the surroundings are not in harmony with it. Gold fringes, aiguillettes and braid, feathers tipped with gold and gold leaves, are charming on a rich evening-dress, to be worn in a large, magnificent ball-room; but on ordinary occasions the abuse of gold as trimming is pretentious and ridiculous.

"FULFIL HIS PROMISES."—Says the Newbury (S. C.) Herald: "The last number of 'Peterson' is a thing of beauty, and we do not see how it can well be made better; yet the publisher promises to make it more acceptable to its hosts of fair readers; and we do not doubt he will fulfil his promises to the letter, *having never yet failed.*"

WHEN ill reports are spread of you, live so that nobody may believe them.

TO MAKE CHOWDER.—We have been asked for a good receipt for making chowder. There are several, in some of which the fish is cat-fish, with pork; and others cod and bass, with pork. We give one of the latter, though any fish may be substituted, if cod or bass cannot be had. Take and slice six large onions, and fry them in the gravy of fried salt pork. Cut five pounds of bass or cod into strips three inches long and one inch thick, and line the bottom of a pot with them. Scatter a few slices of onions on them, and a little salt, half a dozen whole black peppers, a clove or two, a pinch of thyme and one of parsley, a tablespoonful of tomatoes or mushroom catsup, and six oysters; then comes a layer of oyster crackers, well soaked in milk and buttered thickly. Another layer of fish, onions, seasoning, and crackers and so on until all are used up. Cover with water, boil slowly for an hour, and pour out. Serve with capers, and sliced lemon. A cup of oyster-liquor added to the chowder while boiling improves it.

SOME HANDSOME-LOOKING drawing-room ornaments can be made to hold ferns. They are ordinary wooden buckets covered with large and small fir cones, and then gilded, or painted red. The ferns are large plants taken from the hedges, and surrounded with moss; a row of cones stand up round the top of the bucket and form an edge; a hole is cut in the bottom for the welfare of the ferns, and the whole taken out of the room now and then and well watered. The ferns thrive capitally. Circular mats of oilskin floorcloth should be under each bucket to protect the carpet.

OUR BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS extort, from the newspaper press, the verdict of surpassing all others. The truth is no other periodical gives steel engravings any longer, or steel engravings, at least, of any cost or merit. The Arkansas Traveller says of a recent number that it is like a collection of rare paintings; and adds, which all our old subscribers know to be true, that our stories are far above those of other ladies' books.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.—In the first of the number, we give an alphabet for marking, and also the numerals. This alphabet may be worked in gold and silver thread, or in silver or ingrain cotton of two colors. The gold part of the design may be in satin stitch in red ingrain cotton, and the cording stitch may be in white or black cotton.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN, which are now all the rage, were described and illustrated, in an article in this magazine, as far back as 1860. That was nearly twenty years ago, and quite ten years before "ceramics" became the fashion. We recall this fact to show, that, in all things, "Peterson" is ahead.

"GETS BETTER EVERY YEAR."—The Rock Island (Ill.) Union says of this magazine that, "it gets better every year, always keeping pace with the times. The list of subscribers is immense. It prints more copies than all the other ladies' books combined."

NEW SHADES of mastic, or putty, are becoming fashionable; clusters of narrow loops, lined with a bright and contrasting color, are favorite trimmings; embroidery or brocade will continue to play a prominent part on mantles and dresses.

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A Good Time to Subscribe.—A new volume begins with the next number, affording a good chance to subscribe, especially to those who do not wish back numbers. The universal testimony of the newspapers, is that no other magazine of its kind gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." *We charge but two dollars, when others, not so good, charge three, or more.*

To clubs our prices are even more tempting. Thus, at $1.70 each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or we will send, instead of the "Angels of Christmas," any other of our premium plates, if preferred.

We can still supply back numbers from January inclusive, to all who wish to begin with the January, instead of the July number. Additions to clubs, already sent in, may be made, at any time during the year, at the price paid by the rest of the club. When enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. Also, when you remit, say whether the club, or what part of it, wishes to begin with January, and what with July. Single subscribers, at $2.00, may begin with any number. But see the Prospectus.

To Cut Dresses from our patterns, lay the Supplement flat on a table: then lay over it a sheet of paper, thin, like that of the Supplement, through which the lines will show; then trace one of the parts of the dress, on this paper; afterwards cut the pattern out. Repeat this, with every part of the dress, until you have all the pieces. From these pieces cut the dress. As we give two patterns, this month, and the lines cross each other frequently, these directions may not be out of place, though the process would suggest itself to most persons. If thin paper cannot be had, use thick; but, in this case, lay the Supplement on top, and prick holes, with a pin, about an inch apart, to trace the pattern. Instead of a pin, some persons use a tracing wheel, which saves time.

Our "Paper Pattern" Supplement.—The Reading (Pa.) Independent only echoes the universal testimony, when it says: "The Supplement, in 'Peterson,' containing the full-sized pattern, is alone worth half the price asked for the Magazine."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Westward Ho. Ninth Edition. By Charles Kingsley. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Macmillan & Co.*—We have here the ninth edition of what has proved, on the whole, the most popular of the late Canon Kingsley's works. "Westward Ho" has reached its ninth edition, while "Hypatia," and even "Alton Locke" have only reached their eighth. There are, however, good and sufficient reasons for this. The novel is more truly representative of the author than any he ever wrote, more intensely infused with his remarkable and commanding personality. If Kingsley had lived in the sixteenth century, he would have been an Amayas Leigh himself. The heroic element entered largely into his character. He was, first of all, a christian, and a clergyman; but he had also something of the Homeric mould, was a born Agamemnon, king of men. One cannot read "Westward Ho" without kindling with the same enthusiasm as the writer, without feeling, that, in fighting for England, on the Spanish Main, one was fighting for God and civilization, and against the powers of despotism and darkness. This edition is a very handsome one.

Seola. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.*—This appears, at first, quite a mysterious book. Its incidents begin with the asserted discovery, in an ancient tomb in Syria, of a manuscript, which, on being deciphered, bears the title, "The Journal of Seola, wife of the Patriarch Japhet." Then we have the journal itself. This professes to give an account of the Deluge. The book, of course, is all fiction. The story, nevertheless, is well told, and will be perused with interest. The author, in an Appendix, calls it, frankly, a fantasy, and says it was revealed to him, while listening to the performance of an extraordinary musical composition. He adds, that he does not claim that the work is either history, or theology, but only that the theory, on which it is founded, is in strict accordance with the sacred writings of the Hebrews, and of other ancient nations.

Joseph Balsamo. By Alexandre Dumas. New edition. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here a new edition of a historical novel, which we noticed favorably only a month or two ago. All the Paris world is now wild over a play, under this name, which the younger Dumas has dramatised from the present fiction. The success of the play has been something extraordinary, even for the French capital, and the consequence has been that a fresh demand has sprung up, there and here, for the novel from which the play has been taken. As we said, in our recent notice, we consider "Joseph Balsamo" one of the masterpieces of Dumas, which everybody ought to read, who has not already read it; and we may add, that we find it, on a reperusal, even more interesting, historically, than at first, and as a story, quite as absorbing as ever.

The Rival Belles; or, Life in Washington. By J. G. Jones. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another volume of that cheap and popular "Dollar Series," which, take it all in all, gives more for the money than any other. "The Rival Belles" is a new edition of a novel, which, several years ago, won great and deserved popularity. Mr. Jones, at one time, was a favorite author with a very large audience. His "Wild Western Scenes," particularly, was a work of much originality. In the present story, he depicts society, as it existed in Washington, before the war, so that, considering the changes that have taken place there, the book has more than the mere passing value of a successful novel. The volume is handsomely bound.

Viva. A Novel. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author of this new novel is favorably known for her "Dolores," "Diana Carew," "Mignon," etc., etc., all novels of more than ordinary merit. The present story is half novel, half romance, and the scene is laid partly in England, and partly in France. In general character it is more like "Ouida's" fictions than the earlier ones of Mrs. Forrester. The volume appears in that neat style which distinguishes the publications of this house.

The Historical Student's Manual. By Alfred Waites. 1 *vol.*, *small* 4*to. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.*—The aim of this little manual is to show, at a glance, the duration of the reigns of all the English sovereigns, and that of their cotemporaries in Paris, at Rome, in Germany, and elsewhere, from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. The work will be found a great assistance to students, who will be able, with its aid, to memorize dates, reigns, etc., very much easier than by any other method.

Seed-Time and Harvest; or, During Our Apprenticeship. A romance from the Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A new edition of one of the best stories of Reuter, quite the most popular contemporary romance writer, perhaps, of his nation. Whatever Reuter writes is fresh, true to nature, simple, and at times pathetic, and always more or less humorous.

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ARM-CHAIR.

"A Great Favorite."—The Cooticook (P. Q.) Observer says: "For the best of the ladies' magazines, we would recommend Peterson's. Full as it is with the latest fashions, receipts, and many valuable hints for the household, and giving away each month a complete dress pattern, these departments alone are more than worth the subscription price, and with the reading matter in each number of the highest order of merit, it is no wonder that it is a great favorite with the gentler sex." The Lake City (Mich.) Journal: "That world-renowned periodical, Peterson's Magazine, has put in its appearance on our table. It is the best and cheapest of the lady's books published."

Sick or Well, most people relish a cup of Cocoa, or Broma. Nervous people, invalids, and those of bilious temperament find these beverages far more healthful than tea or coffee, while a leading physician of many years' practice in lung diseases writes: "As an article of diet, Chocolate is particularly serviceable. Having examined several specimens of Chocolate, I find that *Baker's* may be conscientiously recommended to invalids." Walter Baker & Co's Cocoa preparations are strictly pure, have stood the test of a hundred years, and received the highest premiums wherever exhibited, and are sold everywhere.

Catarrh and Dr. T. P. Childs.—It is now nearly eight years since Dr. Childs first made public his *Catarrh Cure*. It was in a small modest announcement to the effect that *Catarrh was a curable disease*. Dr. T. P. Childs gives a very strong description of the disease. The number and character of the certificates, as well as the favorable notices from well-known publishers, who have carefully examined the subject, must dispel every doubt in regard to the reliability of Mr. Childs.

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI.—Garden Plants.

I.—Apium Petroselinum, from Apon, water, and petra, rock, and Silenum, its native country, or *Petroselinum Sativum*, garden parsley.

This plant has an annular, round, furrowed-jointed stem, two to four feet high, branched and streaked with green and yellow; leaves shining green, lower ones much dissected; flowers greenish white; root, spindle-shaped, and well known to every farmer's wife, kitchen maid, or cook. It is a native of Sardinia, and other parts of Southern Europe, but is cultivated generally in our gardens. Its odor and mainly its spicy taste, as well as its use in seasoning, are owing to a volatile oil which the plant contains. The fresh, delicate tops are used in culinary dishes, soups, etc., and give them a pleasant and agreeable flavor and taste. The roots, in strong infusion, are alone used in medicine, and have been highly recommended by Professor Chapman and others, in kidney and dropsical affections, especially to assist more active remedies. The juice of the fresh herb, as well as the seeds, have been used as a substitute for quinine in fever and ague; and in cases of amenorrhea and dysmenorrhea, women have frequently found perfect relief. Like its near relative, Celery, it no doubt is a healthy edible *green*. Old nurses in the country, as well as our aged mothers, who have seen much sickness in their households, and had considerable experience with our simple herbs, praise the virtues of "parsley root tea" in urinary troubles of children or adults, and communities are not unfrequently searched, in season and out of season, for the fresh roots of this plant.

II.—Apium Graveolens, strong-scented apium, or Celery. This is a biennial smooth plant, with a stem two to three feet high, branching. Radical leaves on stout channeled petioles, six to twelve inches or more in length; umbels terminal and axillary. Such are the brief botanical characteristics of this every-where prized vegetable or favorite salad. The petioles, or leaf-stalks, require blanching by being covered with dirt, in order to make them succulent and tender. No dinner-table, anniversary, or public festival is considered perfect without this esculent. But it may not be generally known that the celery possesses quite active nervine properties, and is consequently a most appropriate article of diet for very many weakly and nervous people. In fact, those of a nervous temperament cannot indulge in this vegetable too freely.

III.—Asparagus Officinalis, corruptly called by illiterate people, "sparrow-grass," and by truckers and market men simply "grass," is a cultivated garden plant, with smooth stem, three to six feet high, branching; leaves deep green, bristle-like and flexible; berries globose, red when mature; flowers axillary, pale greenish-yellow. Doubtless there are many citizens, who have long enjoyed in the vernal season the young *turions* of this plant (as they afford a very favorite dish), who have never seen it growing, and would be surprised, perhaps, if they saw the *bed*, in the fall of the year, covered with the rank green bushy stems, from which they derived so much pleasure in the early spring from similar shoots, cut as they appear above the ground. Like the tomato to a novice, asparagus is not generally relished at first taste, but the writer would advise all to partake of it freely in its season, for its searching detergent effects upon the system, carrying off, through its operation upon the kidneys, the long pent-up vitiated secretions incident to a long winter of confinement or inaction. It is a well-known fact that all medicinal agents, which exert a positive effect upon the skin, bowels, or urinary organs, throw off or carry out of the system effete matter, or worn out material, thus freeing the body of a useless and more or less poisonous load. The writer has known it to have assisted much in the reduction of general dropsy, not dependent upon organic mischief.

The old time custom of decorating house walls and ceilings with this green bushy plant, to afford a *roost for flies*, as well as that of covering the horse's neck and flanks, preparatory to a market trip, a visit to a friend, or "going to meeting," has almost disappeared under modern improvements or screens, nets, etc., etc.

THE PARLOR.

How to Keep Gold Fish.—The glasses or globes should be moderately large, with wide mouths, and three-fourths filled with water. For two fish the globe should be, at least a foot in diameter; and for three or four fish, sixteen inches. They should be kept in a cool place—never exposed to a burning sun or the heat of a fire. Too many should never be crowded into one glass. A few branches of box should be kept in the globe for them to rub against, which should be changed once a week. Many persons fancy that gold and silver fish need no food. It is true that they will subsist for a long time with nothing but water when it is pure and frequently changed. They are best pleased with such *jejune* diet as bread or biscuit; but these should be given sparingly, lest, turning sour, they corrupt the water. They will also

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feed on the aquatic plant called lemna, or duckweed, and also on small fry. Hawkins, the editor of 'Walton' says that fine gravel should be strewed at the bottom of the vessel that contains the fish; and he directs them to be fed on bread and gentles, and to have their water frequently changed.

You can easily tell when a fish is falling off in his health by observing him frequently coming up to the surface of the water for air. This shows he has not sufficient power in his gills to extract the air from the water. He also looks dull, and his motions are languid; a hazy or cobwebby appearance likewise seems to envelop his body, and perhaps some of the scales will drop off. When a fish goes into this unhealthy state, he should be immediately removed from the others, who should have fresh water given them several days in succession. The best remedy for diseased fish is to put them into a pond for a few weeks; and it is especially necessary for female fish, which, if not so treated, frequently die for want of spawning. A fish is sometimes saved by being placed in a little artificial dam, made from some running stream in a garden, for two or three days; but their diseases are at all times very difficult to remedy. The best way is to prevent them by precautionary measures—plenty of room, and pure water.

ETIQUETTE.

CARDS, INVITATIONS, ETC., CONTINUED.—During the illness of an acquaintance, it is complimentary at least to send a card and inquire, or to call in person and leave a card. Also after a birth, marriage, or death in the family of a friend or acquaintance, a card should be left within ten days after the event, if the intimacy is not sufficient to justify seeing some of the members of the family in person.

After an ordinary "At Home," it is not necessary to leave cards, but after a wedding it is obligatory, as it is also after a dinner party, any small evening party, a lunch party or a ball; in fact common sense and good feeling indicates that if your friend has endeavored to give you pleasure, by inviting you to her house, you should acknowledge the attention by showing that you remembered and appreciated it. The "At Home" and "Kettledrum" is considered as receiving only the ordinary calls of your friends, but on a set day, so as to be sure of seeing them, therefore a card afterwards is not necessary; so the etiquette of card leaving is founded, like nearly all the other rules of good society, on common sense and good feeling.

Some ladies, whose circle of acquaintances is very large, or whose time is very much occupied and cannot therefore see their friends frequently when they call, do not wish to give up one day in any week for the purpose, but set aside one, two or more days during the winter, which is the usual season for formal visiting in cities. In such a case, the card should be engraved, thus

MRS. WILLIAM ASHBRIDGE,
At Home.
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH.
One until five o'clock. 1102 Court Street.

A week or ten days previous to the reception is the usual time for sending such cards. The "At Home," date, etc. may be written instead of having it engraved, and looks less formal, though it is more troublesome. If the lady should prefer not having her rooms so crowded, as but one reception would probably cause them to be, the cards might have "Tuesdays in February" substituted for "Tuesday, February 8th." To all "At Homes" and "Kettledrums" it is considered obligatory to invite all with whom you wish to keep up a visiting acquaintance, gentlemen as well as ladies. To cards of invitation of this kind no answer is required, as the affair is informal, but if the person invited does not go, it is proper that she should send her card on the day of the reception, or that in the course of a week, she should leave a card on the lady inviting her. Neither does an invitation to an evening reception require an answer, but a card should always be left on the hostess afterwards.

The invitation should be printed thus:

MRS. GEORGE BROOKS,
At Home.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20th,
No. 918 Bentley Street.

Or, if the lady wishes the affair to appear very informal, she may take one of her visiting cards, and write the date of the reception in the corner.

If the gathering is to be more formal, and any especial amusement is to be provided, the nature of the amusement should be written, or printed, in one corner of the card, as "dancing," or "music," or "tableaux," for some do not care to go to dancing parties, or some to "musicales," etc.

Or if there is a daughter (or daughters) to go in society, or if it is desired to limit the hours of the reception, the form may be something like the following:

MRS. CHARLES MARTIN,
MISS MARTIN,
At Home.
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10th, from six until ten o'clock.
Dancing at eight. 321 Murray Avenue.

A card of this kind indicates that visitors may call at any time during the hours mentioned, or remain the whole evening, but frequently when "dancing" is on the card, the older persons, who do not care to participate in that amusement, retire, though it is not at all obligatory.

If the hostess is limited for room, or wishes to know for how many to provide refreshments, there should be printed in the left hand corner of the card "R. S. V. P." (*respondez s'il vous plait*), or "the favor of an answer is requested." In such a case the answer should be sent as soon as possible, in order that the hostess may substitute another guest in your place, should you not go, or that she may be sure how many persons have accepted her invitations.

Formal invitations to large parties or balls should always be sent in the name of the husband as well as of the wife, as

Mr. & Mrs. ARCHIBALD BLANCHARD
Request the pleasure of Mr. & Mrs. Gilbert Norton's company
on Monday Evening, March 10th, at eight o'clock.
Dancing. R. S. V. P. 225 Norbury Street.
February 28th.

For all the above formulas, if the invitation is printed and not written, a blank space may be left for the name of the guest, and it can be written in with ink; the date may also be written if it is so wished.

THE WORK-BAG.

TO MAKE BED-SOCKS.—A subscriber asks us how to make bed-socks. Take No. 12 needles. Cast on fifty-six for the sole of the foot, if it is a medium-sized foot. Knit fifty rows, increasing in the first ten rows at the beginning of every row, afterwards at the beginning of every alternate row. This slanted end is for the toe. After this, beginning at the toe end, knit forty little rows on the first twenty-six stitches, and in the first sixteen of the forty rows make one in begin-

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ing the first, third, and each alternate row. In the seventeenth row, before beginning to knit the stitches, cast on thirty stitches; this, if long enough, should be equal to the length of the edge of toe knitted, not longer; knit on these and the other stitches six rows, then cast off the thirty stitches, and decrease in commencing every alternate row at the toe for sixteen rows. In the seventeenth row knit from the toe, then cast on stitches to the same amount as those left on the other needle, and knit, decreasing in alternate rows at the toe end, for forty rows, then at the beginning of each row for ten rows. Cast off. Take up all the stitches cast on, then on the foot (the forty rows) twenty stitches, and those left on the needle, and knit sixty plain rows, then thirty rows of one purl stitch, one plain stitch. Cast off very loosely, sew up the leg and sole as far as the decreasings for the toe, sew in the long piece to each side of the toe, gathering in the top a very little to make a good corner and square toe.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Boil a Leg of Lamb.—Wash and trim the leg nicely, have ready water that has boiled and been skimmed—soft water is the best; put in the leg, when the water is nearly or quite boiling hot, and remove the scum as fast as it rises; when it has boiled five minutes, throw in the pot sufficient salt to give the water a saline taste, and boil the water briskly until the scum all is removed, then simmer until tender; the water should be kept to nearly boiling heat, and the pot tightly covered all the time. If the amount of water decreases, fill the pot with hot water from the tea-kettle; serve with nice drawn butter, flavored with celery, parsley, lemon juice, or mint if preferred.

Forcemeat for Various Kinds of Fish.—Mix together the following ingredients carefully, mincing them finely: One ounce fresh butter, one ounce suet, one ounce fat bacon, one small teaspoonful of minced savory herbs, including parsley, a little onion, if liked, salt, nutmeg, and cayenne to taste, and four ounces of bread-crumbs. Beat up an egg and moisten with it, and work the whole very smoothly together. Oysters or anchovies may be added, and will be found a great improvement.

Stewed Steak.—Place one pound of beefsteak in a round tin pan, with two tablespoonfuls of water, a chopped shalot, and two finely crumbled sage leaves, no pepper or salt; cover tightly with a plate, and cook in a moderate oven for two, or even three hours. Serve in its own gravy.

Mint Sauce.—Chop as finely as possible a quantity of mint leaves, previously washed. Add to them sufficient white wine vinegar and water in equal parts to float them, and a small quantity of powdered sugar. Let the sauce stand for an hour before serving.

Roast Leg of Lamb.—Let the fire be moderate, and roast the joint slowly, basting it frequently till done, when it should be sprinkled with salt, and the gravy freed from all fat before serving.

MADE DISHES, ETC.

Puddings without Eggs.—Rice, large pearl sago, and tapioca, are best when made without eggs. Sprinkle a little of any one of the above at the bottom of a pudding-dish; add a little sugar, and fill up with milk; stir well before placing in the oven. To the sago add a small piece of cinnamon, broken up. The rice must bake quite four hours, the sago and tapioca about three. Skim milk will do, if you cannot spare new milk.

Raspberry Cream Tart.—This is a delicious summer dish, and is prepared as follows: Roll out some thin puff-paste, and lay it in a patty-pan; put in some raspberries, and strew over them some very finely-pounded sugar. Put on the covering paste, and bake the tart. Cut it open, and put in half a pint of cream, the yolks of two or three eggs, well beaten, and a little sugar. Let it stand till cold before it is sent to table.

Potatoe Croquettes.—Take six boiled potatoes, pass them through a seive; add to them three tablespoonfuls of ham grated or minced finely, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt to taste, and some chopped parsley; work into this mixture the yolks of three or four eggs, then fashion it into the shape of balls, roll them in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot lard, and serve with fried parsley.

Tomatoes au Gratin.—Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread-crumbs, pepper, and salt in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them then close together in a well buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half an hour and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

Peas Steamed.—Put the peas in a tin pail, or some other article with a tight cover, without water. To every quart, put a piece of butter as large as a small walnut; set it in boiling water until the peas are cooked tender. This is said to be better than any other mode, as they retain their whole flavor.

Baked Lemon Pudding.—Beat the yolks of four eggs to a froth, mix with them four ounces pounded sugar, and one-quarter pound warmed butter, stir well, and add grated rind and juice of one lemon; line a dish with puff-paste, put in the mixture, and bake forty minutes.

Tomato Sauce in the French Manner.—Simmer the fruit with a little broth, salt, and pepper, until it forms a pulp. If too thin, reduce it by boiling. A minute or two before serving, add a little flour and a bit of butter, and give it one boil.

Nursery Pudding.—Pour a pint of scalding milk upon six ounces bread-crumbs; beat with four eggs a little sugar and grated nutmeg. Pour into a buttered mould, and steam for three-quarters of an hour.

CAKES.

Griddle Cakes.—Take one cup full of fine wheat flour, two of corn meal, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix them up with hot water (not scalding), and beat till quite smooth, then add a little yeast. Cover it over, and leave it all night in a warm place. In the morning, when it has risen, stir it down again, and if too thick add a little lukewarm water. Rub the griddle all over with lard, and drop the cakes on in large spoonfuls. About five may be done at once. Turn them, and do them on the other side; they should be a little brown. Serve them as fast as they are ready. They may be made at once by using cold buttermilk instead of the water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar being mixed with the flour, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the buttermilk instead of using yeast.

Corn Cake.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a pint of milk, with a tablespoonful of brown sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt; set on the fire till it boils, and mix with it as much yellow Indian meal as it will take up, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar having been first mixed with part of the meal. Let it cool a little (or it may be mixed the night before), then add three eggs well beaten; mix well together, and stir in, the last thing, a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in milk. Put in a buttered tin, only half full, as it will rise a great deal, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Bury Simnel Cakes.—One pound butter, worked into a cream, with four eggs, one pound moist sugar, one and one-half pounds currants, one pound sultana raisins, two pounds

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flour, two small teaspoonfuls of sal-volatile, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated ginger, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spice, two ounces candied lemon, and two ounces of citron cut fine. Mix all together, and roll it about one inch thick, and the size and shape of a dinner plate. Bake in a moderate oven, about half an hour, or more perhaps. When done, glaze it over with the yolk of an egg, and sift sugar over it.

Soda Scones.—Take two pounds flour, one-quarter ounce bicarbonate of soda, one-quarter ounce tartaric acid, one ounce butter or lard, one-half ounce sugar, and one-half ounce salt. Rub the flour into the other ingredients, add sufficient buttermilk or sour milk (about one pint) to make it of the consistency of light dough, and roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, shape into any form you like, and bake about one-quarter of an hour in a quick oven, turning them in order to brown both sides.

An Ordinary Light Cake.—Mix one-half pound currants, some nutmeg, and one ounce sugar, in one pound flour; a little salt; stir one-quarter pound butter into a quarter of a pint of milk over the fire till the butter is melted; strain to it a quarter of a pint of ale-yeast, two eggs, only one white; stir all together with a stick; set it before the fire to rise in the pan it is to be baked in. The oven must be as hot as for bread.

Buttermilk Cakes.—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one of salt, one tablespoon of butter, or lard. Mix with buttermilk to a soft dough; work it until the dough is smooth; roll them out about an inch thick; cut out with the top of the dredging box; prick with a fork, and bake them in a quick oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Sauce for Boiled Chickens.—Take the legs and necks, with a small bit of the scrag of veal or mutton; put them into a sauce-pan with two blades of mace, a few white peppercorns, an anchovy, a head of celery sliced, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a small bit of lemon-peel; boil these in a quart of water to half a pint; strain and thicken it with one-quarter pound butter and some flour; boil it five minutes, then put in two spoonfuls of mushrooms, and having beaten up the yolks of two eggs with a tea-cup of cream, put it into your sauce, and keep shaking it one way over the fire till it is near boiling; then put it into a sauce-tureen.

Economical Gravy for Poultry.—Wash the feet nicely, and cut them and the neck small; simmer them with a little bread browned, a slice of onion, a bit of parsley and thyme, some pepper and salt, and the liver and gizzard, in a quarter of a pint of water, till half wasted; take out the liver, bruise it, and strain the liquor to it; then thicken it with flour and butter, and add a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, and it will be very good.

To Cure One Beef Tongue.—Take two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of brown sugar, one of saltpetre. Rub the tongue with the mixture daily for one week. Then add two more spoonfuls of salt, and rub for another week. The tongue is then ready for smoking or drying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Remedy for Damp.—For damp closets and cupboards, which generate mildew, a trayful of quick lime will be found to absorb the moisture and render the air pure; but, of course, it is necessary to renew the lime from time to time as it becomes fully slaked. This remedy will be found useful in safes and strong rooms, the damp air of which acts frequently most injuriously on the valuable deeds and documents which they contain.

Chapped Hands.—Mix quarter pound unsalted hog's lard which should be washed first in hot water, and then in rose-water, with the yolk of a new-laid egg and a large spoonful of honey. Add to this as much fine oatmeal or almond paste as will make the whole into a paste, and apply this after washing the hands.

Paint should be more often swept than scrubbed, for too frequent scrubbing causes it to decay. Use as little soap as possible, and wash it off with plenty of clean water, to prevent discoloration.

To Restore Color to Articles of Dress, etc.—When acid has been dropped on any article of clothing, apply liquid ammonia to kill the acid; then apply chloroform to restore the color.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED BATISTE, worn over a plain pink batiste skirt; the upper-skirt is long in front and gathered tight back, and has one breadth at the back which falls in loop shape. It is trimmed with a ball fringe of cotton. The plain basque waist is cut in the new style, that is, with only the back form and side forms, and not with the five seams so long worn and which are so much more becoming to stout persons; the sleeves are finished with ruffles of the pink batiste, and a collar of the same is on the body. White straw bonnet with the crown covered with white gauze, and trimmed with pink ribbon and half wreath of rose-buds.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BÉGE-COLORED STRIPED BUNTING, worn over a silesia skirt of the same color; the bottom of the skirt is cut out in "turrets," underneath which is a deep plaiting of silk of the color of the dress; the close-fitting basque, which is cut out square in the front of the neck, is filled in then with a plaiting of the silk; a simulated basque of the silk also comes below the striped bunting of the real basque; a bias band of the silk reaches from the hip on the right side, to the bottom of the skirt on the left side, and is studded with bows of bége-colored satin ribbon, faced with orange color; the sleeves and collar are trimmed with orange-colored ribbon. Bonnet of soft bége-colored chip, trimmed with gray feathers and orange-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PRIMROSE-COLORED SILK, WITH A BLACK LACE OVER-DRESS; the bottom of the silk skirt is trimmed with knife-plaitings; the lace dress is trimmed with galloon, black lace, and black satin ribbon. Black chip bonnet trimmed with bunches of primroses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY STRIPED GRENADINE, worn over a silesia skirt of the same color; the bottom of the under-skirt is trimmed with bias ruffles of the grenadine; the front of the dress, and the revers at the side, and the sleeves are trimmed with a silk lace; the deep basque is quite plain, and cut open but slightly in front. Bonnet of gray chip trimmed with blue satin ribbon and flowers.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE FIGURED FOULARD, worn over a lemon-colored skirt, which is plain at the back, but is trimmed with three ruffles in front; the white dress is fastened diagonally with pearl buttons; a fichu of the foulard trimmed with a knife-plaiting of *crêpe lisse* is fastened in front by a bow of black velvet; black velvet bows also ornament the front.

FIGS. VI. & VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF IN-DOOR JACKET OF WHITE CRÈPE DE CHÈNE AND PINK FOULARD; the jacket is half fitting. The centre of the back terminates in a point, and is ornamented with three rows of deep white lace, separated with a narrow crossband. The long side pieces form pockets, trimmed with lace and bows. The front has a pink foulard waistcoat, plaited horizontally, and there is a row of white lace at each side. Two rows of white lace are added on the basques, and headed with a wide pink faille crossband. The sleeves terminate with lace and a deep

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revers, fastened down with a large pink bow; a similar bow fastens the jacket at the throat.

FIGS. VIII. & IX.—FRONT AND BACK OF LOUIS XV. MORNING-JACKET, which is made of gray crèpe de chène lined with blue-colored foulard. In front there is a large simulated waist of blue silk, plaited slantwise, and fastened with a ruffle of Mechlin lace. A plaiting of blue silk, with a double heading and a row of white lace, borders the waistcoat, and trims the entire jacket. The pockets and cuffs terminate with bows.

FIGS. X. & XI.—DINNER-DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OF DELICATE BUFF LAWN; the front of the skirt is laid in deep plaits; the back has one long plain width, which is plaited lengthwise, and forms a train, and the whole is trimmed with knife-plaitings of lawn; blouse basque waist with a cape, which is also trimmed with narrow knife-plaitings; sash of rather narrow satin ribbon tied in long ends and loops at the side.

FIGS. XII. & XIII.—AFTERNOON-DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY OF EITHER STRIPED BATISTE, FINE WOOL, OR MOHAIR. The skirt is bordered with two flounces, each one with a heading taken on the cross; long Princess tunic edged with a flounce matching those on the skirt; a double plaiting is carried down the front and round the neck, the front being slightly open. The polonaise is looped up at the back; sleeves with frills at the cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, also, a new model for the large collar and cuffs now so popular, the present one being of white linen, edged with embroidery and Torchon lace. Also, a hat of gray straw for a young girl; it is trimmed and lined with light blue, has a gray plume and brilliant wing on the right side. The hat of which we give the back and front view, is of course, of brown straw; it is trimmed with a loose fold of tulle at the back, which comes in front, and is tied under the chin in a large bow; ribbons of brown satin, and bunches of large cherries are on the outside, while a band of brown velvet and smaller fruit are in the face. The first bonnet of Tuscan straw, is trimmed with a ribbon that matches it in color, and it is entwined with fancy gauze of a deeper shade of gold. The bouquet is composed of poppies, rubber foliage, and grass. The strings are tied at the side under the right ear.

The other bonnet of Tuscan straw, is trimmed with bands of the straw, very pale yellow plumes; pale yellow satin ribbon ties the bonnet under the left ear.

The Leghorn Hat has the brim lined with black velvet, and beneath it there is a cluster of yellow rosebuds. The outside is ornamented with pale yellow feathers, black velvet, and bands and loops of Leghorn straw.

Shorter dresses for walking are decidedly gaining favor; they are not so tightly tied back as those heretofore worn, but still have the flat front, sometimes quite plain and sometimes wrinkled. For young girls, the kilt-plaiting above the knee, with a plain width of the material of the dress twisted around the skirt above the plaiting, is very popular. For dinner, evening, and dressy receptions, an effort is being made to revive the fuller skirt at the top, allowing it to fall in full graceful lines, but these dresses are as yet by no means much worn; in fact, they have only appeared in a very few of the imported dresses; Worth is also endeavoring to revive the old *pannier*, but with no success, except with the ultra-fashionable women of Paris. For the walking-dresses, bodices with waistcoats are much worn, the bodice or basque often being cut like a man's walking-coat at the back, and with this dress are also worn laced or Oxford shoes in the English style, either varnished, or in dull kid, or in colored kid to match the dress. Mantles to match the costume, mantelets *à la vieille*, and jackets of *noisette* or nut-brown cloth, the shape being either the Chasseur or the Incroyable, will all be worn; but from the variety of *visites*, scarves, and mantelets now in preparation, it seems probable that jackets will be dethroned for a time, useful as they are. Nothing is ostracised by the present fashions; only certain garments will be in the minority instead of the majority.

The yoke bodices gain ground slowly, and Bébé bodices with organ plaits are likewise to be seen in many fresh models at leading houses; waistbands being added to both these makes. Checks, flakes, and other figured materials for combining with self-colored skirts are always used for over-dresses. The patterns are all small, some of them looking like colored pins on a pin-cushion, so informal in character that at a short distance it is impossible to recognize any pattern at all. Black silk is alone uncombined, but it is usually ornamented profusely with jet, fringe, lace, and satin bows. Two materials of one shade are seen in most combination costumes, the contrast being given with two or three satin pipings and clusters of loops of oddly-blended colors. Embroidery either by hand, or woven in patterns with the material, or of beads, is used on dresses of all descriptions, from the richest silks to the simplest muslin; these embroideries come by the yard, and in such colors and materials that nearly any dress can be matched.

The varieties of grenadines, bèrèges, linens and lawns are innumerable, as well as the combination of colors. The thin lawns, organdies, etc., are more looped and draped than heavier materials, but as we gave such full descriptions of the newest styles in our May number, and always give the newest things out in our fashion plate and wood-cut patterns, it leaves us nothing new to say on the subject.

Bonnets are of the greatest variety, most of them being much trimmed with flowers and feathers, but the most elegant ones are, as a rule, more simple, but of the very choicest materials.

Now that dresses are being worn shorter on the street, great attention is being paid to the fit of the shoe or boot, and to the color of the stockings. Stockings now come in such a variety of colors, and in such an odd combination of colors, dresses can be matched; if not, then unbleached open-worked stockings are worn. Stripes running around the foot are no longer fashionable; stockings of a solid color only, or those of one color embroidered in another color are the most popular.

There is great diversity of opinion now about the manner of dressing the hair, and many French women are endeavoring to introduce a more classical style by suppressing the rolls, puffs, pads, and other voluminous structures, for which hairdressers were mainly responsible. These innovators simply wave or curl their natural locks, pinning them closely to the head, and ornamenting with bands of either gold or silver, velvet or silk, or else with strings of pearls. Certain it is that padding has disappeared, but whether this close classical style will prevail is still uncertain.

YOUNG GIRL'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF SUMMER BOURETTE; the bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of dark green silk; the dress buttons on the right side, but a trimming of the same buttons is placed on the left side, thus forming a large plastron front.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE AND DARK BLUE STRIPED MOHAIR; the under-skirt has two bias ruffles edged with blue silk; the upper-skirt is simply gathered and draped at the back, and trimmed with a woolen fringe; the basque is edged with blue silk, and has cross-bands of the same in front studded with pearl buttons; the sleeves are of blue silk with cuffs of the mohair. Garden hat covered with thin white muslin, with a large rose at the side.

This costume would be very pretty made of striped and plain percale.

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STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

"Borrowed Plumes."
Fashions for January, colored.
Cupid in the Rain.
The Challenge.
Fashions for February, colored.
Little Bessie.
Fashions for March, colored
At the "Fête Champêtre."
Fashions for April, colored.
"On Bread and Water."
Fashions for May, colored.
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Title-Page.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Designs for Table Cloths: in Crewel Work.
Indian Smoking Cap and Border, in Appliqué.
Tidy on Java Canvas.
Border for Table Cover, etc.
Glove-Case and Wall-Pocket, in Darned Net over Silk.
Painted Paper Knife, Fan Leaf and Jewel Boxes.
Tidy in Crochet, or on Java Canvas.

FULL-PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

The Orphans of Oldham.
At Even-Song.
Annette.
The Broken Bowl.
A "Lochinvar" on Skates.
Mabel.
May Everett's Governess.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Thirty-eight Engravings.
February number, Forty-six Engravings.
March number, Forty-one Engravings.
April number, Forty-nine Engravings.
May number, Fifty Engravings.
June number, Thirty-eight engravings.

MUSIC.

Springauf Polka.
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
Douglas, Tender and True.
The Wee Bird.
Tulip.
I'll Plant a Rose Beside Thy Grave.

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ON THE CLIFFS. [*See the Story, "Molly's Masquerade."*

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. BOY'S HAT. GIRL'S HAT.

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HOUSE DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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AFTERNOON DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS. FAN.

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NEW STYLE BODICE. BLACK CRÉPE FICHU.

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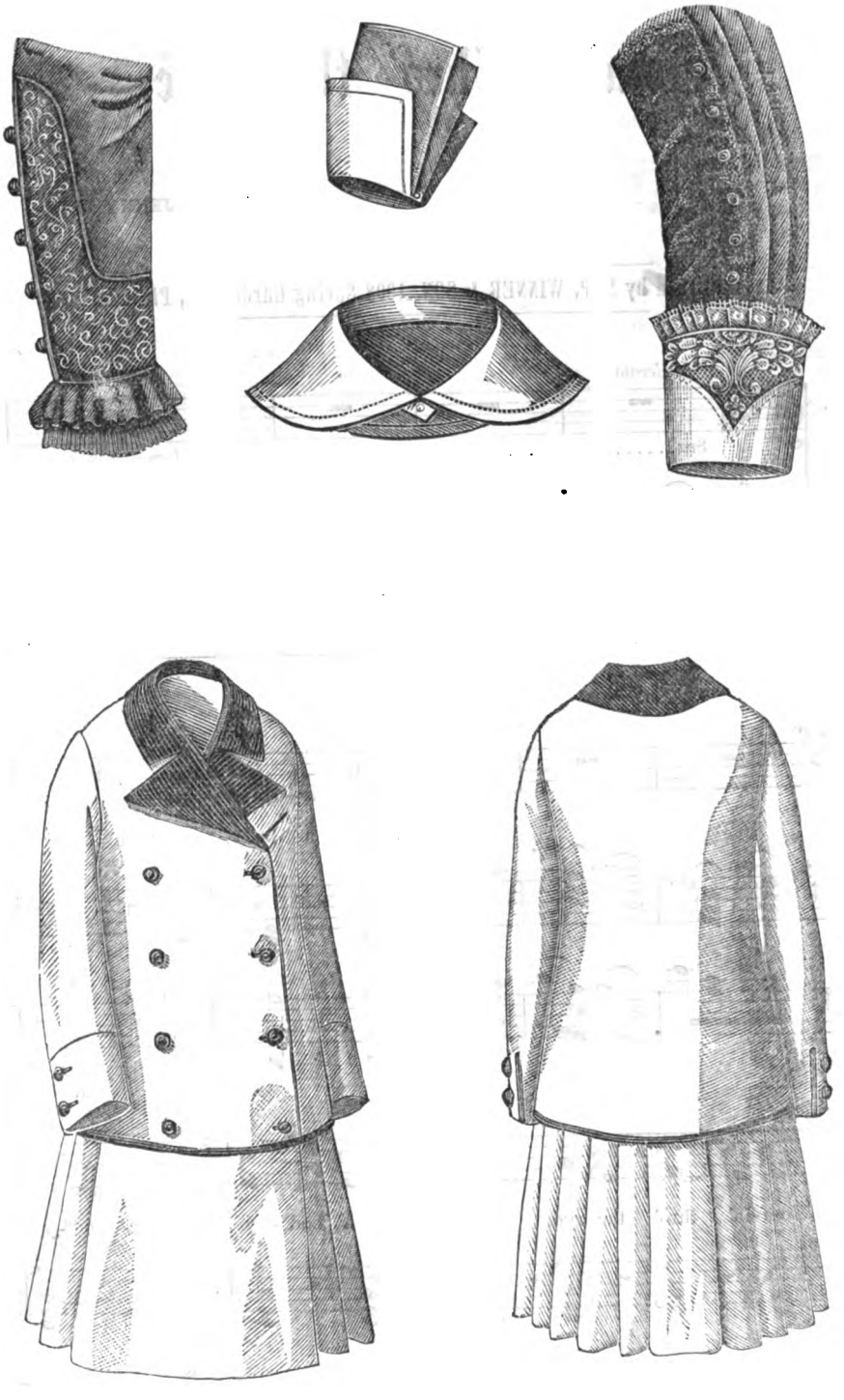






BACK AND FRONT OF CHILD'S DRESS. APRONS.

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BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING DRESS FOR A GIRL. SLEEVES, COLLAR AND CUFFS

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Comin' Thro' the Rye.

Sung by JENNY LIND.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.



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2.

If a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town;
If a body meet a body,
Need a body frown!
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye!

3.

Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel,
But what's his name, or where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

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SUMMER STYLES FOR BONNET AND HATS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1878. No. 1.

MOLLY'S MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. C. H. DEMERSTT.

IT was a bright morning, about the middle of last July, when two young ladies, evidently intimate friends, appeared on the lawn of one of those patrician villas, which line that part of the rocky coast at Newport, called the Cliffs. The hour was still early, and no one was to be seen, as yet, on this fashionable promenade, but themselves. The sea shone like satin beneath the clear sunlight; the gulls soared and dipped; the breeze blew freshly; and the fishing boats gleamed whitely in the distance.

"Now, Molly," said one, "do be sensible, and give up this absurd idea of burying yourself, in that poky little village, down East. I have been looking for this visit ever since we came here in the beginning of June. Such pic-nics, sailing-parties, receptions, dinners and balls as I have projected, to say nothing of lawn tennis, which is our standing dish."

"You are very kind, I am sure," returned Molly.

"Yes, and all our kindness is thrown away on you, you obdurate girl. Last week, we arranged a special demonstration in honor of your arrival; and after all our trouble received a telegram postponing your coming; and now that you are, you tell me it is only for a day or two, and that you are going to that obscure little nook in the country. Come, be a good girl, and give up this insane idea."

Molly shook her head. "It is of no use, Lilian. My arrangements are already made. I only take Newport in my way."

"But it is such a queer freak, Molly dear. Now don't vex me, by persistence," said Lilian, petulantly. "All my summer's pleasure will be spoiled, if you are not here to share it with me."

"Then come with me."

"But you know, very well, I can't leave mamma. Besides, I can't understand what pleasure there can be, poking up there, in a country village. Come now, Molly, I am not alone in this affair. What do you think other people will say?"

"I don't know what you mean by other people."

"Well, Lieutenant Barry, for instance."

"That conceited military dandy! Anything that will relieve me of his attentions, I shall consider a godsend."

"Mr. Deschamps?"

"Lily, you know I despise those foreigners! and *his* motives are purely mercenary."

"Well, there's *some one else*, who will not take your absence with philosophical resignation."

"Whom do you mean *now?*" asked Molly, listlessly.

"Fred," returned Lilian, watching her companion eagerly. "He is inconsolable at the very idea."

"Couldn't you console him, dear?" queried Molly, mischievously, and then noticing her companion's heightened color, she added, seriously:

"Lily, you have a very vivid imagination. I do not flatter myself, that my absence will interfere at all with Mr. Fred Gray's happiness."

"O, Molly, Molly! this pretended indifference is a mask!"

"Molly Burke always shows her true face," returned Molly, raising her head, proudly; "and you, Lily, who have been her trusted friend from childhood, should have found it out before this. When I tell you, for the hundredth time, that Fred is merely a friend; nothing more, why won't you believe me?"

Lily answered, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"I wonder, oh! I wonder, why it almost always happens in this world, that some noble fellow gives his priceless love into the keeping of some girl, who cares for it only as a plaything, to be toyed with for a while, and then thrown away for some new bauble."

"Lily, be very sure, if ever the 'priceless love'

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of a 'noble fellow' is offered me, I shall not carelessly pass it by. I shall treasure it as one of the most sacred, beautiful possessions on earth."

"Do you think we are all blind, Molly? Fred's infatuation for you, last winter, was the subject of general comment; and the recent coolness between you admits of but one interpretation."

Molly Burke stopped, and facing her friend, said:

"Lilian, I should have made you my confidant before, but I thought you would be too angry to do justice to Fred. Will you listen now?"

"I can anticipate every word you would say," replied Lilian, hastily. "Fred offered you his love, and you dismissed him, as you have dismissed your other suitors."

"He did nothing of the kind," returned Molly, becoming vexed in her turn. "He proposed to barter his name for my hundreds of thousands of dollars. He cared nothing for *me*—nothing!"

"How unjust you are!" exclaimed Lilian.

"Listen!" continued Molly. "It happened one evening, when he came to bring some songs to practice with me. After we had finished singing, he faltered out something about his great esteem for me, and ended by offering me his hand!

"My dear Lily, I was too much amazed to speak. I sat staring at him, in utter astonishment. He went through his recital, as if it had been a lesson, which he had carefully learned by heart," continued Molly. "There wasn't the ring of sincerity in a single word he uttered."

"I could feel the blood mounting to my forehead. 'You offer me your *hand*?' said I contemptuously, 'where is your heart?'

"Ah, Lily, if you could have seen how sheepish your 'noble fellow' appeared *then*. He couldn't look me in the face for very shame! If I had been a man, I should have taken him by the collar, thrown open the window, and dropped him into the street. I advanced angrily toward him, and as I advanced he retreated, a few steps at a time. 'Where is your heart?' I asked impetuously, 'Is it so *small* that I cannot see it? where is it, where—where—where—where—tell me quick—I command you! Who has it—who holds it?'

"I told him, that if he had come as a highwayman, and put a pistol to my head, and demanded my money or my life, I could have respected him more; and then from sheer vexation I sat down and cried.

"My emotion seemed to rouse his better nature. He said, that as much as I despised him, he now despised and loathed himself a thousand times more. Then he told me, that ever since he had known you, he had loved you with his whole heart; but that he was poor and ambitious, and that my wealth had tempted him to be false to you, to me, and worst of all, *false to himself*.

"Lily, he was manly and sensible; he was humbled and penitent. I forgave him, and we parted friends. I told him to go to you and tell you all, but he said 'he had lost you by his own baseness; he had been bitterly punished, and he deserved it.'"

"Do you think, Molly, I would have taken the second place in his affections?" asked Lily, proudly.

"How do you make that out?" said Molly. "I was the one whom he proposed to instal in the *second* place; indignation is more for *me* than for you, Lily. You always *had* the *first* place, and the second was carefully reserved for me. I returned it, marked 'declined with thanks.'

"Lily, my good friend," continued Molly, earnestly, "in Fred Gray's sky there never has been but *one* star. I was a comet that dashed across his firmanent, dazzling his eyes for the moment. The comet has disappeared, Lily dear, and the beautiful star remains. Why don't you thank me for such a touching, poetical little compliment? What! crying? There, I have kissed away those tears. Now, not one word more about Fred. I have great faith that your little love affair will right itself before long.

"That's why I want to go away, where nobody knows that I'm Molly Burke, the heiress. I want to see if some one won't love me for *myself*, and not for my money. Sister Sue married before this wealth came to us, and she knows her husband took her for herself alone, and I am longing to try if I can't be as fortunate. I want to find out what I am really worth in myself, independently of my wealth. And then I'm tired of society. I want to spend one quiet summer alone with my books, and with you, if you will come. I'm not going to be idle, either. I shall keep up all my studies, and I shall have ample leisure for sketching."

"But, Molly, you will be lonesome; for I really cannot come. We shall miss you so much."

"I'll write you every week, on the condition that you go to the office yourself for my letters. You know I want my whereabouts kept a secret, while I am masquerading, and some one might get a clue from the post-marks on the letter. Mrs. Jocelyn was my teacher at school for many years, you know. Then she married a country minister, away up among the New Hampshire hills, and has a lovely little house to which she has often invited me. This year I took it into my head to accept, and try a little masquerading. Mrs. Jocelyn is to introduce me as a young friend of her's, and by my simplicity of dress, I am to

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give people to understand that I'm a poor, obscure country girl. Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn are both charming, and there is no reason why I should not pass a happy summer. But remember, Lily, only you, and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn, and sister Sue are in my secret. Can I depend on you?"

"I will keep your secret, of course," answered Lilian, with vexation in her voice, however. "All the same I shall think you a very silly girl, I had almost said a selfish one; in fact, when I think how my August here will be spoiled, I am quite inclined to say it. But there is the footman, at the door, come to announce breakfast. I hope you'll regret, hundreds and hundreds of times, up in the hills, that you hadn't remained here."

But Molly was deaf to every argument, and two days later left for New Hampshire.

"Molly does not look like the Molly of old," said Mrs. Jocelyn, pouring out the coffee, the first morning after our heiress arrived at the rectory. "That Molly has always been so inseparably associated, in my mind, with flounces, and puffings, and silks, and costly laces, that I hardly recognize her in the simply clad girl before me."

"I'm vastly more comfortable without them, I assure you," replied Molly, helping herself to a biscuit. "What a famous appetite this mountain air gives one!"

The first three weeks of Molly's visit passed with incredible rapidity. To the city-bred girl there was an indescribable charm in the quiet and simplicity of the country village, while Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn rejoiced, every day, more and more, in the presence of this bright, young girl, who had come to them as a summer guest. The old house began to lose some of its primness and stiffness. Molly's hands shook the curtains into graceful, easy folds, and looped them back with broad bands of ribbon. She filled the Chinese vases, which she brought as a present for Mrs. Jocelyn, with ferns and wild flowers, gathered in her morning rambles. She covered the old, claw-footed, mahogany table with a rich cloth, embroidered by her own hands; and she contrived, in various, feminine ways, to give such an air of comfort to the large parlor, that Mr. Jocelyn declared "that the dismal old room had grown to be the most attractive in the house." And it was still more attractive when Molly was seated at the piano, her hands gliding over the keys, and her rich voice filling the room with melody.

Several of the young ladies in the village had called upon her, and Molly had found among them some pleasant acquaintances. She had attended two or three pic-nics, but these were her only dissipations. In response to letters from her sister and Lilian, urging her to come back to society, and asking her "why she couldn't enjoy herself like other human beings, in a rational way," she replied "that she was happy and contented, and congratulated herself on having, at last, found out the only rational way of enjoying a summer."

"Best of all, Lily," she wrote to that young lady, "I haven't yet put my eyes upon such a thing as a suitor. And if you knew what a blessed relief it is! Mr. Jocelyn is my only beau, and he is a charming one, I assure you."

Molly, who was an accomplished equestrienne, had been teasing Mr. Jocelyn for some time, to let her have his carriage horse to ride.

"I know him to be perfectly gentle, Miss Molly," he had said in reply; "but he is not bred to the saddle, and you would find his gait very hard."

But Molly coaxed and coaxed, until the good man finally consented. So a side-saddle was borrowed from a neighbor, and Molly started off all alone. After a spirited canter over the hills, Molly turned her horse's head homeward. Just as she reached the edge of a lonely stretch of woods, she spied some maiden-hair growing by the road-side. Dismounting from her horse, she tied the bridle to a bush, and gathered the delicate ferns. Then leading the horse up to a stone fence, she attempted to mount; but her foot slipped on a loosened stone, and she fell to the ground. As she endeavored to rise, she uttered a sharp cry, and sank to the ground again. One or two more efforts at standing convinced her that she had injured her left foot, in some way. Molly looked around her. Not a house was within sight; the road was an unfrequented one; and the sun was nearing the horizon. And to add to her distress, her horse was trotting leisurely off in the direction of home.

Molly sat there for fifteen or twenty minutes, a length of time which seemed an age to the suffering, frightened girl. The pain in her foot was growing sharper and sharper every moment. She was nervous and exhausted. But she sat there, with her lips tightly compressed, and a look of utter despair in her pretty face. Suddenly she looked up, as the sound of wheels was heard in the distance. Directly, a carriage came around the curve in the road. A young man was driving, who reined in his horse, as he came in sight of Molly, and springing to the ground, raised his hat, courteously, and said:

"I fear some accident has happened. Can I be of any service?"

Molly sat there, with the tears running down her pale cheeks, and her hair falling about her

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shoulders, looking like some grieved, heart-broken little child.

"I tried to mount," she said, between her sobs, "but my foot slipped on a stone, and I think I have sprained it; and that horrid horse has trotted off and left me; and I can't walk; and I've been afraid I would have to stay in this lonely place all night."

"Poor child," exclaimed the young man, looking down at her, and speaking gently. "It is probably a sprain, and a hard time you have had of it here all alone. Let me help you," he added, as she tried to rise. "Put your hand on my shoulder. Don't be afraid to bear your whole weight on it."

Molly refused the proffered assistance. "I can get along very well," said she, suppressing a groan. But the moment she attempted to stand on her foot, she cried out sharply, and would have fallen, had not the stranger caught her.

"It is of no use," he said, resolutely. "There is but one way. You must let me carry you," and before Molly had time to offer any remonstrances, he had lifted her in his arms and placed her in the carriage.

"Now, where shall I take you?" he asked, turning to Molly.

"To Mr. Jocelyn's, the minister's—"

"I know," he replied. "I have met Mr. Jocelyn."

During the short drive that followed, the young man only spoke once or twice, and then it was to make some inquiry regarding her injury. As they drove up to the parsonage, Mrs. Jocelyn met them at the gate, pale and anxious.

"My dearest Molly," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "How pale you are! What has happened? Only this instant the horse trotted into the yard with his empty saddle, and Mr. Jocelyn and I were nearly frantic with terror!"

"Ah, Doctor Wolcott," said Mr. Jocelyn, recognizing Molly's companion. "This is indeed fortunate. You are at the scene of accident with a speed only equalled by that of 'our special correspondent!' Molly," he continued, as they brought that young lady into the parlor, and placed her on the sofa, "I can confidently recommend Doctor Wolcott to you."

"Perhaps Miss Burke prefers some other physician," said the young man. "In that case I shall be happy to go for one."

"Oh, no," returned Molly, thoughtlessly, "*you will do as well as any one.*"

Doctor Wolcott smiled, and then proceeded to examine the injured foot. He pronounced it a sprain, and after giving Mrs. Jocelyn some directions, left.

"He is the young doctor," said Mr. Jocelyn, "whom old Doctor Gurdon persuaded to take his place, while he was in Europe. It's only a temporary thing. But I imagine the people here like him even better than the old doctor. He is well spoken of by every one, and has the reputation of being very skilful."

The next morning Doctor Wolcott, in passing the house, stopped to inquire after his patient, and found her sitting in an easy chair, on the piazza.

Molly apologized for neglecting to thank him, the evening before, for his kindness.

"You must have thought me very childish and forgetful," said she, "but I was, nevertheless, very grateful. If you had not passed, there is no knowing to what discomforts I might have been exposed."

"You would probably have been obliged to stay there for some time, possibly all night. How came you to take such an unfrequented road?"

Then Molly explained, "that she had seen some lovely maiden-hair, growing there, one day, as she was driving with Mr. Jocelyn, and that was what had tempted her."

A few mornings afterwards, Doctor Wolcott called, with some fine, large branches of maiden-hair for Miss Burke, which she received with blushes and thanks.

By the time Molly was able to be on her feet again, the young doctor had become an established favorite in the household, and Mr. Jocelyn often brought him home to tea, and for a quiet game of chess afterward.

When Molly found that Doctor Wolcott was a fine linguist, and possessed a rich baritone voice, was it at all strange that they should spend many happy hours, reading and singing together? And when the summer came to an end, Molly was forced to admit to herself, that her heart had passed out of her keeping.

One evening, as the doctor and Molly ascended the hill, behind the parsonage, to get a better view of the gorgeous September sunset, standing there in the radiant light, the young man told his companion "that the summer just passed had been the happiest of his whole life, and that it rested with *her* to say whether his future life should be one eternal summer, or a bleak and dreary winter."

And dear reader, can you guess what was Molly's answer? As they walked down the hill together, Molly looked up to her lover's face, and asked, with a smile:

"Do you think it wise to take a poor girl, who may be a drag to you in your profession? It's very noble, but is it worldly-wise?"

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"And are you willing, Molly, to take a poor man, and share the privations and toils of his early career? It 's very noble, dear, but is it worldly-wise? Molly, are you *sure* you are content with the little I have to offer you?"

And Molly said that she was.

She wrote to her sister, announcing her engagement, and received in reply letters of remonstrance and protest. But she turned a deaf ear to all friendly counsel; and finally even her sister's patience was exhausted.

"Tom starts to-morrow for the Jocelyn's," wrote her sister. "I warn you what to expect. He is indignant, and declares that he will put a stop to your fool-hardy proceeding; that he is not going to leave you at the mercy of an adventurer."

When Mr. Tom Smith arrived, he had a long talk with his sister. Out of all patience at her persistence, he was pacing the floor, with long and angry strides.

"If you were my daughter, I'd cut you off with a shilling," he growled. "He is some wretched adventurer, some needy, seedy adventurer, I'll warrant."

"Thank you," said Doctor Wolcott, who had quietly entered the parlor, unobserved, "I am greatly obliged for the compliment."

Tom turned excitedly. But the moment he saw the new-comer, he stared at him wildly, and then expressed his astonishment by a prolonged whistle.

"Dan Wolcott!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, where, on earth, did you come from? It isn't possible," he continued, as a light seemed to flash across his bewildered brain, "that you're the man? Why, in the world, couldn't Molly have told me your name, and saved all this trouble! Did you know I was Molly's brother-in-law? That I married her sister."

"How should I?" replied Doctor Wolcott. "There are so many Tom Smiths in the world! I was as surprised to see you here, as you were to see me."

Tom seized one of the Doctor's hands, and placed Molly's in it, saying, "Heaven bless you my children! Tom Smith gives his hearty consent." And then he laughed.

"What does all this mean?" gasped Molly, looking from one to the other, in amazement, and trembling with excitement.

"Mean!" echoed Tom. "It means that you have done just as we all wanted you to. You've given yourself to a splendid fellow, with lots of money. Tum-te-tum, tum-te-tum," and Tom danced around the room, humming a Strauss waltz.

"I heard of you, old boy; heard that just out of pure oddity, you had taken some physician's practice, for a few months, and were rusticating in some little village, that nobody had ever heard about. But you didn't think you would come across an heiress, up here in this wilderness, did you?"

"An heiress!" exclaimed Dr. Wolcott.

"Yes, an heiress. The year after I met you in Europe, my wife and Molly here had a rousing fortune left them. So Molly, it seems that masquerading is a game at which two can play; and it has fallen to my lot to unmask you both."

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BY J. HUIE.

Shadows light on land and sea,
Star-beams, veiling lake and lea,
Sleep and rest;
Sparkling heav'ns in silent flight
Flash beyond the summer night,
While the hills in vapors light
Sleep and rest.

Perfumes from a thousand flowers,
Floating on the drowsy hours,
Sleep and rest;
Odors sweet the senses steep,
Airy waves of incense sweep
Over earth; and all things sleep—
Sleep and rest.

Breathing murmurs from the seas,
Hush and sleep on hills and trees—
Sleep and rest;
Nightly voices still and clear,
Thin as fancy, far and near,
Softly hymn from sphere to sphere,
"Sleep and rest."

Willow bank and placid stream,
Robed in snowy moonbeams dream,
Sleep and rest;
Land, and sea, and air, and sky,
Hushed in tranquil myst'ry lie,
Restless heart and wistful eye,
Sleep and rest.

Folded on the breast of heaven,
Earth, and man by cares o'er-driven,
Sleep and rest;
While the stars bright courses keep,
Sail afar the azure deep,
Weary dreamers dream and sleep—
Sleep and rest.

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AN EVERY-DAY TEMPTATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

SOMETIME, in every man's life, he is led away to be tempted: to find God on one side of him, and the devil on the other; and he is forced to make his election between them.

Walter Calhoun, who was a boy rather than a man, one morning, heard his mother reading that strange story, of a temptation eighteen centuries ago, and listened as to any unreal, misty legend. Wildernesses, and Satan, and ministering angels were so very far off from Philadelphia, or the wholesale dry goods house of Blackie, Phillips & Co., in which he was due at eight o'clock. Before night the legend did not seem so misty to him.

It was a clear, sunny day in early June. The city puts on her pleasantest face in that month; the whirlwinds of gray dust have not yet coated the fronts of the houses, and the streets are full of the scent of the honey-suckles, and of the color of myriads of climbing red roses.

Walter's mother, with the three little girls, lived in one of the interminable narrow streets, above Spring Garden, which, with their long rows of tiny, marble-faced houses, turn on the stranger such prim assertions of comfort and cleanliness. His business for the firm was collector, and when his daily route lay in that part of the city, he was able to run in home for dinner, instead of buying a five-cent plate of pork and beans, at the workingmen's coffee house. I dwell on this matter, for Walter's dinner, on this day, bore no small part in the history of his life. He was a sturdy, healthy young fellow, and at an age when the claims of meat and drink are apt to be pressed with more urgency on the mind, than high philosophic, or even Christian truths.

He had been walking since early morning, and was more hungry than usual, when he turned into the little street. Just before he left the counting-room, young Mr. Phillips' lunch was brought in from a neighboring restaurant. The savory smell of the dainty croquettes and spring chicken was with him yet. Phillips was the son of one of the partners, a year younger than Walter. He had toyed languidly with the meal, and sent it away, swearing at the waiter and cook.

"I suppose mother will have bacon again," thought Walter, as he hurried, breathless, up Melon street. "I wish she could afford beef-stew oftener. Things are not as evenly divided in this world as they might be."

Nelly, who was a fat little dumpling of three, came tumbling down the steps to meet him; and Walter tossed her on his shoulder, and went in, singing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and marching; although the scent of bacon met him at the door —and a very feeble scent at that.

"Dinner ready, mother?"

Mrs. Calhoun ran to the kitchen door, to give him a hurried kiss, and then back again, to serve the dinner. There were bread, molasses, and a few thin slices of bacon. Walter could have eaten it all, and felt that the meal had just begun. But there were his mother, and Hetty, and Jenny, and Nelly.

"I don't feel in a carnivorous humor, to-day," he said, helping himself to a small piece, and pushing the rest away. He was boy enough to like to use long words before his sisters, and to feel irritated, when they eagerly took all the meat, not appreciating his sacrifice at all.

"Couldn't you have fresh vegetables, mother?" he said, querulously. "I see the markets heaped with corn and tomatoes. They're very cheap."

"Not for us, Wally," exclaimed Mrs. Calhoun. "Just let me explain, dear."

Mrs. Calhoun was always exclaiming and explaining. She was one of the most affectionate, fussiest, incapable of women. She kept Hetty awake at night, planning how to make Walter's salary go farther, in feeding and clothing five people, and worried him over every scanty meal, in proving to him that it would not do it.

"If I could get any sewing to do!" she complained now. "But I always was a miserable sempstress. People won't give me a second job."

"We don't want you to sew, mother," said Walter, gulping down his hasty meal. "I can make plenty for all."

"Oh, no! indeed you can't, Walter. There's the coal out now, and I'm three dollars behind at Sharp's."

"Never mind. It will all be right on Saturday," his eye on the clock.

"And you working yourself to death! No, it won't be right, until I am in my grave, and one mouth less to feed. There, there! I didn't mean to worry you, Wally. I'm always saying just the wrong thing. Oh, dear! But I just sit here, thinking how easily it might all have been

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set right, if the Lord had seen fit. If I had died, instead of your father, or if the girls had been boys, why they'd have been able to earn their own living now."

"I am able," said Hetty, with her blunt nod, looking directly at Walter. "If you would allow me to go out to service, Wally."

"I will never allow it." Walter pushed his chair back, and rose angrily. The boy was tired and hungry, and had the masculine impatience of being nagged, when he was giving his whole life to serve them. "Dr. Calhoun's daughter in any body's kitchen!" he muttered, as he went out to the back steps and sat down. He had twenty minutes to spare, and would have been glad of a comfortable place to rest. But they had never been able to furnish the little parlor. It was closed and empty.

Walter sat whistling, to make his mother think he was cheerful. But he cast vindictive glances back at the kitchen and the sink, where the work of dish-washing was going on. This was no place for his mother.

She was a delicate, refined woman; very different from Mrs. Phillips, who drove her husband down to the office, some days, wrapped in costly laces and furs, and with liveried servants. Masters and kindergartens, and governesses were busy with the Phillips girls. They had the country air in summer. They were trained in mind and body, shut in from vulgar sights and sounds. The result was, that they were gentle, low-voiced, dainty.

His sisters found their companions among their illiterate neighbors. What else could they do? There was lately a hint of vulgarity, of loudness in Hetty's manner, that galled Walter intolerably. He rose, flinging his hat on his head.

"Don't touch that book," he cried, irritably, as Nelly began to finger a package, which he had left on the table.

His mother took it from the girl.

"What is the matter? You look vexed, Wally," she said.

"Vexed? No, not at all. I was only thinking, that if I had the control of the world, things would be equalized a little. But that's nothing now."

"Why should you be discontented, Wally? It is not many boys of nineteen, who would be trusted with sums like that," tapping the book, with a proud flash in her eye.

"Oh, I'm not a thief; of course not. Not much to be proud of in that. Blackie and Phillips knew my father, and they know *me*," loftily. "I collect all their bills within thirty miles, now. I could pocket thousands, if I chose. Nothing easier. Smith pays his bill; I give him a receipt; go back and say Smith wants an extension for five days. I play the same game for a week, here and there, and take the cars for San Francisco. Buy a gold mine. In seven years, pay back the loan, with twenty per cent. interest. Others have done it. Eh, mother?"

"Don't talk such nonsense, Wally."

"Well, I only wanted to show you how necessary it is they should have a reliable man in my place." Walter, by this time, had talked himself into a good humor.

"Good-bye, puss," he said, kissing Nelly.

Then he stopped before the little square mirror, to adjust his neck-tie and pull down his cuffs, looking at the frayed shirt collar, with a twinge of bitterness. Walter was no book hero, with great impulses, and temptations, and signal victories; but a lad, like thousands of other lads in this city, for whom life is made up of little duties, and little wages, homely loves and hates, the triumph of a new neck-tie, the misery of a shabby shirt-collar.

"You will be home by seven, Walter?" came his mother's daily question.

"No, not until nine. Bradley and I have office work to do, to-night."

"You'll get supper down street then?"

"Yes," with a sudden qualm. He was hungry, and his pockets were empty. Pay day did not come until Saturday, and this was Thursday. But he kissed her good-bye, and went whistling down street. How long his mother remembered the sturdy, gallant carriage of the boy, as she watched him go, that day!

"Mother," said Hetty, as she met her in the kitchen, "you must let me do something. This weight is too heavy on Wally."

"Dear, dear. Of course it is! But what can we do?" And Mrs. Calhoun sat down to cry in comfortable misery, until awakened to miserable truths.

Walter went down the street, slowly. At the corner, he hesitated, then stopped. The drug shops, which had glittered in that end building, for the brief term of months alotted to business enterprises in new, cheap northern localities, had died out, and given place to a new undertaking. The window was bedecked with white frills and gay ribbons, the door hedged in with hoop-skirts. A small sign was half obscured by the frills, as though the owner was ashamed to state, above her breath, that Mrs. Holden "offered to the public a choice selection of notions and trimmings."

Walter drew a long breath, then pushed his way through the redoubt of hoops. It was such a very choice selection! It took so many empty

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boxes to hold it all, ranged with fine effect along the counter and wall. At the back of the shop sat a little, curly-headed saleswoman, whose face grew rosy, when Walter came in, to the tips of her pretty ears.

"Good morning, Mr. Calhoun."

"Good morning, Elsie. I just came in to see how things were going. Fine opening. Any luck?"

"Oh, yes. Two customers; one little girl for a row of pins, and a woman to ask where was the nearest grocery store!"

It was not very witty, but they both laughed. Then the tears came into Elsie's eyes.

"I hope mamma will not be disappointed," she said. "It is a terribly venturesome undertaking for us, Mr. Calhoun. If we should fail, we are ruined."

Walter saw the tears, and felt the necessity of taking her hand. She was such a nice child, and needed comfort so much!

"Don't talk of ruin!" he said. "Why, you forget me, Elsie. I am going to be enormously rich some day—like Girard, or Vanderbilt, or any of those fellows. Any man can do as they did, if you put him fairly on his feet, and give him the start."

"I'm sure you can do whatever you choose, Mr. Calhoun," said Elsie, looking up, with awed, admiring eyes, to the boyish face above the frayed collar.

"If I ever do succeed, I will not forget—any of my friends, Elsie."

He held her hand a moment. They were but a commonplace boy and a girl, in a commonplace trimming shop; but the same valor was swelling in the lad's heart which led the knights of old to battle against the world, for the women they loved.

He nodded good-bye, and left her, without a word of battling or love. What had Blackie and Phillips' junior clerk to do with love or marriage, with four helpless women already on his hands?

"Nat Phillips," thought Walter, as he walked down the street, "has flirted with a dozen girls. He never had a manly thought of one of them, in his heart; yet he could marry to-morrow, if he chose, and keep his wife in luxury. Why should Nat Phillips have all the plums, and I eat dry bread?"

It was in this mood that he reached the importing house, and passed through the lower rooms, to his own little desk. A letter lay on it, directed to himself, with the name of the house printed in the corner. What could the firm have to say to him? He hung up his hat, straightened the pens and ink-stand, drew a long breath, and opened the envelope and read, as follows:

MR. WALTER CALHOUN.

Sir:

Your services will not be required by us, after the 13th inst. We shall be happy to furnish you with letters of recommendation, should you desire them, to aid you in obtaining another situation.

Truly, Yours,

BLACKIE, PHILLIPS & Co.

About twenty minutes afterwards, a tap was heard at the walnut door of Mr. Phillips' office, and his junior clerk presented himself.

"Very annoying! Safford might have attended to this," muttered the old man to himself, as he caught sight of Walter's sunken eyes and set lips.

"Mr. Phillips," said the boy, "what does this mean? I thought I was giving satisfaction."

"Perfect satisfaction. You are not to blame, Calhoun. But we must retrench. All salaries are to be cut down; one third the force turned off."

"But, sir—"

"Now, don't make a scene, Calhoun," testily. "The firm have been flinging money out of window. There's my son, Nathaniel, who is to take your place, growing into a spendthrift. He must learn business habits."

"He takes my place?"

"Yes. I want him to have an insight into the practical routine of our business."

"I have a mother and three sisters depending on me, Mr. Phillips."

"Tut, tut! But you'll have no trouble in finding another situation; at least, I hope not. Will furnish you letters. Safford will make them out."

"Your decision is unalterable, then."

"Oh, quite so, quite so! I'm very sorry, Calhoun. But the times are hard. Every day a dozen cases like yours come to my knowledge."

"Yes."

Calhoun bowed, left the room, and went back to his desk. He ran against two or three men on his way, who looked after him, wondering if he were drunk.

When he reached his desk again, he took out his pocket-book, and turned over the bank-notes mechanically. Some were for a large amount. Among them was a cheque signed by the firm. He remembered, as he sat looking at it, how young Phillips had pointed out to him, one day, how easily the sharp, Italian signature might be counterfeited. Nat was a cursed idiot, always cackling and drivelling. Walter sat leaning his head on his hand, staring at the checque. When

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some of the men spoke to him, in passing, he took up a newspaper, and glanced over it, to screen himself from notice.

With what temptations the soul of the boy wrestled in that half hour, nobody ever knew but himself and his God.

He got up, at last, and carried the pocket-book to Mr. Safford.

"Here are the bills," he said.

"Lay them down, Walter. I'll attend to them, presently."

"Be good enough to look over them now, sir. I wish you to see that I do not owe the firm a penny."

Mr. Safford nodded, understanding the cause of the lad's flashing eye and raised voice.

"Sorry we are to lose you, Calhoun. Yes, it's all right. Not three o'clock? Time for bank," making a sheaf of the notes and cheques, ready for deposit.

He observed that Walter, instead of taking the notes to the bank, as usual, returned to his desk, and taking his hat, went out, hurriedly.

About ten, that evening, Mrs. Calhoun received a note, sent by a messenger.

DEAR MOTHER:

"I am obliged to leave town on business. May be gone for several days. I enclose money for present expenses."

W. C.

"They have sent him to Delaware again, and paid him in advance," said Mrs. Calhoun to Hetty. "What confidence they do place in that boy! I should not be surprised, if they took him into partnership, any day."

Four days later, there was a peremptory ring at the bell, late one afternoon. Mrs. Calhoun found a middle-aged man, with an aggressive keenness in every line of his face, at the door.

"My name is Safford," the visitor said, sharply. "Is young Calhoun still ill? When will he be able to return to work?"

"Walter? Ill? He is not ill, sir. He has not been at home since Thursday. Come in, Mr. Safford, come in. Walter went for the firm to Delaware.

"Ah—h! I suspected as much," with a knowing nod. "Gone for the firm, eh? He told you so?"

"No. He said he was going out of town on business. Of course it was for Blackie & Phillips. They put implicit confidence in him."

"A good deal too much. I always said they had no right to throw temptation into the way of boys, as they do."

"What do you mean?" stopping short in the little passage, and facing him. "You are speaking of my son, sir."

Safford quailed before the shabby little woman.

"It will all come right, madam, no doubt," he said. "But Walter wrote a note, which I received, on Friday morning, saying that he would not be able to return, for a day or two. We supposed he was ill. Circumstances occurred this morning, which caused Mr. Phillips to doubt this."

"Can you tell me the circumstances?"

"I—I—It is a matter which concerns the firm, Mrs. Calhoun."

"It concerns Walter, also. I will go with you to Mr. Phillips."

She left him for a moment, and came back in her bonnet and shawl. There were no traces of tears nor distress. The fidgety, hysteric, little woman was grave and stern, as she took up the defence of her boy's honor.

The business hours of the house were over; but Mr. Phillips, with two other gentlemen, were in his private office, when Safford brought Mrs. Calhoun to it.

"It is as I feared," said the clerk. "Calhoun has gone."

"Whew!" Young Phillips, who was walking nervously up and down, broke into a loud laugh. "I did not think the fellow had so much pluck. How much has he let you in for, sir?"

"Gone since Thursday!" cried his father. "What d'ye think, Safford? Would he take passage for Liverpool? Cable at once to the police. He must have the money about him. What d'ye think, Safford?"

"Money? Liverpool?" gasped Mrs. Calhoun.

"Take a seat, madam. Safford, bring a glass of water. Yes, money. Your son presented a forged cheque, in New York, for a large amount. Name of the firm signed to it. On Friday morning. We have but just heard of it. I'm sorry for you, ma'am, as well as for ourselves. We were to blame, perhaps, in trusting him so far. But the law must have its course."

Mrs. Calhoun pushed away the water.

"My son never took the money," she said, in a dry, husky voice, that might have come from a corpse.

The third gentleman, a grave, little man, spoke for the first time. It was Mr. Blackie, the senior partner of the firm.

"It is not proved that your son took the money," he said, quietly. "I telegraphed for an officer of the bank to come over, and identify the person who presented the cheque. I think he has arrived. Bring him in, Mr. Safford. Do not disturb yourself, Nathaniel."

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These last words were addressed to young Phillips, who hurried to the door; and as the old man spoke he stepped before the lad.

Young Phillips turned to his father. Of a sudden, a blank horror crept into the latter's face. He rose. Father and son stood facing each other for a moment. Then the father put out his hands.

"No, no! Not you! For God's sake, Nathaniel!"

"Safford," said Mr. Blackie, in the same calm tone, "keep the man out, for a moment. I will not press this matter, Phillips, if Nathaniel is prepared to make restitution, and if he leaves the country, at once and forever. The law ought to have its course. But for your sake, old friend—"

"For his mother's sake. Oh, Nathaniel, had you no thought of your mother?"

Mr. Safford drew Mrs. Calhoun out of the office.

"Walter is cleared? They all know he is innocent?" she asked, eagerly.

"Of course. I was blind as a bat not to see the thief. Nat Phillips has been going to the devil for years. I'd ask you to keep this matter a secret; but that would be too much to expect of any woman."

Mrs. Calhoun did not hear him. She was already on her way home, dazed and stupefied. Where was the boy?

It was Walter who opened the door for her, ruddy and laughing; the girls behind with beaming faces. Among them little Elsie Holden. But Mrs. Calhoun did not observe that significant circumstance until afterwards.

"Where have I been?" said the lad, in answer to her breathless inquiry. "It is a long story; but I'll just tell you the heads of it. I was horribly downcast, at the office, when I got that notice of dismissal. Had notions of suicide, murder, and maybe worse crime; and just when I had made up my mind to stand on my feet, and fight it out until the end, I caught sight of an advertisement, in a New York paper, for the heirs of Abraham Calhoun. Uncle Abe! Died, a month ago, in Frederick, Maryland, without a will. All his real estate, personal, every jot and tittle of it, think of that, mother, is ours! All I had to do was to go to Baltimore, and prove our identity. I went to father's friend, Mr. Hoge, the lawyer, to find out precisely what was to be done. He lent me the money to send to you, and to take me to Baltimore. And here I am again. I thought I'd surprise you. We're not rich, mother. But we will never be in need of money again."

The boy was so happy, that he talked incessantly, through all of that happy evening.

"I'll not envy Nat Phillips again. Things are more equally divided than we suppose. We understand that, when we are old enough to see the end from the beginning," he said, profoundly, out of his age and experience.

WATCHING.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

TENDERLY the snowflakes falling,
Swept with viewless wings the ground,
And all nature hushed in stillness,
Dared not break the peace profound.

But our hearts were bowed with sorrow,
Deepened by the falling snow,
And we could not in our sadness,
Bid the weary Old Year go.

For within the cradle lying,
Watching for the coming light,
One lay dying, slowly passing
With the darkness of the night.

And we turned, for tears were falling,
Turned, where in their tender grace,
Golden curls were brightly resting
On the sleeper's marble face.

And with thoughts too deep to utter,
Gazed upon the waxen brow
Of our darling as she slumbered,
With the Old Year dying now.

Not a breath disturbed the stillness,
And we wiped our tears away,
For the golden morn was coming
With the tender light of day.

And we knew our darling slumbered,
As we held her hand in ours,
Watching for the light to enter,
Watching for the morning hours.

One by one the stars had faded,
Softly came the light of day,
Then we knew the night had vanished,
And the Old Year passed away.

And we rose and kissed the sleeper,
Lying in her slumber deep,
For we knew the morn would never
Wake her from her dreamless sleep.

Softly closed the eyes forever,
Laid the folded hands to rest,
With the snowy lilies drooping,
'Round the pale and waxen breast.

For we knew the hands that led her
From this world of pain and sin,
Were the hands of One who loved her,
One who led the New Year in.

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THE LAST DUCHESNE.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

She rose from her seat upon the floor, dropping her lap-full of yellow papers.

"Grandpapa," she said, "who is it?"

He advanced toward her, poor old Harold Duchesne, almost wringing his long white hands in his nervous tremor and annoyance.

"I cannot see him, Griselda. It is impossible. I am not equal to the interview. You will have to—" and he held out the card to her, with a piteous helplessness of gesture.

Griselda took it, and read aloud the name written upon it.

"Donald Ferris."

It made her feel helpless herself, helpless against fate, and after the helplessness came a kind of anger, an unreasonable anger against Donald Ferris, who had done her no harm; indeed, on the contrary, was on the point of doing something, which, viewed in a practical light, was for her ultimate benefit.

"Well," she said, after a second's pause, "I suppose I must go."

"Yes," faltered Harold Duchesne, in his weakest petulant voice. "It seems as if there were nothing else left for us to do, Griselda."

"And I must accept his terms?"

"Yes."

And so she went, and in a few minutes, Donald Ferris, who stood waiting at the window of the great, bare drawing-room, was aroused from his reverie, by the appearance of a slight and delicate figure, which advanced towards him, with a suggestion of girlish *hauteur*, which almost touched him by its mere incongruity.

It was the figure of a girl of eighteen, who had evidently but lately recovered from an illness, which had left her only a fragile young shadow of healthful girlhood. Her fine little face was as white as her dress; her eyes looked large and hollow, even while their beauty was beyond measure; her hair, which had been cropped closely, was just beginning to curl itself over her head, and down to the nape of her slender neck. She paused before him with the card in her hand.

"Mr. Donald Ferris?" she said.

Something in her poor, little air of stateliness, which was sweet after all, filled Donald Ferris with pity, as I have said. He began, also, to feel somewhat ashamed of his strength and physical proportions. He, himself, was a powerful, cleanly built young man, and this frail girl's presence suggested to him that he was an unpleasantly muscular animal.

He bowed in acquiescence.

"Mr. Duchesne—" he began, his voice modulating itself almost tenderly in deference to some incomprehensible emotion.

"Mr. Duchesne is not equal to the interview," she answered. "He has not been strong for several years, and I often attend to his business arrangements for him. I am his granddaughter, Griselda Duchesne."

Ferris bowed again, and there arose within him a secret thought that Mr. Duchesne must be a very broken man indeed, if he was not more fit for business interviews and conversations than his young relative. He drew forward a chair, and placed it near the table, and then it was Griselda's turn to bow, which she did with the prettiest possible touch of pride of manner, as a young queen might have done, who had the mind to thank a subject. She could never forget, poor little soul, that she was a Duchesne; and that there had been a time when to be a Duchesne had been to be a very lofty personage indeed. Even in all the desperate forlornness of fallen fortune, she never forgot this.

And yet her hands trembled so, that she was obliged to clasp them together upon the table before her, as she began again.

"We have determined to accept the company's terms," she said.

Two weeks ago, Ferris had fancied that he should feel exultantly relieved, when he heard these words. His well-balanced and business-like mind had found old Harold Duchesne's high-handed, querulous, ever-protesting vacillation a trial, to say the least of it. He had borne with his feeble lamentations and weak stubbornness but impatiently, and had looked forward to the closing of the negotiations with annoyed eagerness. And now, with Griselda Duchesne speaking these words to him, while her frail, little

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hands tightened themselves upon the table, to conquer their own tremor, he did not feel exultant, or relieved at all. He felt, inconsistently enough, and without the least foundation for the feeling, like a villain.

There was no diffuseness here.

"If you have anything additional to say before the agreement is drawn up," she said, "I think I can understand, and explain to my grandfather; and then he will be ready for you, when you come again." Ferris drew a step nearer to her, and the indescribable emotion made his voice even lower and more deprecating than before.

"There is nothing to be added—nothing—only that—I trust the changes we shall be obliged to make, will not interfere with your comfort as much as you imagine."

The small, close-curled head held itself very high indeed.

"They will not interfere with us; they will have nothing to do with us. The part of Duchesne that we sell, will cease to be Duchesne at all."

"Yes," she added, after a pause, "we did not think the time would ever come when we should part with our heritage. But when we give up our land, we shall give it up entirely. *We* shall not interfere with *you*."

After that, there seemed nothing left for her visitor to say. He could only return to the more matter-of-fact part of the transaction, and confine himself to it during the remainder of the interview, and go away at the close of his call half sad, half amused, and wholly interested.

"Poor child," he said to himself, "poor child!"

Griselda did not return to her grandfather at once, when he had taken his departure. She was not quite equal to Mr. Duchesne at first. She wandered to one of the big windows, and sat down upon the floor, folding her arms upon the sill, and looking out as she had a habit of doing. She felt weak and tired, and her heart sank within her.

"Oh!" she cried, bitterly, "to think of selling Duchesne, and for such a purpose! To think of the horrid swarms of coarse men who will come and dig and delve, and make everything look dreadful and unfamiliar! To think of coal, and dust, and grime, and noise, within sight and sound of our very walls!"

It was purely a Duchesne view of the state of affairs, this. There were people, even in the immediate neighborhood, who would have felt that the discovery of coal upon their possessions, and an excellent offer of purchase, were rather causes for self gratification, than otherwise; there were people who were disposed to envy "General" Duchesne his chance to free himself from debt and humiliation of spirit, and provide for his future. The price offered to him was a good one, and in his present pecuniary condition, the whole estate lay waste and unproductive. "The old General" was not a practical man. He had never been a practical man in his best days, when he had been at his stateliest and strongest, when he had counted his human chattels by the score, and had held a sort of high court and open house at the rambling old mansion. And now his wealth had taken to itself wings; he held high court no longer; the lavish, hospitable, easy-going men and women, who had held court with him, had been driven from their homes, or had left them in despair, or had died more than half broken of heart; other people had taken their places, and among these he was of small importance; they only knew him as a poverty-stricken, ultra-dignified old fellow, full of refined oddities and exploded notions of dead and gone state and ceremony. They laughed at, or tolerated him, and sometimes lost all patience at his want of management.

"He ought to be a rich man, and he is a poor one," these people said. "And he lets his burdens fall upon that poor, ignorant child's shoulders. It is she who faces his creditors, and struggles with his helplessness, and he has not even left her the consolation of making friends, he has taught her so much of his own foolish old-fashioned pride. What is one to do with a girl who wears a skimp, washed-out muslin, as if it was a robe of state, and who receives ones offers of friendship, with a grand little quaint courtesy, and a silence which chills one to the bone. We would take her up and make her life more cheerful, if she would let us; but she won't let us. She is too conscious of the Duchesne blood in her veins."

CHAPTER II.

WHICH was all quite true, Griselda. They would have been kind enough to her, and have done her good by rousing her to a more healthful condition. But she would not let them. She belonged to old Harold Duchesne's century and not to her own. Her father and mother had died in her infancy, and since then she had reigned, in the family mansion, in the old, prosperous times, like a young queen. She had had subjects both black and white, the slaves upon the plantation, and the poor white folks in the woods; she had carried the keys and doled out the charity, which, it must be admitted, had been extravagant enough, after true Southern fashion. No one had ever ventured to dispute her word, or to disagree with her opinion; nobody at least but

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mammy Miranda, whose foster child she had been, and who was coaxing and caressing or loftily impertinent as she chose. Omnipotent as she was in other cases, "Miss Grisell" was mammy Miranda's gracefully abject slave. She bore with her scoldings and not too elegant freedom of speech; she submitted to being disobeyed and sulked at, and admired; she existed from childhood to womanhood, under the pressure of mammy Miranda's broad, black thumb; and so she existed to this day, when the final ruin occurred, mammy at her post, possibly feeling in secret some dogged triumph in her own honor. She might have bettered herself, she had no hesitation in announcing to Griselda; but she had made up her mind to sacrifice the prospect.

"'Cos when I ses a thing, I ses it," she informed her, with a stolidness which was a by no means unnatural result of the circumstances. "An' I promised Miss Bell when she died as I'd take keer o' you, an' I'm goin' to do it."

And Griselda had shed a few tears, and said, gently, "Thank you, mammy."

For "Miss Bell" was her own pretty, young mother, who had died at her birth, in her eighteenth year.

So, amid decay and downfall, mammy Miranda became a more supreme power than ever. In fact she was the practical element of the household. She battled stoutly with a kitchen-garden and a poultry yard, which almost supplied the family table; and for the rest, she did her duty with almost fierce energy. "Miss Grisell" was at once her consolation and her trial.

"A lady from head to foot," she used to mourn loudly, "'an' then to see her brought clear down to nothin'; a wearin' fady, poor things, an' them No'thun women in their silks. Who ever made any 'count of No'thun women, I'd like to know —school teachers, an' nothin' else in the old times. I hain't no earthly use for 'em! Shucks! who's they?"

And this being the state of affairs, Griselda sat upon the floor by the window, and rebelled against the Fortune she felt had been so cruel to her. It was something, indeed, to her sentimental young mind. It seemed worse than all the rest to be forced to part with their heritage. The money weighed but lightly against the pain of such a calamity; in fact, she almost lost sight of the money altogether. The well-intentioned capitalists, who had made the offer of purchase, were cold-blooded, scheming tyrants, who were wresting their rights from them. Tyrants, whom she bitterly despised.

"Trade! trade!" she said; "always trade and money. A Southern gentleman would scorn—"

But there she stopped, being suddenly checked by an unexpected recognition of the true state of affairs, which rose within her breast in spite of her queer little romantic notions and antipathies.

"It cannot be helped," she cried, breaking down altogether; "it cannot be helped."

The end of her sentence was lost in tears. The illness, she had lately passed through, had left her weaker than she knew.

It cost her an effort to control herself, when once her tears began to flow; but she had not much time before she could control herself sufficiently to return to the other room, and her every-day task of reading aloud to Mr. Duchesne. Her sweet, young voice soothed him, and in his calmly polite selfishness, he felt no hesitation in using it, hour after hour. Sometimes she read until the letters danced before her eyes, and her head ached; but the old gentleman never failed to be slightly astonished when she paused, and to say, with dignified annoyance:

"Pray, go on, Griselda."

But to-day he was not in the humor to be read to. He sat rubbing his long white hands, and bemoaning himself pathetically.

"What did the young man say, Griselda?" he asked. "I hope his manner was respectful. I trust he conducted himself deferentially, as—as became him."

"Yes, sir," taking up her book with a sigh, "deferentially enough."

He waved his hand impatiently.

"Put the book down, Griselda, put it down. I—I don't care to listen to-day, I am too much disturbed."

"Yes, grandpapa," meekly, and it was laid aside.

He straightened his delicate old figure and frowned slightly, evidently bracing himself up to the occasion.

"I wish to warn you, Griselda," he proceeded. "I wish to caution you—to desire you to remember your position with regard to these people when they come among us. You are of so yielding a disposition, that I fear that it is possible you might forget that—in short, that nothing can make such persons our equals. No Duchesne has ever stooped to associate with his social inferiors, and this trading, bartering class cannot stand upon a footing with well-born men and women. Hold them at arms length, Griselda, I beg of you, and do not forget that you are a Duchesne. Be courteous to them, but nothing more."

It was not the best of schools for a sensitive, highly strung and rather romantic girl. No day passed without the poor child's being reminded

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of the lost grandeur and importance of her position, until at last there was no need to remind her, since she had become morbidly alive to many things she had far better have forgotten, and so had grown reserved, even to bearing an outward appearance of coldness unnatural to her youth.

Donald Ferris was a man of deep and lasting impressions, and he thought of Griselda often, after that interview. He was an active, ambitious, clear-brained individual, perhaps a trifle too ambitious, and always full of interest in any labor he undertook. At present he was energetically full of the mining company's plans, and their prospects for the future; but often, at his busiest moments, he found himself indulging in almost unconscious thought of Griselda Duchesne.

She represented to him an interesting phase of Southern life, of which hitherto he knew nothing. She was the youth and pride and beauty of a by-gone day; for half a score of years she had been standing still, a sleeping princess, to whom the fast-living, outside world was all unknown. He formed, too, a correct enough idea of what order of existence she had known. His imagination was vivid enough to help him. She had borne her poverty with silent patience; she had read Harold Duchesne's old books, listened to his old stories, and respected his antiquated homilies; she had learned to believe in him profoundly, and to serve him with increased gentleness every day. The very dress he had seen her wear had told him something of her story. He was himself, not only a Harvard graduate, but had naturally a fine and delicate imagination; and he understood Griselda from the first.

"She is a little lady," he said. "And some day, if chance is good to me, I hope we shall know each other better."

He only saw her for a few moments, however, the next time he went to the house. Harold Duchesne received him, and she only appeared when she was summoned to affix her signature, in pretty, quaint, angular characters, to a certain document. She scarcely looked at him, and having done what was required of her, made her grave little bow again, and was gone. But he was not discouraged, and before taking his departure, laid himself, with an infinite artfulness, at General Duchesne's feet, having first prepared the way by his reserved and graceful deference.

"I am sorry to hear that Miss Duchesne's habit was to lead a comparatively secluded life," he remarked, as he made his adieu. "My mother and sisters, who will join me as soon as my house is built, would have derived much pleasure from an acquaintance with her."

The General bowed in lofty acknowledgment of the implied compliment. He could not be otherwise than condescending to a person, who deferred, with so much of good taste, to his pre-eminence. But he answered, vaguely.

"Since our misfortunes," waving a fine, thin hand, "it has been impossible for us to perform our old social duties. I have found it necessary to live in retirement, and Griselda has chosen to share it with me."

"Miss Duchesne's feeling is one easily understood," answered Ferris, and allowed the subject to drop at once.

"This young man," the General said to Griselda, at supper that night, "this Mr. Donald Ferris, who, it appears, is to manage the operations here, informs me that it is his intention to build himself a house, and bring his family to reside with him."

Griselda's pallor lost itself in sudden color.

"Will he build it upon *our* land?" she asked.

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders, querulously.

"It is our land no longer," was his peevish comment. "The time will come when the Duchesne estate will have become a myth."

Naturally, Griselda was not inclined to view this new house with favor, when it began to rise from its foundation with promising form. It proved to be a pretty and graceful enough building, but it was built upon "our land," even within sight of the old house, and consequently it was something of an eyesore. The girl often glanced at it, from her window, with an emotion almost akin to resentment.

CHAPTER III.

After the importation of the mine workers, her life became more secluded than ever. She seldom left the grounds around the house. The large, thickly shaded yard, which was less a garden than a kind of small grass-park, gave her plenty of room, for her languid strolls in the cool of the day; and this was all she cared for. The outside world had little charm for her. There were the books in the antiquated library, and when she was not engaged in her attendance upon her grandfather, she could always spend her leisure among them, reading nothing more modern than Fielding or Richardson, and ignorant that there was anything more interesting.

But one day, she met with a little adventure. Going down to her favorite haunt under the trees, which shaded and cooled the spring, which was one of the household's most valuable possessions, she found a book lying upon the grass.

Having picked it up, nothing was more natural than to turn to the fly leaf, and upon it she found written, "Donald Ferris."

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She read the name very calmly, and without the least tinge of interest. She was no more interested in Donald Ferris than in the dozens of other people, who were fond of strolling to "Duchesne Spring" for a refreshing drink, on the hot summer evenings. The water was the coolest and clearest in the neighborhood, and despite the fact that it lay within the boundary fence, was frequently visited by the scattered population. It was not at all out of the ordinary run of common events that a stranger should have been there.

But if she was not interested in Donald Ferris, Griselda was interested in his book, sufficiently to sit down and look over it; and it was not long before the looking over became something else. She began to read it.

It was a modern volume, a love story, and not at all a ponderous affair either; quite a simple description of a couple of emotional people, who loved and lost and found each other again, after some strong pangs and heart aches; but it was well told, and fresh, and life-like; the characters were moved by natural emotions, and stirred to natural follies, and consequently after Clarissa—Miss Clarissa Harlowe, and her rather slow retirement from this vale of tears, her slight tendency to be mildly reproachful towards her decidedly unpleasant relatives, etc.—it was a revelation.

Griselda quite forgot herself in her perusal of it. Her color came and went, and soft tears rose in her eyes. She was all the more readily moved, you see, because this was her first experience of the kind. If she had read modern novels all her life, she would possibly only have said of this one that it was "very nice." As it was, however, she read on until she was roused by the sound of footsteps upon the path close to her—the footsteps of a man, who walked quickly and well, and with admirable firmness and spring. Looking up, she saw Mr. Donald Ferris.

A more modern and experienced young lady might have felt a shade of embarrassment, just a touch. Not so Griselda Duchesne. She closed her book and stood upright, returning his deferential uncovering with her prim, sweet little bow.

"I found your book, and have been reading it," she said. "I saw your name and supposed you had dropped or left it."

She held it out to him. But he did not make any move to take it. He simply waved his hand lightly.

"I hope you will finish it," he said. "I am glad you found it. Do you think it good?"

"I am not a judge of such things, only I never read anything like it before, and it has interested me very much. I have only read such things as 'Pamela,' and 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison.' This is quite new to me, and I like it best, I think."

"Finish it then, pray," he returned. "The fact is that it is better than most books of its class. It is neither sentimental nor sensational, which is really saying much in these degenerate days. Keep it, I beg."

"Thank you," she began, "but—"

Courteous as he was, his own air stiffened, at sight of her hesitancy.

"I have read it to the last word myself," he said. "It is of no value at all. I did not return for it, but to try the water again, if you will allow me." And he produced a small silver cup from his pocket, and bent over the spring, thus somewhat summarily ending the discussion.

Griselda stood and looked at him gravely.

"I hope you will come as often as you choose," she said. "We consider the spring almost public property."

Then she became conscious of the fact that he had a smile, which was sweet and yet manly; for he smiled, as he said:

"Thank you."

He did not encroach upon her graciousness by lingering. He only remained long enough to say one thing.

"My mother and sisters, who arrived last week, find themselves rather desolate. The life here is quite new to them, and it is natural that they should feel the change. If you had leisure to kindly give them an hour or so, occasionally, they would feel it as a generous kindness."

He saw that she shrank within herself in an instant.

"I do not visit at all," she said. "It is impossible for me, at present, though it is very kind in you to put it in that way. You are very good," the touch of stateliness getting the better of her again.

Each went their separate ways then; and that same night, Harold Duchesne, finding a strange volume on a table, called upon Griselda for an explanation as usual.

"It does not belong to us, surely?" he said. "We have nothing so new."

Griselda, who stood at the window, gazing out at the moonlit sky, did not even turn her head, as she answered him.

"It belonged to Mr. Donald Ferris, grandpapa, and he gave it to me."

The old gentleman almost dropped it, in his momentary feeling of wondering horror.

"Ferris?" he exclaimed. "Mr. Ferris! Griselda—impossible!"

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And even Griselda's simply given explanation did not seem to render the matter clear to him.

"It was a little presuming in him to venture such a thing," he said, testily. "We know nothing of him."

The pale little face showed, all at once, a curiously decided expression.

"No," said Griselda, "he was not presuming; not in the least," but added no more.

It was ordained, however, so it seemed, that she should go further, and the next little episode which occurred, threw her into the very camp of the enemy.

One Sunday morning, a few weeks afterwards, as the Ferris family were on their way to the country church, they passed, as their light carriage rolled over the rough road, a girl and an elderly negro woman, at the sight of whom Donald uttered an impatient ejaculation, which attracted his mother's attention.

"Is it some one you know?" she asked.

"It is Miss Duchesne and her servant," he answered. "And she is attempting what is beyond her strength. A mile and a-half under a sun like this would be too much for any delicate woman, and she has only lately recovered from an illness."

Mrs. Ferris leaned backward, and lowering her parasol, looked out from behind it with a kindly, keen, maternal eye. The colorless, purely outlined, grave young face she saw, was of a very different style from the fresh bloom of her own two fair, healthful girls, but it appealed at once to some gentle, generous sense within her; it touched her just as it had touched her son.

"She ought to be at home," she said, even a little anxiously. "It *is* too much for her. She has no mother, I am sure. Duchesne, did you say?"

Mildred Ferris, who had been looking out from under her parasol also, suddenly became aroused to quite an excited interest.

"Donald," she exclaimed, "is it possible it is that queer, proud Griselda Duchesne we have heard so much of? I must look at her again. She is the strangest little creature, mother, living all alone in a big empty house, with an old black nurse, and a last century general—who isn't a general at all—for a grandfather. They were terribly important and rich before the war; and they would no more condescend to mingle with us, than they would condescend to pick pockets."

Mrs. Ferris glanced at her son, whose eyes were fixed, with a kind of restive sympathy, upon the slight white figure they had left behind.

"Is it Griselda Duchesne, Donald?" she ventured.

"Yes," he answered. "It is Griselda Duchesne."

They had been at the church for some time when she came in, looking like a little ghost for pallor and immateriality. She herself had now discovered that she had attempted too much. The weakness she thought she had overcome had returned to her, the heat and fatigue combined had thoroughly worn her out. She began to wish she had retained mammy Miranda, who had gone on to her "own meetin'."

Donald Ferris knitted his brows again, when he saw her, and his mother moved restlessly.

"She will be ill again," she was saying inwardly. "It is plain that she has broken down."

It was plain, indeed, and became plainer as the services began. Two people, at least, saw that her hands shook, and that she found it impossible to stand until the first hymn was finished. At its close, Donald Ferris bent forward, and spoke to his mother in a rapid undertone.

"She is going to faint. What shall we do?"

He knew she would understand his feelings, she always understood him, there was never any need for elaborate explanations between them. Her eyes met his, and then she rose and went forward, with a quick, soft, sweeping movement, and had just reached the seat Griselda Dushesne occupied, when the poor child rose up, white and faltering, a singular sense of terror upon her.

"My child," whispered the elder woman, softly. "My child," as if she had been her daughter indeed.

And then she caught the swaying figure as it sank forward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT REST.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

If life is done for her, why weep?
Smile, rather, at the breathless mouth,
And eyes that know such happy sleep,
And days that have no rain or drouth.

Touch the still hands with soft caress,
And smile to think them aye at rest,
With moveless feet and pulseless heart—
Ah, God! I would *I* were so blest.

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TWINS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I WAS walking along the Via Rondinelli, one afternoon, to the best of my belief in a good Christian frame of mind, inasmuch as I was thinking no harm of my neighbor or his wife either. I reached a *bric-a-brac* shop, and stopped to look in through the window, at some tempting specimens of old Vienna China. Suddenly, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and an agitated voice said, in my ear, in English:

"We have news from Maria—TWINS!"

Nothing but capitals of the hugest dimensions could afford any adequate representation of the emphasis laid upon that closing word.

I turned, and saw a big, burly, important-looking son of Albion beside me. He was busy mopping his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and very red and heated he seemed.

"I am hurrying over to Marianne's to tell her," he continued. "Such a comfort—*Twins!*"

That last sentence left me speechless! To hear any male creature pronounce twins a comfort, was a surprise which I had never expected life to bring. The man was mad. In a flash I jumped to that conclusion; madder than a march hare—much; as for the traditional lunacy of the latter, that became the mildest species of mental aberration in comparison.

"Such a comfort to hear!" continued the big Englishman, still mopping his countenance with great energy.

A comfort to hear twins! Positively, I grew quite dizzy; I longed to get away; I felt as if I should become a Bedlamite, too, if I waited to hear more. But the big Englishman held me tight by the button-hole.

"From Maria!" added the Englishman, in another gasp, and now I perceived that he might be less insane than I had supposed.

It was not that he looked for comfort from Maria's brace of fledglings—the comfort was in having tidings that Maria herself was safe! Though I still thought him mad, for how could any man be glad to hear that a Maria, capable of such indiscretion, was "doing well"—unless indeed she might be the daughter of his chief enemy?

But my unknown friend was speaking again, so I could get no further in my wonderings.

"Boy and girl—and ten pounds each—no, the girl nine pound three-quarters," amended the stranger, piously anxious to be exact in his statement, even in the height of his blissful agitation, though, under the circumstances, I feel certain that his guardian angel would not have been cruel enough to burthen the side of the scales, in which the excited gentleman's sins belonged, with that extra (or to emulate his precision), that imaginary quarter of a pound. "And Philip is as pleased as Punch," pursued the big Englishman, still busy with his pocket-handkerchief, but holding me securely with his disengaged hand. "Ha, ha, ha. I suppose he stands a full foot higher in his stockings—sort of thing to make a man, you know."

I was fervently thankful that I did *not* know. But I did my best to echo the gentleman's merriment, though I fear that my "ha, ha" halted almost as much as Macbeth's "amen," for my head throbbed quite painfully, with the powerful, though hasty effort I made, to imagine what the Philip could resemble, who was capable of being so proud of the "twins," that boot-heels became as much a superfluity as if he had suddenly developed into a giant.

"Ha, ha, ha!" repeated the stranger, in a more stentorian voice, and released his grasp of my coat, to give me a poke in the side. Now I felt that we had gone far enough. When Maria's twins—or to relieve her of as much blame as possible—the twins belonging to Maria and Philip—were the cause of an unknown Englishman making his playful fingers familiar with my ribs, I considered it time to assert myself a little, else who could tell where the matter would stop? Another instant, and I might hear myself hailed perspective godfather, and be dragged straight into Janetti's, to purchase silver mugs, or corals, or shell toothpicks, or whatever species of decorations may be deemed most suitable to twins. But before I could speak, the burly Englishman gave a third "ha, ha," and as he sneezed at the same instant, the noise was really terrific.

"Come over to Marianne's," cried he. "She'll be delighted to see you; and it'll be as good as a play to watch her when she hears. It does seem a little hard on her, too, don't it? Maria only married yesterday, as it were—and *twins*—and poor Marianne not so much as a ghost of a baby's nightcap to display, after six years of wedlock! But Maria was always too much for her cousin; was from the time they played with their dolls in

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the nursery—" "Why, what's the matter?" This abrupt question being caused by a very decided movement on my part, which freed me from the Englishman's hold, and enabled us to look full in each other's face.

"You must excuse me," said I, calling up the most elaborate courtesy of tone and manner that I was capable of, "but I do not think that I ought to listen further to these biographical details, though they are highly interesting of course, without reminding you that I am personally a stranger to Ma—to the two twins of whom you speak."

"Why! what! hey!" Words would fail to give any idea of the tone of surprise, doubt, dismay, in which these ejaculations were uttered. The big Englishman stared, till his eyes seemed starting out of his head; then he suddenly jumped back a step, as if he had been bitten; then his face grew quite scarlet with new-born rage.

"Why, I don't know you, sir!" he cried, and tone and look seemed to imply that somehow it was *I* who had been guilty of an unheard of liberty and impertinence. "What is the meaning of this, sir?"

"That is what you will, perhaps, be good enough to tell me," I replied, as sweetly as I knew how. "I should have asked an explanation, some seconds since, if you had given me an opportunity."

Overwhelming astonishment mastered anger, in the burly Englishman's countenance.

"Why, you are not Colonel Waterford!" he exclaimed, in a voice of wonder, which I never heard equalled.

"That is an indisputable fact," said I.

"Why, I never saw such a resemblance in my life!" cried the big Englishman, looking as dazed as I am sure I had done, when he flung Maria and the twins into my astonished arms, metaphorically speaking. "The colonel's height, air, moustache—why, the very blue coat he had on—"

"No, he had not," I interrupted, losing my politeness a little; "I never lent Colonel Waterford a coat in my life, so he could *not* have had this one on."

"Most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me!" cried the Englishman, still astray in his wits, from surprise."

"Or to me," said I, with a bow.

"I—I don't know—I *really* do not know what Waterford will say to this!" he exclaimed, and now he seemed to be trying to get angry again.

"Do you mean—to the twins?" I asked.

The burly Englishman must have had capacities for enjoying a joke, for he suddenly burst out laughing. I followed suit, and there we stood, for some seconds, laughing, so that neither of us could utter a word. Old Beppa, the flower-woman, who chanced to pass, stopped and laughed, too, from pure sympathy, as did a small boy with a tray of matches, while two smart young cavalry officers, very much drawn in at the waist, and looking like a pair of exaggerated wasps in their black and yellow uniform, stared contemptuously at us from a neighboring archway.

When the Englishman could speak, he said: "I owe you an apology—really, I believe I do," and it was evident that he felt it very condescending on his part to say so.

"Don't mention it," said I.

"You see, I was very much excited, just got the news," and now he forgot his British dignity, and grew confidential again; "we've been very anxious, and—"

"Quite natural, I am sure."

"'Pon my soul, I can hardly even now believe it isn't Waterford," he burst out. "Never saw such a resemblance, *never!* Why—why, I don't know what he would say, I *really* do not know."

"Florence is a small city," said I, "and it is only mountains that do not meet. When I encounter your friend, Water—butt—"

"Waterford, Waterford," he cut in.

"Fall, or ford, as you please; then he can mention the matter, if he objects," I continued.

"Aw, yes!" and the big Englishman stammered a little; then he showed a gleam of good sense by adding, "I beg your pardon—monstrous stupid on my part! Pray excuse—quite excited, you perceive—news just come—" (here he seemed to lose his head again) "from Maria—just time, you know—he, ha!"

The big Englishman was continuing his apologies, interspersed with ejaculations of wonder as to the resemblance which had deceived him, when a recollection of Marianne suddenly came up, and he added:

"*Good* morning! I'm a little late; I should be sorry to miss her!" and off he strided, at a pace which caused a pair of Florentine post-men, who were creeping past, such astonishment, that they stood stock-still, and stared as if they had been startled by a vision of some sublunary letter-carrier, descended for the purpose of showing them how their duties ought to be performed.

I passed on to the Piazza Trinita, and entered the old Feroni palace, whose ground-floor, in these leveling days, is given up to Viesseux's circulating library and news-room, and is a convenient place for the married men to have letters addressed, which they do not care to read aloud in the recesses of the family bosom. At least, that is the prevailing belief among such daughters

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of Eve, as have inherited those unjust suspicions in regard to husbands, which are so prevalent in the female mind, and appear to be as old as the Flood, may, indeed, very probably, date back to the far-off days, when Eve herself first became the possessor of a son-in-law.

I had only returned to my beloved Florence two days before, after an absence of several years; but I had already written my name down in Viesseux's books, though I would take my oath, before a jury of all the mothers-in-law in the town, that my object, in so doing, was only to have the freedom of the reading-rooms. They have a bad habit, in Viesseux's, of sticking letters in a rack, in the entrance hall; and if a man will indulge in a correspondence, whereof he does not wish his better half (or her mamma) to be the sharer, it is very much better to—

But this is a digression, and if I went further, it would be an indiscretion, perhaps, in the opinion of both the aforenamed parties.

As I crossed the passage, towards the reading-rooms, I stopped, as one always does, to glance at the day's telegrams. While I stood there, one of the clerks came up, and said:

"*Scuse, signor!*"

No Italian domestic ever spoke, I think, without prefacing what he had to say, either by demanding pardon, or asking you to have patience.

"Scuse, signor," he said, and put a letter in my hand, stopped only long enough to add, "I promised to give it to the signor," and was off. He went in such haste, that I could not offer him money, a fact so unparalleled in my experience, that I thought of it as I walked on.

I will admit, frankly, that I was expecting a letter. But I had not expected it before evening. Having revealed this fact, it is a pity to ruin romance, by acknowledging that there was neither mystery nor impropriety connected with the anticipated epistle. I wish with all my heart there had been, for I doat on both; but there was not.

I tore open the letter, without so much as glancing at the envelope, read the page hurriedly; read it a second time, and looking up as I finished, caught sight of my face in a mirror opposite. Such a combination of imbecility and insanity, I never saw reflected in any human countenance! It then occurred to me to do what nine people out of ten are wise enough to do, before opening a letter—I looked at the address.

A cold chill ran through me, from head to foot. It seemed to me, positively, as if the bones of my spinal marrow opened and shut! I suppose, that, if I were to live a thousand years, I should never again undergo a sensation of such horror.

I know I could not feel, as I did then, if I had committed the most atrocious of crimes; at least I should have the satisfaction of knowing that I had done it deliberately; but here I was innocent, save of the sin of stupidity.

Reader, I had opened a letter which belonged to another man, that other man's name was written legibly and in full on the envelope, and the name was Colonel Mark Waterford. Of all created people, that it should have been *his* letter I had opened, seemed to me the crowning drop, in the cup of ignominy, which my conscience was forcing me to drain to the dregs.

My first tangible thought was to get away. There were several men seated in the room; I felt as if they were all glaring at me, all cognizant of my shame. I dashed through the passage, and out into the street, going I neither knew, nor cared whither. "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world," seemed the only words applicable to my case, like the over-sensitive young lady in Hood's poem.

When I got my senses back, I was away up in the heart of the Cascine, the beautiful wood which stretches along the river-bank, below the town. It would be dusk by the time I reached home, and home I must return. As the novelists would say, in spite of my despair, the weary round of common life must go on, and I must bear my part. How I wished myself a caterpillar, under a green goosebury bush; a Hottentot in his jungle; any thing, any body, except the miserable wretch I was. What a cold-blooded, ironical, sardonical beast was Nature, that, after composing such an utter idiot as myself, she must go and make another wretch so like me, that we might have been changed in our cradles, and our own mothers none the wiser, perhaps had been, who could tell? Heavens, suppose I had been somebody else, all my life, and never known it! My poor head reeled again, under the withering dread of that possibility.

I stopped short, sat down on a bench, and pulled that unlucky letter out of my pocket. Before I realized what I was doing, I had begun to read it a third time. The very crows jeered at me as they flew away over my head. But I reflected that as I had already perused the epistle twice, innocent of any intention of wrong-doing, I might as well put the finish to my degradation, by reading it now with deliberate malice aforethought.

MASTER MARK:

"I used to call you so, in the old happy days, and it seems natural, after all that has come and gone, to do so still. Dear, dear gentleman, try to believe what I am going to tell

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you. We came here only yesterday; nobody dreamed you were nigh, else they'd never have brought my poor young mistress. They thought you were in India. I was out on an errand, this morning, and I saw you. Oh! sir, I called after you, but you did not look back. I think you did not hear, I will think that. Then I saw you go into the big library, and I determined to write to you, and leave the letter there. The man did not know your address, but he says you are in and out often, and will get it.

Oh! this is what I want to say, only it seems as if I had grown too stupid to tell any thing clear. Sir, my young lady never sent back your letters; they made her believe you sent hers back first. I only found out the truth a short time ago. I overheard them talking—but that is no matter. Oh! sir, if I could see you, I could make you believe, I know I could. I have not told my dearest girl that you are here; she is so poorly and nervous, I did not dare. If you come past the house, 7 Via Palestro, I will watch for you. Oh, do come! Be very careful they do not see you, for they would take her away at once. Oh! sir, I never told you a lie, do believe me now. I cannot write any more. If I do not take this out, I shall have no chance to-day. My hand trembles so I can scarcely make the words.

Your respectful and loving

NURSE MARGARET."

As I folded up the letter, a new view of the case struck me. What a brute I had been, not to try to make amends for what I had done, by finding the man to whom the epistle belonged. I had wasted oceans of time already; and perhaps the happiness of two lives hung in the balance.

I felt more lost and depraved than ever. I recollected that if I had conducted myself like a sane creature, nurse Margaret's young mistress and the colonel might, an hour and a quarter before, have returned to the heights of bliss, from whose eminence, always slippery and uncertain, some evil-minded relation had evidently forced them. Not that I pitied the colonel much. Somehow, in spite of my humiliation, I blamed him. What business had he to look so much like me, that his scatter-brained friend should buttonhole me in the street, and the porter at Viesseux's thrust his correspondence upon me? Yes, I hated the Colonel, and to feel that I did, was the one thought, in my troubled mind, which held a gleam of satisfaction.

How to find the fellow; that was the question. Suddenly, I remembered, that every hotel or lodging-house keeper was bound, by law, to give in, at the police bureau, the name of any new comer under his roof, within six and thirty hours after such arrival took place.

A carriage; that was what I wanted now. Away I dashed towards the gates. There were always hacks stationed in the square outside. But this time there was not one in sight. No wheeled vehicle was near, except a cart, with a donkey attached. I flew down the Corso Victor Emanuel, for I saw a carriage at the corner. I dashed up to it, opened the door, shouted an address to the coachman, and was springing in, when a loud shriek, in a feminine voice, made me pause. A little, old woman was already seated in the carriage, and began to yell fire, murder, and two or three other things. The driver jumped down, and assaulted me; and a gend'arme came up, and collared me; and I had a deuce of a time to settle matters, not to mention the fact that I had my coat-tail torn by the frightened old lady's pug-dog.

I got away, at last, and ran on; saw a one-horse vehicle coming; shouted, and waved my hands, till the driver stopped; then I perceived that it was a private brougham, and already held its occupants, a fat man and a lady, who were, I suppose, its rightful owners.

"I beg pardon—a mistake," I stammered, in Italian, and ran like a lamp-lighter, but not so fast but what I caught the *accidente*, which the coachman sent after me, together with a few rapid, terse words from his master, which were not words that a Christian ought to permit himself to employ, under any circumstances, much less to write down.

I need not stop to tell you, at length, how I bowled into a stately military man's stomach: how I sent a butcher-boy's basket flying into the gutter; how I dispersed a bevy of school-girls, and two old dragons, who were seeking an airing; how I took to the middle of the street, and found myself under the wheels of an express wagon; how I escaped unhurt by a miracle, only to attack a squad of soldiers by storm, as if they had been an earth-work and I a bomb; how I finally ran over a cabriolet, which was vacant, and luckily the coachman had often owned me as a passenger; and at last, when I recovered my sanity, how I found that I was in the carriage, and driving like the wind, and how it was not till I saw we were entering the street where I lived, that I remembered I had given no orders whatever, and that it was the police bureau I wanted, and not the repose of my own dwelling.

Then I howled at Guiseppe, but the old man was very deaf, and did not hear, though all passers-by did; and the brutes stopped and stared, and seemed amused; and then I found I

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was dancing up and down, like an intoxicated Sioux Indian. At last, I made the coachman hear, but his horse, always an obstinate brute, would not be induced to stop in his mad career, and we were in face of my own lodgings before he could be reined in.

One sane thought occurred to me. It was, to send a servant to the police, instead of going; I was not fit to be trusted without a keeper. But as I jumped to the pavement, out of the porte cochére of my house came my double.

I stood face to face with myself, and my wraith looked as crazy as I knew I did. Then I realized that I was not the victim of mysterious disease, or optical illusion; I had found the man I wanted. I seized him instantly.

"You are Colonel Mark Waterford!" said I.

"You are Mr. Max Wellington!" said he.

"I am," said both of us at once.

"I inquired for you. The porter said you were out, probably at Viesseux's. I was going to drive there. Most unfortunate thing has happened," he cried, breathlessly.

"You may well say so," stammered I; "never in my life—"

"I don't know how to excuse myself," he hurried on, regardless of my words. "I—I—hang it, there's no use of hesitating. Sir, I have done a most dreadful thing—I beg you to believe it was unintentional—I have opened a letter that belongs to you—"

"Thank God!" I broke in. "At least there is one human being can understand my feelings!"

I saw from his look that he thought, what a good many other people had thought during the last thirty minutes, that I was a raving lunatic. But I was not. I had been, but I was as sane now as a man need be; able to listen, and to explain my misfortune, when he should have ended his recital.

"This was how it occurred," he said; "I have been, for several days, living in No. 11—next door to you?"

"Yes, go on."

"I was just leaving for the railway station, when the *padrone* brought me a letter. I did not open it till I was in the carriage. Then I discovered that it was yours." He pulled it out, and handed it to me. "I had been several times mistaken for you. I—I don't know how to excuse myself—"

"Don't try," said I, thinking it would soon be my turn.

It was evident he still considered me mad, but he went on politely.

"I drove back, at once. I meant to make a personal explanation, even if I lost my train. Fortunately I need not. I have to reach Brindisi by to-morrow, to take the Bombay steamer—"

I caught hold of him again, before I knew what I was doing.

"You can't go," cried I; "you can't go."

He pulled himself loose from my grasp, angrily.

"Sir," said he, "I have done my best to excuse my—"

"Deuce take excuses!" I broke in. "Wait. I opened a letter of yours! I say you can't go. Why, man, she loves you!"

The utter stupfeaction in his countenance, the change from wrath to pity, warned me, that, as an explanation, my dramatic burst was a complete failure. I pulled his letter from my pocket, and handed it to him. He read it, and turned so pale, I thought he would faint. Luckily the porter had left a chair in the entrance. I pushed him down into it.

Just to give him time to recover himself, I related how I had happened to get the letter. He sat, for some seconds, with his head turned away. Presently he looked towards me, and held out his hand. He was white as a ghost, and his eyes were moist; his voice so choked that he could hardly speak.

"God bless you," said he. "If this had not happened, it would have been too late. I was going to India for three years."

We stood, for an instant, grasping each other's hands in silence. I felt the glow of satisfaction, which a man might feel, who had voluntarily performed a noble, generous action. I felt as if he were an old friend; yes, I even forgave his resemblance to myself; for as I looked eagerly in his face, I perceived that he was so exceedingly good-looking, that the mistakes in identity were all so many compliments to me.

"I must go; I must see her," he exclaimed.

"Of course you must," cried I. "And if I can help, command me in any way. I'll do anything to help you."

"And I dare say you can. Why, you're the best fellow that ever lived."

"So are you," said I, "so there's a pair of us. I've been so wretched, these last two hours, I feel now as if I had gone up into Paradise."

"I am losing time," he exclaimed. "Is it far to the street?"

"No; but see here. Take care! the people may have come back."

"It's her step-father—the old villain. I'll tell you later."

"All right. Wait—I'll go with you. We may turn this unaccountable resemblance to good service. You shall wait, at the corner of the street, while I see if the coast is clear. If I encounter

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the old wolf, I'll say I mistook the house, give him my name, put him off the scent. Do you see?"

Well, to cut the story short, we jumped into his hack, and drove off. Once in the street, I got out, and walked on, through the dusk, towards No. 7. An old woman was waiting in the door. The instant she caught sight of me, she cried:

"Master Mark, Master Mark! I knew you would come."

"Are they out?" I asked.

"Yes, yes! They'll not be in till seven o'clock."

I waved my handkerchief, and up rushed the colonel. I left him to explain to the old woman, and to seek his happiness, while I went off, to do what we had agreed I should, during our drive, which had been long enough to afford us time to think.

I hastened to the telegraph office, and sent a despatch, in the colonel's name, to Brindisi; his state-room could easily be disposed of, as at that time of year there were always more passengers than places. This done, I went to Doney's; ordered dinner to be ready in an hour, in a private room, up stairs, and set about waiting, with what patience I might.

If I have a weakness, it is for a little romance; and I am especially fond of meddling with what is none of my business. I enjoyed, hugely, the present state of affairs; and while I sat sipping a glass of lemonade, I pictured all sorts of dramatic effects, in which I was to take a part. The finale, of course, to be discomfiture of the old fiend of a step-father, and ecstatic bliss for the young couple.

My meditations were so agreeable, that the time did not seem long. I heard the clock strike seven. I was rising to go, from the large room, into the one where I had ordered dinner served, when somebody clapped me on the shoulder. I turned, and saw the big Englishman; but I did not feel irate with him. His mistake of the morning had, in a measure, prepared me for the blunders that had been so fortunate.

"Waterford," cried he, "I've been hunting you all day. Most extraordinary thing! Why, sir, there's a fellow here so like you, that your own mothers couldn't tell you apart; and confound his impudence, he was as cool about it as—why, there he is now."

At this moment, the colonel approached. The big Englishman pulled me on towards him, and said, excitedly:

"Here, sir, here's my friend Waterford, Colonel Mark Waterford. I told you I didn't know what he might say to your—to this—and I do not, sir, I really do *not*."

"He says you are an old addle-head, Chesney," returned the colonel, laughing. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Wallington. Sometime, when you get your senses back, you can make your excuses to him."

The big Englishman did not burst a blood vessel, but he must have come very near it. Finally he took refuge in being angry with me.

"Sir," said he, "this morning you denied knowing the colonel."

"Just so," said I; "now I do know him; that's the difference. We did think of a duel, in order to put one of us out of the way; but as the colonel leaves town, to-night, it was not necessary. So we are going to dine together instead."

Waterford caught at my meaning.

"I am off at nine o'clock," said he, "so I must say good-bye now, Chesney—only time to dine comfortably. See you in Paris in the spring."

And we left the big Englishman, to recover, at his leisure, and shut ourselves up in the little room.

Of course, I heard the whole story. But I shall give it to you in a few words.

Maud Annesley was a great heiress, and her step-father wanted her to marry a nephew of his own. So he told lies, and forged letters, and did a variety of similar things, and nearly brought about his purpose; and as he was the girl's guardian, as well as step-father, his control over her would hold good for a year yet.

Of course, this last hour had made all clear, between the lovers. But unfortunately, old Mr. Granger had returned, in time to see Waterford leave the house. They had a terrible scene, and poor Waterford knew that, before the next day passed, Maud would be dragged away; and a frantic state he was in.

"Nothing of the sort," said I, and on the instant, into my mind, there rushed a plot as dramatic and perfect as if I had been a playwright, or a sensational novelist. "We'll turn this likeness to some account; and what's more, your friend Chesney shall help."

When we passed through the restaurant, the big Englishman was still there. We stopped, and made friends with him; took him in the carriage with us to the station; there we bade the colonel good-bye, and Chesney and I went together to a café; and talked till he said I was as fine a fellow as ever lived, and promised to meet me, the following day, at ten o'clock, and go with me to give his advice about a horse I wanted to buy.

When I had arranged this, I returned to my

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lodgings, where the colonel was waiting, where he was to remain *perdu*, as a Frenchman would say, for the present.

I met Chesney the next morning, and took him straight to the Via Palestro; and when we got in front of No. 7, I was so interested in telling him a story, that I stopped there to finish. As I expected, old Granger was on the watch. He supposed I was Waterford, and being as choleric as he was wicked, out he rushed; ordered me away; called me all sorts of dreadful names; and tried to strike me. This latter was what I wanted. Two gend'armes saw him, and came up, and this was what I wanted, too.

Chesney rushed in, between me and my assailant.

"This is not Colonel Waterford," said he. "Colonel Waterford left town, last night. I saw him off—this—"

"Never mind," I cut in; "explanations can be made at the police-court."

I turned, and said this to the officers, and demanded that they should arrest my antagonist. Old Granger couldn't speak Italian. In a very few seconds we had him in a carriage; and away we drove, and in less than an hour, Mr. Granger was shut up, on a charge of assault and battery.

The English consul was fortunately absent, to add to our good luck. So we managed to keep our victim shut up twelve hours, before he could procure the assistance of any friend, to explain and arrange affairs.

And when I consented to be appeased, and the matter was arranged, and we were taking leave of each other, I said:

"It was a most unlucky thing, Mr. Granger, that you should have chosen that time to try and murder an unoffending stranger! I have just heard that your ward was married to Colonel Waterford, at three o'clock, in the afternoon."

And she had been, and at this present, the couple are as happy a pair as I know.

It was only yesterday, that I met Chesney again, in the Via Rondinelli. He button-holed me so eagerly, and looked so wild, that a thought of our first meeting crossed my mind. His opening words were these:

"*Such* news from Maria!"

"Good gracious!" cried I, aghast. "Not possible! why it was only the other day—must be a second edition of that telegram!"

"Tut, tut," said Chesney. "Eighteen months ago. Time flies! I've just left Marianne—quite ill with jealousy—as green as a salad, sir, and no wonder—for, you'd hardly believe it. *Twins* again, by Jupiter!"

I was speechless.

IN ARCADIA.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

"Back in Arcadia to be,"
I heard a poet sigh,
"When Earth was fresh, and life was free,
And Spring was in the sky.
When shepherds piped the live-long day,
And shepherdesses sang,
And field and wood, with blossoms gay,
To merry laughter rang.

"When hand in hand, by bosky shade,
Or fragrant wood and stream,
Or trickling fount, went youth and maid,
In love's celestial dream.
At early morn to drink the dew,
Or pluck the grapes at noon,
Or gaily dance the soft night through,
Beneath the hunter moon."

Those fabled days, they never were,
Save in the poet's song.
Better to breathe our hardier air,
To "suffer and be strong."
To enter manful in the fight,
To war where wrong is rife.
To die, if need be, for the right—
That is the nobler life.

"OH! LITTLE FEET."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Oh! little feet that wandered restlessly,
About the hearth so short a time ago,
Oh! little hands that clasped upon my knee,
A dimpled chin as pure and white as snow.
I see the trace, but miss for aye the tread,
Of little feet that lightly tript to me;
I reach my hand and grasp the air, instead
Of little hands that rested on my knee.

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A "LITTLE NUISANCE."

BY MISS M. M. ELDREDGE.

KATEY LESTER was only six years old. She was a handsome, healthy child, full of spirits and vitality, which may explain her persistent affinity for torn frocks, mud puddles, and dirty hands and face. Her mamma, who went in for "æsthetics," was shocked, every day, and every hour of the day, at what she called the child's "Tom-boy tastes." Perhaps, if Mrs. Lester had devoted a little more time to her offspring, had been a little more sympathetic with Katey, the latter would have been different. But while the "fine lady" mother was raving about ceramics, or taking lessons in art decoration, the poor child was left to amuse herself as she best might.

Katey, indeed, had but one friend, her young uncle Tom, a collegian, at home for the summer; for Mr. Lester was too much absorbed in business to be able to give any time to his little daughter. As for her mother, Mrs. Lester's exclamation, repeated a dozen times each day, was, "do go away, and let me have some peace; you are a regular little nuisance."

And yet Katey was always respectful and obedient, and could have been such an enthusiastic little friend, if she had been allowed, and would have so worshipped her mother.

"Good-night, mamma, dear," she said, one evening, looking in at the door of the library, where Mrs. Lester, with a learned friend, was discussing, with the deepest interest, a repulsively ugly, but probably correspondingly valuable, piece of china.

"Good-night, child. Don't bother me, now," said Mrs. Lester, half impatient at the interruption. "What a nuisance you are." Katey was running contentedly off, when uncle Tom stopped her.

"Good-night, Tomtit," he said, "shall I go up and pay you a call, by-and-bye?"

"O, yes, do come. That will be splendid. Don't forget!" And Nancy, the nurse, just then appearing, Katey vanished.

Shortly after, uncle Tom entered the nursery, and found his niece anxiously awaiting him alone; for Nancy had lost no time in betaking herself to the society of a "follower," in the kitchen. Katey sprang from her bed, to greet her uncle; and for the next half-hour, the room echoed with their fun and play. Blind man's buff was followed by leap frog, and that by hide and seek, and by puss in the corner, until finally Katey, weary with pleasure, nestled contentedly in her uncle's lap, and demanded peremptorily, a story.

"A story!" said uncle Tom, rather ruefully; for his accomplishments did not lie in that line. "What shall it be about? Jack and the bean stalk?"

"No, you told me that, yesterday."

"Puss in Boots?"

"No, that's a stupid story. I'd rather hear about a bear."

Uncle Tom, accordingly, launched into a most thrilling narrative, eminently satisfactory to his niece, but in no way interesting to you and me, dear reader. The harrowing finale reached, a short pause ensued; but Katey's versatile mind soon entered a new channel.

"Uncle Tom, what is a nuisance?"

"Well, Katey, that's rather a comprehensive question. What's the matter now?"

"I guess I must really be one," answered the child. "Mamma, and cook, and Nancy all say so; and this afternoon I went over to Miss Allison's, and she called me one, too."

"Why, what had you been doing?"

"Nothing. I only went into the parlor, where Miss Allison was talking to Mr. Wood, and asked her to show me how she took out her teeth; for I never could get mine out, and she said, 'go home, you little nuisance.' I said, 'please,' too."

Uncle Tom laughed outright. "I'm afraid," he said, "you forever ruined her chances with that fastidious young parson, Mr. Wood."

"Are little girls nuisances in Heaven?" asked Katey, anxiously, after a pause.

Uncle Tom was sobered instantly. He wished, half bitterly, that his lady sister, down stairs, could have heard the question.

"No, dear," he answered.

"Well, then," said Katey, slowly, "I guess I'll go there. Nobody but you seems to want me here, unless sometimes," she added, thoughtfully, "on Sundays, when papa isn't too tired to play with me; and you'll soon be going back to college."

Poor Tom's heart ached for the child. He knew not what to say. After awhile, Katey began again.

"I went to church, yesterday," she said, gravely.

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"Did you, indeed? I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"Oh! no," with a long sigh. "I had to wear gloves, and have my hair curled, and sit so still. I had a mind to make faces at the preacher."

"That wasn't right, Katey," replied Tom, essaying to play the mentor. "God could see you there. You go to church, remember, to learn to be good."

"Well, me tries to be good, but me gets so tired at church."

Katey pondered for a moment, silently, after this, then looked up, suddenly.

"If God sees me at church," said she, with great seriousness, "does he see nurse when she gets angry, and strikes me?"

Tom was shocked at this revelation of the nurse's temper, and determined to speak of it to his sister. But meantime he tried to turn the conversation.

"Come to the window," he said, "Katey, and see how bright the stars are."

"How many stars are there, uncle Tom?" was Katey's next question.

"You have me there, dear. But if you'll count them all, and tell me, I'll give you the biggest kite to be bought."

"Will you, really?" said the child, almost breathless at this magnificent offer. "The one at Street and Brown's?"

"Yes," answered the young man, thoughtlessly.

"With the ship and the elephant on?"

"Yes."

"Shall I count them now, uncle Tom?" said she, drawing a long breath.

"Oh, no, dear! Some night, when you are out. You can't see them all here. The house is in the way, you know. Now you had better go to bed, Katey, for I must go down stairs." So after carefully tucking the little girl in, and kissing her good-night, for Tom had a very warm spot in his heart for this little "nuisance," he took his leave.

Katey, left to her own devices, tossed restlessly about in her crib, her mind in a chaos of excitement, at the prospect of the bliss in store for her, in the possession of the long-coveted kite. The task to be performed gave her no uneasiness whatever, "for," thought she, "its only counting, and I can count beautiful, clear up to fifty; and there can't be more stars than that."

Finally, she jumped out of bed, and started to the window.

"Oh!" whispered she, softly to herself, gazing eagerly at the starry vault above her. "If I could only count them, to-night! May Ford is coming, to-morrow, and wouldn't she be s'prised at the kite." Then a bright thought striking her, she said, "I wonder if mamma wouldn't let me go out, in the garden, a minute, and do it, if I put Nancy's shawl on. I'll go and see."

Fairly trembling with excitement, Katey seized the heavy shawl, opened the nursery door, and hastened down stairs, her eyes shining, her yellow hair flying, and the old red shawl trailing picturesquely behind. A pretty enough picture it was, if any one had been there to see; but Nancy was still in the kitchen, her father was detained at his office, and uncle Tom was in his own room, smoking a cigar.

Quickly Katey appeared at the library door, for this "little nuisance" was not disobedient, and began, eagerly, "Mamma, may I—"

But she was allowed to proceed no further. Mrs. Lester scarcely looked up from her absorbing occupation. The picture at the door had no charms for her; she was devoted to higher art. So she only exclaimed, impatiently, "Run away, Katey; what a little nuisance you are! Do what you like."

Katey, with these words, which she took for a permission, trotted off well satisfied.

Down the hall she ran, stumbling a little in the large shawl; stopping a moment to open the hall door; then along the piazza, and so out into the night. The mother's ears were drinking in, too eagerly, the words "Palissy," "Majolica," "Faience," to hear the commonplace sounds of little feet pattering along past the library window. Down the gravelled walk, the bare, white little feet twinkled, in the starlight, until a desirable spot was reached for taking the first astronomical observation; and then Katey sat down to begin her task, carrying on a sort of monologue to herself, to keep up her courage, with no one but the flowers, and the trees, and the stars to listen.

"Now, Katey Lester, you'd better begin with the moon, so's not to lose your place. Don't you be afraid, you silly little thing; I'm s'prised at you. 'Tisn't very dark, and you're going to get a kite, with a elephant on it, and a ship. One, two, three, four, five. There's a unagreeable little star getting in the way. I must begin again. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—that star's come again. One, two, three—why, you naughty star, I'm 'shamed of you. Guess you must be a 'nuisance,' cause you can't keep still."

So on, for some time, until, at last, the weary head sank upon the grass, with a murmur, "I guess you'd better rest a minute, Katey Lester, and then begin again. Perhaps that little star 'll get tired."

Two hours after, Mr. George Lester, wearied with over-work, for to keep his lady-wife taxed

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his every energy, entered the gate of his suburban home. A change had taken place, meantime, in the weather. The stars were overcast, the wind was playing sad havoc with the flowers, in the tastefully-arranged garden, and the rain was pouring pitilessly down. Mr. Lester was hastening up the gravel walk, when suddenly, in the darkness, his foot struck against some obstacle in the path, something which gave forth a low, frightened cry. He stooped with a startled exclamation of horror, as his hand came in contact with a little, cold, wet foot. "Katey, can it be my little Katey!"

"Papa!" said a relieved, childish voice, and in an instant the father was hurrying to the house, with his child in his arms.

A bush had protected Katey's face from the pelting rain; but the shawl had fallen off, and the thin, white, night-gown had been the only protection to the childish form it covered. Mr. Lester strode into the house, with his dripping burden, and found his wife still deep in ceramics, and Nancy just entering to receive some directions from her mistress.

"Is this child of so little importance, in the house, that she is neglected to this extent?" said he, his stern glance falling first upon his startled wife, then upon the frightened Nancy.

"Katey, my little pet," said the horrified voice of some one, just entering the room, and Tom darted forward, and began chafing the child's cold hands.

"Uncle Tom," said she, restlessly, "I tried to count them all; but I got sleepy, and there was one star that got in the way. I'll finish tomorrow."

Tom dropped the little hands, as if they had been coals of fire. He understood it all, in a moment. "Oh, was there no one to watch over her?" he said to himself.

Katey was immediately put to bed, and a doctor summoned. She had now no lack of attention. But before an hour had passed, she was wrestling with that dread enemy of childhood, the croup.

Uncle Tom hung over the delirious little sufferer, and the father watched her with tears in his eyes. But the mother moved calmly about, performing, indeed, in a most exemplary manner, all the duties of the sick-room, but thinking, nevertheless, of the rare, old china, left unprotected on the library table.

Katey was continually going over, in imagination, the task which her uncle had set her, muttering, plaintively and incessantly, "One, two, three. O, I'm getting so tired!"

As the night wore on, the fever increased, and the hoarse breathing grew so labored, that to the watchers it seemed as if each breath must be the last. Just before dawn, the flushed face was turned towards her mother.

"Mamma," she uttered, "uncle Tom said so."

"What, dear?" questioned her mother.

"Uncle Tom says I won't be a nuisance in Heaven!"

Mrs. Lester turned hastily, and left the room. It was too much, even for her well-regulated mind. But she returned shortly, calm, collected, and equal to the emergency.

Katey was still painfully going over her laborious counting. At last, she opened her eyes wide, fixed them upon her uncle, murmuring, "fifteen, sixteen, seven—"

A long fluttering, sigh—silence! Then there was one nuisance less, in the world, one angel more, in Heaven.

Tom went back to college, and appeared much the same as usual, only seemed—"a little older, somehow quieter, you know." Mrs. Lester enveloping herself in crèpe, for awhile seemed inconsolable.

Then she invested in a costly pair of porcelain vases, upon each of which she painted an exquisite portrait of Katey, and placed them on her parlor mantel.

"Such a devoted mother, such sweet resignation!" murmured her friends.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

BY MRS. D. T. SMITH.

I HEARD the birds clear singing,
The echoes softly ringing,
Sweet memories to me bringing,
That summer day.

Thoughts of my boyhood's gladness,
Followed by manhood's sadness,
Of wrongs that stung to madness,
That summer day.

Oh! childhood's heart of lightness,
Oh! youth's fair morn of brightness,
Oh! happy heart's completeness,
Now fled away.

My love, how could I leave her?
Fond heart, and would I grieve her?
True heart, would I deceive her?
Some summer day.

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LOVE WITHOUT WINGS.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"THERE are some idiots," said Mary Adair, severely, "who maintain that *friendship*, between a young, unmarried man and woman, is an impossibility. I have no patience with such absurdities."

"Nor I," said Harvey Carter, emphatically. "Miss Adair, let us prove to the world—*our* world, I mean—that the thing *is* possible. Let us swear a friendship which nothing shall shake. Indeed, I think I may flatter myself that we are friends, the best of friends already. Don't let us allow ourselves to be 'teased' out of the frank, unrestrained, friendly intercourse, which we have found so pleasant during the last six weeks. Will you agree to that?"

"I will indeed," cried Mary, warmly, and with a smile, a straightforward look in her fine, dark gray eyes, and not an additional shade of color on her clear, soft cheek. She put her hand for an instant into the outstretched hand of her companion, and his firm clasp sealed the compact.

"Now we must remember," she said, earnestly, "that our friendship is to be no mask for a flirtation. And I will not fancy that you are 'falling in love' with me; neither must you be persuaded, by malicious meddlers, or your own vanity—" (and Mary laughed as she said this), "that I am 'setting my cap' for you. I believe that was our friend, Mrs. Crenshain's, elegant expression."

"Yes," said Mr. Carter, a smile pleasantly lighting up his handsome dark face. "That was what she said. I am glad that we have had this little explanation, Miss Adair, and that the effect of all this gossip is to make us better friends than ever," he declared.

"So am I," said Mary. "Remember that you are *my* friend just as you are Mr. Lawrence's friend. You need not pay me compliments. I won't expect them. I am to 'speak my mind' to you, and you may have the same privilege."

"But really, Miss Mary," cried Harvey, laughing, "if I am to 'speak my mind' to you, I *must* be complimentary sometimes."

Mary's merry laugh rang out in answer to his.

"Oh! of course," she said. "You say to Mr. Lawrence sometimes, 'Victor, you *are* a good fellow. There's no mistake about that.' You may say things like *that*. And another thing; if we are to be real friends, we must have the 'privilege of silence.'"

"What is that?" asked Harvey.

"Oh! I mean that if we have nothing to say, we needn't make talk. 'Silence is golden,' you know."

"Yes, I understand," answered Harvey, nodding.

"And we are under no obligation to pay each other any more attention than we please," continued Mary. "If I don't want to walk with you, I'll say so; and if you would rather talk to Ella Andrews, or Hatty Birch, or any other girl, you are free to do it."

"Agreed," said Harvey, readily.

"What a delightful thing friendship is!" cried Mary, gaily. "There's no jealousy and misery in it, no manœuvering and rivalry. I would rather have one good friend than a dozen lovers."

Harvey fixed his eyes upon the girl's animated face.

"I declare, Miss Adair, if any other girl but you had said that, I wouldn't believed it; but I do believe you," he said, earnestly.

"Thank you," said Mary, with her frank glance and smile.

"But tell me why you would rather have a friend than a lover?" said Harvey, his eyes still on her face.

"Oh! because—well, for one thing, a friend knows my faults, and loves me in spite of them, but a lover thinks I am faultless—until one fine day I fly into a passion, or get obstinate about something,—and my lover takes flight in a hurry!"

A burst of laughter, from Harvey, answered this candid speech.

"Are you so terribly high-tempered and obstinate?" he asked.

"To be sure. But do you know, it is nearly dinner time, Mr. Carter? And there are Miss Peters and Mrs. Murchison watching us! Come. We have really been sitting here long enough."

They rose from the bench, under the trees, and sauntered slowly up the lawn to the hotel, talking and laughing gaily as they went, giving very little heed to the battery of eyes directed upon them.

They were well worth looking at, this couple. Harvey Carter, perhaps, with his splendid, athletic figure, and his gleaming, dark eyes; and his strikingly handsome, Southern face, was a

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more perfect representative of male beauty, than Miss Adair was of female loveliness.

Weeks ago, Miss Peters had called Mary "plain," and lamented that the "darling girl's" deep mourning should be "so unbecoming to one so dark and pale." But that was when Mary had first come to the Springs, after a severe illness, and long grief for the loss of her only sister. Now, restored to perfect health, and in a measure recovering the brightness and animation natural to her manner, she was a very different girl. She was no longer sallow and angular. Her figure was softly rounded, her step graceful and elastic, her complexion clear and perfect as a magnolia bloom, and at times, when flushed with exercise or excitement, when her cheeks turned carmine, her dark eyes sparkled, and her lips parted with laughter, or earnest words, Mary Adair was a positive beauty.

Never as beautiful though, as lovely little Mrs. Lawrence, who came up the lawn with her husband, and stopped to speak to Mary, at the foot of the piazza steps. For some minutes, this "*partie carrée*" stood easily chatting together, while above them sat a company of gossips, gathering materials for future scandal. What things they had said about them already! Once they had been "shocked" by Mrs. Lawrence's flirtation with Harvey Carter, and scandalized by Victor Lawrence's admiration of Mary.

Now, Victor was a tyrant, who never let his wife go out of his sight, and Harvey was either "trying to flirt with Mary, to cover his secret devotion to Mrs. Lawrence," or else he was letting himself be "drawn in," by that "artful creature," whose frankness they pronounced "fast." That there was mischief and evil of some kind, under the mask of all this friendship and gayety, these worthy ladies "solemnly believed."

Perhaps they would have been a little astonished, if they had heard a conversatian, held by Mr. Lawrence and his wife, as they sat in their cottage parlor, that evening.

"Didn't Mary Adair look pretty, this morning, Victor?" said Mrs. Lawrence, enthusiastically.

"As pretty as she is good," responded Victor.

"Not quite," said the lady, shaking her head and smiling, "for Mary is just the noblest, most splendid girl in the world, and nobody can be as pretty as she is good. But she is so pretty, that I don't see how Harvey Carter can help falling in love with her. I do wish he would."

"So do I, little woman. He is almost good enough for her. But things never do work to suit us, exactly, in this life. There's Harvey, who thinks two or three girls here prettier than she; but likes her very much, as a friend. Admires her candor and honesty, and likes to talk to her about books and art; but for a wife he wants some little, timid, clinging creature, like that blue-eyed Hatty Birch, or giggling Selina Carey."

"What taste! Well, Mary is no wiser. She was telling me, after dinner, about the report she had heard, of Harvey's being in love with her, and laughing at its absurdity. They have sworn an eternal friendship, she says; a real Platonic attachment. Do you know, Victor, I am sure there is some one else in Mary's life. She loves, or has loved, some one, and that makes her so careless about lovers now. You see how much admired she is. I know at least three men, who are seriously in love with her, and she doesn't care in the least, or even seem to know it. She is bright, and nice, and gracious as a lady should be with them all; but she's just as nice with cross old Judge Andrews, or Mr. Fanning, who is engaged, or—any and everybody. Yet I don't think she can love any one else, for she could not be so—so contented, you know, away from him all this time. I really don't know what to make of Mary."

"Oh! she's waiting for the 'coming man,' you know," said Mr. Lawrence, with a laugh. "You remember the day we went to Mother Mabin's to have our fortunes told?"

"I should think I did!" said Mrs. Lawrence, softly smiling, and something in her tone made her husband turn to her, take her little hand, and kiss it fondly. He did not release it, as he went on speaking.

"You know she told Miss Adair of a grand lover who was 'coming.'"

"I know she is a wise old woman; and she showed me the way to win my husband's heart," murmured Fay, leaning her soft cheek on Victor's shoulder.

After that, the conversation strayed off to their own affairs—their long estrangement and happy reconciliation. But that story has been told long ago, and though Mary Adair had much to do with it, and Harvey Carter something, yet it will not do to repeat it now.

The weeks slipped by very pleasantly, in the "Happy Valley" now, and the summer at the Springs was drawing to a close. Very pleasantly had the time been spent by Miss Adair, and her friend, Mr. Carter. They had been much together, riding, walking, singing, playing ten pins, doing all the agreeable, idle things people do at the Springs. And still they were "only friends," and their conversation, though taking a wide range, and touching often on love as treated in novels, and as it had come under their observation in real life, had never yet been anything

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like love-making, or even flirtation. They talked a great deal, sometimes gaily, sometimes earnestly, the "privilege of silence" being rarely claimed by either. They even quarrelled a little sometimes, Mary reproving Mr. Carter often for the worldliness and irreverence of many of his sentiments, he accusing her of hasty judgment, of unreasonable prejudices, and want of charity for the "sweet feminine weaknesses" of many of her sex. Especially they fell out about the heroines of novels, he, for instance, adoring Dorathea Brooke, in Middlemarch, and Mary calling her "a lovely but absurd enthusiast, with a morbid conscience, and not one grain of common sense."

But when he began, one day, to express his love for David Copperfield's sweet, silly, "child-wife," Mary discovered that this admiration was at least partly feigned, in order to draw her into an argument, and she overwhelmed him with her scorn of such "base deception."

And in his laughing defence of himself, he did not think it necessary to tell his "friend," that he loved an argument, because he loved to see her face brighten into vivid beauty, and her eyes shine with the light of the clear, pure, earnest soul that looked through them!

That night, Harvey Carter did a singular thing. He lay awake, thinking about Mary Adair, and wondering a little about her past and future.

"The girl interests me strangely," he thought. "I wonder what she will do about all her admirers. I wonder if there's one of them she'd marry. It's odd to see all those fellows deserting the ball-room, where she never goes, and hanging round the parlor, for a chance of a promenade with her, or to hear her sing. She does sing well. Her voice goes right to the bottom of your heart. It's a mezzo-soprano, too, not brilliant, like Selina Carey's bird notes, and with not very great compass; but how full, and soft, and pure it is! She chooses her songs well, too, and sings them with all her soul. I wonder why they are nearly all so sad! Why should she choose songs that break all our hearts, like 'When sparrows build,' and 'Douglas, tender and true.' She is not breaking her heart for any one. She is in as good health and spirits as any one I know. I have seen her sad, but it was only when she had been talking, or thinking about the little sister she idolized so. Not that she cannot love. I believe she could, if only the right one came along."

And Harvey fell to repeating some old lines, that lingered, imperfect, and but half remembered, in his mind, muttering comments as he went:

"She smiles, and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we, for hopeless passion, die."

"Well, I suppose some of those fellows are dying for hopeless passion."

"Yet she can love, those eyes declare,
Were men but nobler than they are."

"It's a fact, there's not one of them good enough for her. She's a splendid creature!"

"Yet, oh! that fate would let her see
One of some nobler race than we!"

"Then will she weep. With smiles till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering disdain."

"'Then will she weep!' I can't see what need there'd be for weeping, if he were worthy of her—and she's not one of the weeping sort. Well, whatever happens to her, I hope she'll be happy; for she's the truest friend, the noblest woman, I ever met."

Breakfast was over at the Springs, and on the hotel piazza the usual number of idlers was assembled, watching the stages arrive and depart. From one of them descended a gentleman, whose appearance created a decided sensation; for he was instantly recognized, by several persons, as General Barry, a man of distinction—a soldier of brilliant bravery, a pure politician, Governor of his State, and, as Mrs. Crenshaw eagerly stated, "a rich widower, my dear." In person, he was simply a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with iron-grey hair, and moustache, and piercing, but kindly, dark eyes.

As he came up the steps, these quick eyes glanced up and down the piazza, as if in search of some one. Just at that instant, Miss Adair and Harvey Carter came out of the hall, and met the General, face to face. Harvey was looking at her, and suddenly, he saw on her face, a look of surprise, followed by a quick, vivid blush.

"Miss Adair! How glad I am to meet you!" cried the new-comer, almost entirely ignoring Harvey, although they were old acquaintances.

In five minutes more, the general had offered her his arm, and marched off with her into the parlor, leaving Harvey a little stunned by the suddenness of this desertion. However, he joined Victor Lawrence, on the bench, under the trees, and began to console himself with a cigar.

In a little while, Mrs. Lawrence came out to them, with a laughing face.

"What do you think has happened, Victor?" she said, in an animated tone.

"What?" asked Victor, drawing her down on the bench beside him.

"Why, the 'coming man' has come!" she replied. "That is, General Barry has come, and

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Mrs. Crenshaw says, (heaven knows how *she* knows!) that he has come all this way to see Mary Adair. That he fell in love with her, last winter, when she was in Florida, with her sister, and he was there with a son, who died. I don't know how true it is, but I hope it's very true, for it would be a splendid thing for Mary! Really, I believe he is good enough for her."

Why should Harvey Carter listen to all this, in moody silence, and even feel a little aggrieved by it?

"I wonder how it concerns me," he thought, with a feeling of vexation. "Wasn't I, only last night, wishing that

> Fate would let her see
> One of a nobler race than we.

Now here he is, the noblest man on earth, I do believe, as she is the noblest woman; and I ought to wish him all success with her. But, hang it! a fellow doesn't like to have his good little friend monopolized in this way, even by a grand fellow like the general."

The next two weeks were not pleasant ones to Harvey. The general was no more a "laggard in love," than he was a "dastard in war." He loved Mary Adair, and wooed her gallantly, caring very little what other people thought of him, but monopolizing every instant of time that she would give him.

Her other admirers were driven from the field for the time; and Harvey, her friend, could only keep aloof, and watch the progress of this bold wooer. He rarely had five minutes talk with Mary now. Somehow she seemed to avoid him, and to be well contented with General Barry's monopoly of her society. Her behavior to the general, Harvey was obliged to acknowledge, was perfection. His courtesies were accepted calmly and gracefully, as if she had been a queen, he a faithful, honored subject. It was impossible for the most eager observer to see that she encouraged him, that she "drew him on," or that she was even pleased with his admiration. She was simply and quietly lady-like, and gracious in her manner to him, as to every one—a little graver and more quiet, perhaps, than usual, but that was all.

At last, one morning, Harvey was fortunate enough to find Mary alone in the parlor, and to persuade her to promise to walk with him, that evening. After that, he was quite willing to leave her *tête-à-tête* with the general, who entered five minutes afterwards.

The walk Harvey induced Mary to choose was one they had taken many times before. It led them out of the grounds, across the clear little creek, past the romantic shades of the "lover's retreat" (they never stopped *there*), and up the side of the mountain, to a shelf of gray rocks, where they could sit and look down on woods, and meadow, and fair, green valleys, and far away to other ranges of rugged mountains.

Here they sat and talked, till something brought the conversation round to General Barry, when Harvey alluded lightly to her "flirtation" with that gentleman.

A little flush rose to Mary's cheek, and she turned her dark eyes, reproachfully, on Harvey.

"You should not say that," she said, earnestly. "I am not flirting with him."

"Then you do really mean to marry him!" exclaimed Harvey, hastily.

"I—I am not sure," faltered Mary, looking at Harvey, with a strange trouble in her eyes. "Do you think that, if I should not marry him after all, he would think I had not been quite honest and true with him?"

"I don't know," said Harvey, looking away from her now, and speaking with hesitation. "Perhaps, if you are not quite determined to marry him, you might be cooler—you might be less with him—"

"Oh! but that is the very thing," interrupted Mary, eagerly. "I want to be with him, to know him well, before I trust my happiness to him. I want to see if he is all he seems."

Harvey was silent, for a moment, and then, with the color coming hotly into his face, he suddenly exclaimed, "As for that, Miss Mary, I must tell you, that, if you lived with him twenty years, you would not have found out all the goodness of that man's heart, and the nobility of his soul. There isn't a man on earth half as worthy of you as he is."

A little silence followed this speech, and then Mary said, gently, "Thank you, Mr. Carter. I am glad to know that you think so well of him, and of me."

Silence again, and Harvey sat thinking, grimly.

"There, I have cut my own throat, now!" This was what he thought. "That will decide her to marry him. But what could I do? I must tell the truth, if the heavens fall."

And somehow, Harvey felt as if the heavens had fallen, or something just as terrible had happened. For by this time, he had cast away all disguise from himself, and knew that he loved Mary Adair, with all the strength of his nature, while he felt that she cared for him only as a friend, whose good opinion she valued, and whose advice had weight with her.

"Well, I suppose I wouldn't have stood any chance with her, if I had tried from the first,"

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he thought. "But I would like to know if she really loves General Barry."

"Miss Adair," he said, at last, speaking so suddenly that Mary started, "I am sure you are too true to yourself to marry even General Barry, without loving him. I know that his rank and station would be attraction to a mere wordly, ambitious woman; but *you*—

He stopped short here, and fixed his eyes, searchingly, on her face.

Mary did not answer, for a little while, then she said, in that strangely, touchingly, gentle tone of hers:

"There is something I would like to tell you, my friend, if you care to listen."

"I do care to hear everything that concerns you," said Harvey, trying to speak quite calmly, but not succeeding.

Mary went on in the same gentle voice.

"Do you remember a man, who was here for some weeks, this summer—a Colonel Marston?"

"Yes—certainly," answered Harvey.

"A bold, cruel, evil man," said Mary.

"Yes. What on earth can you ever have had to do with him?" cried Harvey, in astonishment.

Mary smiled sadly. "Only this," she said, "that six years ago, when I was a girl of eighteen, I thought I loved that man, and so promised to marry him. He really loved me, I believe, as well as his cold, cruel nature could love; and oh! you do not know how supremely fascinating he can be, how well he can counterfeit the tenderness, that in one so strong and brave, cannot fail to win a woman's heart. I had heard stories of his wickedness and cruelty, but never believed them. At last, one day, my dear, kind father came to me, and told me something he had heard about Colonel Marston—something that almost drove me wild, though I could not believe it. In my distress I went to him, and asked him if it was true. He did not attempt to deny it. He was not even ashamed of it, but answered me with a laugh and a sneer, as if such transgressions were trifles. I turned away from him, and in that instant my love for him died. There was not an atom of it left in my heart. I scorned and feared him, as much as I had loved him before. Of course, the engagement was broken, and from that time, Colonel Marston has thrown off all restraint, and become the open, unprincipled villain, that you must have known him to be. But you must not think I did not suffer, in all this. Though I scorned the lover, and shuddered when I thought of him, yet the lost love had left a woful vacancy in my life. Perhaps you would never guess it," and Mary smiled again that ineffably sweet, sad smile, "but I cannot be happy without love. Years went on, and my life seemed always empty and incomplete, without the love that I missed. Then I met General Barry, and knew that he loved me. I thought that if I was ever to be completely happy, it would be as the dearly-loved, honored wife of such a good, great man. So I asked him to give me six months, to be sure of myself in, and he has come now for my decision. To-morrow is the last day of his waiting. And now, my dear friend, would you blame me if I married him, even though I may not feel for him the romantic, absorbing love I once felt for another?"

"No," said Harvey, in a low, constrained tone. "No. I cannot blame you. I hope you will be happy. You—you—will be happy."

The long silence, that followed, was broken at last by a sudden, vivid flash of lightning, instantly followed by a deafening peal of thunder. Absorbed in their conversation, neither of the talkers had noticed the approach of the storm. It came swiftly as mountain storms often come, great dark masses of clouds rushing wildly up the sky, throwing out wreaths of white spray before them, accompanied by constant ominous roar, like the grinding of vast blocks of ice, in a mighty, rushing river.

Mary started to her feet in alarm. Already heavy drops of rain were plashing around her.

"Oh! what shall we do?" she cried. "There is no time to get back to the hotel, and such a terrible storm is coming."

"Under the rocks! Let us climb down, and get under the ledge of rocks," exclaimed Harvey. "I have been there, and I'm sure we shall be well sheltered. Give me your hand, Miss Mary, and let me help you."

There was no time to hesitate. Down the rough, jagged rocks they climbed, Mary only saved from falling a dozen times, by her companion's strong, steady grasp; and at last, they stood in safety, under the projecting ledge of rock, where they were perfectly sheltered.

"How fortunate we are to have such a retreat," said Harvey. But Mary did not answer. She was sitting on a fragment of stone, leaning back against the rock behind her, and looking out, with startled eyes and pale cheeks, at the wild scene. At the inky clouds, cleft every instant by blinding lightning; at the white sheets of rain; at the trees, that seemed almost torn from their roots, by the terrible wind. At last came a crash, more terrible than any that preceded it; and just below them, on the mountain side, a great tree was riven by the lightning, and fell, a mighty, smoking ruin, to the ground.

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White and trembling, Mary covered her eyes with her hands, to shut out the terrible scene.

"Don't be so frightened, Miss Mary," said Harvey, quietly coming to her, and taking her hand. "I think we are quite safe here, from both wind and lightning."

Mary, not only did not withdraw her hand from his clasp, but her slender fingers closed tightly round his, as she said, shudderingly, "It is terrible; I was never frightened in a storm before, but this does terrify me."

"I don't wonder you are frightened, for you were never out of doors in a mountain storm before. It's very like a cannonade—but I really believe we are safe here," repeated Harvey, soothingly.

"I don't know. I feel as if the rock over our heads must come down on us."

"Well, it has stood a great many thousand storms like this, and I don't believe it's coming down now," said Harvey, with a quiet smile.

After that, they watched the storm in silence, Mary seeming to gather courage from the strong hand that clasped hers.

As for Harvey, he scarcely heard the storm, for the tumult that raged in his soul. Was ever man so sorely tried as he, he wondered? To be so near the woman he loved; to hold her little, trembling hand clasped in his; to long to put his arms around her, and soothe and protect her; and yet to feel that, between them, there was "a great gulf fixed," which he must not, in honor, try to cross, even if he could!

Well, there was but one thing to do. It was certain that she could never be his, and he could not stay and be a witness to his rival's happiness.

As suddenly as it had come, the storm passed away, and the setting sun shone out with dazzling brilliancy, on a world that seemed fresh and new, and sparkling with millions of tremulous diamonds.

Mary drew a long breath of relief, and the color came back to her cheeks. She gently withdrew her hand from Harvey's clasp, and said, with a smile, "You have been very patient with me. I did not know, before, what a coward I was."

"You behaved very well," said Harvey, trying to smile in return. "Most women would have been much more frightened than you were. I am very grateful to you for not fainting."

"Come, let's go home now, and as quickly as possible," urged Mary. "Papa will be wild about me, and he will come out to look for us, if we do not appear very soon."

"And so will General Barry," thought Harvey, bitterly. "I shall have but a few moments longer alone with her, and then I shall lose her forever!"

Going up the rocks was much easier than coming down, Mary said; so she scarcely touched the hand that Harvey held out to her; and they soon stood on the ledge, looking out on the Happy Valley and the golden sunset. Harvey was very silent, strangely absent-minded. He scarcely seemed to hear the remarks Mary made, about the beauty of the scene before them.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, presently, smiling. "Where has your soul gone?"

"It has gone—into the future—rather a dreary region for me," he answered, bitterly; and then, with a sudden effort, he continued, "Miss Adair, I am going away, to-morrow."

"Going away!" said Mary, looking at him, in astonishment. "Going to-morrow! That is very sudden, isn't it?"

He twisted his moustache, and looked away from her, across the valley, without saying a word.

"Why must you go to-morrow?" she asked, presently.

He did not dare to look at her, for fear of betraying his secret. He tried to answer calmly—"I must go at once. I have staid too long, already."

Mary was silent now, and Harvey glanced stealthily at her face. She was very pale, and her eyes were cast down, her hands clasping each other tightly.

Harvey came closer to her, and spoke hurriedly and unsteadily. "I may have but a few moments with you before we part. We have been good friends, I think. Will you give me your hand now, and say 'God bless you, my friend?'"

She silently held out her hand—*both* hands—to him, and he grasped them in his.

Her lips parted, as if to speak—but closed again, with a quick breath, that sounded like a sob.

She raised her eyes to his, and—he saw that they were full of tears!

Then—what mortal man could have helped it?—Harvey stooped, and kissed her soft lips!

The next instant, she had snatched away her hands, to cover her face, whose paleness was succeeded by vivid crimson; while Harvey stood, overwhelmed with shame and penitence, for his audacity.

"Miss Adair," he cried, desperately, "can you ever forgive me? No, I know you cannot. My conduct is inexcusable—ungentlemanly—I have only one excuse to offer. I didn't mean to tell you; but you must know it now. It is that I love you with all my heart. There is no use

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talking about friendship any longer. It is just the most adoring love that I feel for you. And now, if you will do me the honor to let me take you home, I will go away, and never trouble you with a word or look again."

Not a syllable did Mary answer to this speech. She had turned away from him, and as she leaned against the rock beside her, Harvey saw her put up her handkerchief to her eyes; and he knew that she was crying.

"Miss Adair!" he exclaimed. "You cannot possibly despise me more than I do myself. If you would only speak to me, and say you will try to forget my offence, if you cannot forgive it! You do not know how utterly miserable your tears make me."

"It is not you who are to blame," said Mary, at last, without turning her head. "It is I who have been base and treacherous to the best man in the world! I can never forgive myself!"

"Never forgive yourself for what?" asked Harvey, in a bewildered tone.

"For letting General Barry think that I would love him, that I would marry him," said Mary, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"Then you don't love him? You don't mean to marry him, after all?" cried Harvey.

"No," said Mary, with a sob.

One moment's utter silence, and Harvey came to her side, and took her hand in both his.

"Then," he said, solemnly. "I am free to ask you, if you can love *me*. Tell me, Mary, do you?"

No answer at first. But Mary did not draw away her hand; and Harvey quietly repeated the question. Then came the half whispered words, "I did not know it, until—you said you were going away. Indeed I thought it was only friendship—"

"Well, since it is more than friendship—Mary do you love me— well enough to marry me?" he asked.

There was no answer at all—in words—to this. But Harvey was satisfied.

So it was not Mr. Carter, but General Barry, who went away the next morning, bearing his defeat bravely, like a soldier and a gentleman, and going the last thing to shake hands with his successful rival.

"But, oh! my dear Fay," said Mary, when she told her story to that devoted little friend, "I can't help being provoked, when I think how I have failed to prove my theory about 'friendship.' How Mrs. Crenshaw will triumph when she finds it out!"

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, soothingly. "You and Harvey are happy enough to bear a little trial like that. And then, perhaps, she won't find it out."

"Oh! yes she will, for you see Harvey doesn't care who knows it," said Mary, ruefully.

So, in course of time, Mrs. Crenshaw did know "all about it."

"Never tell me about Platonic friendships again!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you so! I knew she was dead in love with Harvey Carter, all the time she was flirting so shamefully with General Barry! 'Friendship,' indeed!"

"Oh! Mrs. Crenshaw," said Miss Peters, smoothly. "You know friendship is only 'Love without wings.' The wings have grown out now, you see!"

"But I do hate such deceit! Artful thing! She knew better all the time!" said Mrs. Crenshaw, with virtuous indignation in her looks.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Peters. "I don't wonder you are indignant! Hypocrisy is a detestable vice!"

A FRIENDSHIP.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

If I had known how much you meant,
 Or just how little, then, perhaps,
I had not thought the arrow sent
 With a cool hand; was it a lapse,
A simple, harmless slip of tongue,
That was not meant for any wrong?

I would believe it, if I could,
 How many stab, and stab behind?
I fain would think your motive good,
 And fling my doubts upon the wind.
'Tis a sad thing to dig a grave,
And bury that which pleasure gave.

Perhaps, if I had had less love,
 Less friendly feeling in my heart,
Your cruel words had failed to move,
 Or caused such bitter tears to start.
I might have thought the interest shown,
From pure unselfishness had grown.

This friendship may revive again,
 And love and faith once more may wed;
If not, then passive I remain,
 I will not galvanize the dead.
Nor will I stoop to ask from you,
What years of trust has made my due.

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MY WIFE'S "FIRST FAMILY PARTY."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S BRIC-A-BRAC."

"I EXPECT a few guests to supper, to-morrow night," said Jemima Jane, one day, to her cook.

This was many years ago. I had but recently been married, and having just begun to practice law, was not as yet over-burdened with income. We lived, accordingly, in a side street, off from Broadway, and kept but two servants, a chamber-maid and a cook.

The cook, however, was a "perfect treasure." She had been in Jemima Jane's family for more than a generation, and when Jemima married, had followed her from Baltimore to New York. Catharine, was, of course, colored. "There's nothing she can't cook," Jemima often said. "Hot biscuit, fricaseed chicken, turkey stuffed with chestnuts, soft-shelled crabs, waffles, terrapin, everything!"

On this occasion, Catharine paused in her work, folded her plump arms over her fat person, and asked, magisterially:

"Goin' to gib a party? A gin'ral party, or a family party, Miss Jane?" She always, as is the habit of her kind, addressed my wife thus.

"As it is for my sisters-in-law and their husbands, I suppose we must call it a family party. But what difference does it make?"

"Difference? Lord's sake, Miss Jane, a family party is the eatenist thing as is."

Jemima Jane laughed. There was a deal of truth in the remark, even as a general proposition; but in this particular instance it had a special force. One of my brothers had married a great heiress, and the critical way in which he and Sophy, his wife, talked about little-necked clams, bisque soup, Rhode Island turkey, Shrewsbury oysters, chicken partridges, saddle of venison, pate Imperial, mongrel geese, etc., etc., was a revelation to me, who cared but little what I ate, provided it was nutritious.

"Well, don't stint," said Jemima Jane. "You must do your very best, too. We'll show that we know something about cooking as well as others."

"'Spect we'll teach 'em a thing or two," retorted Catharine, proudly. "Spose, now, Miss Jane, I gib 'em some terrapin."

Catharine possessed a traditional receipt for dressing terrapin, of which she was very proud; and thus dressed, it was, I must confess, delectable.

"The very thing," said my wife. "It is rather expensive; we can't often afford terrapin, you know; but for this once we'll commit an extravagance. I have already boasted of your terrapin to my brothers-in-law."

"Don't believe day ebber tasted real terrapin, Miss Jane. How should dey, libin' in New York?" with a sniff of indescribable contempt. "Nebber know how to cook terrapin here. Calls it soup! key, yeh! Don't know de difference even between Diamond Backs and any oder kind."

What was Jemima's dismay, the next morning, however, to find that Catharine was sick in bed, having caught cold, the night before, by overheating herself. It was impossible, at such short notice, to procure a substitute. What had to be done, Jemima Jane must do herself, at least in great part. She was a plucky woman, however, as I believe I have said on another occasion, and knew a little of cooking, having even practiced dressing terrapin after Catharine's receipt. Above all, she was determined not to "give in," not the least ingredient, by the bye, toward achieving success, whether in the kitchen, or on a greater battle-field.

With the aid of the chamber-maid, Jemima managed to get through the chief part of the preparations. She made ready the biscuits and other dishes, as far as possible, before nightfall, leaving her "help" to cook them at the proper time, first faithfully impressing on the awkward thing how each separate dish was to be treated. Then she went up stairs to dress, so that she might be ready, punctually, to receive her company. When I came home, she met me in the hall, in a new silk gown, blushing and beautiful as a young princess, or at least so I thought, and so would you have thought, dear reader, if you had been in my place.

Then she took me into the supper-room. She had arranged the table with a few cheap flowers, and with grasses and ferns. Jemima Jane always had an eye for color: is a born artist, in that sense, indeed. I could not help complimenting her. The silver was polished till it shone like a mirror; the best china had been set out, (it wasn't Satsuma, however, let me remark parenthetically); and the table-linen was as pure as driven snow, or her own milk-white shoulders.

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"Altogether I think it will be a success," she said, proudly. Then she summoned the chambermaid, and issued her last instructions. "Be very particular, Mary Ann," she reiterated, "to send in the dishes, in the order I have told you. And mind, when the time for the terrapin comes, I am to come out and dress it myself." "Yes, mum," answered Mary Ann, with a bob, and a courtesy. And then Jemima, linking both her hands over my arm, and looking up triumphantly into my face, led me up stairs to the parlor.

I may as well remark, for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that terrapin are always boiled, some hours before they are to be eaten, and the flesh taken out of the shell. Just before they are to be served up, the flesh is put into a stew-pan, generally with a little butter, a *soupçon* of cream, and other condiments. The delicacy of the dish depends, in a great degree, on the character of these ingredients and the proportions in which they are mixed. Caroline's receipt for this purpose was famous. This last, and final preparation, was the "dressing." As the reader sees, Jemima Jane would have to be absent, for only a few moments, in order to give this concluding and artistic touch to the terrapin. The dish was to be the crowning glory of our entertainment, like the ortolan of the Middle Ages, or the peacock brains of Imperial Rome.

Alas! how shall I describe that evening? Everything went wrong from the beginning. The biscuits were tough, the muffins doughy, the coffee insipid. Our guests were too well-bred to say what they thought; but I could see, from their faces, that they considered our supper a "failure."

I pitied Jemima Jane from the bottom of my heart. Every young wife can imagine her distress. The broiled fowl was the only tolerable dish, though even that was burned. My dismay reached its climax, when the chicken-salad appeared. Chicken-salad! Was that raw mass of chopped celery and minced fowl chicken-salad?

The dish had been put down in front of the elder of my brothers-in-law.

"Shall I help you to some of this?" he said to one of the ladies. "It's a new thing, isn't it, Jemima?" And he put up his eye-glass, for he was particularly short-sighted, and looked at it critically.

My poor wife was crimson with mortification. But she said to herself, like the Spartan boy with the fox, "Die, Jemima, sooner than betray your agonies." She assumed a smile, therefore; it was a ghastly one, however; and said, pleasantly:

"I—I—think it was intended for chicken-salad; but the stupid girl has forgot the Mayonnaise. The truth is," frankly, "my cook is sick, and I'm afraid the temporary one I have, isn't good for much."

"Oh! we're all doing nicely," interposed one of her sisters-in-law. "What excellent coffee you have, Jemima. Another cup, if you please."

I could have gone on my knees to the speaker for the diversion. I almost began to think that the coffee really was good.

Jemima poured out the cup mechanically, postponing, until it was done, calling for the Mayonnaise.

"At any rate," I said to myself, "the terrapin will make up for all."

But alas! just as Jemima Jane was handing the cup of coffee to her sister, the "help" entered, and put down another dish, with a cover, on the table.

"What's this?" cried my brother Jim. It was Jim who had married the heiress. "Ah! now we are going to have something extra nice. How appetizing it smells. Sophy, my dear," addressing his wife, "our cook will have to look out for his laurels." He placed his hand on the cover of the small tureen, as he spoke.

My heart was in my throat. What could this dish be? Not the terrapin, surely! Jemima had been so particular in saying she would go out, and dress the terrapin herself, that I was sure it could not be that. And yet what else? No other dish had been ordered. If the girl had attempted to dress the terrapin herself, and this was it—good heavens!

"Will any one bet he can tell what's under this cover?" My brother was now more jocular than ever. He lifted the cover slightly, then put it back again. "Now you see it, and now you don't see it. Presto! change, here it comes." And with a jerk, the lid was off.

"Jupiter Ammon!"

This was from another of our guests, who had leaned forward, quite excited, roused to ungovernable curiosity by all this mummery, and was the first to catch sight of the contents of the dish.

"Well, I never," echoed a third, and he hastily clapped his handkerchief to his mouth, to stifle an uncontrollable explosion of laughter.

"You needn't go for the Mayonnaise, Jemima," gravely said Jim. "It's here on the terrapin. Who'll be helped?"

It was too much for the gravity of our guests. Peals of laughter followed this speech, and the serio-comic way in which it was uttered.

I leaned forward and looked. Yes! there it was. The dainty, brown, appetizing, fragrant terrapin was smothered in a dressing of yellow Mayonnaise, that had been apparently stewed into it.

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Even my wife's Spartan stoicism gave way at this. She burst into tears.

"Never mind, my dear," I said, going round, like a newly-married man as I was, and putting my arm about her waist, regardless of them all. "It isn't your fault. And some of these times, we'll be rich enough to keep a French cook; and then you'll not have to worry about chicken-salad, or terrapin, but everything will come in, as if the fairies served it."

The front door had scarcely closed on our guests, when Jemima Jane, hot with indignation, was in the kitchen, confronting Mary Ann.

"How could you do so?" she cried, her voice trembling between tears and anger. "You knew I told you, particularly, that I would dress the terrapin myself."

The culprit stood, twisting the ends of her apron around her fingers, not venturing to meet Jemima's eye.

"I—I—thought I knew all about it," she whimpered, "and that I would save you the trouble. I'd heard you say that the terrapin was to be dressed; and sure that yellow stuff's dressing, isn't it? and so I thought it was to be put on the biled tortles, and all stewed together, like molasses candy, mum."

This was too much even for my gravity, or for Jemima Jane's either. What could you say to a benighted wretch, who saw, in succulent terrapin, only "biled tortles," to be stewed with Mayonnaise, "like molasses candy, mum." My wife and I looked at each other, and burst into simultaneous laughter.

"Go back to your dusting and sweeping, Mary Ann," I said, choking with the fun of it, "and marry a chimney sweep; that is your vocation, evidently, and not cooking."

We live in a brown-stone front now, on Murray Hill, and keep a French *chef*, who could so disguise and glorify even a pair of old boot-tops, with his sauces, that you would think you were eating antelope steaks, served with the honey of Hymettus. If we ask a few friends to dinner, Jemima Jane has only to send for Victor, tell him the number of guests, and say that she expects him to surpass himself, when lo! a feast is served up, such as kings might envy, and with no more trouble to my excellent spouse than if she owned Aladdin's lamp.

And yet, with all our splendor, I sometimes look back, with a sigh, to the simple days, when our fortune was yet to be made, and my wife gave her memorable "First Family Party."

A TWILIGHT VIEW.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

On wood-crowned summits, rising fair
Amid the still and sultry air,
Where the blue haze is lingering still,
A veil o'er each far distant hill,
I sit and gaze to-night.

On bough of tree beside the door,
I hear a bird its notes outpour,
The church bell, in the parish near,
Calls sweetly forth, "Come, worship here."
These sounds we hear to-night.

My friend, who sits beside me now,
With form of grace, and thoughtful brow,
In the dim future's distant view,
Shall we again these thoughts renew?
Oh! answer me to-night.

Whate'er to us the years may bring,
Of good or ill, on swiftest wing,
Of joy or sorrow, smiles or tears,
How full of each the coming years,
We cannot know to-night.

AN IDYL OF LIFE.

BY J. B. KENYON.

Love, if beyond the azure overhead,
There be a place where happy spirits meet,
Nor marriage is, nor tears, nor any dead,
To die how passing sweet!

Past all the cruel fever, and the pain;
Past barren hopes, and plans, and foolish fears;
Past all annoy, to die indeed were gain,
The fruit of longing tears.

Only to sleep a long and dreamless sleep,
Nor heed the sunshine, nor the gentle showers,
Nor shepherd's song, nor sheep-bell on the steep,
Nor smell the fragrant flowers.

Only to sleep, nor see the summer sky;
To sleep, nor feel the joy that life can give.
Ah, love! though it may be a gain to die,
Yet it is sweet to live.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 427.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE strange lady, who had become Lady Carew's guest, was to remain at Oldham some days. A great musical festival was to be held in the nearest town, in behalf of some charity, of which Lady Carew was the patroness, and it was considered a great triumph when the woman, who had driven half Europe mad with her wonderful voice, and her passionate acting, consented to appear, after refusing all other solicitations of the kind, with a decision that was almost disdainful.

Even the mistress of Oldham, with all her pride of race and position, was flattered by the exclusiveness of this consent, and no lady of rank, who had graced the old mansion by her presence, was ever received with greater consideration than was bestowed on this queen of the opera, who received all the attentions lavished upon her, as if she were, in fact, a sovereign among her subjects.

Who this woman was, no one exactly knew; for she had become famous enough to be the subject of so many romantic biographies, that it was impossible to disentangle the false from the true, and she, at least, never attempted it, but waived each and all attempts to obtain her history aside with sovereign disdain. She was known throughout the musical world as "Ossoli," that was all. She took almost royal place in society, by the mere force of her own genius, and seemed to scorn the idea of receiving it on any other grounds.

Like other sovereigns, Ossoli held herself aloof from all social rules, to which other women are compelled, more or less, to enslave themselves. As a guest, she studied her own pleasure, simply declaring that she preferred this or that, without pretence or apology. So, the next day, when Lady Carew had arranged an excursion to a famous ruin in the neighborhood, and all her other guests were ready, Ossoli declared that she preferred to rest in her own apartments—or it might be take a stroll in the park, and the lady of the mansion, to whose will all others bowed, was constrained to leave the guest, whom she had most intended to honor, by the present arrangement, to follow her own caprices at home.

Sauntering idly at the window of the pretty boudoir, which terminated the suit of apartments appropriated to her use, Ossoli saw the carriages drive off with every appearance of supreme disregard, but when the last sound of wheels died away, she flung off her lassitude, and began to pace up and down the whole length of her rooms, with the energy of a woman who had some purpose to carry out, which had suddenly aroused her whole being.

After awhile, she rung for her maid, and directed her to request the housekeeper to come up to her room.

The girl received this command with demure obedience, but great inward astonishment, and directly Mrs. Colt appeared, arrayed in a stiff, brown silk, which rustled around the little figure it was intended to render imposing, with as much effect as attends the ruffled feathers of a wren, in sudden disturbance. The lady, who stood in the midst of her boudoir, tall and stately as she might have waited the enactment of a scene on the stage, relaxed her position, and gave a deep sigh of relief, when the little woman entered the room, and pausing by the door, dropped a concise little courtesy.

"You—you are the housekeeper here?" said the lady, unbending to the little person, as she had never done to the mistress.

"Yes, my lady," answered Mrs. Colt, dropping a reverence with each word.

"But how long—have you always been here?"

"Ever since the present lord took possession, my lady. I came with the family."

"Ah?"

"Yes, my lady."

Ossoli fell into thought. Mrs Colt occupied the time in rolling one end of her cap strings, between her thumb and finger.

"How long is that?" questioned the lady, suddenly.

"How long, my lady? Twelve years at Oldham, and longer than that in the other place."

"Twelve years!" muttered the lady, to herself: then, speaking with more animation, she seemed to give herself up to the subject.

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"Twelve years. That is a long time, and this must have been a pleasant home."

"It is one I should not like to change, having grown up, as it were, with the family," answered the housekeeper, wondering if she had been summoned to the strange lady's room, in order to answer trivial questions like these.

"Of course, of course; and you know the old mansion well, I dare say."

"Every nook and turn, my lady."

"I thought so. Now, Mrs.—what is your name?"

"Colt, my lady."

"Yes. Now, Mrs. Colt, your mistress would gladly have taken me a long drive, to some ruin—"

"Yes, lady, I know."

"But I prefer to go over a fine, old house like this, with a person who is like one of the family, to point out such things as are of most interest. Would you mind showing me over the place? Or might it displease the mistress?"

Mrs. Colt straightened her cap string till it fluttered out of her hold, this proposal came upon her so unexpectedly.

"Go over the old place? Of—of course, my lady. Why should that give offence to any one? The Carews are an old family, and no one has scattered its heirlooms as yet. Your ladyship will find many a picture and bit of antique furniture, that go back years and years."

"Ah! that is my passion—such things as are thrust into lumber-rooms and gables."

The housekeeper brightened up under this enthusiasm, which was easy of assumption by the lady, and rustled away to get her keys.

While she was gone, Ossoli began to pace the room again, clasping and unclasping the hand which fell across the glowing silk of her robe, as if she longed to reach forth and grasp something just within her power.

"Here, my lady, I have the keys."

"And I am ready," answered the lady, moving toward the door.

"That dress—excuse me, but we are going into dark and dusty places," said Mrs. Colt, glancing at the dress of royal purple that draped the noble person of the singer.

"Oh! that is nothing," exclaimed the lady, gathering the rich folds of silk around her. "When we come back, you shall have the dress for your own wearing."

"Oh, my lady!"

"Now let us go. The very rattle of your keys makes me impatient."

Ossoli passed the housekeeper as she spoke, and moved down a long corridor, that led to an ancient portion of the building, so swiftly, that the little woman found it difficult to keep up with her. When they came to a place where two corridors formed an angle, the lady turned to the right, which drew an exclamation of surprise from her companion.

"Dear me, but one would think your ladyship had been here before," she said.

"Did you say that I am wrong?" questioned Ossoli, stopping short in her hurried walk. "Nothing can be more likely. One does not easily find the way through a strange building like this. Must we turn down the other passage?"

"No, that would lead us away from the ancient part. I was only wondering that your ladyship went straight there without asking a question about it."

"Did I? That is strange; but one blunders right sometimes. Which way shall we go now?"

"Through this door. You will find all the rooms empty except this one nearest the entrance. The young master has put a sick boy there."

"Ah! a sick boy? How long has he been there?"

"Oh! a long time. Ever since the poor lad hurt himself saving Miss Norton, the young lady at Hazlewood."

"Is he there night and day?" asked Ossoli, with sharp, hurried emphasis.

"Yes, night and day."

"Alone?"

"Not often. The young master tends him like a brother, and comes two or three times a day to see how the lad is getting on. No wonder! being sweet on the young lady, and, of course, grateful. Then Lady Jane sits with him hours together, and his sister creeps in and out. No, no, the lad is almost never alone; so we must pass this door. It is a pity, too, for some fine old furniture is there: a bed that Queen Elizabeth slept in, when she came to Oldham, and a rare old cabinet well worth seeing."

Ossoli did not answer, but leaned against the door frame of the room she might not enter, drawing her breath unsteadily. The housekeeper looked at her in surprise.

"My lady, you are ill. It is the gloom that frightens you. Shall we go back?"

"The gloom? No, no! I have walked too fast and am out of breath."

"Indeed, my lady, you don't look like the same person. Pity for the poor hurt lad in yonder, I dare say."

"Yes, one must pity the brave fellow. But let us go on, as we cannot enter here, you say."

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Mrs. Colt took the lead now, and unlocked chamber after chamber of that neglected wing, some still possessing the sombre furniture of past ages, and draped with tapestry falling into neglect; some spaciously empty, and hung with cobwebs, from which the dust fell in showers. Many a spindle-posted bedstead and curiously carved cabinet challenged admiration in these rooms; but the enthusiasm of the lady had died out; her handsome face was clouded, and she glanced around each room impatiently, as if disappointed in the rare show of household goods thrust aside from the grandeur of past ages, or weary of seeing them.

The housekeeper remarked this, and paused at the foot of a winding stair-case, that led upward to the attics.

"There are still some upper rooms, but they have nothing worth seeing in them; some old books and rubbish of every kind. Still if your ladyship would like to go up—"

"No, no," answered Ossoli, turning to retrace her steps. "I am much obliged, have been greatly interested, but will not trouble you to mount those stairs. They seem to run up forever. We will go back now."

The housekeeper was not sorry to be relieved from the tiresome ascent, and the two passed down the hall and along the corridor in silence, until they came opposite Rufo's chamber. Then the lady paused.

"I should like to see this boy," she said, in a hurried, nervous manner. "You have interested me in him. A foreigner, I think you said, and brother of the girl I saw."

"Yes, my lady, very foreign indeed—one of those young Italians that go about singing, or with organs and monkeys. But this one is so handsome, and seems as if he hadn't always been one of them vagabond street players; and on Christmas Eve, my lady, he played the violin like an angel, and set all the gentry dancing; even my lord and lady."

"And is he so very ill now? Would it harm him to see a stranger?"

The housekeeper hesitated, and looked down upon her keys in grave perplexity.

"He is so shy, so easily put about."

"But you might go in and ask him. That would do no harm."

Mrs. Cole went softly to the door and listened, then cautiously turning the lock, looked in.

"He is asleep," she whispered, beckoning the lady forward, "and looking like an angel."

Ossoli went forward, lifting her dress that it might not rustle along the floor, and disturb the slumbering boy, who lay upon the great, tall-posted bed, half shadowed by the cumbrous drapery, half in the light from a deep window, which fell across the pillow on which his beautiful head rested.

Lifting her finger, the lady whispered to Mrs. Colt, who was following her into the room, "Leave me with him awhile. He should not be alone. I will sit by him till some one comes."

There was authority as well as persuasion in this subdued command, which Mrs. Colt, subservient always to those above her, hastened to obey.

When she was gone, Ossoli cast a quick glance around the room, settling her gaze on the antique cabinet, and seeming to take in all its proportions with critical accuracy. Then she saw a bronze key, unique, like the cabinet, lying on the oaken floor in the shadow, where nothing but a critical eye could have discovered it.

With the swift and noiseless swoop of a bird, she secured the key, and closing it in her hand, stood awhile holding back her breath, and with her great eyes turned with apprehension on the sleeping boy. He did not move. Her actions, though rapid, had been noiseless, and, drawing a deep breath, she stole toward the bed and sat down in a great easy-chair, covered with faded tapestry, which stood near the pillow.

Now she was more composed, and, for the first time, took in the rare beauty of that face with a feeling of intense curiosity.

Was that the countenance of a child slave, such as brutal men buy of more brutal parents for the coin they can make. Was this a common street singer, whose vagabond life had led him thus deep into the country, but would soon draw him back to haunt the streets of London with music miserable as himself, and perhaps die there, as many a pretty Italian child had died, under the cruel bondage of a ruffian task-master?

How pale the little fellow was; how sadly those long, black lashes nestled on his cheek. Yet there was a sweetness about the mouth, which almost smiled, a delicacy of form and feature, which made an idea of the vagrant life, she had pictured to herself, cruelly revolting.

"I wonder if he has a voice?" she thought, as was natural to one of her profession, even when connected with an idea of charity. "It would be a crime to let him go back to the old life, or drop into a fantastic servant with these people, which, I think, is what they intend, from all this display of kindness. I wish—"

A faint stir in the bed startled her. She turned quickly, and saw the boy sitting upright among the pillows, with both arms extended and his great, soft eyes full of pathetic yearning, fixed

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upon her. Before she could move or speak, he fell back, and covering his face with both hands, waved his head to and fro on the pillow, murmuring despondently,

"Why should I always dream so?"

"Are you afraid of me?" questioned the woman, softly, leaning toward him.

Rufo removed his hands, and again his great, soft eyes were turned on her, wonderingly.

"You speak, and must be alive," he said, slowly. "No, I am not afraid, but, oh! how came you here?"

"I heard that you were ill, and persuaded the good little housekeeper to let me come in. That is all."

"And I was sleeping all the time! How could I sleep and you sitting there! It is like being in Italy, to hear you speak. If I could shut my eyes, the old home would come back; but I must not do that. You might steal off, as they always do when I dream."

This vague talk puzzled Ossoli; beyond that it thrilled her with strange pleasure. Unconsciously, the boy had spoken in Italian, while she had addressed him in the same language. That, alone, was enough to make his voice a delight to her.

Then the pathetic picture of his loneliness, lying in that vast apartment, among the ponderous relics of by-gone ages, aroused the woman's imagination, and awoke feelings that had long been dormant in her nature. She took the boy's hand and softly smoothed it with her own. He felt that every touch was a caress, and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "it is like Italy. I could almost fancy the scent of its violets was here."

"*She* brings them to me every day," answered Rufo, drawing some withered flowers from under his pillow.

"*She?*" repeated Ossoli, and a smile flashed across her face. "Not the sister who sings?"

"Yes. She gathers them, but the young lady loves to bring them here with her own hands. She is so good."

Again that smile and a faint ejaculation. It did not seem extravagant to this passionate Italian woman, that a child like that should be possessed of a grand passion for some one older and far beyond the reach of his homage. She remembered her own youth, and envied the boy that freshness and innocence, that made this feeling possible.

"It was so I loved," she thought, and on the instant her dark eyes were full of tears.

The boy turned away his eyes. There was something in that beautiful face, which made scrutiny an intrusion. For some moments there was silence between them; then a noise in the corridor made the lady start from her chair.

"Not yet—oh! lady, do not go yet?"

"I will come again."

The boy smiled, and reached forth his hand. When she took it, he drew her's to his lips, murmuring words in Italian, that seemed to arouse some memory in her heart, for she looked at him earnestly a moment, then turned and left the room.

In the corridor she met a fair young girl, as frail as a flower and as beautiful, who was moving with painful slowness toward the boy's sick room, and passed her with a gentle inclination of the head

CHAPTER XX.

An hour or two after Ossoli had returned to her apartments, Mrs. Colt was again summoned to her presence. This time she found the strange lady in a loose, Oriental dress of some creamy white material, which swept the couch she rested on, with her magnificent hair all unbound, and her superb arms, revealed to the shoulders, by the loose, open sleeves. In this indolent fashion she rested, while her maid, in another room, was arranging the dress in which she would appear at dinner.

Across an easy-chair, that Ossoli had just abandoned, the purple dress she had worn was thrown, and trailed down upon the carpet.

"If you will take the trouble to carry that to your room, I shall be obliged," she said, waving her hand toward the dress, as if weary of it.

The housekeeper dropped her usual dot of a courtesy, and carefully gathering up the dress, with all its garnitures of costly lace, flung it across her arm, and was going out, when Ossoli said, in a languid, indifferent fashion:

"I think, after seeing all these rare old things, one might like to hear something of their history. If you are not very busy, Mrs.—"

"Colt," suggested the housekeeper.

"Yes, Mrs. Colt. If you are not very busy, I should be glad to hear something more of the old wing and of the Carews."

"Oh! as to the Carews, my lady, one might go back hundreds of years and still find them great people. You have but to look into the peerage to make sure of that."

"I would rather hear about them from you," answered the lady, with a smile, that went to the housekeeper's heart. "The most interesting traditions of an old family are always to be found among its adherents. You have been with the Carews many years, I think you said?"

"Many years, my lady; first as upper house-

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maid, but that was when the present lord was only a younger brother, and had no hopes of ever coming into the title, for the master of Oldham was only two years older than himself, and was a fine, handsome gentleman, that gave promise of a long life."

"You mean the tenth earl," said Ossoli, in a low voice, which struck the woman as changed from its former languid tone. "He died without children, of course?"

The housekeeper looked down at the dress, still hanging across her arm, and smoothed the folds with her hand, as if the richness of the pattern absorbed her. When she lifted her eyes, a faint flush was on her face.

"He had no children that could stand between Oldham and the present lord," she said.

"Never having been married, I suppose," continued Ossoli, pursuing a subject, that she must have seen was distasteful to the old servant, with strange pertinacity. "I think it is so recorded in the peerage."

"Yes, my lady, it is so recorded. But some people, no one worth regarding, of course, have been found unprincipled enough to say quite the contrary."

"Indeed! on what ground?"

"Oh! none at all worth mentioning, or that the law would take hold of. Only there was a person here, at the time of his death, that gave evil-minded people a chance to talk, and some keep it up to this day."

"A person? Now you interest me. I feel as if we were opening upon a romance. Tell me about this person."

"I know very little about her, my lady, never having set eyes on her face, or seen one of her children."

"She had children, then?"

"Yes, two pretty creatures, they tell me, that all the household had come to love and were sorry for, when they went away."

"But how came it that they went away?" questioned the lady, "or rather, how came they here?"

"It is easier answering one question than the other. My lord's brother, who was the earl then, brought both the lady—excuse me for saying it, but those who saw her, say that she really was quite the lady—well, he brought her down to Oldham only a year or two before he died, and ordered the servants to treat her exactly as if she were mistress of everything. Mrs. Church, who was housekeeper in those days, has told me since, that she never was so surprised in her life—not a word of warning—but a carriage-load driving up to the great entrance, out of which came the earl, and after him a young creature, that looked half frightened to death, as she well might, with so many servants crowding into the hall to receive the master, and all looking at her in dumb wonder, and she with just English enough to thank them, with a sweet lisp, when any of them offered her a service. The housekeeper has often told me, that she never was so taken with a young person in her life. Not a word of explanation did the earl give to any one, only saying to her and the steward, that everything must be done for the comfort of this person and the children, one of them in the nurse's arms, and great respect shown them—as if respect did not come of itself, or could be ordered at command! Still, this strange lady—"

"Of what country was she?" questioned Ossoli, rising upon her elbow.

"How can I tell, my lady? So many lands lie outside of Old England that I never heard of, and the earl had been travelling over every one of them. All I know is she could hardly speak a word of English, and never did all the time she was at Oldham; but grew more and more beautiful every day, till people came from far and near to the old place, which was always open to travellers on account of its antiquity, in hopes of getting one look at her. But this seldom happened, for she kept indoors, and never even walked in the grove when the earl was away from home."

"Poor thing! she must have been very lonely," said Ossoli, with tears in her voice, and a look of profound pity in her eyes.

"Of course she was lonely. Not a soul visited her. A few gentlemen, now and then, would have been glad to come, for the fame of her good looks got abroad, but she never would receive any of them, and only seemed to care for that one man and her children. Indeed, my lady, according to all accounts, it would be hard to say which she loved most."

"Poor soul!" murmured Ossoli.

"It was a lovely sight, the housekeeper said," continued Mrs. Colt, unconscious of the interruption, "when the young thing would be waiting and watching for the earl to come home, after a trip to London, or a visit to the houses of the gentry, where he sometimes went as befitted his high rank. At such times she would dress the children like little princes, with her own hands, kissing them in her gladness, and talking to them in her own strange, sweet language, as if they could understand all the joy that shone in her eyes, and share it with her. Then it was impossible to please her with anything the maid could bring for her to put on. She would stand

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for hours before the glass, growing so bright and beautiful in her impatience for new loveliness, that it was a treat to watch the change of her face."

"Poor soul! how could she love him so!"

"Oh, my lady! it was not hard to love a man such as the earl of Carew was; for a grander, handsomer man I never saw, proud as a king, and tender as a child. If this poor young thing adored him, many a proud English lady had done the same; but he only seemed to care for her."

"Care for her!" repeated the Italian, sitting upright on the couch, and flashing a look of bitter scorn on the talkative housekeeper. "How could he care for a poor foolish creature, whom his own passion had debased—his own falsehood, perhaps—deceived an ignorant person, no doubt, that knew nothing of his country or the laws she was transgressing. I tell you, woman, such love is a profanation, a murder of the soul. This man overwhelmed her with shame that she could not understand; branded her children while she trusted him as worshipers trust their God. Do not dare to speak to me of such love as this."

Mrs. Colt stood transfixed with amazement, not that she understood half that this singular woman said in her strange outburst; for after the first few words it had merged into Italian; but the thrilling passion of her voice, the flash of her eyes, and hot gleams of a face all on fire with scorn, struggling with a wild pathos of feeling, was even more powerful than a storm of English could have been.

"My lady, I—I did not know—I did not mean to offend any one. What I said was as the housekeeper gave it to me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What have I done?"

"Done? Why nothing," exclaimed Ossoli, throwing herself back on the couch with a laugh, though tears still flashed in her eyes, and trembled from head to foot under waning excitement. "Your story had so much interest, that I gave my fancy up to it—a bad habit of mine, and it seemed as if I had known and pitied the poor creature. One falls into such extravagances at times. So this proud earl really loved the poor foreigner?"

"Those who knew them both thought so. The old servants say that no two people ever seemed so fond of each other."

"But how did it end?"

"Only with the earl's death."

"Stay," said Ossoli, raising her hand, "we must not talk of that. You see how painful subjects can disturb me, even when they relate to strangers."

'I'm sure, my lady, I have no wish. Only the earl died so suddenly, struck down by fever, and delirious all the time."

"I know—I know he died, and the present Lord Carew came in possession. That one knows from the peerage. But the woman, this poor stranger—and the children, what became of them?" questioned the Italian.

"They were sent away with their mother!"

"But did she go—did this poor woman, without protest or complaint, give up everything?"

"I cannot say about that, my lady, but my mistress, Lady Carew that is now, was shocked beyond anything, when she heard that this person was at Oldham, and refused to enter the house till she was sent out of it, and the children after her."

"Gentle-hearted lady, she deserves all the happiness in store for her," broke in the Italian, with so fine a sneer, that Mrs. Colt failed to catch its irony.

"Indeed, she is as good a lady as ever lived. No Carew ever carried her head higher, or made her dependents feel her rank, that fell upon her, more thoroughly, though she never expected it, of course, having married a younger son, and not being so much above the common herself."

"Well, go on, I am curious to know how this grand lady used her power, regarding the young person, left so cruelly alone in this house, after its master died. You say she refused to enter Oldham while it sheltered this helpless stranger."

"Refused up and down, in her grandest fashion; though her husband, my lord that is now, tried to act kindly, in regard to the young person, and wanted her to take money, and go away to her own country with the children, where she had friends, I suppose."

"And the foolish thing refused?" said Ossoli, with the same fine sneer on her lips. "Such things do happen."

"Refused? Yes, without a word of thanks, and looking down upon the new earl like a queen made angry on her throne. The housekeeper of that time saw it all, and she said that our mistress, in all the grandeur of her pride, never equalled that young person, when she drew up her tall, slim figure, and turned upon the new lord, as if she had been empress of the world, and he her vassal. It seemed as if the fiery pride, that burned in her eyes, had given her a sudden power of speech, for she broke out into English—sharp, quick English, that made her voice thrill through one with its strangeness.

"'No,' she said, gathering the two children close about her knees, and folding her black skirts around them, 'not a penny, not a bijacco will I take. If, as you say, I have no right—if I

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am not his widow, as I thought myself his wife, then the man I loved so tenderly—that I worshiped, as good men worship their God, has cast me out upon the world helpless, with my shame and my children. I think you do not mean to be cruel. It is not you but the idol that I worshiped struck down to the dust, who sends me from his home. I do not reproach you, but have some respect, and do not dare to offer me of his money or ask me to take a mouthful of bread under the roof that was his. Up to this hour the tears that we have shed were all the food a great grief craves. When we want more, I may be compelled to ask it of charity, but not here. From this place we go forth strangers, as we came.'"

"This was what the old housekeeper heard, only, as she said, it was confused, and made more pitiful by broken words and a great tremble of tears, that ran through them, almost choking her at times. The little children did not understand, being so young, but the sight of their mother's face, so white, so full of stormy pain, set them to crying, as they clung to her. Even my lord, who is a kind gentleman at the bottom, was sorry enough for her, and would have done anything, I dare say, only she would not permit it. Still, he did try to pacify her, and said, kindly, that she must not think, with so much bitterness, of his brother, who was dead and could not speak for himself, but had better remain a few days at Oldham, weeks or even months, if that would be any consolation; and when she could feel more reconciled, a generous provision should be made for her. The only answer she made to this was a stately bow, which he took as a proud acceptance of his kindness, and seemed relieved by it, for it had been anything but a pleasant scene for him. The late earl's funeral had left Oldham only the the day before, and this scene happened between sundown and dusk, when the whole house was filled with gloom, and you could hardly see a face distinctly, and that of the poor thing, who was worse than a widow, was so changed with watching and a great passion of grief, that her best friend would not have taken her for the sweet childish creature that household had known; that face of pride, that no one had ever witnessed before, seemed to make another being of her. Lord Carew had never seen her till that hour, and he never saw her again."

"Never saw her again?" repeated Ossoli.

"No, my lady, he never did, for she left Oldham that night, taking the little ones with her."

"But how did she go—and where?"

"That was what every one asked, but no one could answer. It was thought that she might have walked across the country to the nearest station, and so taken the train up to London; but no trace of her could be found, and after Lady Carew's arrival, her name was never permitted to be mentioned in the house. Indeed, that is the rule to this day. The very sound of it, I heard her ladyship observe, would be a disgrace to the family."

"And this strange woman has never been heard of in all these years?" said Ossoli, folding both white arms under her head, and looking up to the ceiling with apparent indifference, though her eyes shone like stars, and her cheeks glowed as red as a sun-ripened peach.

"Not a word, your ladyship."

"That is strange!"

"Very strange, for I think Lord Carew has more than once tried to find out what became of them, in a quiet way; and the sight of a foreigner always disturbs him more than anything. When the Italian lad came here, that stormy night, with his music, it quite put the master about for a long time after. Indeed, I do not think he has ever quite taken to him, gentle as he is, or to the young sister, who came with him. It would be well, I think, if the heir were of the same way of thinking."

"The heir! What do you mean?" questioned Ossoli, as if struck by a new idea.

Mrs. Colt emitted a stifled little laugh, and would have nodded her head but for the wholesome respect with which Ossoli, with all her seeming cordialty, inspired her.

"Nothing, my lady, nothing at all; only, of course, the minstrel girl, as our people call her, is wonderfully pretty, and Lord Heron is not blind."

"That is, you think that he lo—admires the girl."

"My lady, I have eyes; but it isn't always prudent to use them. A hint of that kind to Lady Carew would send the poor thing flying from a worse storm than the one she came in."

"But you believe it?"

Mrs. Colt did nod her head this time; but she was too cautious for any reply in words.

Ossoli arose from the couch, and touched a tiny watch, embedded in the clasp of a bracelet, that had slipped half way up her arm.

"It is time to dress," she observed, with a faint yawn. "I am greatly obliged. Your conversation has amused me very much."

With these words Ossoli walked out of the room, leaving the housekeeper standing with the purple dress on her arm, free to choose her own time of exit.

Spite of her seeming carelessness, this interview had made a strong impression on the Italian

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The moment she was alone, her entire manner changed.

"I did not think that fantastic little woman could move me so. Who shall dare to say that I cannot act as well as sing, after this? But such acting tells upon the strength. What was there in her rambling talk that should have moved me so? It was not a remarkable story; such things have happened ever since women were self-sacrificing and men treacherous; but it kindled my whole nature into revolt. As I lay there, with her piping voice in my ear, the whole miserable drama passed before me. Great heaven! was this man the cold-blooded villain her story makes him out? But this room is stifling, I must have air."

As this strange woman returned from a long stroll on the moor, an hour or two after her interview with Mrs. Colt, she came across Beatrice, who had been in the same direction, and was returning to the house, with a quantity of field flowers in her arms. But all the hilarity of youth, and the glow of fresh air was wanting in her appearance. Her step was languid, her eyes heavy. When she saw the Italian coming towards her, she started, and looked around as if preparing to escape.

"She *is* beautiful," thought the woman, to whom this wild movement was a new grace. "So the young lord is in love here—another edition of the old, old story, which may end as that did. What if I change all this? Snatch the child from a bitter fate, and bring some good out of this rash adventure."

These thoughts were in the lady's mind, as she moved forward, but they were suddenly drawn away by the sound of hoofs and a rush of carriage wheels, that left a cloud of dust along the highway, that ran near the spot where Beatrice was standing.

It was Lady Carew and her party coming back from the pic-nic; and with them, mounted on a splendid sorrel horse, came Miss Edna Norton, riding, side by side, with Lord Heron, who was bending towards her, with lover-like attention.

All at once, the hunter that Heron rode swerved aside, and grew restive under a sharp pull at the curb, and Ossoli saw that the young rider flushed crimson. Quick as thought, her eyes turned on the young girl standing close by, with the wild flowers in her arms. She was white as marble, and the flowers were dropping from her hold.

Something like a groan broke from the Italian, who started forward, and stood before the unhappy girl, thus hiding her agitation, until the pic-nic party had passed by.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEACE.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

O, PEACE, my weary heart, be still!
The years are flying, flying;
So brief will be their sternest ill;
So swift will be their dying.

Then bear them neither grudge nor hate,
But greet their coming lightly,
And press with gentle hand the gate,
That opens for them nightly.

They bring no treasure to thy fold,
Then burden them with blessing;
For other hearts wait, wan and cold,
For loving and caressing.

O, peace, my weary heart, be still!
The years are flying, flying;
And brief will be their sternest ill,
And swift will be their dying.

GLORY.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

Oh! let me look within thy face,
And read the witching story,
That in thy heart I have a place,
And mine's enough of glory;
For, ah! it has been dark and drear
Upon this earth of sorrow,
But this will make the sky so clear,
Will bring a fairer morrow.

Sweet joy is beckoning to me now,
To enter in her portal;
That I may to her ever bow,
And deem her reign immortal.
Still I am gazing in thy face,
For I have read the story,
That in thy heart I have a place,
And mine's enough of glory.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, first, this month, a costume of black grenadine. The skirt is bordered with a puff of black silk. The full tunic, which is round on

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the right side, and square on the left, is trimmed with a band of silk, edged with a plaiting of the same. The bodice is a plain cuirass, simply corded on the edge. A pocket is suspended from the waist with ribbons, and ornamented with a bow. The scarf fichu is plaited, and trimmed with a band of silk, edged with knife-plaitings to correspond with the tunic. This design would also be suitable for any of the wash goods, percales, Madras cloths, nainsooks, etc. If made of grenadine, a partially worn black silk skirt will be the best foundation for the under-skirt, and simply trim it with the puff and plaitings of grenadine. Eighteen to twenty yards of grenadine, and three to four yards of silk for bands and plaitings. Price of pattern 50 cents.

Next, is a dark blue or prune linen on Silesia skirt, with an over-dress of a lighter shade, trimmed with Hamburg embroidery or Torchon lace. The Princess tunic forms a double drapery at the back; the paletot is sleeveless, and has a cascade of lace or embroidery down the front, and finishes the edge. Turn down collar and tight coat sleeves trimmed to match. We need scarcely say, a partly worn silk skirt of the last season's outfit will do well, and better than the linen under-skirt. Price of pattern 50 cents.



Next, for a little girl of four, we have an écrue and brown checked bege. The under-dress is in Princess form, and the over-dress is in the Breton style. The bands are écrue piped with brown. This would be a good design for white pique, with bands of Hamburg insertion and pearl button, and suitable for either boy or girl of four years. Price of pattern 25 cents.



White nainsook, ornamented with insertion, in colored cotton embroidery, red and blue, or pale blue and pink, but the cardinal and blue bear

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washing the better of the two. Demi-trained skirt, bordered with a knife-plaiting, five inches deep, headed by a band of insertion. Tunic forming in front a rounded tablier, and draped at the back in a slight pouf. Semi-fitting jacket, with square buttoned pockets and cuffs, all trimmed with one row of insertion. All wash dresses will be made with tunics and jackets, both tight and semi-fitting. Twelve yards of insertion and ten yards of nainsook will be required. Price of pattern 50 cents.



Costume for either girl or boy of six to eight years. It is of gray or fawn-colored begè, the front entirely arranged in plaits. A narrow kilting edges the bottom of the skirt; bands of the same material, braided with silk braid, and large pearl buttons, complete the trimming. Turn-down collar and a waist band confining the front plaiting, at the waist, are added. This may be arranged for pique as well. Pattern 25 cts.

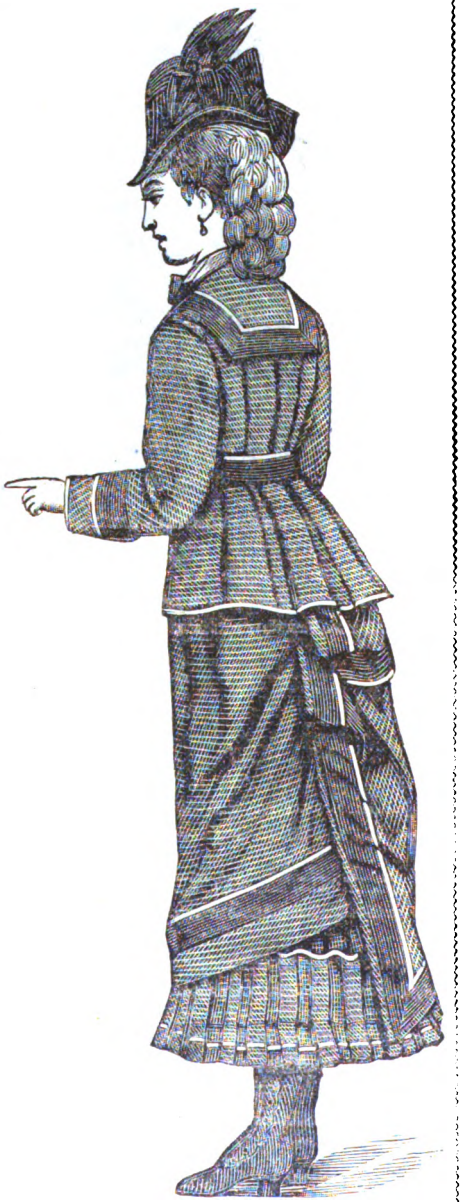
Afternoon toilet of white French nainsook. It is cut with an under-skirt, with a demi-train. This is trimmed with three ruffles, four inches wide, edged with a narrow Valencienne lace; the ruffles are headed by a band of Valencienne insertion. The tunic is open to the waist in front, and the edge trimmed with one ruffle, put on with a heading separated by a band of insertion, to correspond with the under-skirt; a second ruffle is added, and above that is a third



band of insertion, with a narrow frill on either side. The over-train is composed of one breadth of the material, trimmed lenghthwise with six rows of insertion. A narrow frill finishes the edge. This train is laid in two large box-plaits

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at the waist, and fall straight over the under-skirt. There is a cuirass waist formed of alternate rows of insertion and muslin. Small coat sleeves to correspond. For visiting toilet add a small black lace mantilla. **Pattern 50 cents.**



For a miss of twelve to fourteen years, we have one of the new plaited waists with sailor collar. It is made like the skirt waist of several years back, only worn outside, and the skirt forms a basque. Waist band and sailor collar. The under-skirt is trimmed with a box-plaiting, and the tunic has a band piped with another color on the upper edge. Make of navy blue bourette chintz, or Toile d'Alsace, and pipe with turkey red or with white, as preferred. **Pattern 50 cts.**



Another, for a miss of from ten to twelve years, is of baby blue cashmere; the under-skirt trimmed with three deep knife-plaitings. Yoke waist with box-plaits. Scarf for the tunic: it, cuffs, collar, and waistband are of blue silk to match, or of very dark blue. **Pattern 25 cents.**

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns.

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LOW SQUARE BODICE. (SEE SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an engraving of a low, square bodice, suitable for either dinner, or evening, toilet. Folded in the number is a Supplement, with a diagram-pattern, full-size, from which to cut out the bodice. It consists of five pieces.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. SIDE PIECE.
No. 3. BACK.
No. 4. SIDE BACK.
No. 5. SLEEVE.

The notches are to be arranged to meet on the seams, and the letters show how the pieces are put together. On the front piece, the shoulder is turned over at the dotted line.

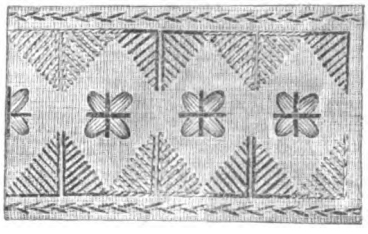
This charming and seasonable bodice is, (as represented above,) part of a dress of mauve silk

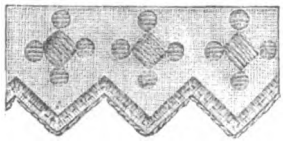
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and crêpeline. The silk skirt is trimmed with four plaitings, and the upper part is covered with a drapery of crêpeline, crossed diagonally with a silk scarf, fastened at the left side under a coquillé of crêpeline, and then fastened down at the right side under a tuft of roses. Square silk bodice with folded fichu. Duchesse sleeves. Of course any color may be used, instead of mauve, if more suitable to the complexion. No prettier bodice has come out, this season.

INSERTION AND BORDER, IN COLORED COTTONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



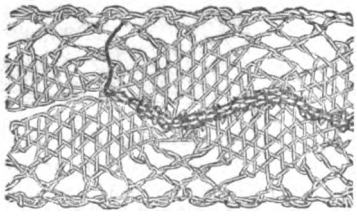


These borders and insertions are very fashionable, this season, for trimming children's dresses, aprons, etc. They are worked with blue, red and white in grain cotton. The border design is worked in satin stitch for the design, and in buttonhole stitch for the edge. The designs are alternate red and blue, the centre being white; the edge is red. In the insertion the double crosses are in white and red. The vandykes are in alternate red and blue, and the little edge in red one side; blue the other. A convenient work to carry about when visiting.

CHILD'S SAILOR COLLAR, IN TORCHON LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



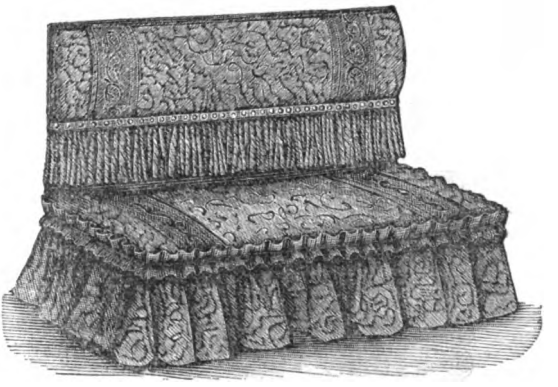


This collar, which is of the sailor form, is made of narrow Torchon edging, worked together with colored threads, as seen in the detail, blue and red embroidery cottons being used. These are new and very fashionable this season, and also very pretty.

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BOX OTTOMAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This ottoman is made out of a wooden case, but a long trunk serves the purpose. The seat opens, and a ruche is added at the edge to conceal the lid. The back is simply two upright pieces from each end, with a cross piece fitted by the carpenter. This is upholstered with hair, or cotton batting, like the seat. The covering should match the furniture of the room for which it is intended.

Our model is covered with cretonne, plain bands of striped cretonne being added, where indicated by the engraving. A box-plaiting of the cretonne covers the sides of the seat. A worsted fringe to match finishes the back.

CURTAIN FOR DOORWAY OR WINDOW.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in the appropriate colors, a design for a portiere, or a window curtain. The foundation of the curtain is fine, unbleached cotton sheeting, and the ornamentations are of red and black flannel, black braid, red braid. Red and black zephyr for the ornamental stitches. Cut first the red flannel, in lengthwise strips one and a-half inches wide; place these, diagonally, three inches apart, up in the upper part of the curtain. Cut the black flannel in strips of three inches wide; then carefully cut the points; place them as seen in the design. The narrow, black worsted braid is used to fasten down the red stripes. Fasten down the edges of the points with buttonhole stitches, far apart; done in black crewel or zephyr. For the lower borders, cut the stripes out of the red flannel, six to eight inches wide, and put two or more, according to the length of the curtain. The black braid is used here to edge the red stripes, and the ornamental stitches are done in black. In ornamenting these curtains, blue and red flannel may be substituted, and the fancy stitches done in yellow, still using the black worsted braid to separate the colors; these, too, may be ornamented by fancy stitches in yellow, and the effect is very bright and pretty. A mixed fringe edges the curtain; but this may be

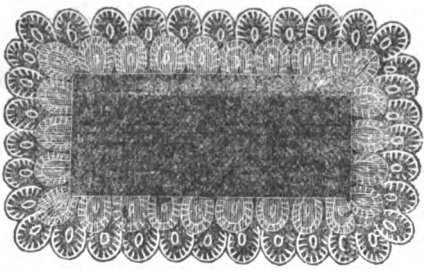
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omitted, if preferred. Line the curtain with another width of the same material, as double, the curtain falls heavier, and adds very much to the appearance of the work. A walnut or ebonized pole with rings, to which the curtain is attached at equal distances, is decidedly the best way of hanging.

The width of the sheeting must be determined by the size of the door, or window. Six quarter sheeting is a good width for a window. One and a-half yards of each color flannel, cut lengthwise, will be enough; the braid can easily be calculated, ordinary mohair braid, such as comes in long pieces of thirty-six yards, is the best.

DOOR MAT.

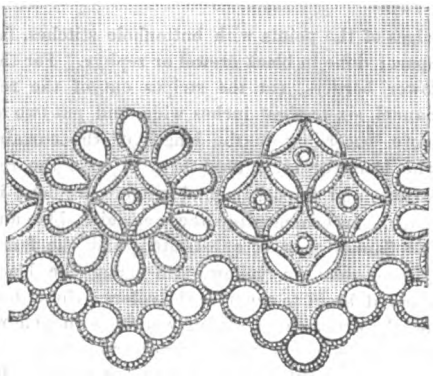
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

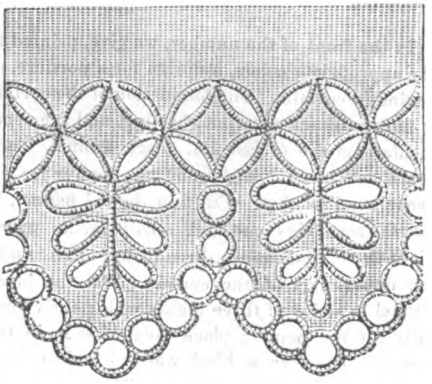


A piece of cloth or burlaps is used for the foundation of the mat; this is ornamented with a border, made by sewing tabs of scarlet and black cloth to the foundation; each tab is button-holed with yellow wool, and has a loop of two long stitches at the scalloped end; a narrow scarlet braid is sewn over the edge of the last row of tabs, to make the work neat. Line the mat with red flannel. This makes both a cheap and a pretty door mat.

DESIGNS IN WHITE EMBROIDERY, FOR SKIRTS, Etc.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

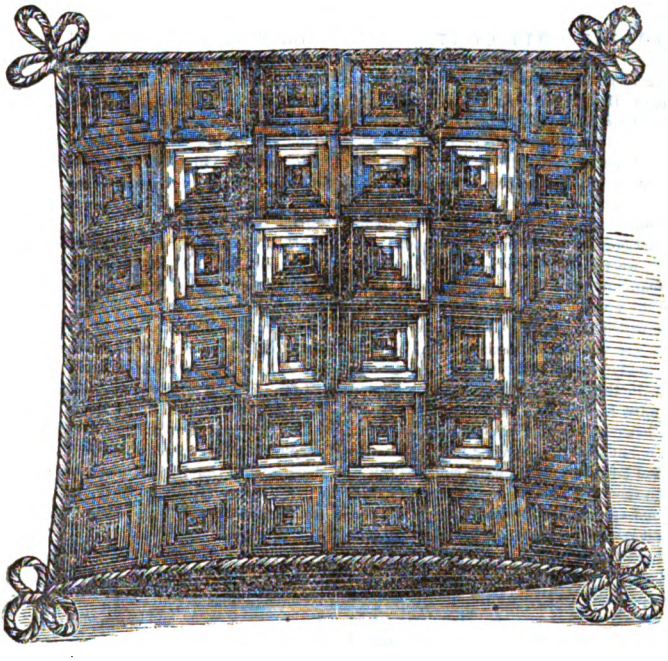




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SOFA-CUSHION OF SILK REMNANTS.

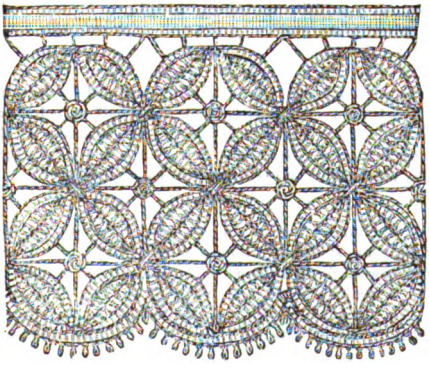
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

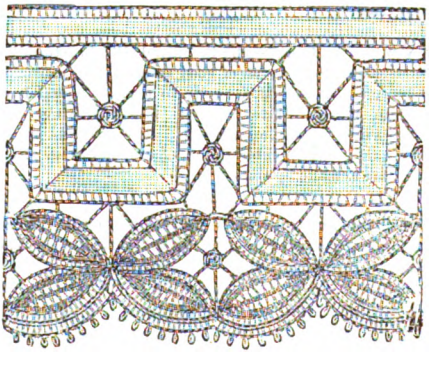


In every household, remnants of silk accumulate, which often are thrown away at last. A good plan to utilize these remnants is to make a sofa cushion of them. We give, above, an engraving of such a cushion. The pattern is simple, yet very effective.

TWO DESIGNS FOR POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

CONFIDENCE IN THE FUTURE appears to us to be the only thing now wanting to general prosperity. A year ago, we said, in these pages, that there was entirely too much croaking. We might have added that the very character of the American people seemed to have altered in this respect. Formerly, we were hopeful, enterprising, vigorous, full of the abounding trust and venturesomeness of youth. But with the last few years all this has changed. We appear now to be afraid of our shadows. Instead of going boldly forward, with a courage born of great resources, as well as of great opportunities, we totter and grope along, feeling our way like a blind man, and expecting, every moment, a fall.

Now this is not the way we became a great nation. It is rather the way in which men, or peoples, act, in their decrepitude. But we are not in our decrepitude. We have still a mighty mission before us. Successful as has been our career in the past, in the future it is destined to be even more so. All we want is courage. No man gets on in life, who has not confidence in himself. Neither can a nation. Prosperity is waiting at the threshold for us: we have but to open the door, and let it in. But if we shrink back, if we act as if we feared a spectre was there, the otherwise willing guest will go on, and seek some other more hospitable roof. To drop metaphor, it rests with us, *with each of us individually*, whether "good times" return, or not. A little confidence will bring them back. "Nothing ventured, nothing won."

For it is easy to see, that, if nobody buys, nobody can sell. If nobody sells, nobody makes money. If nobody makes money, everybody must soon starve. Of course this is putting the case very strongly. Nevertheless it remains, that, just in proportion as people stop spending, just in that proportion must others, and finally themselves, stop making money. Now, for five years nearly, everybody has been economizing. But economy, when pushed too far, becomes penuriousness; and economy, as a rule, has been pushed too far, lately. We all want a little more courage. We need faith in the future. Nor can anybody do so much to give this faith in the future as women. Husbands, fathers and brothers have been living, so to speak, in a mephetic atmosphere of hopelessness and mistrust. Cheer them up! Make home so bright with sunshine, that they will carry some of it back to their business. Compel them, by your own hopefulness and helpfulness, to look at the brighter side of things. That is all that is needed, now, to inaugurate "good times."

"NOW IS THE TIME."—The Richmond (Ill.) Gazette says: "Peterson's for June is full of good things. This magazine has become a household necessity to tens of thousands of American homes. Aside from its fine engravings and fashion-plates, the reading matter is just what is best suited to the family circle—entertaining, chaste, elevating. Now is the time to make up clubs."

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, "In Arcadia," is one of those master-pieces only to be found in "Peterson." The design and execution are both incomparable.

"NO EQUAL."—In noticing our last number, the Hackettstown (N. J.) Herald says: "As a fashion magazine, 'Peterson' has no equal."

THE FASHIONS, reported in this magazine, are selected, with the greatest care, from scores of the latest and newest designs sent out to us from Paris. They are not, as with most other magazines, home-made patterns, or designs by second-rate dress-makers in Philadelphia, or New York. Generally, the so-called "fashion-books" are mere advertising sheets, published by dealers, who naturally wish to get rid of their own goods, and so praise the styles they offer. Now we have no interest in any store, or bazaar for the sale of millinery, etc., and have, therefore, no temptation to recommend anything but what is really the fashion. We have also great facilities, from our long standing, for getting the latest, prettiest novelties in advance. We claim, in consequence, that we give the newest and most elegant styles, and such as can be had nowhere else. Compare our fashions, for example, with those given by others! That, after all, is the best test. A celebrated modiste writes to us, "I find, in your magazine, styles that I find nowhere else, for elsewhere I find but little taste, while your pages are a reflex of the freshest and most beautiful fashions, after the very highest Parisian standards." So much for the fashion department. As for the stories we publish, they are admitted, by everybody, to be the best of their kind. So also are the steel engravings. In everything, in short, we strive for *the best*.

GIFTS TO GENTLEMEN.—A lady asks what gifts are most suitable to offer to gentlemen. We would suggest a base-ball belt made of crash, and embroidered with some pretty small pattern, such as a trail of leaves or berries, or in fine canvas, worked in colored silks and lined with a bright material. Braces are a useful present, in fine canvas and lined with cerise silk, also letter cases made of gray or fawn-colored kid. Handkerchief cases, made of quilted satin, with some scented powder scattered between the inner and outer lining, and the initials of the gentleman worked on the outside in point lace or in gold braid. Lawn tennis shoes in crash, and on the toes either a pattern or the owner's initials. Long, knitted silk purses are coming into fashion, since silver and gold are once more getting into use as money; and such a purse would be an appropriate present.

TO TRACE OUR PATTERNS.—To copy our full-size diagram patterns for dresses, place a sheet of paper on the top of a common pine table (an ironing table is excellent), or a flat board, with the pattern on top, and prick out, with a pin, say No. I. Then take another sheet of paper, and prick out No. II; and so on, till all are finished. Then cut them out, in succession, and fit them on, before cutting into the stuff. The prick holes of the pin may be about half an inch apart, as that will be sufficient to indicate the outlines; at the corners they may be closer. A tracing wheel, if you have one, will enable you to do this even more quickly.

EMBROIDERED CLOCKS can be worked, if wished, on black Balbriggan stockings. Fine floss silk is the best to use. The newest clocks have a double line extending from the join of the heel, about eight inches up the leg; finished off with a diamond at the top. Be careful, in working, to insert the needle between every stitch of the weaving: and great care and neatness are required.

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A Good Time to Subscribe.—A new volume begins with this number, affording a good chance to subscribe. The universal testimony of the newspapers, is that no other magazine of its kind gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." *We charge but two dollars, when others, not so good, charge three, or more.* We can still supply back numbers from January inclusive, to all who wish to begin with the January number. But subscribers may begin with any number they choose.

To clubs our prices are especially tempting. Thus, at $1.70 each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium, to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or we will send, instead of the "Angels of Christmas," any other of our premium plates, if preferred.

Slippers for Old Men and Women.—These can be made in list for an old man, by cutting the required form in some strong, coarse linen, or cotton, and sewing the list upon it in lines, folding each row in the centre of the instep, so that it assumes the appearance of a point, and the list must be sewn on so that the rows overlap each other, and it is an improvement to add some red worsted braid over each joint. Cork soles answer admirably, but the soles of old shoes are sometimes used. In either case they must be bound with the worsted skirt braid, and the "list uppers" sewed to them, so that the stitches are inside, which necessitates their being turned outside when completed. If the slippers are for an old woman, instead of an old man, I should recommend utilizing the soles of old slippers, and making the uppers of thick felt, or double flannel, with red or blue worsted braid sewed on at intervals. Both these and the list require binding around the top, with ribbon or braid. Slippers can also be quickly made by knitting, with loops of the wool inside done by twisting the wool around the finger in working, and these are much appreciated, but for charity work, the former designs are much less expensive, and such good, warm slippers made for the merest trifle.

"Cheapest and Best."—The Chester Valley (Pa.) Union says: "Peterson's is the cheapest and best fashion magazine of the day, and we would advise our lady readers to secure it, as it will more than save its price in the many good hints which they will receive as to the making and trimming of all kinds of dresses."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of The English People. By J. R. Green. Vols. 1 *and* 2: 8*vo., New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Three or four years ago a book appeared in London, entitled, "A Short History of The English People." It was in one volume, and by a writer comparatively unknown, or known only to readers of the Reviews. It professed to be a history, not so much of the wars, which England had waged, or the dynastic struggles, which had marked her career, as of the rise and growth of the community at large. The style was so clear, the facts massed with such art, the progress of the people traced with such sympathy, that the book rose, at once, to great popularity. Everywhere the extraordinary merit of the volume was recognized, and not only this, but also the exceptional ability of Mr. Green as a historian. There was a general wish expressed, by the best critical authorities, that he should write a larger and more exhaustive work on the same subject. In compliance with this, he has prepared the volumes recorded above, and which carry the story down, from the earliest times, to the Reformation inclusive. The real interest of the history begins, of course, with the Norman Conquest, though the effects of the Roman invasion, the Saxon settlements, and the Danish inroads are made clearer than in any preceding narrative that we can recall. So much has been done, indeed, within the last fifty years, to elucidate that hitherto dark period, that such works as that of Hume and others, are, as to those centuries, quite superseded. But after the Norman Conquest, the story, as told by Mr. Green, grows fuller, entering more and more into detail as the generations go by, but never losing its masterly grasp. In no other work of its kind is the growth of Parliament, the industrial development of the people, the flux and reflux of religious opinion, and the changes in the literary tastes, and in the intellectual development of the nation, so lucidly, fully and comprehensively set forth. We know, in short, of no history of England, that, on the whole, is half so good.

The Coquette; or, The Life and Letters of Eliza Wharton. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a republication of a novel, which created a great sensation, when it was first published, a generation and more ago. The story is well understood to have been founded on incidents that actually happened, and this is, perhaps, the reason why it awakened so much, and such continued, interest. So closely has the real tragedy been followed, indeed, that the work can hardly be called a novel. The present edition is prepared with an introduction, which sets forth the names of the principal characters, or, at least, such as tradition declares them to have been. We think it would have been better, if the publishers had retained the original title, by which the book was known to our grandmothers. To call the work, "The Coquette," hardly represents the story, and is, in more than one sense, misleading. The novel is well worth reading, apart from its merits as a tale, for it gives a very fair idea of the style of writing popular sixty years ago, and is, therefore, as much a part of a critical education, as the perusal of "Clarissa Harlowe," or "Evelina." The volume is handsomely printed.

The Matchmaker. By Beatrice Reynolds. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo: Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A novel, by the author of "Charles Auchester," forming another of that popular "Dollar Series," of which we have often spoken. There has never been a story of music and musicians so well done as "Charles Auchester;" every page is full of genius; and though the plot is inartistic, the book, nevertheless, is one to read and read again. The work before us is better as a mere tale, but not so full of inspiration; it will, however, well repay perusal, and we can cordially recommend it.

Landolin. "Leisure Hour Series." 1 *vol.*, 16*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—In this little story, this idyl, so to say, of German life, Auerbach reaches a class of readers, to whom his "On His Heights," would be, more or less, a Sphinx. The tale is simple and straight-forward, with no pretense at any occult meanings, but full of natural, even realistic descriptions, of village customs, and village character. The volume is printed, and bound, in the neat style, which distinguishes all the publications of this house.

The Man in Black. By G. P. R. James. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a republication of a novel, which, when it first appeared, had the good fortune to win the applause of the Edinburgh Review, a periodical, as is well known, not given to indiscriminate praise. The candid reader will quite endorse the opinion of the Edinburgh, and thank the publishers for having reprinted the book. The story belongs to the times of Queen Anne, and very vividly reproduces that age.

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ARM-CHAIR.

NOW IS THE TIME. This is a favorable time (see the Prospectus) to subscribe for this magazine. The Daily Nebraska Press says of our last number: "Peterson for June is on our table in advance, more than maintaining its well-earned reputation of being the best and cheapest of the ladies' books. The principal embellishment is a splendid steel engraving, 'The Freshet,' illustrating a powerful story by Emma Garrison Jones. Then there is a double-size, colored, steel fashion plate, with five figures; a large-sized pattern for a tidy in crochet; and about fifty wood engravings of fashions, patterns for the 'Work Table,' etc., etc. Besides all this, there is a Supplement containing two full-size patterns, one for a boy's suit, the other for a lady's mantle. This Supplement, alone, is worth the price of the number. 'Peterson' still keeps up its reputation for giving the best of stories, all original. 'The Orphans of Oldham,' the principal of the novelets published, this year, is, perhaps, the best ever written by its accomplished author, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. No family ought to be without this magazine. It is only two dollars a year, postage free, and so is within the means of every one. To clubs it is cheaper still, with a premium to the person getting up the club. Now is a good time to subscribe, as a new volume begins with the July number. Specimens sent, gratis, to persons wishing to get up clubs, or to subscribe."

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

IV.—PÆONIA OFFICINALIS, Peony, by corruption, "Piny." Cultivated in gardens for the beauty of its large and conspicuous flowers, is a native of Southern Europe. The root was held in great esteem by the ancients, who used it both as a charm and as a medicine in numerous complaints, especially in epilepsy or falling sickness. It still has some reputation in this disease, and other nervous affections; and among the nurses and mothers of twenty-five to fifty years ago, an infusion of the root was a domestic remedy for convulsions of children, given freely, and the bruised roots were also applied warm to the wrists. Of course, the children, thus treated, generally soon recovered, as they do ordinarily under any or no treatment. A result may *follow* a treatment, or administration of an article, without that article exerting any agency in said result. In other words, a *post hoc* result may not be a *propter hoc* cure.

V.—LYCOPERSICUM ESCULENTUM, Tomato, Love-Apple, etc., belongs to the order Solanaceæ, an order affording many powerful narcotics and stimulants to the medical profession, as well as some highly-prized esculents. Among the former may be named the tobacco plant (Nicotiana), Jamestown Weed (*Jimson*, by corruption), or Datura Stramonium; cayenne pepper or Capsium, etc.; whilst among the latter, as chief, stands the SOLANUM TUBEROSUM, or common Irish Potato, among a family of poisons, as the Solanum nigrum, common Nightshade, and the Solanum Dulcamara, Bitter-Sweet, or woody-nightshade. The other esculent belonging to this family is the *Solanum Melongena*, Jew's Apple, Mad Apple, or our common Egg Plant. For such are the names given to this vegetable. Soon after the tomato was introduced, nearly fifty years ago, an enterprising doctor got out an "Extract of Tomato Pill;" commissioned it throughout the country stores, and flooded the country with circulars extolling its virtues. It was the "everlasting vegetable" pill over again, which has purged fortunes out of the pockets of dupes in all ages, and built colossal stores for the proprietor, and cottages by the seaside. This pill, like its confrère at a later day, podophyllin, was to take the place of calomel and all mercurials. It is needless almost to add that it was a failure, and it glimmered but a short season, then passed into the dream of things that were, and the tomato was left to fulfil its mission as a healthful article of food.

VI.—IRIS VERSICOLOR, color-changing Iris, Wild or Blue Flag, is of a small order embracing the orris-root plant and saffron, still occasionally seen in gardens of "old-fashioned folks," who are as slow to part with old favorites as with old friends. The hues of its large showy flowers resemble those of the rainbow, and hence its name. The flower stem is stout, two to three feet high, two to six-flowered in a terminal raceme, longer than the ensiform or sword-shaped leaves. This plant, the root, has been termed "the mercury of eclectic practice," so highly did it stand at one time in the estimation of that medical sect. The writer has but little confidence in the dried root as sold in the shops, nor in the active principle called *Irisin*. A tincture from the fresh root will not disappoint the practitioner. Eight ounces to a pint of diluted alcohol will be efficient in doses of five drops upwards. It may be used in all cases where an alterative is needed, that is, in all diseases where there is bad blood and imperfect nutrition. It has effected cures in some stubborn cases of enlargement of the thyroid gland (goitre) internally, and as a local application.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

DRIVING RATS AWAY WITHOUT POISON.—We know of three methods. First, the old French plan. This is followed, chiefly in Paris, by men who make it a special business. They take a deep tub, with water on the bottom, and a little elevation in the middle like an island, on which is only a place for just one rat to sit on. This trap is covered, and has a large balance-valve opening downward. On the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is placed, and when the rat walks on it to get the cheese the valve goes down, drops the rat into the water, and moves back in position. A road is made from the rat-hole to the top of the tub by means of pieces of board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk more attractive for the rats. In the course of the night, some ten, twenty, or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there, they would be found most all alive in the morning, quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them, because their egotistic instinct of preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island on which, in the morning, the strongest rat is found in solitary possession, all others being killed and drowned, all around him. Second, the New York plan, invented by one of the Friends. The floor, near the rat hole is covered with a thin layer of a most caustic potassa. When the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, which makes their mouth sore, and the result is that they shun the locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the rats in the neighborhood about it, and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the houses around are full of rats. Third, the Dutch method. This is said to be used successfully in Holland. We have, however, never tried it. A number of rats left to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever, their craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it

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goes on until one rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of the others it is set loose. The animal has now acquired such a taste for rat flesh, that he is the terror of all ratdom, going about seeking what rat he may devour. In an incredibly short time, the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.

ETIQUETTE.

WEDDING INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.—It used to be customary for a bride-elect to call in person, or leave or send her card to all her acquaintances, thus showing a desire to keep up the intercourse after her marriage. This is not done now in large cities; the bride's and husband's card is sent after the wedding.

The wedding cards are sent out by the bride's family, not only to all her own friends, with whom she may wish acquaintanceship to be kept up, but to similar friends of the bridegroom as well.

The invitation to the wedding is printed on a small thick sheet of note paper, and reads thus:

MR. & MRS. PHILIP CARSON

Request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter,

AGNES TO MR. JOHN FRANKLIN,

Wednesday, November 4th, at twelve o'clock.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

If the mother is a widow, the invitation should, of course, be given in her name.

If after the wedding at the church there is to be a reception at the house of the bride's parents, the invitation to that should be printed on a *card*, and enclosed with the invitation to the church, and read thus:

MR. & MRS. WILLIAM ROGERS,

Request the pleasure of your company at the wedding reception of their daughter.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19th, from half-past twelve until three o'clock. 152 Monroe Street.

Accompanying these invitations should always be the cards of the bride and bridegroom-elect, as

MISS LILLIAN ROGERS.

MR. HENRY GRAY.

And all placed in a nicely-fitting envelope of rich, thick paper, and sent ten days before the wedding.

Sometimes, when there is mourning in the family, or for any other reason the company at the church is desired to be small, the invitations are limited; and very frequently the reception after the wedding, is only for the most intimate friends and relatives of the family.

It is most fashionable for the marriage ceremony to take place at the church which the bride attends, but sometimes it is preferred to be at her home; in such a case, of course, the only alteration in the invitation is that the house of the father of the bride is substituted for the church. If but a limited number of persons are invited to see the ceremony, the invitation is still the same, and if a general reception is given after, that formulæ is also like that for the reception after the marriage in the church.

Of course all social gatherings may be as large or as small as the host and hostess may desire to make them, but if in the case of a wedding the invitations are limited, the cards of the bride and groom should be sent a few days after the marriage to all with whom they wish to keep up an acquaintance, as:

MR. & MRS. HENRY GRAY,
282 Brook Street.

These cards, with one with the maiden name of the wife, should also be sent to friends at a distance.

Friends, of course, call as soon as convenient; or if the bride wishes to be at home on certain days, she names the day in the corner of the card. This card should be enclosed in an envelope just fitting it, and directed to the person for whom it was intended.

If the newly married couple are going to reside at a distance, or to be away for some months, "P. P. C." should always be put on the corner of the card when sent.

In these ages, when so many are "marrying and giving in marriage," the "bridal present" has become an intolerable nuisance to those who have a limited income, and an unlimited acquaintance. The bride's jewel box, silver, closet and parlor ornaments are frequently furnished in this way. It is a most pleasant thing to send to your young friend or relative, some testimony of your sympathy with her on such a momentous occasion as the new life which she is entering, and if one can afford it, it is most proper, too; but to be forced to spend money on one who is a mere indifferent acquaintance, is not in accordance with common sense. And as the fashion is, discrimination is hardly optional; if you are asked to the marriage ceremony at the house, the sending of the present is almost obligatory, or if the reception afterwards is a small one, and not a general one, it is equally obligatory. If you are a new formal acquaintance, and are only asked to the church, or to a general reception, then the present need not be sent, without, of course, you wish to do so. But, under all circumstances, among near relations or very intimate friends, some token of regard is usually sent.

A note of congratulation may be sent with the present, or your card only is sufficient. The wedding presents are usually displayed, but it is considered much the best taste not to have the giver's name or card displayed with the gift.

The bride-elect should write a short note herself, and thank the giver of each present.

THE DROWNED.

TO RECOVER DROWNED PERSONS.—First empty the stomach, etc., of water. To do this, place the patient face downward, put a roll of something hard under the pit of the stomach, so that it is above the level of the mouth, and then press with force on the back. Afterward, to set up artificial breathing, instead of the partial rolling of the body, or the pumping action of the arms, now practiced, lay the body upon the back, with the clothes stripped down to the waist. The pit of the stomach is now raised to the highest point by something under the back. A bundle of clothing, or the body of another man will do for this. The head is thrown back, and the tongue must be drawn forward by an assistant, so as to keep open the entrance to the air tubes. The hands are passed above the head, the wrists crossed, and the arms kept firmly extended. In this position the chest is fully expanded. The operator then kneels astride the body, places his hands on the lower part of the ribs, and steadily and gradually makes compression. Balancing on his knees, he inclines himself forward till his face nearly touches that of the patient, and so lets fall the whole weight of his body upon the chest. When this has yielded as much as it will, he throws himself back by a sudden push to his first erect position of kneeling, and the elastic ribs, by their expanding bellows action, draw air into the lungs. These manœuvres must be repeated regularly, twelve or fifteen times in the minute.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES.

Fresh Pineapple.—Take nice ripe pineapples; peel them and pick out the eyes, and put them upon a large dish. Take a silver fork and tear the pineapple apart, and put the pieces in jars that have hermetically sealed tops. Take the juice that came from the fruit, and allow one-quarter pound of sugar to each quart jar; if not enough juice, add a little water; when the sugar has melted, fill the jars. Try and not make more juice than will fill the jars. Put the jars into a large flat bottom kettle; put a few sticks in the bottom to keep the jars from breaking. Pour cold water around the jars. Put on the glass tops, but not the india rubber pieces. When the water boils, take out the jars and seal them immediately. This manner of preserving pine-apples retains the flavor and freshness of the fruit, and will keep for several years.

Green Gage Preserve.—When the fruit is ripe, wipe them clean, and to one pound of fruit put one-quarter pound of sugar, which will make a thin syrup. Boil the fruit until it is perfectly done in this thin syrup; then make a fresh syrup of one pound of fruit to one pound of sugar; moisten the sugar with water; when the syrup boils, put in the fruit for fifteen minutes; then put the fruit in jars, and boil the syrup until thick; when it is only milk warm, pour it over the fruit. Tie the jars tightly, and keep in a dry place.

Damson Preserve.—To four pounds of damsons put three pounds of sugar; prick each damson with a needle; dissolve the sugar with one-half pint of water, and put it on the fire. When it simmers, put in as many damsons as will lie on the top of it; when they open, take them out and lay them on a dish, and put others in, and so on until all have been in; then put them all in the kettle together, and let them stew until done. Put them in jars, and seal them.

Grated Pineapple.—Peel them carefully; cut out the eyes, and then weigh them; to each pound three-quarter pound of sugar. Grate the pineapple on a sharp grater; put all in the skillet together, and let boil until the juice is thick and clear; don't add any water to them, but save all the juice as you grate them.

To Preserve Plums.—Put the plums in bottles, fill up to the neck with cold spring water, then place the bottles in a copper or large pan, filled half full of cold water; keep it on the fire till the water is boiling, then let it gradually become cold, and put the bottles away in a dry place; they will keep good all the winter.

JELLIES.

Mixed Fruit.—Take ripe fruit—strawberries, currants, cherries, etc.—strip off the stalks and remove the stones from the cherries, boil altogether for half an hour, strain the juice, and, having weighed it, allow one-quarter of a pound of pounded sugar to each pound of juice. Boil up the juice, add the sugar, stirring well till quite dissolved, boil again for fifteen or twenty minutes till it jellies, stirring frequently, and carefully removing all scum as it rises.

Apple Jelly.—Slice the apples, skins, cores, and all; put them in a stone jar, with a small quantity of water to keep them from sticking; then place the jar in water, and let them remain boiling until perfectly soft; then strain, and to one pint of the liquor, add three-quarters pound of loaf sugar; boil and clear, with the whites of two or three eggs beaten to a froth. When it jellies, pour into the glasses to cool, and then seal them.

Apples Stewed with Lemon Peel.—Pare and core the apples, and parboil them with a little water; chop up one or two apples, and boil with them; when they become soft, take them out, and put them in a bowl; add one-quarter pound of sugar to one quart of juice, and the thin peel of a lemon. When the syrup has boiled quite thick, pour it over the apples, and set them aside to cool. Do not use the juice of the lemon.

Gooseberry (Green).—Boil some carefully picked green gooseberries in water, three-quarters of a pint to each pound of fruit, reduce them to a pulp—it will take about half an hour—strain through a jelly bag, weigh the juice, and to every pound allow one pound of pounded sugar; boil up the juice quickly, add the sugar, boil till reduced to a jelly (about twenty minutes), skim and stir well; pour into pots.

Barberry.—Take ripe barberries, carefully reject any spotted or decayed ones, wash, drain them, and strip off the stalks. Boil with a very little water till quite tender, press out and strain the juice, weigh it, and allow three-quarters pound of pounded sugar to every pound of juice; boil up the juice, add the sugar, and boil for ten minutes, skimming and stirring as above.

Gooseberry (Red).—Make it in the same way as the green, but three-quarters of a pound of sugar will be sufficient for each pound of juice. In straining the juice, be careful not to press the fruit. The surplus fruit, with the addition of some currant juice, can be made into common jam for children and servant's pudding, etc.

Currant (Red).—Pick the fruit and simmer it in water for about one hour, or until the juice flows freely; strain, weigh, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pound of juice; boil up the juice, add the sugar, and boil again, skimming and stirring well for fifteen minutes. Put into small pots, and when cold and firm cover it.

Currant (Black).—Make it in the same way, but use rather a larger proportion of sugar.

Currant (White).—Pick the fruit carefully, weigh it, and put into the preserving pan equal quantities of fruit and sugar. Boil quickly for ten minutes, and strain the juice into the pots; when cold and stiff cover them.

Raspberry.—Boil some ripe, carefully picked raspberries for ten minutes, strain and weigh the juice, and allow three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar to each pound of juice, add the sugar, and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, skim and stir well.

Blackberry.—Make it as directed for red currant, but use only ten ounces of sugar to each pound of juice. The addition of a little lemon juice is an improvement.

Cherry.—Boil Maydukes or Kentish cherries in water, three-quarters of a pint to one pound of fruit, strain the juice, and proceed as for raspberry jelly.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Fig. I.—House-Dress of Blue Silk; the front is trimmed with three narrow knife-plaitings; the back breadths are laid in a number of narrow plaits, which are stitched down near the bottom, and form a fan-shaped train; the over-dress of white bèrège has a long, plain front, edged with white blonde lace; the bèrège corsage is worn over a low, blue silk corsage; it has two plaitings at the back, but the front is made as a close-fitting basque; the half sleeves are trimmed with three plaitings of the bèrège.

Fig. II.—Walking-Dress of Cream-colored Bunting; the lower-skirt is trimmed with one deep-plaited flounce, trimmed with a cardinal red and black figured braid; the long over-dress is turned up about half a yard at the bottom, in front, and is trimmed with the same braid; the long, back breadth is simply looped; deep cuirass made quite

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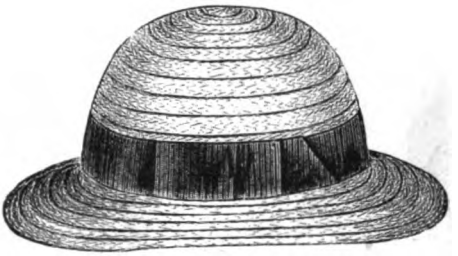
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"THAT HAPPY DAY." [*See the Story, "How I Came By My Fortune."*]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. BOY'S HAT.

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FRONT AND BACK OF BLACK SILK AND GAUZE DRESS.

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SHORT COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADY. WALKING DRESS OF ÉCRU LINEN.

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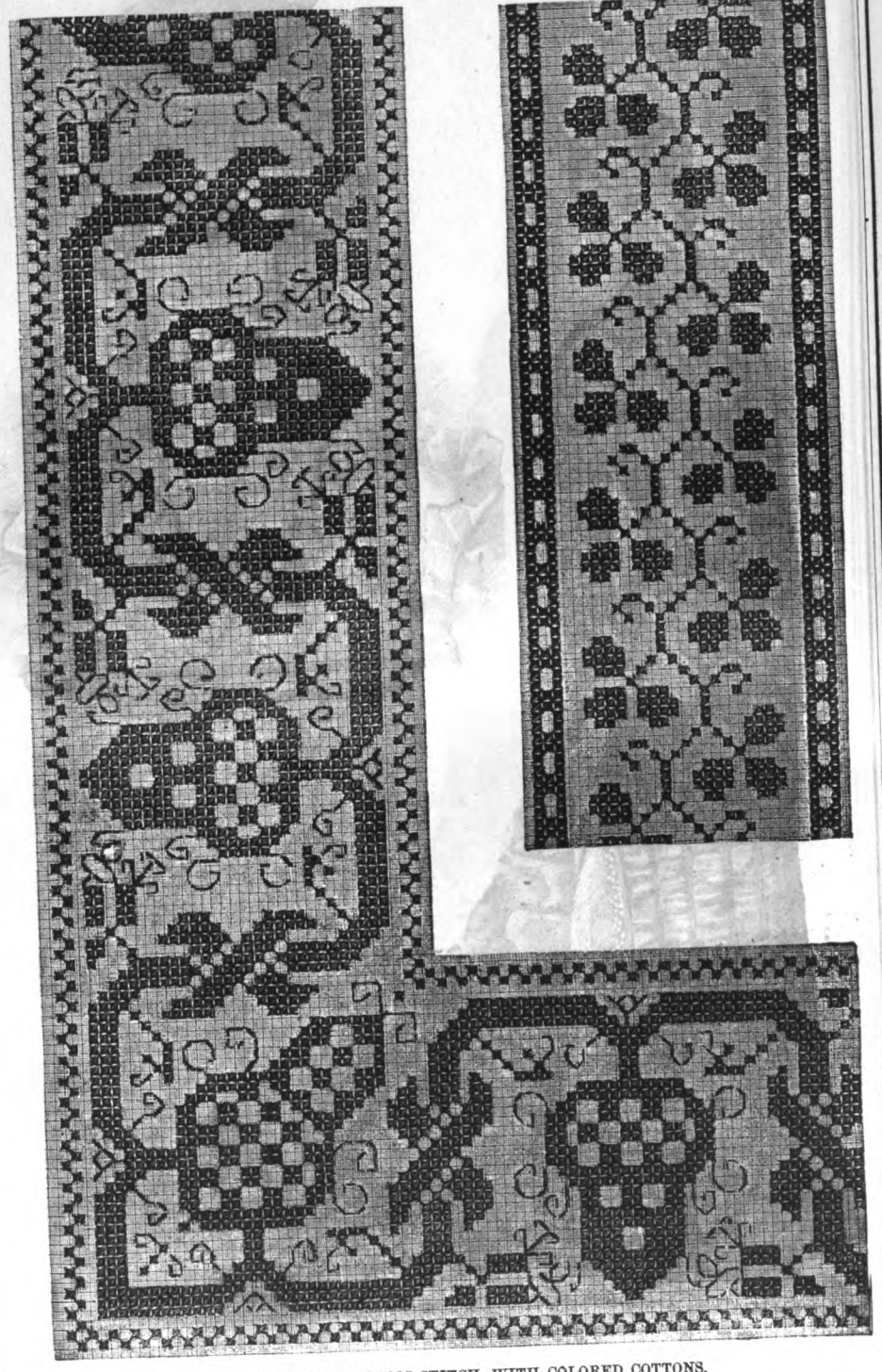
HOME DRESS OF SOFT WOOLEN MATERIAL. NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR: BACK VIEW.

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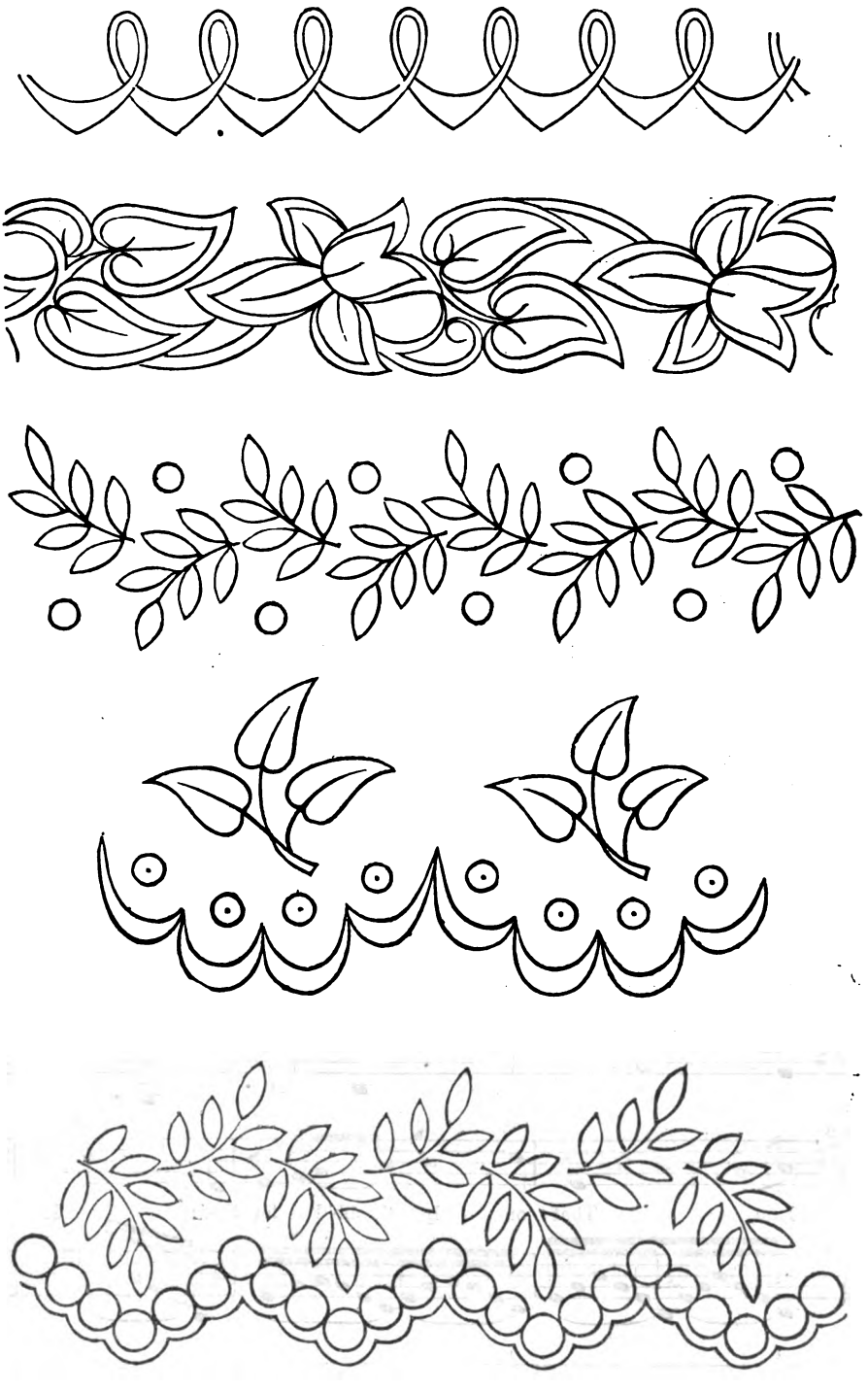
DINNER DRESS. NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR: FRONT.

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EMBROIDERY IN CROSS-STITCH, WITH COLORED COTTONS.

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EDGINGS AND INSERTIONS IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

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Yesterday.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Written by M. A. BROWNE. Composed by J. BLOCKLEY.

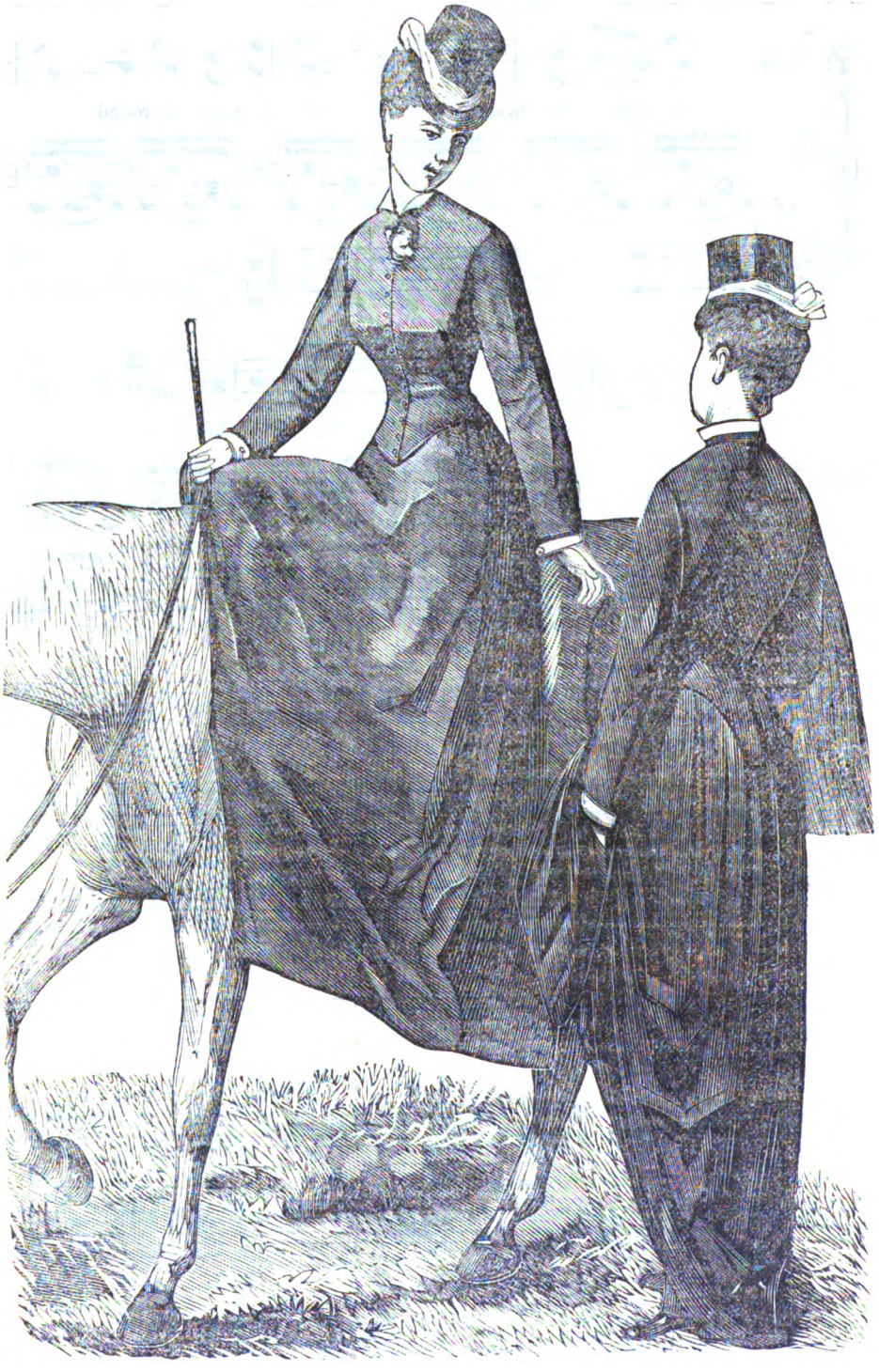


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2 We stood amid these bow'rs,
When last I wept adieu,
Surrounded by fair flowers
Of many a brilliant hue;
I saw the glittering tear,
That dimm'd thine eye's bright ray;
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday,
But thou no more art near,
And past is yesterday.

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FASHIONABLE RIDING HABITS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1878. No. 2.

THE WEDDING RING.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was an odd-looking old ring, set with a single opal. Not the sort of ring, by any means, usually chosen for a wedding-ring. But it had been in the Redfern family for ever so many years, and on the bright summer morning, when Jack Redfern was to make pretty Phyllis Dukehart his wife, he brought the opal ring, and with it a string of old-fashioned, pinkish-tinted pearls.

"I have always heard that opals are unlucky," said Phyllis. "Why didn't you get a plain gold band, Jack?"

The young man's eager face clouded.

"The fact is," he said, "it has been in my family so long, I don't like to be the first one to set it aside. It was my mother's wedding-ring, and my grandmother's, and my great-grandmother's, and maybe even further back than that."

Phyllis flung her arms about his neck. "Forgive me," she said. "I was foolish to feel superstitious. There can be nothing to harm one in an opal, after all."

A year had sped by. In the waning brightness of departing summer, Phyllis sat in the old trysting-place alone. The quaint opal ring glittered on her finger. She touched it caressingly, turning the stone to catch the sunlight, her pensive eyes full of unshed tears, a tender smile parting her lips, as she thought of her happy bridal morning, only one short year ago.

For Jack was gone! Gone off over seas; never to return, perhaps. He had left in anger; left, without a last kiss, or even a tender word!

Her knitting lay, unthought of, on the corner of the stone fence, and twirling the old opal on her finger, she sat and thought of her forebodings when the ring was first given to her. She did not wait, as in days gone by, for Jack's coming. She had no hope of that. But when the afternoon sun struck the summit of the green pine forest, old Duff, the postman, would go by, on his spotted nag; and mayhap he would bring her a letter! The old man had known her since she was a child, and had had a hint of her trouble, too; if the letter came, he would not fail to deliver it. So Phyllis sat and waited, as she had waited so many afternoons, through that dreary summer.

Jack was gone, and not one word or line had come to her, since that terrible night of his going. But she waited and hoped, with that faith which is born of deathless love.

Jack, fond and proud of her, in his masculine fashion, had been prone to be jealous. Without cause, as he confessed himself, but the morbid, miserable failing seemed to be part and parcel of his nature. He could not bear to think that his wife found pleasure in any society, or even in the simplest pleasures, when he was absent.

And Jack was a sea-faring man. From his very infancy he had followed the water for a living.

During that brief, bright year of his married life, however, his voyages had been "few and far between," and on one or two occasions he had taken his pretty bride with him.

Early in the spring, there was a talk of his vessel being ordered abroad, and circumstances, beyond the control of either husband or wife, forbade Phyllis to accompany him. Jack was greatly troubled.

"I shall not go, Phyllis," he said, one morning, when the rumor bade fair to become a certainty. "It would go hard with me to leave you at any time; *now*, it is out of the question. I'll go down, to-day, and see what arrangement I can make."

His wife put her white arms about his neck, and whispered her thanks in his ear, and Jack went his way.

Left to herself, Phyllis made her little home as tidy as a band-box, got up a tempting little dinner, made a pretty toilet, and then, in the

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cool of the afternoon, went out into her garden to weed her flower-beds.

The tulips were just beginning to show bright glimpses of the gaudy splendor imprisoned in their green tubes; and the hyacinths, already in bloom, filled the air with sweet, suggestive fragrance, carrying one back to departed days.

But busy little Mrs. Redfern, if she were at all susceptible to any such mystic influences, was in no mood for them that sunny afternoon. She only thought of Jack, and her verbena beds, and worked away with a will.

"Phyllis!" called a pleasant, lazy voice.

She dropped her rake, and looked up.

It was only Rob: her cousin, Rob Dukehart.

"Why, Rob, how you startled me!" she said. "Will you come in? But I'm very busy."

The young man sauntered in.

"You're always busy, it seems to me, Phyllis, when I'm about," he said, with a smiling sort of impudence. "Won't you shake hands with a fellow, for the sake of old times?"

A flush, almost as bright as the tulip streaks, rose in the young wife's cheeks; but she gave Rob the tips of her fingers.

In her girlish days, Phyllis had been a good deal admired, for her own sweet face and winning ways, for the most part; but in a few cases, the fact that she would one day inherit the old Dukehart Homestead, served to enhance her attractions.

Her cousin Rob was one of her most assiduous admirers. He followed her like a shadow, and even after her engagement to Jack Redfern, was a little disagreeable by his marked devotion.

After her marriage, on one occasion, cousin Rob had excited Jack's jealous anger, by making himself over-attentive to Phyllis, and some pretty sharp words had passed between them.

"Never do it again, Rob, as you value my regard," Phyllis said. But Rob would not promise.

He took the finger tips she offered, held them an instant, and then carried them to his lips.

"How dare you?" cried Phyllis, snatching her hand away, and flushing hot with anger.

Rob laughed, audaciously.

"Don't blaze off like a rocket, Phyllis; there's no occasion. We are cousins, you know, and I haven't seen you in an age. Does that Bluebeard of a husband keep you under lock and key?"

With a toss of her pretty head, Phyllis picked up her rake, and went on with her weeding.

Rob stood and watched her, admiration and regret in his eyes. Why could not she have been his wife, instead of Jack Redfern's?

"Let me do that for you, Phyllis," he said, after a minute. "If you were my wife, you shouldn't drudge like a slave."

Phyllis gave him a blazing glance.

"But I am not your wife, and glad enough I am of it," she replied. "Go away, Rob, I don't want you here, when Jack is absent."

Rob laughed an ugly, provoking sort of laugh.

"I suppose not, Phyllis. You're afraid he'll come and find me here, the jealous brute. But I'm not going."

"Then I'll go myself," said the young wife, with dignity, and left the garden.

Rob stood irresolute a minute, half regretting what he had done, half inclined to follow his cousin, and beg her pardon. Something glittering in the mould at his feet, chanced to catch his eye. He stooped, and picked up the old opal ring, which had always been a little large for his cousin's finger.

His first impulse was to return it to Phyllis at once; his second was to keep it, and pay her off for treating him so scornfully.

He slipped it in his vest pocket, and took his way to the village tavern. This place possessed a great charm for Rob. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and then brandy and seltzer, and by sunset he was not quite himself. Lounging on the tavern porch, he saw Jack Redfern coming down the road, and a wicked thought flashed through his over-excited brain.

"He's coming in. Now boys," he cried, "look out for some fun."

Jack came in, to leave a message with the barkeeper, and having delivered it, was going out again, when a loud voice caught his ear.

"Here's to pretty Phyllis Redfern!" it said.

He wheeled around like lightning. Rob was just in the act of draining his glass.

"How dare you trifle with my wife's name?" demanded Jack.

Rob laughed, sneeringly.

"When a woman shows a fellow favor, he dares everything," he answered, and held up his right hand.

On the little finger gleamed the opal ring. Jack saw it, and his dark face flushed crimson. He cleared the distance between himself and the speaker with one bound; and before the breathless bystanders could interfere, he had felled Rob where he stood.

"Stand back, neighbors," he panted, as he tore the ring from the prostrate man's finger. "I'll have his life for it."

But the bystanders interfered, and Rob was got out of the way.

Jack went home, with all the brightness of his life dashed out. His young wife met him at the

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door, in the silver shine of the spring twilight. He caught her, and held her at arm's length.

"Phyllis," he said, angrily, "where is your wedding-ring?"

She looked down at her finger, with a start, her heart failing her at his tone.

"Why, Jack," flushing, and speaking with embarrassment, "it was on my finger. I hope I have not lost it."

Her husband threw her from him, with a muttered exclamation, and strode out of the house without a word.

All through the spring night, from the rising to the setting of the stars, Phyllis waited, but Jack did not return. She fancied he was angry because her wedding-ring was missing, and wept herself ill over his cruelty.

Morning came at last, and Mrs. Redfern, Jack's mother, appeared. She had the opal ring on her finger, and a letter from Jack in her hand.

"Your husband has returned the opal to me," she said, in a severe voice. "His letter will explain the rest."

Phyllis read the letter, and then, with the pathetic cry, "Oh, Jack! come back to me," fell at Mrs. Redfern's feet in a swoon.

The tulips had bloomed, and were withering on their stalks in the garden, when she woke from that awful trance of death. On her white, thin finger glimmered the old opal. Hearing of her illness, and bitterly remorseful for the evil he had wrought, Rob had told the truth about the ring. But it was too late. Jack was gone.

"I'll find him, and bring him back to her, if it costs me my life," said Rob, in remorse, and with a last look at her death-like face, he departed.

Months came and went, and the cry of a little new-born babe was heard in the cottage.

"Jack's little baby," said Phyllis, as it lay on her heart, "and he may never see it."

And now in the early autumn, she sat by the old stile, waiting for the postman's arrival. She had waited so many, many times, but surely the letter would come to-day; the letter from Jack, assuring her that he loved her still.

The shifting sunlight fell about her fair head; a golden leaf fluttered here and there, across the green turf at her feet; the birds chippered, and the crickets chirped in the old stone fence. Wife and mother in one, her bosom thrilled with tender longing. Phyllis looked at her wedding-ring, and waited.

A quick, resolute tread on the white, country road below. Could that be the postman's nag?

Phyllis looked up, with her heart in a wild flutter. It was not the postman, but a tall, bronzed man.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack!"

Her cry of rapture startled the birds into silence, and hushed the chirping crickets.

In a twinkling, Jack had her in his strong arms, and his tears were on her cheek.

"Oh, Phyllis, can you forgive me?" he said, with choking voice.

"There is nothing to forgive," she sobbed, clinging to him. "See, Jack, I have got my wedding-ring! How I have wanted you, Jack. You can never know how my heart has hungered for you. Jack," hiding her hot face in his breast, "there's some one besides me to welcome you. Can't you guess, Jack? A little, wee baby, Jack, with his father's own eyes. I thought, once, you would never see him, Jack, but, thank God, you have come."

He could only hold her close to his heart, he had no words to answer her.

"Jack, how did you know?" she asked, at last, when the first rapture of the reunion was over. "Did you get my letter?"

"No," he answered, hoarsely. "It was Rob. He followed me, across the ocean; found me, and told me everything. Phyllis, *can* you forgive me?"

"Jack," she said, softly, "you are my baby's father. What God has joined together, no man has power to put asunder. Let us go home."

And in the autumn twilight they went, hand in hand.

TRUE LOVE.

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN.

WHENCE is the magic tie which binds,
Spontaneously, congenial minds,
Although they never met before,
Although they may meet nevermore?
Why swells unconsciously the sigh?
Why, with sweet prescience, eye meets eye?
Why instant spreads the electric thrill,
In spite of logic or free will?
'Tis nature's passion—eldest born—
True love! too oft on earth forsworn—
Too oft by mammon put to shame;
She strives to vindicate her claim.
Rising above the things of sense,
A pure and mild intelligence.

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HOW MY FORTUNE CAME TO ME.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

I HAD always been poor, and I had also always been a dreamer. The first fact was patent to any and every one; the last I hid as carefully as I could.

One of my favorite dreams had been that of suddenly finding myself a rich woman. I thought about it as I followed my daily duties; I dreamed of it as I taught Mrs. Brown's four little daughters. When I did a sum in interest for them, it was simply calculating my own profits; and when I drew maps, it was only to mark out my future travels.

Oh, yes, I was a dreamer! And yet I worked, and worked, as well as I could, for my dreams were my solace and strength.

It is said that only the unexpected happens. That is a mistake. I suddenly found myself a rich woman, and, though I had confidently expected some day to be rich, I will confess to a little feeling of surprise, that was almost awe, upon finding my silent convictions verified.

I had often fancied how I should feel, when this delightful state of things should be attained. Truth compels me to say that my emotions were by no means of an exalted character. When it was borne in upon my mind, my first thought was, that now I need not wear that rusty alpaca any longer, nor provide kindlings for the morning fire. I hated rusty alpaca. I hated to have to think about the morning fire! And I had always had to think about such things. As a child, I had dimly realized that we were to make the wood or coal, the bread and butter, go as far as was possible; and as a woman, I had realized it as only the woman can, who has to put all her strength of body and mind into the effort to obtain the wherewithal to be fed and clothed.

And, being a dreamer, I worked with a disadvantage. I was not skilled, not thoroughly skilled in any kind of work. I taught, but I am sure I did not teach well. Not that I did not know enough, for I was well educated, after a way of my own; but I had no systematic training for that vocation. I doubt greatly if I could have been systematically trained. I could play and sing, but could not teach music. Still, I managed, for two or three years, to pass the necessary examinations, and get my certificate, and a position in the public schools. And, as I see now what teaching is, and what it should be, and how important the work of the teacher, I am ready to beg pardon of the boys and girls, now men and women, upon whom I inflicted my crudities in those days. Sewing I detested, that is, the part of it that required thought. If I sewed, I wanted a long seam, that would need no special attention, and so leave me free in mind to sit and dream my dreams. I will say, however, that I have gained in this. Long practice has made me perfect, and I can make over, twist and turn, and give my old garments quite the air of new ones.

Blessed be the latitude that the fashions give. It has, however, developed suspicion in the female breast. I, and all my sisters, know that the long over-skirts and polonaises cover "sham" skirts; and bows are put on to cover seams; or if they do not, we think they do. Housework I did at arm's length, and if I did not study French, while mixing bread, as one of the Bronte sisters did, I wove many a romance, while engaged in kitchen warfare. As a consequence, both suffered; the romances were nipped in the bud, and the bread was the worse for being seasoned with poetry.

Sitting, to-day, removed by many years and the blessedness of plenty, from that time, I look back and see myself, poor, plain, hungering with a mighty hunger for that which I could not have; and from the standpoint of to-day, I pity the girl, and the woman of that by-gone time. I see the room empty of ornament, and my eyes ached for beauty; I see the thousand and one little market bills, whereby the ends were made to meet, and didn't always meet at that. I remember the time when the want of a fresh frill for my neck, or a bow for my hair, was a serious want. And yet I am forced to say, in spite of all this, I was not an unhappy woman.

They said I was happily constituted. I think I was, but in a different way from what they meant.

My father left me his books, and, a better legacy still, his love for them; and I had never seen a day, even when the meal sack was empty, and the fire on the hearth low, but what I found these a refuge; and if these failed me, was not the outside world left, and had not I a share in that? I felt, in no egotistical sense, I think, that the world was fine, and the world was mine;

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I had a right of ownership in hill and dale, in sky, and tree, and flower. I think, indeed I know, that I got more out of the oak trees in my neighbor's handsome grounds, than he did from his whole estate. They were *mine*, and from the moment the buds began to swell in the spring, till the last brown leaf had fallen, they were a perpetual joy; and these bare branches, delicately outlined against the gray sky of winter, pleased my eyes, with a pleasure he would have no more understood, than he would the joy of the seraphs.

I think I had a rich nature. God was good to give it to me. So, in dark days, the sun shone.

And then there was that ship of mine, which was to come in, "with gold in the ingots, and silk in the bales," laden with love and all the sweet delights the soul cried out for. It was surely coming; and it did come.

It was in those days, when it was low-tide with me, the days when I made acquaintance with want, yea, when he sat at my table, that I met Robert Tremaine, the son of my neighbor, whose handsome house overshadowed ours, and whose beautiful grounds I enjoyed more than he did.

It was on his father's grounds, under one of his father's oaks, that I met him. I had gone out with a copy of Shelley, and sat reading, and wondering at the fire that burned so in this wonderful poet's heart; wondering at the divine madness that touched his brain. Suddenly, I heard shouting and laughter, and rising in half a minute more, received, straight in my hand, which involuntarily I extended, a large ball. In a minute more, Robert Tremaine and his little nephew came up. I was intently examining the plaything.

"Oh, uncle Rob, here's my ball. This—lady has it." The child had hesitated for an instant, but true to his childish intuitions, he then said "lady."

Uncle Rob lifted his hat. "Really, your skill is something wonderful, if you did really catch this, for I threw it without aim or object. Are you in the habit of catching things so easily, Miss Margaret? See, now, I remember you. And you look as though you had no recognition in your soul for an old friend and playmate. Shake hands, and say you are glad to see me," and he held out his hand with a friendly frankness that was wonderfully winning. I gave him my hand, and said I was glad to see him.

"Come, uncle Rob, let's go and play more," teased the boy.

"No, I don't want to do that. I've found an old friend, acquaintance, for she does not look like a very warm friend, and I am going to stay and talk with her."

"You had better go and play, Mr. Tremaine."

"I think not; I prefer to stay. It's cool and pleasant under this tree, and I want to stay; besides, this is my ground, and my tree, and I can stay, if I please. I, at least, am not the trespasser."

"Rob Tremaine, this is as much my tree as it is your's!" I burst out.

"Oh, this is little Margaret, after all. I began to fear some one else had taken her place. I see you hold the same dangerous communistic sentiments as ever. Eight years since I have seen you, Miss Margaret; yet you see I have not forgotten. If you could manage to give me a smile, with a little less ice in it, and could put an expression, a trifle less frigid, on your face, I should be glad."

"Mr. Tremaine, I am heartily glad to see you. I remember you well, but I presume you hardly expect me to look or act as the girl of fifteen looked and acted."

"I wouldn't like anything better," he said, smiling.

I flushed, for when he went away, I had put my arms around his neck, and kissed him a tender good-bye.

So we sat down and talked. He picked up my book. "Poor Shelley! Poor, unrestful Shelley!" he said.

"Poor Shelley? Grand, glorious Shelley, rather. Mistaken he may be sometimes; but he was always sincere."

"You are an enthusiast. I admire him as a poet. But let us talk about something else. Tell me how it has gone with you these eight years."

"I really can't say. I've been working at starvation wages, trying to keep the wolf from the door. The rest of the time I've read and dreamed; and on days like these, I've sat in the sun, and well, yes, I do think I've grown some, though in a wayward sort of a fashion."

"I certainly think you have. Now we have the summer before us, and summers are short, so short, but so sweet. Let us enjoy it. I've brought home curiosities from many a foreign shore; and I want you to see them. I've ever so many new books; and I want you to read them. We'll read them together, and—"

"Robert, my son." It was an exceedingly well-bred voice, but it woke me from my little dream. "Oh, here you are. I have been looking for you. And this lady is—"

"Miss Margaret De Ruyter, mother. Our neighbor, you know."

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"I do not know my neighbors as I ought, perhaps, so I have not the pleasure of Miss Du Ruyter's acquaintance. But my ill health is my excuse. I have not walked so far as this in many months. Now, if the lady will excuse us, I will ask you to go to the house with me."

It was smoothly said, and so far as the letter was concerned, was true; but I knew when Mrs. Tremaine took her son's arm and walked away, that she mentally resolved that the pleasant plan she had overheard, would, if she had the power, be frustrated.

But she had not the power.

The summer was like no other summer the world has ever known.

Never was June so sweet; never, no never, were mornings so rosy and radiant; never were twilights so tender. The light "that never was on sea or land" enveloped me. And I walked in it, not alone, for the glamour and the beauty came to me through Robert, who had grown to be so dear, so perilously dear.

The birds that sang, the flowers that bloomed, all the clouds that floated in that summer sky, the hill-sides and the green-growing things were lighted and gilded and glorified by the light that shone from two brown eyes.

I knew that I was a captive, but I found captivity so sweet, nay, it was the freedom wherewith love makes free.

I remember one day, in particular, and I refer to it, not because it was an exceptionally happy one, but because it was the type of many others. We had left our little village for a morning walk together. We took the way towards the great woods, that, for miles and miles, covered the hills about us. Robert was as great an enthusiast as myself in regard to wild flowers, and searched for the newest of them for me, in secluded nooks, and actually found, at last, a true Gentian. He helped me over steep places, climbed almost inaccessible rocks for me, and loaded himself down with ferns and grasses. Once he found a white rose, the last of the season, and gave it to me, with a look, that I remember even to this day. Ah! happy, happy time.

But the summer, and our happiness, had to end. Judge Tremaine and his wife had other plans for their son. Margaret De Ruyter was a most estimable person, but she was poor. Professor De Ruyter had been a very fine man, a profound scholar, a thorough gentleman, but a man who never had the second good suit to his back, a man who preferred spending his money on what he called "rare" old books, to doing and living like other people. And Margaret herself was odd. Not much like other folks, and no match for Robert, who, rich, elegant, and cultured, could find many a woman better fitted to be his wife. So they said, and it all came to me.

And it was true. I knew it to be so. And at the close of a beautiful day, when Rob came up the little walk to my door, I had made up my mind.

I remember that day so well. It is a better thing to stand face to face with a duty, which, acknowledged and yielded to, will cover your life with darkness, but which, set aside, would bring to your own soul a sense of humiliation and contempt not less hard to bear.

And I made up my mind.

"There is no use in urging me, Robert," I said. "God knows I love you, for your love, for your willingness to throw away your inheritance for my sake. But I will permit no such sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice."

"Yes, it is. You have not the knowledge that I have. You do not know aught of privation or trial. Love in a cottage, with all the modern improvements, looks fair to you; but I fear that you would find that

> 'Love in a cottage, with water and a crust,
> Is—love, forgive me—water, ashes, dust.'

If I were alone, I would go with you unhesitatingly; but I will not burden you with the aged mother, who is my sacred charge. Oh! my darling, try to understand that it is for your own dear sake, I put away all the beauty and the loveliness of life. Go, go before I pity myself into repenting my decision. Some day you will thank me that I did not spare myself and you this bitterness."

He answered, "I would leave father and mother, houses and lands for your sake; but since you will not permit that, I will do what is harder. I will leave you, for your sake, not for mine."

Oh! the bitter, weary days and weeks that followed. He went away, I did not know where; but after a time heard that he had gone back to Germany; he had been educated there, and had spent so many years there, that it seemed like home to him, more like home to him, I knew, than the father's house he left.

And I took up my burdens again. I never, for a moment, in my wildest dreams, imagined that this parting was aught but final. I knew that such experiences never repeat themselves. I had known the height and depth of joy and sorrow, and I looked into the future with little as to what it could do.

I still taught Mrs. Brown's daughters, and at night, after my work was done, and my mother asleep in her bed, I wrote.

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I know that poets are born, not made, but I also know that sometimes this divine birth-gift of song lies dumb, till the mighty hand of some great passion touches the heart.

> "It was not song that taught me love,
> But it was love that taught me song."

The waking of this gift brought a strange delight, and I learned new things of myself. I understood, now, the rapture that had been born of my dreams. I felt as though I had been asleep, and some great magician had wakened me. And that was true.

And so I wrote, and worked, and was far from being utterly unhappy.

I gained some reputation, too. My poems found their way into the papers and magazines; and, better than all, into the hearts of the people. I grew accustomed to seeing myself in print, and by degrees, rid myself of the shy, half-guilty feeling I had in regard to it.

I earned some money by it, too. Not the fabulous sums we hear of, but still enough to help very much. I was a De Ruyter, and they were not a money-getting race.

> "God shakes my palm, so I could hold
> But little water in my hand,
> And not much gold."

Not long after Robert had gone away, Mrs. Tremaine died.

She had been an invalid all her life; nearly all the time confined to the house, and part of the time to her bed. She was a proud, unlovable woman, and though she had lived many years in the little town, there were not a dozen who called her friend.

There was no other child. There had been a daughter, but she had died, soon after her marriage, leaving one son, the boy who was Robert's play-fellow when I met him, so long ago; he had also died.

But Judge Tremaine kept his home open, and lived in solitary state. I used to meet him in going to and from my lessons at Mrs. Brown's. He always lifted his hat to me, and sometimes added a pleasant, "Good-morning, Miss De Ruyter."

And I always thought of the wrong he had done, and the good he could have done instead; and in my heart, I fear, I hated him.

I heard not a word from Robert, or of him.

I thought it very possible that he would find a wife, among the daughters of his beloved Germany. I will not pretend to say that I hoped so. I could not think of it without agony. Yet I knew, that, though like a man he had loved me, still, like a man, he would love again. Then, one morning, I met his father. He paused, raised his hat, and said, "Pardon me, Miss Margaret, but I must give you yet another pain. Robert is dead."

"Dead," I repeated. "How can Robert be dead?"

He looked at me, pityingly. "You have suffered, I see; and now it is too late to hope. Poor child!" And yet he added, "What is your hurt to mine, who am old?"

"Oh! Mr. Tremaine, I tell you truly, when I say that you have given me no new grief. The cup that is full can hold no more; and Robert is no further removed from me than before. Life sundered us cruelly, death has made him wholly mine. Your grief is greater, for the weight of mine rests upon you."

"I pray you to be merciful," he said.

And I, in my pity for his gray hairs and his desolate old age, gave him my hand in forgiveness and kindness.

It seems that Robert had taken passage for home; the steamer with all on board was lost, or supposed to be.

A year went by. Judge Tremaine was still my neighbor, and had begged that he might be allowed to be neighborly. He was sixty-five years old, and I was twenty-eight. And the little kindnesses he offered me, I accepted, because it made him feel less burdened, by his grief and mine. At least I thought so, and when, one day, he asked me to marry him, my surprise was beyond measure. It was only exceeded by my indignation.

"Marry you! Be your wife!"

"Yes, Margaret. I mean it; be my wife. I will be a tender, loving husband to you; and though it may seem to you, in your youth, mockery for me, with my gray hairs, to talk of love, I tell you truly that I do love you; and I could make your life, which has been defrauded of its best, rich and grand and beautiful."

For a moment, for a wild moment, I *did* suffer myself to stand on this mountain of temptation, I *did* suffer myself to see the kingdoms of the earth, in their beauty and glory, pass before me. I *did* think what this could bring into a life, which he had rightly called defrauded.

Only for a moment. Then a flood of memories swept over me, memories so sweet, so sad, and so over-mastering, that the present was swallowed up, and I stood in the dear past, and I heard Robert's voice, and looked into Robert's eyes.

Then I said, as tenderly as I could, "I do not mock your passion, nor call it unreal, nor do I fail to see what you could do for me; but I re-

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member what you have done, and I remember Robert. God help me! When I forget him, I shall have forgotten all earthly things."

And so that was ended.

Two weeks later, as I passed, early in the morning, I saw crape swinging on the door of the Tremaine mansion. Judge Tremaine had died the night before. A sudden stroke, the doctor said, for he had seemed in excellent health, only the day previous.

I had not seen his face, since the day he turned from my door, and then it was a look sad to see on the face of an old man. Grief, remorse, and the hurt look of one who had failed to the uttermost.

But death had touched him, with its blessed restfulness; and he lay at last, peace crowned.

One must have a little soul, who can stand by the dead and say over the senseless clay, "I hate you. I remember all the evil you have done and will remember!" I felt only pity and forgiveness for the man who had passed beyond the need of either.

A short time after, the will was read. It was found that all of his possessions, houses, lands, bank stock and all, were left to me, whom he named as his "loved and respected friend, Margaret De Ruyter."

"Truly, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Others marvelled at the strangeness of the will. I, who knew what they did not, recognized the justice of it.

Had Robert lived, it would have been his, and now it was mine, for I should have been Robert's wife.

It made me glad that he made this acknowledgment of his wrong. I said, in the beginning of this story, that I had always expected to be rich; and this was the way it came, and having passed through so much, it was not strange that the first thought, that came to me, was of the relief from irksome duties, and petty economies that it would bring.

It was the thought of the negative good that came to me first. The rusty alpacas, the fret of daily teaching, and the struggle with the kindling wood.

Later, came the consciousness of the world this would open to me, and I should have exulted mightily, only for the one loss, which could never be made up to me; the loss for which no late restitution could atone.

I took possession. I moved my old, feeble mother away from the plain, little house, and gave her the brightest, sunniest room in the grand mansion. I beautified and adorned the grounds, as I chose; but in the house I made few changes, save to bring books and pictures according to my taste and needs.

I spent money, in a fashion that made my lawyers open their eyes with astonishment. I was in a fair way to find my way back, to that which was said to be the normal condition of the De Ruyters.

I should, in time, have done that, for you know my palm was not shaped for holding gold, but for a strange, strange thing that happened.

It was June again. I stood on the porch, enjoying, in every nerve and fibre of my being, the marvellous beauty of a perfect morning.

There was no flaw. That moment the world was all good.

I could not be sad, with such a sky above my head.

Looking down the gravelled walk, I saw—Robert Tremaine!

He walked slowly, looking one side and then another, evidently admiring, but not quite understanding the changes he saw.

I stood, like one stricken dumb. In my moments of deepest emotion, I had never the gift of words.

Now, through all my surprise, my absolute bewilderment, rose the one glad thought, "he has come back to me," whether in the flesh or in the spirit, I did not yet know.

But they were warm, living hands that took mine, and sweet, human kisses that fell upon my lips, and cheeks, and brow.

"Has the sea given up its dead, Robert?" I asked.

"Not that I've heard of, dear. Certainly it has not given me up, for it never had me."

"But were you not drowned? Did you not sail in the Sea-Bird, and was she not lost?"

"Do I look as if I had come from some cool sea cavern? Is there any seaweed or coral clinging to me? No, dear, I did not sail in the Sea-Bird, for at the last moment I changed my mind. But, Margaret, may I ask how you come to be here? And what is the meaning of all the changes I see? Where is my father?"

"Oh, Robert, don't you know?"

"I know nothing. Tell me quick, please."

I pointed to where, in the distance, the white monument of the Tremaine's gleamed, with a cruel clearness, through the trees.

"He is dead. They are all dead. And he thought the sea had swallowed you up, and he left this all to me; but you shall have your own again, all your own."

"Surely, I will have my own," he said.

He had not sailed, as he planned to do, and

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had written to say so, but the letter miscarried; he had heard nothing from home, and the longing to see his dear ones had at last been too strong for him, and he had come.

I told him the story of the years that had gone; of my ambitions and successes, of my longings and heartaches; and I said,

"I took what your father gave me, thinking it was right. You are the rightful owner; now I will give it back to you; and the little house—"

"Margaret," he said, "I suppose I could take all this from you. I *am* the rightful heir; but, if I did, it would be only to lay it at your feet, and beg you to take it, with the slight incumbrance of myself."

"Oh, Robert, it is yours as much as it ever was."

"Yes, and it is yours more than it ever was, for all mine is thine, and thine is mine."

We did not call in the lawyers to settle the matter for us, but left it to love's wise arbitrament.

That was many years ago. The dreams of my youth have been fulfilled. I am a rich woman; rich in the world's wealth; but richer far in that love which beautifies and glorifies my life; in that which takes hold upon immortality, for all the years I say to my heart, "My beloved is mine and I am his."

THE SYLVAN GODS OF OLD.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Are they not dead, the gods of old?
Or is it but a dream?
Do they still dwell by wood and wold,
Or lonely fount and stream?
Do they yet whisper in the breeze,
Invisible, but nigh?
The night-wind, rustling in the trees,
Is it their long-drawn sigh?

Perhaps, they watch us as we go.
The satyr from his brake;
The dryad where the May-buds blow;
The naiad from the lake;
The faun from many a shad'wy spot,
Remote from homes of man?
Perhaps, we hear, and know it not,
Far-off, the pipe of Pan.

The bill'wy waving of the grain,
Tells where, unseen, they pass.
The clover, tossing o'er the plain,
Their gambols in the grass.
Where shadows o'er the landscape fly,
Wing'd genii soar away.
Where rapids gurgle, glist'ning by,
Nymphs laugh beneath, and play.

No! they're all dead, the gods of old,
Their native woods are dumb,
To us, that fabled age of gold,
Earth's youth, will never come.
Arcadia lives but in the Past,
The work-day world is here.
Bring out your dead, the greatest last,
And deck for Pan his bier!

"GOOD-NIGHT."

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

Good-night, O my beloved,
God keep thee till the dawn;
Through all the shadows of the night,
Until the shining morn.
God keep thee, O beloved
From every dream of ill;
Sleep's mantle gently cover thee
With foldings soft and still.

And yet I know, belov
The deepest sleep were vain,
To banish tender thoughts of me
From out your heart and brain.
I'd have it so, beloved,
That waking or asleep,
My heart should beat, and throb with thine;
Its perfect pulsing keep.

And at the end, beloved,
When last good-nights are said,
And they shall softly close my eyes,
And whisper "She is dead,"
You'll not forget, beloved,
There comes a brighter day,
After whose dawn no parting words
Are ever found to say.

Come nearer, my beloved,
To hear my last good-night;
I'd see the smiling of your eyes,
While slowly fades the light.
O, clasp me close, beloved—
Kiss me once more—good-bye—
We say our last good-night on earth,
Good-morning up on high.

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THE LAST DUCHESNE.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

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CHAPTER IV.

THEY carried Griselda out, as soon as was possible, and laid her upon the cushioned seat of the carriage, as it stood in the shade. Ferris himself brought water, and gave it to her, while his mother held the girl's head upon her arm. But the swoon was an obstinate and prolonged one, so prolonged that there was only one thing to be done, to drive her to the nearest house, which was their own. Ferris took the reins himself in his impatience, and when they reached home carried her to a large, cool room, filled up with Indian matting, and light bamboo furniture.

"She is a mere feather weight," he said, indignantly, as he laid her down upon the flowered cushions of the wide sofa. He was indignant because she had not been cared for more tenderly.

"Mother," he said, "look at her. It is barbarous that she should have been left to herself, and allowed to go out on such a day."

The mother looked at her tenderly enough. She saw her now, as it were, in detail: the long, upcurled lashes, the small, fine hands, the delicate oval of face, the short, close curls her late illness had left.

"I should like to hear all about her, as soon as you have time to tell me," she said, holding the little hand in her own. "Her face looks as if she had not lived as other girls do."

It was some time before Griselda returned to consciousness, and when she did, she saw Mrs. Ferris first.

"It was you who came to me," she said. "I should have fallen, if you had not. You were very kind to me, madam."

Being so far relieved from her uneasiness, Mrs. Ferris found herself smiling, though, perhaps, more inwardly than outwardly. Under the same circumstances Mildred would probably have burst into tears, and have been a little hysterical, and a little gratefully effusive. Elinor also would, doubtless, have done the same things. But Griselda Duchesne, who was two or three years younger than either, had awakened to perfect self-possession, and a certain degree of staid readiness of speech and dignity.

In a minute or so more, she was trying to rise to her feet, and even managed to do so, though with manifest tremor and uncertainty. Seeing it, Ferris advanced to interfere at once.

"We must beg of you to be still," he said. "You must not attempt to stand yet."

"I—I cannot stand," she faltered, and sank backward, her dark eyes appealing to them both.

Mrs. Ferris stood over her, and petted her in a strong, capable sort of way. Mother and son were much alike in their strength of character, as well as in personal appearance. The firm, well-shaped, white hand, which was laid on Griselda's shoulder, was wonderfully suggestive of Ferris' own.

"You must let us take care of you, my child," said the kind, steady voice.

Ferris left the room, and presently returned, hat in hand.

"If there is anything you wish said to General Duchesne—any message you would like me to deliver—"

Griselda uttered a little cry.

"Oh! do not go, if you please. I am not so ill as that. I must go home myself."

But the other two exchanged glances.

"You cannot go to-day," said Mrs. Ferris. "You are not so strong as you think. As I said, just now, you must let us care for you."

The girl had never been in such hands before. She looked from one to the other, and somehow vaguely felt that she was disposed of. Even if she had been stronger it would have been unlike her to protest, so she remained silent.

Left alone with her, Mrs. Ferris began to understand the comments Mildred had made. It was not easy to manage the child, young as she was. Evidently she preferred silence to conversation, so the matron was discreet enough to leave her to herself.

"Only it was like sitting watching a little ghost," she said afterwards, whimsically. "She does not belong to your world, girls, nor to mine. She has lived a century before us."

Her grandfather came in a great flutter o. annoyance, rubbing his hands nervously.

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"I am really very sorry, Griselda," he said, after his private interview with Mrs. Ferris. "This is very unpleasant indeed. I am afraid you will inconvenience these people, and necessarily this places us under great obligations to them. I really hope you will make an effort to recover as soon as possible."

Something not entirely unlike terror shone in Griselda's eyes, as she regarded him.

"Am I to stay?" she said. "I thought—I meant to have gone home with you."

"You will be obliged to remain for a day or two," testily. "This Mrs. Ferris, who is a very decided person, informs me that your condition is more critical than we imagined. It is very unfortunate."

She was even more silent than before, when he had taken his departure, so silent, indeed, that Mildred and Elinor found her a trifle mysterious, and sat apart conversing in under tones, while she lay upon the sofa with closed eyes, around which faint dark shadows showed themselves.

"One cannot do anything with her," said Elinor. "It is just as people told us."

But towards night Ferris did something with her. He sat down at the piano and played for an hour without speaking, and when he got up, he found her eyes opened and fixed upon him, while her hands clasped themselves tensely upon her breast.

He made no remark, however, but seated himself near her and began to talk to her, and the music having affected her in such a way as rendered her mood more receptive, she found, now and then, answers for him, and from first to last a sensitive attention.

She did not regain her strength immediately, as she fancied she would. For a few days she was astonishingly weak, and so was obliged to remain where she was. In that time, however, she was secretly surprised to find herself becoming resigned, as it were. Carefully as she was tended, she was never intruded upon, and found no necessity for shrinking within herself, as she was too often disposed to do. When they began to comprehend the situation, Mildred and Elinor veered suddenly from a rather indifferent indecision to a decided interest and predeliction. Indeed their mother found some entertainment and spice, in observing how they at last plunged into voluble girl-talk, with perfect good faith and innocence.

"It will do her no harm, to be talked to about dresses and adorers, and it will do them no harm to find themselves checked by her sublime ignorance," she said.

She was right, as usual. Griselda listened, somewhat uncomprehendingly, but with perfect graciousness; now and then her youth asserted itself in a momentary interest.

The grandeur of the outside world scarcely fascinated her, but its novelty aroused her somewhat, and set her to thinking of possibilities.

"Donald," said Mildred, catching her brother by the arm, and regarding him with solemn eyes, "she has absolutely never been to the opera, or to a theatre, or even to a concert. She was only a child when the war broke out, and ever since she has lived just like a nun. Donald," ecstatically, "I would give absolute worlds, if she would invite us to go and see her, but she won't, I know she won't. She is so queer and reticent."

They could not quite overcome the queerness and reticence, but there was some suggestion of change manifest in her, when she went away. She was quiet and grave yet, but something less quiet and grave than she had been at first, and though the girls' farewell kisses surprised her into a faint flush, she received them with a very sweet submissiveness.

"There is no knowing, however, whether to ask her to come again or not," said Mildred. "Of course one can hardly do anything else, and yet she has not said a word, to intimate that she would like to know us better."

But the mother—excellent and wise woman—seized upon the horns of the dilemma bravely.

"My dear," she said, with the firm, light hands on the slight shoulders, "because you are so much alone, and have no mother, I must keep a little hold upon you. I shall come to see you, now and then, and give you orders about taking care of yourself."

Then Ferris drove her home, but when he bade her good-bye, he said nothing of any hope of seeing her again.

"Do not forget that my mother begged you not to overrate your strength," he said. "She understands these matters so well, and she is convinced you have no power to spare at present."

Then he pointed to a package he had brought in, and laid upon the table.

"There are a few books there I think you will like," he said. "Mildred and my mother gathered them together."

He went away, after this, and Griselda was left with General Duchesne, who, having been neglected so long, was out of humor.

"Well," he said, "I am glad that is over. Such an intimacy scarcely becomes us."

He was rather taken back at receiving an answer, not unlike the one he had received a few

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weeks before, when Griselda had stood at the window and looked out at the moonlit night.

"Grandpapa," she said, "we have made one mistake, at least. They are ladies and gentlemen."

CHAPTER V.

Ferris went home and talked to his mother. He told her the whole story of the Duchesnes, as far as he knew it, and he ended with a vexed and anxious air.

"And now I am afraid that there is even worse to come. The money they have received might, if it were sensibly used, be the means of restoring to them a great deal they have lost; but yesterday—think of the madness of such a thing—I heard a rumor, that some rascal had persuaded Duchesne into speculating with it. He has bought plantations, down in Mississippi, and left them to be managed by these men, it is said. If that is true, he is ruined."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his mother.

Ferris shrugged his shoulders, as he walked to and fro across the room.

"It is one of those miserable, new plantations, which, of course, is in the hands of the wrong men—a lot of scoundrels, who are bent more upon making money out of others, than cotton off their land, and who are too sharp for an unsophisticated, old aristocrat, whose day is past."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing—unless I find it is not too late to warn him; and even that will amount to nothing I am afraid. He would be more likely to regard me as an impudent and officious 'yankee,' than not."

"But you will run the risk?"

"Yes, certainly."

"For Griselda's sake?" With gentle suggestiveness, her anxious, maternal eyes scanning his face.

"I would do it for his own, and—" in a low, decided tone—"I would do it doubly for Griselda's sake."

It was a little curious how they both called her "Griselda," and spoke of her as if they had known her for years. There was no sense of unfamiliarity between them when they came to Griselda. For a very few moments, Ferris came and threw himself at full length upon the couch at his mother's side. He folded his hands beneath his head, and so lying, spoke again in the same decided and low voice.

"You understand my feelings?" he said.

"Yes," with the most sympathetic possible inflection. "Quite."

"I felt sure you would, particularly after you had seen her. She attracted me from the first day. I was touched and interested, and since then I have found myself drifting almost insensibly into a curious sentiment. The end of it all is this: I must teach her to return my feelings, if I can, and I shall not give up soon."

For the first time in her life, mammy Miranda was inclined to tolerate the new element, when Mrs. Ferris drove up to the old house, to pay her visit to Griselda. A woman who wore a simple dress, who had white hands and a gracious presence, who did not show a shade of astonishment at the general bareness, and who also had the good taste to appreciate choice breeds of Brahmahs and Cochin Chinas, was not so bad upon the whole.

"You mought ask her to stay fo' dinner," she hinted to Griselda, with grim condescension. "It wouldn't do no harm, 'n it'd look kinder the right thing. Them No'thun people don't live high; no hot biscuit, nor waffles, nor nothin'—cold bread and sech all the time, Tempy Thomas was a'tellin' me. It's Tempy Thomas cooks for 'em. Bless you! they isn't used to the livin' we is, Miss Grisell."

After this, there came, in course of time, Mildred and Elinor, and now and then, though rarely, Ferris himself. Griselda found herself taken possession of and was privately surprised when her first reluctance melted away. The girls adored her, because they found her somewhat difficult to understand, and she, in her turn, slowly developed a reticent, sensitive affection for them. Upon the whole, they were rather inclined to treat her as if she had been a child, admiring and caressing her, and making wondrous efforts to amuse her, and excite her interest.

Coming in upon them unexpectedly, one day, Ferris found them standing about her in great delight, over the effect of a fanciful costume they had attired her in. It was one Mildred had worn at a masque ball; a stiff, gray silk, thickly strewn with single crimson carnations; this, with lace sleeves, frills and kerchief, carnation satin petticoat and little mob cap, and the effect of the whole costume upon the delicate figure and fine, small face, was such a one as any artist might have delighted in. The way in which she turned, too, as Ferris entered, her slender hands hanging lightly folded before her, was indescribably sweet, and innocently grave and calm, without any touch of embarrassment or trepidation.

"Ah! Donald, look at her," cried Mildred.

"As if she had worn it always, you know," said Elinor, "and it was not a fancy dress at all. So few people look as if they belong to their fancy dresses. One always secretly imagines they must have stolen them."

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And then both walked around her in a circle, their ecstacy growing as they looked.

"There is a dress something like it in an old chest at home," said Griselda, in her quiet, young voice. "It is all faded and moth eaten. It belonged to a lady, Abigail Hyde, who married a Duchesne, in the old colonial days."

Ferris stood apart, and watched her with tender, eager eyes. He could only watch her all the evening. Because the two girls were so eager, she consented to wear the dress until she went home, and it was pleasant enough to set and watch her move gently here and there.

"It is Lady Abigail Hyde," said Mildred, "and we have gone back to good old colony times. God save the King."

Ferris drove her home that night, and having assisted her to alight, and accompanied her to the house, contrary to his usual custom followed her in.

"I have something of importance I wish to say to the general," he said.

She opened the parlor door, and then drew back.

"He is alone," she answered, simply, and went away.

She went into an adjoining room, and leaned out of the open window. It was a clear, moonlight night, and she was in a happier and calmer mood than she had experienced for many a weary day. The new friendship had been good for her, in more ways than one. The effects produced by it had been thoroughly healthful ones. She had been cared for affectionately, and treated as a girl should be, with constant regard for her youth. She was beginning to forget her poor childish pride and *hauteur*, and feel something of pleasure in her contact with the world outside the desolate old home.

"They are kind to me," she said to herself, in a soft undertone. "They were kind even when I tried to repel them, and hold myself aloof. I am ashamed to remember how cold and proud I was."

She was just saying this, when her attention was attracted by the sound of her grandfather's voice, issuing from the window of the next room. He was speaking loftily and angrily, and his words fell upon her ear distinctly.

"I have asked no advice, sir, and I will accept none. I am an old man, but I trust I have spirit enough left to conduct my affairs, without assistance. The Duchesne's, sir," in his grandest manner, "are not in the habit of submitting their intentions to the comment of every uninterested stranger."

Ferris' answer was too low to be heard, but its tone was evidently a calm one, and its very calmness seemed to rouse the old general to greater ire, and more offended dignity.

"Sir, I have given you my reply. I require no further advice. I—really I must beg of you to withdraw."

Griselda rose, clasping her hands tightly together, in her distress.

"Something has gone wrong," she said. "Something has made him angry."

There were a few more sentences, whose purport she could not distinguish, and then she heard Ferris' footsteps in the hall. She stepped quickly to the door and confronted him, her face pale, her eyes full of anxiety.

He was pale also, but his pallor was from suppressed feeling.

"Griselda!" he said, suddenly.

"I heard," she said. "Come in, if you please."

He obeyed her in silence, but once inside, with her troubled, upturned face before him, he lost some little of his self-control.

"I wonder if I ought to say good-bye to you," he broke forth.

"I cannot ask you not to do so, after what I have heard," she said, tremulously, "but he is very old, and he has known so much pain and trouble."

Somehow or other, he gained possession of both her hands, and held them.

"It ought to be good-bye," he said, with some impetuous bitterness, "but my self-respect is actually not as strong as—as my love, Griselda."

The words seemed to leap from his lips, and utter themselves in spite of him Discretion told him the next instant, that he had spoken too soon and too suddenly. It was as if he had awakened her abruptly from a calm dream. Her hands fell away from his grasp, as she started backward, and a deep flush stained her white skin, dying out the next moment, and leaving her paler than before. But she did not speak at all.

Having made his false step, however, he must go on.

"The last blunder is worse than the first," he said. "I see that, but I cannot unsay my words. They must stand as they are. I have been guilty of the presumption, and a man's love is a fixed fact, Griselda, if the man is worthy of a moment's thought. The beginning and the end is, that I love you!"

"I am sorry," she said.

That was all. She was Griselda Duchesne again, involuntarily, ruled by certain rapid memories and fancies, some would say prejudices, she had better have forgotten. He had really done

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her a kind of wrong, in rousing within her this sudden, momentary repulsion.

"I am not," he answered. "And yet it is hardly fortunate for me, at present. Do you think you can forgive me?"

She drew herself erect, and replied to him, with the faint suggestion of *hauteur* he knew so well.

"There is no need that you should ask that."

"No," he said, in generous repentance. "There was no need. But you see mine is the 'lost cause,' Griselda, and I am only a very masculine man."

He extended his hand, and she gave him hers, coldly and passively. He held it a moment, while he gave her a long, appealing look.

"General Duchesne will tell you how I have offended him," he said. "But when he tells you, remember that I had a reason for my officiousness. Good-night—or, perhaps, good-bye."

CHAPTER VI.

Griselda went back to her window again. She sat down, and her face looked very white in the moonlight. For a few moments she felt as cold and grave as she had ever done in her life. Until a certain stage of feeling was passed, she was only proudly indifferent. But at last she became conscious of a sort of emotional stirring within. The coldness melted away, and all at once her mood changed.

She was restless and unhappy, and before very long heavy tears rose in her eyes, and filled them, and fell. There was so much of emotion at work in her usually cold young frame, that she was almost frightened. She moved uneasily and left her chair.

"I said I was sorry, and I thought I did not mean it," she said, "but it was true. I am sorry. Everything so altered, and—and I am wretched."

As a refuge against herself, she went to her grandfather; but his humor was a more singular one than her own. He was pacing the big barren room, excitedly, and on seeing her he pointed to the table.

"You will find a check there, which you will use, Griselda," he said. "It is time that we began to—to assert ourselves somewhat, and show these people that we are not the beggars we seem, and that—that our future is more secure than they fancy."

Beyond this, however, he explained nothing. Griselda carried the check away, and wondered what she should do with it. She had never owned so much money in her life, and did not care for the things most girls care for.

"I suppose I must buy dresses," she said. "That must be what he means, and once I might have been a little glad; but who is there to see me now, or care whether I look well or not. Mildred and Elinor—" And there she stopped, because her tears forced her to faltering.

But to her surprise there was no falling off of the usual friendly intercourse. The two girls and their mother retained their hold upon her as affectionately as ever. The fact was that they knew nothing of the little episode which had disturbed her so. And Ferris managed to control events so ably, that there were no embarrassing *tête-à-têtes* or rencontres, and as their intimacy had never been a close one, this was the less difficult.

Mildred and Elinor found it charming beyond measure to assist Griselda to make the best use of her new opportunities. They grew important over plans and purchases, and were hardly controllable when she came to them, one day, and with a rather troubled air, told them that a carriage had been bought, and the old house was to be refurnished.

"Everything is to be altered," she said, sadly.

Elinor fairly stared at her.

"But it will be delightful," she cried. "Is it possible you are not glad, Griselda?"

Griselda only looked pensive, resting her chin upon her hand.

"I don't know. I have been poor so long. And it will hardly seem like Duchesne, and—and," faltering the words forth, "I think I am afraid."

"Why?" amazedly.

"I did not know there was enough money to do so much all at once. I knew the land had been sold well, but I thought—"

"Ah!" said Mildred, "that is only because you don't understand. Gentlemen always know about money and business, and we don't," with large ease of mind. "Do let us talk about the new furniture."

After this, instead of walking to church, Griselda was driven there, in a resplendent coach, her grandfather seated at her side, filled with all the dignity of the dead-and-gone Duchesnes. The skimp, washed-out muslins were laid aside, and rich fabrics and late fashions took their place.

But Ferris, at least, and his mother also, saw that the sweet, fine face was no brighter than it had been in darker-seeming days; indeed, that it often wore a shadow of secret trouble and anxiousness. Even the girls, sometimes, awakened to a recognition of this fact, and were bewildered by it.

"She is not a bit happier-looking than she used to be," they said. "And she does not seem to care for things, as most people would."

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"But then," added Elinor, "Griselda is different from most people." And with this reflection they consoled themselves.

Among the grandeurs of the new furniture, Griselda lived the old, lonely life. She had more to do and more to think of, perhaps, in her position as mistress to additional servants, who all quarreled with mammy Miranda, and who were regarded by her, contemptuously, as know-nothings and interlopers; but in the abstract the life was the same. She read to her grandfather, and listened to his harangues on the fallen state of society, and she did not find their tone more cheerful, since his change of fortune.

"There is no society," he would say, "no society, Griselda. I have nothing in common with mere trades people," which implied a certain degree of reproach, sonorously administered.

Of the state of their private affairs, Griselda knew nothing. She saw that her grandfather had letters which he made a point of answering himself, and she observed that after their appearance, he was always more fretful and dignified than usual, and inclined also to a kind of secretive mood.

Entering the library, however, one morning, she found him in conversation with a stranger, an aquiline-featured, fair-faced man, who was talking rapidly and persuasively, and whose last words reached her ear.

"In investments of this kind, one must expect to meet with occasional drawbacks, and in such cases economy is poor policy. Just at present, it seems scarcely a paying thing; but in course of time—" And there he paused, seeing Griselda, and rose to bow.

Duchesne waved his hand, impatiently.

"Go away, Griselda," he said. "I am engaged. Go away."

From this time forward he changed rapidly. He was irritable and nervous, and spent the greater part of his time in writing letters, or pacing his room restlessly. Sometimes, when he read, in her presence, the letters he received, Griselda saw actual dismay in his face.

"I—I am very much annoyed," he would exclaim, in petulant explanation, when he saw her looking at him. "Why do you watch me, Griselda? It is a business matter you do not understand."

There came a time, at last, when he was hardly himself at all. He asked the same questions over and over again, and once she came upon him with an open letter in his hand, and tears rolling weakly down his withered face.

"Griselda," he faltered, staring at her, in a piteous, appealing fashion. "We—we must make an effort. We must not give way. Poverty is a terrible thing, Griselda."

She knew what was coming from that moment. But she did not anticipate as heavy a blow as fell upon her at last.

He had written one of the long, weary letters, toiling over it through the whole of one morning, and for several days he awaited its answer, with an impatient eagerness painful to behold. He could not rest, and as the hours for the arrival of the mails approached, would wander from room to room, and from window to door, and being disappointed again and again, would work himself into a fever of misery.

"There is something wrong with the mails," he would protest. "There is no method among these people. I shall consider it my duty to enter a complaint."

But the answer came at length, a great, empty-looking envelope, containing only half a sheet of paper, upon which a few lines were roughly scrawled; but when he read them, Griselda knew that the end had come.

A gray pallor spread itself over his face, and a palsied tremor seized upon him. His eyes left the paper, and turned upon her, as if in a vague hope that the sight of her would clear his bewildered and excited brain.

"Griselda," he faltered, but before she could reach him, all likeness to his former self had fallen away from him; his form seemed to shrink, his look to become vacant, and he had burst into sobs, and incoherent, indistinct attempts at speech.

"Ruin, Griselda—scoundrels—ruin—for—for ever." And so, until the incoherence trailed off into silence, and he sank helplessly forward, over the arm of his chair, his blank, ashen face resting upon the table.

Those few wild, stammering words were his last. Fate spared him the pang of awakening again to a consciousness of the blow his senile pride and folly had brought upon him. He never spoke again, but lay helplessly, uttering low, wearied moans, until he died—a week after Griselda had thrown herself upon her knees, to support him as he fell.

And then the girl stood in the desolate old place, the last of her race, and alone. The will they found among the papers left her heiress to houses and lands, of whose existence she knew nothing, and which, in the hands of sharpers and speculators, had lapsed into worse than nothingness, before she even heard of them, for their loss involved debt and entanglement.

"The servants must go away, I suppose, and the new things must be sold," she said to Ferris

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and his mother, who had stood by her in her need. "But Duchesne is left, and," smiling pathetically, "mammy Miranda will stay and take care of me."

To Ferris there was a sharp sting in the fact that she refused his mother's invitation, and persisted in her determination of living as she had done, in the old times.

"It is nothing new to me to live alone, and be poor," she said. "It is only putting on an old, familiar dress again. As long as I have Duchesne, it does not matter; and Mildred and Elinor can come and see me often."

It was not more than a week after this—after they had left her to her solitary life—when sitting at her work, one morning, Mrs. Ferris was startled by Griselda's entrance into the room, without the slightest warning.

The girl flung open the door, and walked in, white and breathless; then stopped short in the middle of the room, her hands dropping at her sides.

"I have come—to ask you to take me," she said, between her excited, fluttering breaths. "I have no home—I have no one but you. There are people at Duchesne, who say it does not belong to me but to them. It is gone, too—even poor, old Duchesne—even Duchesne!"

Ferris, who was in the room, took up his hat and left the house, without a word. He had been haunted by the fear of this crisis from the first. He went to Duchesne, and found that there had been foundation enough for his fears. The old house had gone with the rest.

There was nothing to be done. He could only come back and explain the business minutiæ, and leave his mother and the girls to do the rest. Just then it appeared to him, that his part was to keep himself as much out of sight as possible.

"We have always wanted you," Elinor and Mildred said, hanging over her, and crying in spite of a secret feeling of relief. "And mammy Miranda is always good-natured to us."

But Griselda lay listless and pale, upon the sofa, where Mrs. Ferris had put her.

"I did not think Duchesne would go, too," she said, "—not Duchesne. It was like a living friend, and now it is gone."

She had been drifting slowly towards a new phase of existence, since the very hour in which she had drawn away from Ferris, and fancied herself chilled against him; but she had never known how far she had advanced, until now that her desolateness was so complete.

When he entered the room that night, for the first time after he had left them, she looked up at him, as a lost child might have done. She did not quite understand herself even then, but it was clear to her, that here, at least, she was safe. She had lost all the rest, but not this one thing—and, somehow, all old Harold Duchesne's lessons were forgotten. On his part, Ferris had not given up. He had meant, from the first, to try once again, and when she looked up at him, from her sofa, he felt that the time had come.

So he went to his mother, and spoke to the point, as he had a habit of doing.

"I want a few minutes alone with her," he said. "I have something to say."

Of course, having done this, his opportunity soon presented itself, and then he went at once to the sofa, and spoke to the point there.

Only a few words at first, but when they were finished, Griselda stood up before him, with tremulous lips.

"I am like a beggar," she faltered, "and it seems as if it was to punish me, that—that I know now—when it is so late. I am nothing—I have nothing—even Duchesne—"

He took her slight hands, and looked down at her with a tenderness beyond measure.

"Do not let us think of Duchesne," he said. "Do not let us remember one thing in the past, which has caused either of us unhappiness. Only give me the right to make your future happier, and that will be enough. That is all I ask. Say only that I may love you with some hope?"

"I might have said it before," she answered, softly, "if I had known—if I had understood myself. I know now, that there was hope, when I told you that there was none."

And simple as the words were, they were enough, and the end.

LINES.

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

The present ours; the future rests with God,
Yet man, vain mortal, dreams, and talks, and plans,
And airy castles builds, as if it lay
Within his grasp. Life's path, with flowers, bright hope
Adorns, and points to coming years serene;
Touched by her magic wand, the future glows
With beauty rare, and man forgets that God,
Who gives to-day, the morrow may withhold.

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JOHN BRANCH'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

He certainly was a wonderfully-accomplished man; spoke half-a-dozen languages with ease, sketched, modelled, and I dare say played the German flute (whatever species of the torture-instrument flute that may be), though heaven forbid that I should ever have heard him!

He was not exactly handsome, but something better, exceedingly *distingué*, and though always simply dressed, very elegant in his attire. His manners were charming; I defy the most suspicious person to have resisted him; and he was one of the few marvellously informed men I have met, whom I could endure to hear talk.

As for his age, it was impossible to judge. However, we set him down at thirty, and soon became as convinced this was his count, as that we were correct in our other theories concerning him. There is nothing so absurd as a theory, yet nothing so delightful; once accepted, one clings to it firmly, in spite of facts.

We met him in Barcelona, the pleasantest city, I think, in the whole of Europe, next to Paris. We were stopping at the Oriente, which fronts on the promenade—the Rambla. The table-d'hote numbered always full a hundred guests, and short of Cairo in January, in no place could one so fully realize the confusion which prevailed at Babel, in the matter of diverse tongues.

Now, experienced pilgrims, who are able to "hold their own," in conversation in the three or four modern languages, most commonly heard in the famous haunts where wanderers congregate, fall into frightfully *laissez-aller* habits, of which decorous, stay-at-home people cannot have the slightest conception (luckily for their nerves!) If your chance companion, in railway train, hotel or picture-gallery, be, so far as manners are concerned, a gentleman, conventionally speaking, you do not care a rush whether he may be the Earl of Hubble Bubble's eldest son or the most outrageous adventurer that ever existed.

So you form positive intimacies in no time; make expeditions in company, dine together, are talked to by your passing friend, much more freely than he would talk to the nearest relation he owns. You go to any extreme, except that of lending your money, or inviting your Achates to come and visit you in your native land, and you enjoy yourself hugely; that is, if you do not carry about that most uncomfortable kind of luggage, a bundle of conventional prejudices.

So thus it was we met him; I may as well tell you the name we knew him by, Mr. Foster, which had no significance whatever any more than Smith, and might have been the family cognomen of a duke or a tailor.

There is a charming excursion to make from Barcelona, which requires three days to be thoroughly performed, whose bourne is to a grand old monastery, perched on the top of a mountain, where the monks entertain you delightfully, and the views, well, I am sure that since Moses looked over Canaan from Pisgah, nothing has been found to compare therewith.

One of our number sprained his ankle, so we were detained in the convent, but as the unfortunate was nobody's relation, nobody grumbled or dreamed of leaving him there for the four days, which the monk-doctor declared he must remain supine upon his bed.

And there we found Mr. Foster, and he stopped as long as we did, and by the time we again reached the lower earth, and the Oriente, we all knew him and each other as well as possible, and he had become the very head and front of the oddly-joined little coterie, and could converse with each person in his or her native tongue, though we counted six different nationalities, among whom were a Swede and an American.

From the first, I decided in my own mind that he must be a consummate rascal; he really was too cultivated and too delightful to be an honest man! But I kept my belief to myself, and whatever others may have thought, they were equally reticent.

The day before we left the monastery, Foster and I were smoking in the court-yard, when one of the brothers entered with the bag of letters; for in these days even a monastery has its post, and the Superior may read the daily papers, as easily as if he were one of the café frequenters, along the Boulevard des Italiens. A thick packet fell to Foster's share. He glanced at it, and I saw him change color, but when he noticed that I was looking at him, his face regained at once its ordinary careless, half-weary expression.

"I have news," he said. "I shall read while you finish your pipe."

He sauntered off to an angle of the wall, where

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three cypress-trees stood, opened and perused his letters. Presently he came back, lighting his cigarette as he walked.

"Well," he said, abruptly, as he reached me, "I shall go down the mountain with you all."

"Why, of course," said I.

"Not exactly that," returned he, with his half-wistful, half-scornful smile; "but for this letter, I should have stopped where I am. Do you know, I came up with the intention of making a retreat, and then beginning a novitiate."

"What a jolly monk you would have made," laughed I, without the slightest idea that he spoke seriously.

He laughed, too, yet as I looked in his face I felt—though I knew it was absurd—that he had meant what he said.

"'Deferring prevents no recurring,'" quoted he. "It may come at last, *quién sabe!* But for the present, I must go back to the lower world and its platitudes."

Well, we sat there and talked of everything on, under, and above the earth, and as I may say, no doubt much more freely than we should have done to our neighbors and relations, only I gathered nothing whatever, which could enable me to place him or his past, though there seemed no intention in his reticence.

Of his wanderings, he spoke freely enough, and they seemed to have extended pretty well over every quarter of the globe, though I admit that at last he excited my suspicions, and I wondered a little if it were possible, that his knowledge of so many out-of-the-way lands came from books rather than personal observation.

This was what gave rise to my mental question. I had in my hands the first numbers of Jules Verne's Michael Strogoff. My dropping the magazine, and his picking it up, turned the conversation upon Siberia, and when, just as naturally as he might have spoken of Sicily, he began to talk of that human realization of Dante's frozen Inferno, and point out certain errors, which even Jules Verne, careful "crammer" though he be, had committed in regard to numerous details, it did seem that my companion must be playing upon my credulity, for certainly no sane creature would ever have voluntarily visited that ice-bound prison.

"At last I have exhausted your patience or your faith," said he, reading my thoughts as easily as if he had been *clairvoyant*. "You are certain I never saw Siberia."

"Even if I were," retorted I, with a composure on which I quite pride myself as I recall it, "I should be interested; romance is always more exciting than unadulterated facts."

He laughed as heartily as a boy, and without returning any answer, took a pencil from his pocket, and on the fly-leaf of Michael, dashed off several caricatures of certain Parisian notorieties, of whom we had spoken a little while before, and so gave the conversation an entirely different turn.

The next day but one saw us back in Barcelona, and like the rest of the party, Mr. Foster established himself at the Oriente.

Just three days passed. One evening a knot of, perhaps, eight or ten of the people who had fallen into the habit of familiar intercourse, were lingering over the dinner-table. The other diners had departed; four or five of the host of servants, who spent their time in falling over each other, more after the fashion of plantation darkeys in old days, than anything else, were occupied in carrying away dishes, and wondering—sometimes in audible tones—if we meant to sit there all night.

Foster was the chief talker. Amusing as he always was, he had, that evening, surpassed himself. I never in my life heard so many irresistibly laughable stories, as he recounted. He was seated opposite me, and during the last twenty minutes, I had noticed a man who stood leaning against the wall, back of his chair; noticed him, without taking any special observation, for I supposed him to be one of the servants, who understood French and meant to enjoy the droll histories as well as his betters.

Then Foster began giving us imitations of famous French and Italian comic actors.

"I'll show you how Ronconi used to turn himself into a Sphinx," said he, catching up a couple of table-napkins, and rising as he did so.

Very near his seat was a door which led into a square passage, where, during meals, one often saw the servants disappear with plates and dishes; whether it had an outlet, by which one could get down stairs, I do not know. Foster was about to enter the room, I supposed to arrange his Sphinx business. The man who had been watching was close to the door; as Foster tried to pass, the stranger laid a hand on his shoulder, and said, in Spanish, loud enough for us all to hear,

"Do not go out that way, if you please!"

As he spoke, he opened the breast of his coat, and I caught the shine of the gold badge, which revealed his identity. He was a captain of the secret police.

There was a sudden hush in our ranks, so complete, that one could have heard a pin drop; nobody spoke or stirred. I was staring with all my eyes, at the pair in the doorway, and I suppose the others were gazing, spell-bound, in the same direction.

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Foster did not betray the slightest sign of agitation or surprise; the mocking smile, so common to his lips, crossed them; he bowed, and stood still.

"Permit me to offer my arm," said the police agent, as courteously as if he had been a Grand Chamberlain.

Without a second's hesitation, Foster complied, turned his head toward us, and bowed—that smile on his lips yet—and there we all sat, mute, and saw him pass down the room in the officer's charge, and disappear into the great corridor, which led to the principal staircase.

I am sure that full three moments elapsed, after their departure, before any one of our number moved or spoke. Then a young Englishman said to the man next him, his travelling companion, and the only two who had ever met before this general encounter at the hotel,

"If we mean to see the second act of Rigoletto, we must be off."

They rose and walked away. Each man of us who were left, looked at his neighbor, and the company in general, with a sudden suspicion in his eyes, as if suddenly roused to a belief that he was the only honest person in the coterie, and had better get out of it.

As soon as I could collect my bewildered faculties, I hurried off, not so much to escape contamination as because I wanted, if possible, to see more of the drama, whose opening scene had transpired before us.

Foster's rooms were on that floor, down the same turning as mine, with a staircase of its own conducting into the court below. As I was passing this staircase, I saw the prisoner and his guardian on the lower flight.

"Foster!" I called, involuntarily.

He looked back. The policeman paused, as if willing to give us an opportunity to speak, but Foster signed him to go on, waved his hand to me in a mute farewell; and they disappeared.

Should I rush on and overtake them? Foster's gesture had been so decided a sign of dismissal, that to follow seemed an impertinence; yet I could not bear to let him go like that! I had not the slightest doubt, whatever might be the reason for his arrest, he fully deserved that it should have taken place, but I have an ill-regulated mind, and if I like a person I like him, good or bad, and I did like Foster better than anybody I had met in a small age.

I wasted a few seconds in mental debate, then I dashed down the stairs, across the court, into the covered way, which ended in two great doors opening upon the street.

A little before me stood Foster, the police agent and a woman; the woman was clinging to the prisoner with both hands, speaking rapidly, in Russian.

I saw him pull himself loose from her hold; heard him say, in French:

"I would not listen to you to save my soul!"

She staggered back against the wall and allowed him to pass. From where I stood I could see Foster and his guard enter a carriage, drawn up before the entrance—they were gone.

I hurried on; the woman perceived me; called my name; I stopped.

"I saw you with him, yesterday," she said. "You may be human, though you *are* a man! Wait a minute, for God's sake."

She was covered from head to foot in a loose cloak; a Spanish mantilla over her head, and drawn across her face, so that it nearly concealed it; I could just catch the gleam of the maddest pair of eyes I ever looked into.

"Can I be of service to you in any way?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "not to me, but to him!"

"Then tell me how—be sure I will do it," said I, not because I am either chivalrous or Quixotic; simply because there was a power in those despairing eyes, which carried me beyond the control of my strongest instinct—selfishness.

"They are taking him to the military prison. Go and see him there."

She paused to catch her breath, and I interposed:

"I am a stranger, and without influence; there is slight probability of my being allowed to visit him. Certainly not to-night. To-morrow I will use every means in my power to get an order—"

"Will you go home with me?" she broke in. "Come, quick! Give me your arm to the corner; my carriage is there."

I complied in silence. Two minutes later, we were seated in a covered landeau, rolling up the Rambla. Just where the promenade ends in a square, near the beginning of the outer boulevard, the vehicle stopped before a handsome house.

She signed me to open the door. I obeyed. Our five minutes drive had passed in complete silence. She sprang out and entered the house, and I followed up a flight of stairs. She rang, and we were admitted. We passed through an ante-chamber into a salon.

She threw off her cloak, pushed back her mantilla, and I beheld one of the most striking women I ever saw in my life.

She was tall—perfection in point of form, save that she was too thin—blonde, a wealth of bright yellow hair, a face which would have been beautiful, but for the sadness of the mouth, and the

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wild, despairing expression of the great black eyes.

"Sit down, sit down!" she said, impatiently.

I obeyed. She hurried to an escritoire, at the further end of the room, tossed a pile of papers about, wrote a few lines, came back with a packet and a letter in her hand.

"Go to General Castrelli," she said, "the address is on the letter; send it in; he will see you! The packet is for him—"

"Foster?"

"Yes, yes, whatever you call him. The general will give you an order! Go—see him—oh! I beg your pardon for speaking so—but if you knew! Not his life—more than that depends on his reading the packet to-night. They will offer to send him out of Spain. He will accept. Once in France, the Russian authorities will take him! Siberia, he will be sent back to Siberia, and this time he can never escape!"

"And who, shall I tell Foster, sent me?"

She wrung her hands hard together, to try by some physical act for calmness; her eyes fairly burned me with their glare!

"Nobody. He would turn you out; let him think friendship, curiosity, anything brought you."

"I understand!"

"Once with him, tear open the packet, put one of the papers in his hand, he will read it then! Do you comprehend, do you know what I want?"

"I think so."

"If he dreamed that you came from me, he would not read. Why, I am the woman who had him arrested!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"There was no other way," she continued. "They had written to him that I was here, told him to leave Spain. They thought he would rush over to France at once, and so be caught. It was all I could do, have Castrelli arrest him as a Carlist sympathizer. Oh, my God, how I tell it! The man will think I am mad!"

Not stirring from her seat, no movement, save the convulsive twisting and untwisting of her hands, and those agonized eyes fixed full upon mine!

"No, no," I cried. "I understand enough not to blunder. Give me the papers, I will go."

I think her white, parched lips tried to murmur a blessing, but no words escaped them. I snatched the packet from her passive hand, had half crossed the room, when her voice stopped me.

"Come back," she moaned, "no matter what time it is, come back!"

"Yes," I said, then I collected my senses, and reflected that I should be foolish to go mad also. "Will they let me in?" I demanded. "For whom shall I ask?"

"The Princess Troubiskoff. Oh, I will give the order; go, for the love of heaven, go!"

And I went. When I reached the outer door, the carriage, which had brought us, was still there. I sprang in, looked at the letter, and gave the coachman the address written thereon. General Castrelli was, at that time, the military commander of Barcelona; I had met him at dinner, only a few nights before; but it was doubtful if he would remember a foreign name so insignificant as mine, and a person so unimportant as John Branch, but all that did not matter.

We reached the house; I entered, gave the domestic my card, and the letter. After a brief delay, back came the servant, and showed me up stairs into a library. At the same instant, the general entered, from another door.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Branch," he said, (he did not look so, he looked very much annoyed.) "I know you are in haste, so I will not detain you. I will send an orderly with you, who will obtain you entrance to the—to Mr. Foster."

I bowed; he touched a hand-bell; in came a young soldier, who had evidently already received his commands, for none were given. The general made a dash after the traditional courtesy of his land, and said, in Spanish:

"I am grieved, Señor Branch, that your haste prevents a longer stay, to the pleasure of a future meeting!" and he bowed me out. Going down the stairs, I recovered self-assertion enough to feel that John Branch, Esquire, was being a good deal pushed about this evening, between his own stupidity, in meddling with what was none of his business, and the imperious ways of despotic Spanish generals, and half-mad Muscovite princesses, but I meant to fulfill my mission all the same.

So the orderly and I drove to the place where Foster was confined—not the common prison—a sort of jail connected with the great *caserne*, at the eastern end of the city, whether intended for refractory soldiers, or political prisoners, I have not the least idea. After a short explanation, on the part of the soldier, I was conducted down some narrow, winding passages; a door was unlocked, and I entered a small room, with a grated window, a bed, a couple of chairs, and a table, on which burned a melancholy candle.

Foster was seated by the table, reading a book; he looked up at the opening of the door, and I saw a gleam of surprised pleasure cross his face, as he recognized me.

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"Upon my word!" cried he, laughing. "You are a perfect modern Don Quixote! The idea of your taking the trouble to come and hunt a fellow up in this den."

"Curiosity is a strong passion," returned I, affecting to share his merriment. I think he did me the justice to comprehend that my words were only spoken to hide a certain agitation, for as he pushed me down into one of the chairs, he wrung my hand warmly.

As he said nothing, but sat looking at me, I felt a little at a loss how to begin my business.

"I trust you will not be annoyed at my coming," said I.

"How could I be!" returned he. "But I own I am surprised. I did not suppose the man lived, who would take so much trouble on my account."

"I dare say I am not the only person who would take a great deal more," said I.

He leaned forward, and stared at me; there was a look of suspicion in his face now.

"So!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "How the deuce did you get in?"

"General Castrelli sent his orderly with me."

"Vastly polite on the general's part! And by what means did you soften his obdurate military heart?"

"Foster," I said, "you must be convinced by my coming that I have the most friendly feelings towards you—"

"Don't!" he interrupted, with his mocking laugh. "If ever a man had reason to pray, 'deliver me from my friends,' it is I—I would not do you the injury of ranking you among them."

"Rank me where you please," returned I, "only promise to do me a favor!"

"With all the pleasure in life, if it is in my power," but though he spoke lightly, I could see the same look of suspicion in his eyes.

I took the packet from my coat, and in my hurry, forgetting the order given me to tear open the envelope myself, and put one of the papers in his hand, I laid the letter before him, on the table. There were a few lines of writing upon the envelope, I did not see what. He just glanced at them, gave me the most absolutely murderous look I ever received in my life, and growing livid with rage, he tore the packet into a dozen fragments, and flung them on the floor.

"There!" he cried. "Go back to the woman who sent you, and tell her this new scheme has failed, as any other will do! Man, man, what harm have I ever done you, that you should league yourself with my arch-enemy to work my utter destruction!"

"You cannot believe it!" I fairly groaned, for I remembered what the princess had declared would be the consequences of his accepting an order to go over into France, and I was powerless now to convince or persuade him! "I never saw the lady till to-night. She was half mad with suffering; she plead with me to come to you as she might have prayed for her own soul!"

"Yes, yes, I was wrong to suspect you. I beg your pardon!" he said, laying his hand for an instant on mine. "I thank you for your intentions—but go back and tell her she has failed."

"If you had only read the papers!" I cried.

"My dear fellow," he replied, in his ordinary careless voice, "I know, perfectly well, what they contained. I had intimation days ago, when we were at the monastery, that she was coming—"

"But if you go over the border you will be arrested!"

"So she says. She wants me to accept prison here!"

I was pleading utterly in the dark, but everything I could say I did. They were words wasted, though he listened in silence, till I repeated her warning that he would be sent to Siberia again.

"Ah," said he, "so she told you of my experience! Did she tell you who had me sent there? Why, the fair princess herself! My dear Branch, I don't wonder that the woman deceived you, but I have known her too long; she cannot deceive me."

I tried to speak. He stopped me, politely, but firmly.

"You must excuse me," he said; "I am very tired. Once more, thanks for coming. I must bid you good-night."

He raised his voice and called to the guard; the door opened; there stood the warden and the orderly.

"Light this gentleman down the corridor," was all he said, took my hand, shook it, gently pushed me out of the room, and shut the door himself.

I drove back to the house where I had left the Russian lady, was admitted at once, and shown up to the room where we had held our first interview. There she was, walking up and down. The instant she saw my face she called out,

"You have failed! My God, oh! my God!"

She fell on her knees, and hid her face for a few seconds. Her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs, but when she looked up there were no tears on her cheeks; she was past weeping.

"He will let himself be sent over the border?" she whispered.

"Yes. He would read nothing—hear nothing."

"I understand."

I had returned full of suspicion against her, but in the presence of her agony, that passed

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entirely. I could not doubt her. She rose, stood for a little, as if trying to collect her thoughts, then she said:

"I wonder you come back. He must have told you I was trying to deceive you."

"Yes; I did believe it, but I do not now."

She began again to walk up and down the room. Presently she stopped.

"I must see Castrelli," she said. "The people whom he trusts will appeal to the civil power—he will be sent out of Spain. Will you come to me the instant I send, whether it be to-morrow morning or night?"

"Yes. I will not leave the hotel till I hear. See, this is the number of my room," and I scribbled the address on a bit of paper.

I went home, but not to sleep, as you may imagine, after all the excitement of the evening. The next day passed without news; night came, and brought me this note:

"The Russian consul has been appealed to. He will be released to-morrow, on condition that he leaves the country at once. He will go by rail to Gerona, and over the mountains to Perpignan, in France. Will you be ready to start with me when I am ready? Do not write—give simply the response, 'yes or no' to the bearer of this."

My answer was, of course, in the affirmative.

We did start by the last train of the next evening. It was about six o'clock when we left Barcelona. It would take us two hours and a half to reach Gerona; from thence passengers towards France were obliged to take the diligence, which occupied some ten hours in traversing the mountain, as the rail on the Spanish side was not completed.

We had a carriage to ourselves, and among other strange narratives, I heard the plans of the princess; plans which might not be difficult of execution in Spain, however wild and improbable they might sound to any person reading a recital thereof, in his peaceful abode on the banks of the Hudson, or in the heart of a Pennsylvania valley.

We reached Gerona; a travelling chaise with four horses was waiting for us; we got into it, and madame's two servants mounted into the rumble, and off we set.

It was a gorgeous night; the moon at its full. The ascent, which soon began, was so fine that, preoccupied as I was, I could not help admiring it.

I think we must have been driving for a full hour and a-half. A sudden turn in the road brought us to the entrance of a deep defile. Suddenly, the sound of a pistol, fired just in advance, cut through the air. A voice ordered our postillion to stop, and in a moment the carriage was surrounded by a troop of men.

"Mr. Branch," said the princess, "were you ever in the hands of brigands?"

"Never," said I, with my heart in my mouth, replying as she had spoken, in English.

"Then you have a new experience," said she, "for you are surrounded by the most notorious band in Catalonia."

She bore the fact so well, that I could do no less than remain calm; especially, as a second's reflection assured me that our capture was a part of the project of which she had spoken.

First of all, the two domestics, uttering such cries of dismay that it was evident they were not in their mistress' confidence, received orders to descend from their perch, were blindfolded, and placed on mules, and led off to a little distance.

Then the leader of the troop rode to the side of the carriage, where the princess sat, and conversed with her, in a low tone, for a few seconds.

"He wanted to know if it was necessary to blindfold you, too," she said, "but I told him no."

There was such a change in her manner, such gladness in her eyes, such exultation in her voice, that I knew she had received good news.

"Everything has gone as you wished," I said.

"Yes! He left by the four o'clock train, reached here an hour since, under the guard of the two soldiers, was captured without harm to anybody, and is now in the heart of the forest, whither we are bound. It must all be done in order; remember we are prisoners!"

The leader of the band politely but firmly informed us that we must get out of the carriage, and mount the mules provided for us. We obeyed. Our luggage followed on other mules, and in five minutes we were threading the recesses of the mountain path, a swarthy rascal leading each of our beasts. We journeyed thus, for over an hour, in complete silence; down jagged paths, up steep ascents; sometimes in the depth of an unbroken forest; occasionally for a little way along the edge of precipices. I confess it did, now and then, occur to me that John Branch might be the victim of a plot, and would never see the civilized world again, short of a ransom, which there was nobody to pay; and I glanced occasionally at the face of the lady riding behind me, but it told no tales.

You must remember these events occurred during the last months of the Carlist war, that even yet the diligence, which crosses the mountain, is accompanied by an armed guard, and that in spite of such precautions, robberies are very frequent, then you will be able to understand

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that there is nothing improbable in my tale. That the princess had been aided by General Castrelli, I have never doubted; our century will have to end, before in Spain or Sicily holders of posts, under government, are on such bad terms with brigands, that they cannot turn them to use, if necessary, especially when a woman worth millions, is willing to pay any sum to regular or irregular powers, for the carrying out of her plans.

We stopped at last; we had reached our bourne; a magician himself could not have traced us. As well as I could see, we were in a sort of natural clearing, backed by a sheer cliff, with several openings near together.

We got off our mules. For the first time, the princess spoke to me.

"Follow that man," she said; "he will take you to Foster. I shall come very soon, but I want him to see you first: the sight of you may give him a little confidence."

I was hurried through the opening in the rock; it proved to be a sort of natural corridor, which ended in a cave, literally, the traditional robber's den, lighted by lamps, though not torches. Half-a-dozen men were seated about, all smoking; nobody paid any attention to me. Midway in the cavern, on the right side, was a rude door, this was opened, I was motioned to pass through, I did, found myself in a smaller cave, and in the presence of Foster!

He was lying on a bed of leaves and twigs; he sprang up at the noise, and saw me.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Have they got you, too? So we really are captured by brigands! I had thought my taking, her work!"

"At all events I am here," I said; "that is enough for me at present! I say, it would be a polite attention, on the part of our captors, if they gave us at least some food."

He laughed, and pointed to the table; where was a plate of food. I snatched a crust of bread, and pretended to eat with avidity, just because so doing would prevent the necessity of talking for a few seconds, and I was not enough up in my rôle to know what to say.

"Evidently you left Barcelona without having dined," said he, with one of his quizzical looks.

Before I had swallowed my crust, the door opened, and the Russian entered. Foster recognized her, and started back to the further end of the cave. Quick as a flash, he drew a knife from his coat, and cried out:

"So it is you! You have not conquered, at least I can die—" and just as she reached his side, struck himself full on the breast with the shining blade.

There was a frightful echo in the narrow vault, the echo of the woman's shriek. I saw Foster fall backward, saw the place filled with men, who had rushed in, roused by the noise; then, for a few moments, though I did not exactly faint, I saw and realized nothing.

When I came to myself they had laid Foster on the bed. One of the men was examining his wound. The princess crouched at the foot, with her face hidden in her cloak.

"Let me alone," Foster said, in Spanish; I am dying! Where is she? Come and look, woman!—I am beyond your power at last!"

She raised herself on her knees, and crawled nearer to him.

"Yes, look!" he cried. "Neither Russian princess or Czar can harm me now!"

Then he fainted, and during his insensibility they were able to staunch the wound. By the way, they numbered two good doctors and a priest among their ranks. We were assured that the wound was by no means serious; her knocking up his arm had caused the knife to glance off.

He was ill though for many days, and we stayed there with him.

This was his history. Arved Yfinaran was the son of a great Muscovite noble; his mother had been a famous Russian actress, but a serf, and she died while he was still an infant. The boy, as he grew up, lived in his father's house; everybody knew whose son he was, ignorant as they might seem. The princess Troubiskoff was his second cousin on his father's side, almost his own age, and being the ward of the Count R—, lived a good deal in the same house with Arved.

He was carefully educated; his talents were great, and so time went on till he was past twenty. The two young people fell in love with one another, and were secretly married. Nearly two years passed, and they believed that they had found means to escape from Russia. On the very night they were to have gone, Foster (it is easier to call him so) was arrested, and before morning, on the road to Siberia.

The Count (Foster's father) was prematurely aged, bed-ridden, partially paralytic, had been so for over a year, and all matters were effectively in the hands of the Count Oscar, his son and heir. The princess gained access to her uncle, and told her story. The old man revealed to her certain facts, softened, perhaps, by her despair, and told her where to find the proofs. The invalid died two days later, his death probably hastened by the excitement of their interview.

It was necessary for the princess to go to Paris

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to secure the documents, of which her uncle had spoken; she received permission, through the interposition of the empress, who would not believe the scandals that were rife concerning her, and so departed.

Once in Paris, she found the papers and witnesses. The Count R— had been the master of the famous serf-actress. She went to Paris to play, and he followed her; granted her freedom and married her, for he was madly in love, in spite of all.

The actress died suddenly; he took her child, and went back to Russia, and married again. Probably his pride revolted against the idea of admitting that his rightful heir was the son of a liberated serf. At all events, he kept his secret close to the hour of his death.

The princess had been watched by her cousin, the present count, who had found, among his father's papers, certain letters, which gave him reason to suppose that Arved's birth was legitimate, though when he obtained the young man's banishment, he had been solely influenced by the fact of knowing that the princess, whom he had meant to make his wife, loved this nameless dependent.

With his almost boundless influence, the count found means to procure the princess' exile from Russia during two whole years. The ministers and the emperor were made to believe that Arved and the princess had been mixed up in the political plots, so common during the first years of Alexander's reign.

So the poor lady was eating her heart out in a foreign land, and Arved was a prisoner in Siberia, haunted by the count's spies, and convinced, by means of forged papers, that it was the princess who had procured his banishment, because she wished to marry the head of the great Narischkin family, who, lately left a widower, had laid his grandeur at her feet.

Arved escaped. It would take too long to tell you how, for I am condensing a plot which would serve for a novel, into these brief pages. He reached the shore, got on board a fishing vessel, bound for Greenland, and finally reached the United States.

He was comfortably off; his father had done him the justice, years before, to secure him funds in New York. He travelled all over the New World—Europe he had seen as a boy—and at last, from South America, he sailed for Portugal and Spain.

The princess followed, and the count's agents followed—you must recollect that Foster had no idea of his own legal claims. The spies were trying to delude him to France, proving to him, that in Paris he would find evidence of the princess' guilt, sufficient to ensure him release from her persecutions. He believed that her design was to inveigle him into some country, with which Russia had an extradition treaty, where he would be arrested upon a pretended criminal plea, and once within the Muscovite dominions, sent back to Siberia, on the charge of the political treason, wherein, though innocent, he had been implicated.

Foster was very ill for nearly a fortnight. He recovered slowly, and before he left his bed, this story, which I have told you, was made a matter of conviction to him.

Well, I bade them good-bye when we left the brigand's cave.

Foster has never claimed his rights. There has been an amicable compromise between him and the count, perfectly well known to the Czar, and Foster and his wife are two very happy people. At this present, they are living in a charming villa, on the island of Ischia, where existence too nearly realizes the lotus-eater's dream, for them to care much about the titles and honors of this fleeting world.

MISERERE.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

THE sky is gray, and the world is sad,
The sea doth moan like a soul that is lost;
There is nothing fair, there is nothing glad,
And love is not worth the bitter cost.

The earth is barren, and cold, and bleak,
And filled to the brim with pain and tears;
There is nothing for hearts that love and are weak,
But weary waiting, and weary years.

The winds blow chilly, the winds blow wild,
And the dark night falls like a gruesome pall;
The whiteness of youth is smirched and defiled,
And blight and murrain are over all.

The waves lash high, and the ships are a-wrack;
We are sure of nothing except the end.
The world is hollow, and false, and black,
And dark-browed Death is our only friend.

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THE TRAGEDY AT HAMILTON HALL.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I KNOW the whole story—know it from having lived in it, and through it, to the last terrible act—know it from having told it over and over, as I tell it now. But this much I will swear to. Whatever the sins of my darling were—vanity, love of power, imprudence, whatever crimes resulted from them, she herself was pure and unsullied to the last. No one must ever cast an aspersion upon her character, who expects any favor from old Rachel Savoy.

I was her mother's maid, you understand, before she married wild, young Hugh Hamilton. Indeed, I was in the green-room, when he first came behind the scenes, between the acts, to see her. I remember well how his blue eyes shone upon her, my sparkling young mistress, who was fairly bewildering in her beauty, that night. Not two months later, she left the French Theatre forever; left it to become the wife of her American lover.

I own I was surprised, for I had fancied my mistress wedded to her stage life, and so fond of it, that nothing but death could win her from it. She did plead to be allowed to remain before the public, but he would have none of it. "My wife must be my wife," I heard him say to her, one day, as he was going out, "and not a joint possession of the public. If you do not love me well enough to make this sacrifice for me, then you do not love me as the woman, who is to be my wife, must."

So she married him, and gave up her brilliant life of excitement, that, in every way had ministered to her vanity, and accompanied him to London, where her husband placed her in elegant lodgings, and anticipated every wish. But I saw that my lady was pining in spite of it all. The love, the tenderness, the luxury, could not satisfy her. She longed for the admiration of the multitude, for her old life of power, and success and excitement. Many a time I have seen the poor thing throw herself upon the floor of her room, and beat herself in very frenzy of despair, after my young master had gone out.

"Oh, Rachel, Rachel," she would cry, "this life will kill me—it *is* killing me. Why can't he see—why can't he understand—how terrible it is?"

It dawned upon him at last. He brought home to her, as a present, upon the first anniversary of their marriage, a beautiful linnet, in a costly, gilded cage. My lady received the gift listlessly, and I saw pain in my poor young master's face. He went out, slowly, and did not return for hours. But when he did return, he was surprised to see his young wife sitting by the open window, with the cage upon her knee, and its door open.

"What are you doing?" he cried. "Why, Corinne, your bird will fly out, if you do not take care!"

Even as he spoke, the linnet flitted through the open door of the cage, hopped upon the window sill, spread its wings, and was gone.

She turned to him, with a look of delight in her face, and a sigh of relief upon her lips.

"Oh," she said, "I am so glad the poor thing is free—so glad. How happy it must be, to leave its gilded prison, and fly forth once more, into the great world—free!"

She seemed to forget to whom she was speaking. She had risen, and as she said the last words, "once more in the great world—free," she spread out her arms, with a gesture of infinite longing—with an expression of infinite pain in her great eyes.

I sat just outside the door, but where I could see and hear all that occurred, as I mended a bit of lace for my lady, such I could do most exquisitely, before my eye sight failed me.

I shall never forget the look that came over my young master's face. It was as if a hand had dealt him a terrible blow. All the youth and hope and joy went out from his handsome face. He grew white, and rigid, and old. He took one step towards his wife.

"I understand," he said, and may it never be my lot to hear a voice like that again. "I understand. You are tired of this life, tired of me. You want your freedom, and the world again! Am I right?"

My lady looked him fearlessly in the eyes, though she was white as the dead are.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "yes, you are right. I am tired of it all!"

My young master's rage was now awful to witness.

"You are tired of it all!" he cried. "Tired of an honorable love? Tired of an honorable life? You, for whom I have given up country, home, everything, for whom my father would rather

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die, than live to know I had married. Do you know what my sister wrote to me, only yesterday? 'We have heard that you are married to an actress, but our father will not credit the report; he is terribly angry, notwithstanding, and swears to disinherit you, unless you write and refute the statement.' God knows I would rather have died than have told you of this, when it came—rather have died than to have given you a pang: it mattered little to me what I gave up, what I relinquished, so long as I had you. But it is different now. Take your freedom. Go back to the life you long for. Never will I look upon your living face again."

He flung himself from the room, and I heard his step echo down the stairs. But before he reached the landing, my lady had fallen, in a swoon, upon the floor. I shrieked aloud, and ran after my master, and grasped his arm, just as he was rushing into the street. "Oh, for God's sake," I cried, "come back. She is dying!"

He did not wait for a second call. All his great love came back into his face, and beautified it; and in a moment more he was kneeling by my lady, holding her in his arms, sobbing over her, calling her every endearing name. For a long while she never heard. She lay in a dead swoon, till we thought life had departed. But at last she recovered, but only for a few hours. At day break, her child, Felise, was born; and Corinne, the mother, was a corpse.

Can you wonder that Felise was a strange, wayward creature? Can you blame her for all that followed? I say we are partly what our mother's make us, before we see the light, or breathe the air of life. Felise came into this world, with all those longings for power and admiration, all that love of the world, all those inclinations for excitement and sensation, which made Corinne's married life so galling, so miserable. Could she keep it? Was she responsible?

We boarded, Felise and I, for many years, in London. My broken-hearted master roamed about the world, seeking in vain to find contentment and peace. Felise was three years old, before he went to his native land.

"Good-bye, Rachel," he said, the morning he left. "I am going to my father's, and I hope to send for you and Felise, very soon. I will supply you with money, regularly; but if you need for anything, write to me at once. I trust that you will be sent for, very soon."

But we were not sent for. Instead, my young master came back to us, after a year's absence, looking sadder than ever, and with a reckless air I did not like.

"We will go to America, Rachel," he said, "though not to my father's. My family are more cruel than the grave, Rachel; and they tell me that the daughter of an actress can never enter Hamilton Hall. But my father is old, and failing, and needs my love and care. You and Felise I want near me—and you may as well be in New York as in London. We will sail, next week."

Felise was four years old, the day we landed in New York. My master had prepared rooms for us, and to this day I cannot pass that house, where I spent such happy years with my darling, without a swelling of the heart, and a dimming of the eyes. Ten happy, happy years, we lived in our pleasant lodgings together. My young master came to see us, at least, twice every year. But he was not the handsome young man of old. He had grown reckless looking, and one night, the night Felise was fourteen, he came to tell us that he had married a wife, a rich heiress, at the wish of his father. "And now, Felise," he said, "you must go to school. You have been taught all the common branches, by good teachers, and your French I well know is perfect. But you must have other accomplishments, you will be heiress of Hamilton Hall, and I want you fitted for the station. Two years at the best boarding school in the State, and then two years of travel, will make you a young lady, hey, Felise?"

So my darling was sent away. But I was near to her, where I could watch over her. It was there, at school, that trouble began; that the latent inclinations burst into life; that the propensities, I had striven so hard to eradicate, blossomed into full bloom.

The rules of the school were most strict. How Felise found opportunities for such escapades, I never knew. I only know she had them. She made me take charge of the bouquets, baskets of fruit, boxes of gloves, and trinkets of all kinds, that were showered upon her by demented swains. In vain I pleaded with her. In vain I told her, that to receive such gifts, to allow such freedom from gentlemen, was immodest—improper. She only laughed, kissed me, ran away, and came again, the next day, with the memento of some new lover.

Her dancing master was her last victim. He was French, and inflammable, and Felise rendered him the laughing stock of the whole school. Yet no one ever heard her intimate, by word or tone, that she knew of his infatuation. She took his gifts, and glances, and in my heart I knew she despised him for his folly, but she never said it.

I was glad when the two years were over, and we were ready for our travels. We were to spend half a year in Paris, and the remainder of the two years in different parts of the continent.

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We had good introductions, and Felise saw the best society. She had no end of affairs during her two years abroad. I do not like to recall them; I could not be induced to relate them, though there is little I do not know: she kept nothing from me. But I will say this, that though she was imprudent, reckless, and wayward, though vanity and love of excitement often led her to violate conventionalisms, yet she was ever pure in heart, and in life. It was as if two different natures, by turns, controlled her, as if the fire of her French mother drove her to the brink of a precipice, as if the cool blood of her American father enabled her to turn back unharmed.

Her victims never blamed her. I could not understand it. But while she made fools and wrecks of them, they loved her, and blessed her to the end. Even young Ponsonby, the second son of Baron Ponsonby, who, they said, *accidentally* shot himself, died with her name on his lips.

I fancied my young lady would be very different after that, though I had always believed she really loved him, and had only trifled with him, because it was her nature, because she could not help it. She was different for several months. At this time, too, we were summoned home. Our two years were up, and her father wrote that he wished her to return, and to take her proper place, as heiress of Hamilton Hall. I believed, most implicitly, at that time, in the final and complete change, which I thought had come over Felise. The dreadful end of young Ponsonby, I was convinced, had sobered her forever.

It was quite five years, since Master Hugh Hamilton had taken a new mistress to the Hall, and Felise was now nineteen. The old master had died, during our absence in Europe, and immediately upon our return, Sir Hugh, as I called him, despite his being an American, came to take us both to the Hall.

"I am master there now," he said, "and Felise is my heiress. She must take her rightful place as my daughter; and you, Rachel, must stay with us always."

"But, sir," I queried, "will we be welcome at the Hall? I would rather stay in our home here, where we have been so happy, than to go where Miss Felise and myself will be looked upon as interlopers."

The blue eyes of Sir Hugh flashed, as he made answer.

"I have lived apart from my daughter for fourteen years, at the wish of my father; and I married as he desired. Now, that I am master of Hamilton Hall, I fancy no inmate of it will dare insinuate that my oldest daughter is an interloper. You will make ready to go, at once."

I have never believed in omens or presentiments. But from the moment the door of Hamilton Hall closed behind my young lady, and me, that autumn day, I knew, as well as I know now, that terrible woe was to come to us all.

I will never forget that first evening at the Hall. When we arrived, the servants had assembled to welcome us; but there was no one else visible. A dark flush stained Sir Hugh's face, as he looked about, and stepping forward, he spoke a few words, in a low tone, to Mrs. Jamison, the housekeeper; then he turned to us.

"Excuse the absence of Mrs. Hamilton," he said. "Mrs. Jamison informs me she is confined to her room, with a violent headache, and that her sister, Miss McAllister, is in attendance on her. Jamison will show you to your rooms. Dinner will be served at seven."

I can see my young lady now, as she went down to dinner. She wore a rich, wine-colored silk, that fell about her, in soft, sheeny billows; a rare India silk it was, and fitted to her lithe figure by the hands of a Parisian artiste. Her smooth, brown arms were exposed from the elbow, and were as perfect and beautiful as the arms of a bronze statue. She was not handsome, my lady Felise, according to rule. She was a little above medium size, lithe and supple. She had great, dark eyes, and a brown, oval face, with no color, save in the crimson of her perfect lips. But she was wonderfully attractive to most people, especially to gentlemen.

I took dinner with Mrs. Jamison, and, of course, was not an eye or ear witness to what occurred, in the great family dining-hall, that night. But I have heard it all, many a time, from those who were, and first of all, from my darling herself.

I was back in our room, and had been unpacking my lady's trunks, and shaking out her dresses, and arranging her wardrobe generally, when I heard her step in the hall, and she glided in, and stood before me.

It must have been long after ten o'clock. As she came in, I saw that her great eyes were full of a dangerous light; and she was twisting her fingers together, in a way she had, when annoyed.

"Rachel," she said, abruptly, in her quiet, firm voice, "Rachel, I came here, as you know, determined to be kind and good to every member of this household. O, Rachel, I never made such noble resolves, in all my life before. But it is no use. It is to be war—war to the knife."

I waited, until she was calmer, knowing she would tell me more, in her own good time, and that it was useless to question her. It was her way; question her, and she would be closer than

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the grave. Ask her nothing, and she would tell me all.

"You see, Rachel," she went on, throwing herself down on a rich shawl, that I had just unpacked, "you see, I knew, by my father's face, to-night, that the absence of his wife, when we arrived, was not owing to her headache—that it was an intentional neglect. But I passed it over, and resolved not to feel it. But when I went down to the dining-room, there was no lady present, to receive me. My father was there, walking up and down, restlessly. When seven o'clock struck, he looked at his watch, and frowned. He waited for ten minutes more, and then said, 'the dinner, Felise.' And offering his arm, he conducted me to the dining-room, saying, 'take the head of the table.' I hesitated, but he made an imperious gesture, and I took my seat. The servant was just bringing in the soup, when two ladies swept into the room. The foremost and oldest, I knew at once, must be my father's wife. She was a tall, elegant blonde, with a handsome, faded, fretful face, and thin hands, loaded with jewels. Behind her came her sister, Miss McAllister, looking as Mrs. Hamilton must have looked, five years before, fresher, fuller-faced, golden haired, and graceful, and most becomingly attired in blue silk.

"Mrs. Hamilton's eyes flashed, when she saw us already seated. 'I think you are in great haste, Hugh,' were her first words. But my father replied only by presenting me, as his daughter, to both ladies.

"They bowed, coldly, and took seats, Mrs. Hamilton directly at my left. 'John,' she said, addressing the footman, 'you have made a mistake. Bring the soup-tureen here. *I* am mistress of Hamilton Hall.'

"John stood, irresolute. My father spoke, in his cold, clear voice. 'Allow the tureen to stay where it is,' he said. 'I am very fond of punctuality, Mrs. Hamilton, and the first lady at my table, when dinner waits, I install as mistress. Serve the soup, Felise.'

"The next half hour was full of constraint. I strove to remove it, and endeavored to be agreeable, especially with Mrs. Hamilton and Miss McAllister. But their ill-concealed contempt and dislike of me, was evident in their haughty glances, and monosyllabic replies. At length, I abandoned my attempts. They have chosen their line. I hear there is a Mr. Meckler, who lives in that handsome villa we passed, near the park gates, and that he is very rich, and very attentive to Miss McAllister. Let her look to it. Oh, Rachel, I tried to be good, but they would not let me. Those yellow-haired women have thrown down the gauntlet, and it must be war to the end, now."

I confess I could hardly blame my dear young lady. At least, I could not blame her for her anger. Her threat of revenge was different. But of that, by-and-bye. Even that, however, was natural.

I found out, through Jamison, the next day, the exact condition of affairs, concerning Mr. Meckler and Miss McAllister.

Guy Meckler was the last scion of an old family. His mother was French, his father English. The elder Meckler had lived in princely style, until he had squandered all but a remnant of his estate, and then had died, happily for those who survived him. His only child, Guy, a boy of ten, had lived to grow to manhood, to work his way up, to rescue the old homestead from the hands of strangers, and to acquire an estate, valued at not less than half a million.

"A most 'andsome man he is," said Jamison, who had been born in England, and who could never arrange her *h's*, properly, "a most 'andsome man is Mr. Guy, and 'e 'as seen a bit o' life—runnin' to an' fro betwixt France, Germany, Hamerica, and Hengland, 'as hall us, to arrange 'is property; but, though 'e 'as been tempted, by all kinds of winnin' ladies, 'e 'as been cold has hice to the fair sex, hall 'is life. But we do think has 'e 'as 'is heye upon Miss Grace McAllister now, for 'e comes 'ere halmost daily, and though 'e sits with Mr. Hugh most o' the time, we do think 'e 'as hintentions; and Miss Grace hacts very 'appy hover it."

So I got at the bottom of it, without asking one question; and I told my lady Felise, that very day, and begged her to be careful.

"They will not let a prize like that be taken from them, without a struggle," I said, "and you will be only bringing the house down about your ears. Beside, I fancy this man, with the mixed blood in his veins, who has now the name of an iceberg among women, would not be safe to trifle with. Such natures, when aroused, are always more dangerous than men of fire; and I do pray you, Miss Felise, not to make a victim of Guy Meckler. Something warns me that dire woe will come of it, if you do."

Felise made me no answer, but laughed, and went on with her toilet. She was going out for a walk, to explore the grounds about the Hall, and to mail some letters, at the post office, a mile or more distant. She would not send them by the groom. She needed the walk, she said, to keep her fresh.

An hour later, she came in, with a fine glow shining under her dark skin. She was in high

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spirits, and I saw her smiling softly, all the time she dressed for dinner.

"Such a lovely place as it is about here, Rachel—and such a fine walk as I have had!" she said, as she went down the stairs, just before me.

I was going to my quiet tea with Jamison. Jamison and I sat and gossiped together, as two old ladies might, and when we came out into the hall, we found the ladies just ascending the stairs. Felise was between Mrs. Hamilton and Miss McAllister; and as they reached the landing, she paused, before turning into our room, and spoke.

"By the way, ladies, I am commissioned with a message for you. During my walk this afternoon, I met Mr. Meckler. He begged me to inform you that he should do himself the honor of calling this evening, if agreeable—which I assured him it would be, at least to one of the trio."

I noticed the angry expression of both faces. Mrs. Hamilton swept away without a word; but Miss McAllister answered with a sneer.

"Mr. Meckler," she said, "need not have taken the trouble to send word; he is received here very informally; and scarcely an evening passes, that does not bring him."

My young lady only smiled pleasantly, and said, as she passed into her room, "Well, I knew nothing of Mr. Meckler's habits, or the rules of the house, and could do no less than to deliver his message." And then I followed her in, and closed the door.

She met me with a laugh, and a sparkle in her splendid eyes.

"The conflict thickens, on ye brave!" she said. "Oh, Rachel, it is such sport!"

My poor, unfortunate young lady! My heart bled for her, cursed as she was, I said to myself, with the blood of her actress mother.

I managed to be down in the hall, that evening, when Guy Meckler took his departure. He was full five minutes saying his adieu, and I, standing back in the shadow of the stairs, had time to study him well. Truly had Jamison declared him "most handsome." He was full six feet in height, and grandly proportioned; his hair as black as the raven's wing, and crisped about his finely shaped head, in close curls; a long drooping mustache concealed his mouth, but when he smiled, his whole face lit up as if with sudden sunshine. His eyes, I thought, at first, were black; but later on, I found they were a deep blue, with a peculiar light in their depths, which I have never seen in any eyes before or since. He was slow, and languid, even to laziness, in movements, and in conversation; and those deep blue eyes had a slow motion, which was like fascination. I took a strong liking to the man, then, and there; but as I told my young lady, that same evening, he would be a dangerous man to trifle with. "He would not be so apt to shoot himself," I said, "like young Ponsonby, as he would be to shoot the woman who trifled with him."

Felise laughed. "If anybody does any shooting, I think it will be Miss Grace McAllister!" she said. "She looked as if she would like to begin, this evening."

"Did you do anything to plague her?" I asked.

"I? Oh, no," answered my young lady, so innocently. "I only sat where Mr. Meckler could talk to me, in the pauses of the music, with which Miss Grace made the hours melodious; and where, when she sang him thrilling love songs, he could tell me, with his eyes, what wonderful eyes they are, that he appreciated and understood them."

It was not long before the servants began to whisper among themselves, that the master's French daughter had bewitched Mr. Meckler, and that Miss Grace was left to wear the willow. Others, too, saw it, among them Sir Hugh and his wife. They had both conceived the idea of a marriage between Guy Meckler and Miss McAllister, and had worked with a view to this, until my young lady came to spoil all their plans, by a glance of her bewildering eyes. If ever a man was bewitched by a woman, as the servants had said, that man was Guy Meckler.

"I do say," cried Jamison to me, one night, as she took her place at the tea-table, "I do say I would scarcely believe my hown heyes! Why, Mr. Meckler is no more the man 'e was, than hanother being! wot with 'is pale skin a-flushin' wen 'e 'ears 'er voice, and 'is blue heyes a-flashin', an' a glowin', wen 'e looks arter 'er—an' 'is follerin' 'er, an' takin' 'er ridin', an' walkin', and spendin' hevenings with 'er—why, ma'am, it is no more like that cold ice man of a Guy Meckler, than it is like a wild Indian. An' we all do say, as the black-eyed young mistress must be a witch, to so change a man, as 'as seen so much o' life—by a look, as it were,—for 'e 'as not been the same since she entered these doors. A fine match it will be for the young lady, an' a sad loss to Miss Grace."

I said nothing, though in my heart I knew that what with nobility, and titles, and wealth, that had been laid at my young lady's feet, in Europe, only to be played with an hour, and forgotten, this man could offer her no new honor, excepting himself; yet I thought then, and think now, he was by far the noblest, and truest, and best of them all.

My dear young lady thought so, too, it seemed;

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for not two months from the day they first met, she came and told me that Guy Meckler had asked her to be his wife, and that she had consented; and the marriage was to be the following September. This was in January.

"He wants an earlier day," she said, "but though I love him dearly—dearly, Rachel, yet I don't like giving up my girlhood yet; and he must wait until September; not a day sooner will I relinquish my freedom. It is such a glorious thing, Rachel, to be free—free, in this great world."

She reached out her beautiful arms, with a gesture so like her mother's, upon that fateful day, that it, together with the similarity of the words, made my old body turn cold with terror. I sat down in a chair, quite faint; but my young lady passed out of the room, without noticing my emotion. Poor child, poor child, she bore about with her a ban, placed upon her before her birth; but she did not know it.

There was a grand ball given, soon after this, at Hamilton Hall. Everybody was anxious to see this foreign daughter of Sir Hugh, who had won the invulnerable heart of Guy Meckler. And a most radiant creature did they behold, all clothed in a white silk, richly brocaded, and with no jewels, but a blood red stone at either ear, and a large one gleaming from the lace upon her bosom. There was a light in her dark face that I had never seen before, and I did not wonder that every eye was riveted upon her; for she was like some rare tropical bird, placed in a northern wood—among all those pale and puny women.

I think Guy Meckler never took his eye from her face, the whole night long. He did not strive to conceal his infatuation, nor attempt to distribute his attentions among the guests. He seemed content to watch his lady, as she glided, to and fro, in the dance—she was a rare dancer, my lady, in her languid, slow way. She made herself charming to old and young, and turned the heads of half the gentlemen present.

After the ball, Miss Grace McAllister went away, for the season. It was not pleasant for her to remain there, and watch the devotion of the lovers, and so she packed her trunks, and left for New York City, to visit some friends.

I was glad when she had gone, for she was spiteful, and full of mean, petty tricks, of speech and manner, which hurt so much more than blows; and she never lost an opportunity to wound my lady.

A more devoted lover, or a more affectionate, womanly sweetheart, I never saw, than those two—Felise and Guy. Though silent with most people, he talked eloquently with Felise.

"I would never have believed, I could say such words to any woman," he would sometimes say. "No woman ever heard them from me, until you came." Then he would ask, man-like:

"Did any man ever say such things to you before, my sweet? Did any one ever woo you as I do?" And she would always answer him, "Never, Guy, never." Men always question so, and so women always answer, and both, I ween, are happier for it.

Once I heard her ask him a question, for I often sat in the next room, sewing, while they were together, and my heart stood still, as I listened for his answer.

"What would you do, Guy, were I untrue to you?" This was my lady's question, and his answer came, in his slow, deliberate tones, "Do? I should kill you, my sweet."

I fancied my lady laughed, uneasily.

"You would not commit murder," she said, "because one woman, out of a world full, had been unfaithful?"

"I do not know what the world might call my act; it would matter little," he answered, quietly. "But were what I value more than life trifled with—were the holiest emotions of my soul betrayed, I should feel it a Christian act to rid society of the traitor or traitoress. If I heard you listening, and responding to any man's words of love—if I saw your form encircled by any arm, not your father's or my own—if I saw your lips kissed, or knew them to have been kissed by another's—I would kill you, Felise, much as I love, kill you all the sooner that I had loved you."

His low, even tones, without one trace of excitement, or passion, speaking such dreadful words so calmly, struck a cold chill to my very heart. I shuddered all over. Felise's voice quivered, and she laughed, uneasily, as she said:

"Oh, Guy, how came we to be talking in this horrible strain? Let us drop it, at once, dear—I could no more be untrue to you, than you could to me. I shall be your loving, little wife, before five months have rolled over our heads."

That was in May, and the next week, Miss McAllister came back to Hamilton Hall, looking somewhat jaded with her winter of dissipation, yet seeming very blithe and happy. I made up my mind, at once, that she had won a lover, during her absence. But lover, or no lover, she was not so happy, or so changed, that she forgot to be cruel and unkind to my lady. The very first evening, as they all assembled in the drawing-room, Guy Meckler amongst them, she took pains to describe an adventuress, who had set New York wild for a season, and closed, saying, "She called herself French, but she was so dark

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and foreign, in her appearance, one was left in doubt whether it was French or African blood that stained her skin, as one often is with that style of face." Little harm did such remarks do any one but the speaker, yet they kept alive the old animosity, which I do believe my lady Felise would have allowed to die out, had she been allowed.

Three weeks after Miss McAllister's return, came the lover I had expected. He was tall, and handsome, and distinguished-looking, with the sunniest hair, the warmest hazel eyes, and the most winning, frank smile in the world. His name was Fenton Ramsay, and he was a banker's son, and heir to a vast fortune, it was said. The finest dancer, the best shot, the boldest rider, the most delightful young gentleman, every way, that I had ever seen, excepting, of course, Guy, for I had come to think, by this time, that there was nobody like Guy Meckler. Very proud was Miss Grace to show her prize to the inmates of Hamilton Hall. The moment I saw him, my heart failed me, for I knew my lady, and I feared that, in revenge, she would seek to take him away from Miss McAllister. But I was greatly relieved, when I saw that she scarcely gave him a glance. I felt that, indeed, was she changed and purified by love.

He had been at Hamilton Hall, about a week, the openly acknowledged lover of Miss Grace, when, one evening, they were all sitting out on the wide verandah. It was moonlight, and I sat, by an open window of my room, alone, and heard the clear tenor of young Ramsay's voice, as he addressed Miss McAllister.

"Do you remember Rose Mackey, Miss Grace," he asked, "the girl those two students fought the duel over, last winter?"

"Rose Mackey? Oh, yes, I remember her name, and the affair. What of her?" languidly.

"She married a title, last week, and has gone off to Europe, in grand style; that's all."

"Married a title?" There was surprise and scorn, in Miss McAllister's metallic voice.

"Why, what is society coming to! She was the daughter of an actress, so I have heard. I never saw the girl—she was not, of course, in my set."

There was dead silence for a moment, and I knew then, as I knew afterward, that Miss McAllister had sealed her own doom.

The next morning, my lady, contrary to her usual custom, was up with the lark. She awoke me by coming into my room, with her hands full of white roses, all wet with dew.

"See!" she said. "Are they not lovely? I have been down in the garden, a full hour, with Mr. Ramsay, culling these beauties. I must go, and carry them to Miss McAllister."

I heard her rapping at Miss Grace's door, a moment later, and calling, in soft clear tones, "Open the door, Gracie—I have something sweet for you." Then, as the door opened, I heard her add, "see what beauties! Mr. Ramsay and I have been for a full hour, ransacking the garden, to find the sweetest roses for you. He picked the loveliest one of all, and I meant to save it for you—oh, now, I remember, he placed it in my hair, so I would be sure and keep it separate for you. No thanks, we enjoyed culling them." Then she was back in our room, with the old, dangerous light in her eyes.

They played croquet on the lawn, that afternoon, and I sat near and watched it all. Such glances as my lady exchanged with young Ramsay! They were enough to make a cooler and more sensible woman, wild with jealousy. And Miss McAllister was too shallow to hide her feelings. She was jealous, and she showed it.

As fate would have it, Guy Meckler, about this time, was called West, on imperative business, business which would detain him a month, perhaps. Felise was strangely agonized at the parting. She sobbed upon my breast, for hours after he left her, moaning, "why did he go, oh, why did he go?" And all night long, she started, and moaned in her sleep, like a troubled child. I was surprised, for I had not fancied she could care so much for any man, she had too much of her vain, French mother, you see?

All the day following she staid, very quietly, in her room. But at night, there was to be a grand *fêté*, with Chinese lanterns, and a full band, and my lady arrayed herself for it, but listlessly.

"Guy told me I must go; asked me to, as a special favor," she said. "But for that, I would not leave my room."

Once in the garden, however, her spirits rose, as they always did under excitement; and I heard her merry voice and gay laughter, until long after midnight.

She came into me, at last, drooping and wan; but the bright light had not left her eyes.

"I am so tired, Rachel, dear," she sighed, "so tired. Mr. Ramsay is such a perfect waltzer. I do believe we danced one hour, without a pause!"

Ah! well, well! why need I describe it all! It was the old story, just over and over again; the old play I had seen so many times, and grown so weary of. The game, begun to punish an offense, and then continued from love of it, and the excitement, and admiration consequent on it.

Fenton Ramsay found, as did most men who came under the spell of this enchantress, that the charms of other and more beautiful women, were

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after all, but "as moonlight unto sunlight," compared to the glory of her dazzling smile. He found, that the hold another woman had upon his heart snapped, like a thread of lint, before the emotions this dusky-faced girl awoke within his breast. One uplifted glance of her splendid eyes, one touch of her thrilling fingers, made him forget manhood, truth, honor, everything. And my lady, watching the development of this new passion, reveling in the pleasure of this new excitement, forgot, for awhile, Guy Meckler.

It was a still, August night, so still, that not a leaf stirred in the garden, as I walked up and down the pleasant paths, to dispel a strange restlessness that had taken hold upon me. The moon shone down in patches, and lighted paths here and there, while others were all in shadow. Suddenly, as I wandered aimlessly about, I came upon two people, strolling slowly, and in perfect silence. I was about to pass them, when pausing in the full light of the moon, the young man, who was no other than Fenton Ramsay, caught hold of the lady's hand, and began to speak.

"Felise, my love, my life, Felise," he cried, "I can not keep silence any longer. God help us both, Felise, bound as we are, but I will say it—I love you—and I believe you love me."

She did not answer. Her face was turned away. A slight sound caused me to turn my head: there, by my side, stood Guy Meckler.

He clutched my arm, as I started at sight of him. His powerful grasp enforced silence, though he never looked at me, or spoke.

"Felise—Felise," cried the tremulous voice of young Ramsay again, "only speak to me—tell me that I am not mad to love you so wildly! Why, I would die for you, as you know."

As he spoke, he slipped his arm about her drooping figure, and would have drawn her head to his breast. Whether my lady would have allowed, or resented, this last act, we can never know; for there was the sharp crack of a pistol—then another, and young Ramsay and my beautiful lady, fell together, in the moonlight.

I felt my arm dropped, and Guy Meckler strode past me, and leaned over the body of Ramsay.

"Dead," he said, "quite dead." And his voice was calmer than mine, this moment.

It was then I threw myself, with a terrible shriek, at the feet of my lady.

"Hush," said Guy, sternly, "you will disturb her. She is not dead."

As he spoke, she opened her eyes, half raised herself, looked him full in the face, and whispered faintly, but oh, so sweetly,

"Ah, Guy, was it you, dear? I—had—forgotten—but—I love you, Guy."

Then she fell back in my arms, stone dead.

I shrieked again, shriek after shriek, until the whole household came rushing into the garden, with awe-struck faces.

Guy Meckler stood quietly by the dead, wiping his pistol with his hand. He waited until the last servant had arrived, and then he silenced the Babel of voices: the cries of fainting women, and even my own shrieks, by two words, spoken in his clear, low voice.

"Be quiet!" he said, and there was the hush of death.

"Let me silence all inquiry over this scene forever. I killed Fenton Ramsay, purposely. I killed—that—other purposely. She had forgotten words I once spoke to her—trifled with her vows—and I killed her—just as I now end my own existence."

The last word was lost almost, in the report of the pistol. He fell, without a groan.

Sir Hugh Hamilton, went abroad, within a week, with his family, and they have never returned to the Hall. But I stay here, because, strange as it may seem, I prefer it to any other place. People call the place haunted. But I cannot say. I myself am so much more a ghost of a past, than a part of any present, that I might not notice ghosts and phantoms, as other people would.

Sir Hugh cannot live long, I am told, and I have but one wish, to have him return and die here—when, the last link of my past being severed, I think God, in mercy, would let me follow.

A NIGHT VIGIL.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

The moon is hid, the stars are dark,
How weird the pine-woods moan.
The wind sobs round the house; and hark!
The great sea's solemn tone.

I sit and watch beside a bed;
I kiss the lips so gray,
The tide goes out—the night is fled—
A soul has passed away.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Rufo lay in his solitary chamber—for he was more alone than usual, since Lord Heron had been so much from home—he thought of many things, dreamily, as might be expected of a precocious boy—rich in imagination, when left to its full indulgences. Sometimes, when he was relieved of pain, these thoughts were full of pleasant imaginings. With no broad back-ground of sorrow to ponder over, as might have been with an elder person, there was a fascination in these thoughts that made his loneliness sweet, and filled his dreaming with contentment.

The sudden entrance of Ossoli into his chamber had aroused and startled him, at first, but her great beauty, the caressing gentleness of her manner, soothed these feelings into a subtle pleasure, and he accepted her presence, as part of the dream that seemed to have woven itself out of the moonbeams, that haunted his chamber, the night before. Only, this time, the vision had taken life and voice. He had felt the touch of her lips on his forehead, and every nerve of his sensitive frame had thrilled to the sound of her voice.

So the boy lay, thinking of her that afternoon, when Beatrice was out on the moor, and the rest of the household away among the ruins, which Ossoli had refused to visit. Even while Lady Jane sat by him, reading in her clear, sympathetic voice, that could always insure his attention, he was pondering over the words and looks of this strange woman, and, for a time, his passionate worship of the girl was held in abeyance by a feeling still more absorbing and profound, which would have been inexplicable to himself, had he possessed the power or wish to analyze it.

When Lady Jane left him he scarcely knew it, but was troubled a moment after, by the sight of her vacant chair, and wondered how he could have seen her go and not be aware of it.

Had the boy been well, he might have questioned himself, or others, about the presence of that woman in his room; but he was not strong enough for much mental exertion, and accepted the fact with supine content, only wondering if she would come again. After awhile he was aroused by the sound of wheels, the tramp of horses, and a confused medly of voices, coming up from the main entrance, and sighed contentedly as he turned on his pillow, thankful that all this tumult need not disturb him.

But he was disturbed by a quick opening of the door, and Beatrice came in, wildly, like some hunted animal that had regained its covert. In her hand she clenched, rather than held, a sheaf of field flowers, which seemed to have been torn apart by some fierce convulsion of the hands, and each portion grasped with unconscious vehemence. Her face was pale, her eyes were fired with anguish. She came up to the bed, and threw herself upon it.

"Oh, Rufo, Rufo! why are you so ill? Why cannot you get up now—now, this very minute, and go away with me? If you loved me—if you only knew, the pain of it would make you strong—Rufo, my brother, my soul, I cannot bear it. I cannot—I cannot!"

The sick boy started up in bed, and drew his sister down to him, seemingly well all at once. "What is it, Beatrice, my sister, my life, what evil thing has hurt you so? See, I am well—I am ready to go anywhere. Tell me, tell me!" Beatrice started up, pushed the hair back from his face, and looked at him in a wild, bewildered way. She saw that his thin face was pale as alabaster, and his eyes bright with the dangerous fire her own mad passion of distress had kindled. A pang of terrible self-reproach brought back her senses.

"What is it?" she repeated, laughing lightly. "Why, Rufo, mea, I am so impatient that you should be well. How can I enjoy this lovely spring time, and you not with me? It is like Italy, Rufo—and I so long to go back there. Oh, brother—brother, if you and I were only in Sorento, you and I—away from this cold—this perfidious England—where—where—!"

The girl broke off with a cry, for Rufo had fallen back on the pillow, gasping for breath.

"Oh, Rufo, Rufo!" I meant nothing, I did

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not want to hurt you so. It is only because I am tired, and the flowers are getting thinner, and—oh, forgive me, forgive me!"

The girl dropped her head on the pillow where her brother lay, and with suppressed tears, still pleaded with him to look up, and forgive her.

Slowly, the lad came to his breath again, and when he had no strength to speak, smoothed the dusky hair from her temples with his hand, then he said in a whisper, smiling, to give it force—

"It is I, Beatrice, that am like a child, and somehow, cannot get well. But wait a little, and I will. You shall see how I keep my word. It is only when a thing comes on me at once, that I break down so."

"As I did—as I did!" cried the girl, with bitter self-reproach.

"No, no!" answered the boy, with a touching smile, "you are too full of life, and I am so weak. You struggle, while I faint."

"Oh, yes, you are right. Fullness of life gives a great power of suffering," said Beatrice, stifling a sob that rose and swelled in her bosom, "and mine seems so long, so long," she murmured, under the struggle, to subdue herself.

"But sometimes, Beatrice, it is so beautiful. I love to close my eyes and think how grand, how radiant life might be."

"In Italy?" questioned the girl, with mournful curiosity.

"In Italy! anywhere, if—if—

"If what, Rufo, mea?"

"If, if—oh, Beatrice! you cannot understand. I am so small, so young. How could you?"

Rufo covered his face with his hands, and buried them in the pillow, trembling all over, as he thus strove to hide the shame of his boyish love.

He was right, Beatrice did not understand him; to her he was the younger brother, scarcely more than a child, a creature to be caressed and cared for, according to his years. She could not understand that he grew older, like herself, or that the keen sensitiveness of an over-refined, and most passionate nature, was burning out his young life.

As the boy lifted his head again, there came, from the hall, a sound of footsteps and laughing voices, that made the two pause and listen. Then a rattling knock at the door, and Miss Norton entered, in her hat and riding-habit, with the gold-handled whip, with which she claimed admission, in her hands.

Behind her, walking more slowly, and looking somewhat anxious, followed Lord Heron, also in riding costume, as he had left the saddle.

"You see I was certain of the room, and was rewarded for insisting on my own way," said the lady, turning toward Heron, as he came up, with an air of saucy triumph. "Fancy me coming here without visiting this unique, old room, the first thing. One does not need to dress in order to be grateful. I have not yet half thanked my brave young preserver, for the life that is just becoming the most precious thing under heaven, to me."

The color came, red and warm, into Heron's face; then he turned to Beatrice, who stood up by the bed-side, proud and cold as a statue, and gravely apologized for having intruded on the sick room, so unceremoniously.

"Oh, it was not his fault," said the heiress, breaking gaily into his apology. "I insisted on thanking this gallant little fellow, again and again, before they sent me off to dress. Of course, we expected that there would be a nurse, or some one by, to make it proper."

Here the haughty young woman glanced at Beatrice, as if she had been some old nurse of seventy, and went on:

"I am terribly anxious about the dear fellow, and so much obliged for the risk he has run. If I had not known that his master was sure to feel all this with me, and for me, I should have been here long ago; but I could not deprive him of a pleasure he feels so keenly—that of repaying obligations, that he insists on regarding his own."

As Miss Norton spoke, she seated herself on the side of the high bed, and dusted her skirts with the whip, while she shot a side glance at Beatrice, full of malicious triumph, which the girl felt in every nerve of her body, but resisted like marble.

Heron followed the glance of those eyes, and a glow of resentment came into his own.

"I am afraid we are intruding," he said. "Rufo is not strong enough for the entertainment of strangers."

"But we are nothing of the kind. Strangers, indeed! Why, it is one of my plans to have him altogether at Hazlehurst, the very prince of pages, and my own personal attendant. Did you really suppose, that I should be content with giving less than that, for the life some of my friends seem to think of consequence?"

Rufo rose up to his elbows, and fixed his wild, bright eyes on the lady, with questioning astonishment. Then he turned them on Beatrice, and saw that a flash of burning red had come to her face, and a smile of scorn was curling her lips.

"What does the lady mean?" he questioned, faintly.

"She means, Rufo, mea, that she will repay all your sickness, all your pain, by making you a servant in her household!" answered the girl,

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looking steadily at Lord Heron. "As the lady says, could you expect her to be less grateful to a poor boy, who allowed himself to be tossed in the air, torn with angry teeth, and trampled down with hoofs, that her life might be saved? I fear we are not grateful enough, you and I!"

"But you will not let me go, young master," pleaded the lad, turning his wistful eyes on Heron.

"But that is not all," broke in the young lady, who felt the sting of much that Beatrice had said, without fully comprehending it. "When the household at Hazlehurst is rearranged, some bright foreigner will be wanted as ladies' maid, so you and your sister, need not be parted. I have arranged all this beautifully," she added, nodding her head at Lord Heron, who was absolutely turning white with suppressed anger.

Beatrice made no reply, but looked steadily on her tormentor, as if disdain had taken all sting from the charitable arrangements intended for her.

The silence that followed, would have been distressing, to a more sensitive person, but Edna Norton was far too self-satisfied, for more than a moment's awkwardness, during which she continued to whip her skirts a little more vigorously. Then her eyes began to roam around the chamber, and she broke out again. "What a picturesque old room! This wing of the house, no doubt, holds treasures of antique furniture. You must explore it with me, some day, Egbert; for it is my dearest wish to have the old mansion restored in all its parts. Money can do anything, you know."

"I wish it could give health to this dear fellow," said Heron, making a grand effort to subdue himself, and turn the subject, which was bitter as gall to him, "but some things it cannot do."

Miss Norton laughed.

"I am not aware of that," she said, "every day gives me more, and more faith in it. At any rate, I am resolved that it shall work marvels here. Lady Carew and I, were speaking of it the other day. These fine old heirlooms have been hidden too long. Hazlehurst is pretty, artistic, everything that one can desire, in its way; but here, at Oldham, the dignity of the family must be maintained; therefore, I say, this old wing shall be restored."

Heron had made one brave effort to check this untimely discussion, and failed. His very heart quailed under the glance that Beatrice fixed upon him, and when, in very compassion for him, the lids drooped over the scorn in her eyes, he drew a deep breath.

"Our patient looks weary," he said, touching the boy's forehead with his hand.

Miss Norton arose.

"And I stand a fair chance of keeping the dinner back, a fault Lady Carew forgives no one," she said, "still I must stay long enough to assure my boy preserver, that he need have no trouble about the future; I have provided for that. As for his sister, who nurses him carefully, I am sure—neither shall I forget her."

"Rufo's sister has done nothing to deserve your gratitude, lady," answered Beatrice, with a slow bend of the head, "and he can accept nothing in exchange for the life he has risked, and the strength that is gone from him. When that comes back, we shall have left Oldham and England."

CHAPTER XXII.

It was the night of the concert, at which Ossoli was to sing. Carriages were at the door, and the whole household, at Oldham, was in a state of festive preparation. Lady Carew, in all the magnificence of a grand toilet, stood in the hall, sweeping the tesselated pavement with her silken draperies, and moving her fan impatiently; for, like the king of France, she was on the verge of waiting, and would have resented it as he did, had not the offender been far too important a personage, just then, for any expression of discontent to be thought of. Lord Carew walked listlessly up and down the hall, caring but little for the delay, while his son had descended to the carriages, where he busied himself in giving various necessary orders, thus excusing himself from direct attendance on the party above.

It had been arranged, that Ossoli should ride in the family carriage, with Lord and Lady Carew, while Heron took charge of Miss Norton, in one of those indescribable little turn-outs, that young bachelors affect, and young ladies delight in sharing with them.

Of course, as this programme held out promise of a delightful tête-à-tête with her lover, and gave a certain eclat to her engagement, the young lady was equally impatient with her hostess, and cast expectant glances up the grand stair-case, while she arranged and rearranged the draperies that floated around her, or settled the cluster of flowers that held the lace, like drifting snow flakes, upon her bosom.

"Will she never come?" exclaimed Lady Carew, under her breath, scarcely forbearing to stamp her foot on the pavement, so unused was she to delay or contradiction. "Will she never come?"

That moment Ossoli appeared, moving with her usual, indolent grace, a radiant creature, clad in creamy white, like a bride, with a frost-work of lace, breaking the shimmer of her silken under-dress into waves, and wearing, above all,

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a scarlet burnouse, worn regally, as Roman women carried their garments on festive days.

Ossoli did not even deign to notice that the group had been waiting, but halted as she reached the lowest step of the stair-case, and looked around, as if searching for some one she had expected to find.

"But where is Beatrice, my pretty song-bird?" she questioned, turning to Lady Carew.

"Beatrice—my daughter's companion? Surely, signora, you mistake. She does not usually compose one of our party."

Ossoli's eyes opened wide, and she drew herself proudly up.

"But, my lady, I desire it!"

"Pray, excuse me, signora. It is not an English custom."

"Ah! I do not comprehend these customs; only what I wish, and that is the pretty Beatrice. She loves music; it is her breath—her life. I shall sing for her to-night. *She* will understand, I shall touch her soul."

Lady Carew was willing to yield much to this woman, who was to be the star of her entertainment, but this demand touched her pride too nearly, and seeking shelter in an evasion, she answered, with assumed deference:

"It is—is unfortunate; but we have no time now. Already we have lost some precious minutes. The girl would have to dress."

"All that can be arranged so easily. The signorita here shall go with us in the carriage; that will make no delay. Then, my young lord, who is always so kind, will put himself at my disposal, and take the singing bird in his pretty trap yonder. See how easily things that one wishes, can be settled?"

Lady Carew's face flushed crimson, and her eyebrows were lifted haughtily.

"*My* son!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, the young lord," answered Ossoli, smiling sweetly on Heron. "He will make the sacrifice; I see it in his countenance."

The young man's face had brightened for an instant, as he came into the hall, and heard this strange proposal; but it changed instantly, and he was about to offer some protest, but Ossoli gave him no chance to speak.

"It is settled," she said, gathering the scarlet burnouse around her, and advancing toward the door. "Tell this pretty Beatrice, to make herself beautiful. My maid has orders—drive rapidly, and be in time; for I assure you, I shall not have the heart to sing a note until she is there to listen."

Before this sentence was finished, the strange woman was half way to the carriage, with Heron by her side.

"Now I have made you miserable," she said, with a low, sweet laugh, you will not have the courage to be happy, perhaps; but that is no fault of mine."

"I shall, at least, have the pleasure of obeying you," was the courteous reply; but the young man was grave, and almost stern, with something like resentment. The woman seemed to have read his heart, and was audaciously thrusting him into temptation, for her own eccentric amusement.

Bowing graciously, but with that half mocking smile on her lips, Ossoli entered the carriage. Then Lady Carew followed, subduing herself, but inwardly burning with resentment, and Miss Norton came up, with an indignant lift of the head, scarcely deigning to touch the hand Heron held out.

The young man saw the carriage drive off, and returned to the house, afraid of himself, indignant, confused, yet deliriously happy. The quick beating of his own heart, warned him of danger, and for some minutes, he walked up and down the hall, subduing this sudden tumult, and mastering it, in behalf of his own honor.

Then he sent a message to his sister's room, and waited.

Beatrice was with her young benefactress, very still and dreary, with hushed pain. Since the intrusion of Miss Norton into her brother's sick chamber, she had given way at first to burning indgination, and then to a feeling of terrible despondency, inexplicable to herself.

Lady Jane imputed this depression to the growing weakness of Rufo, and her own gentle heart was grievously touched by it.

Thus the two were sitting together, in silence, when a servant came in, bearing Lord Heron's message.

Beatrice lifted her head incredulously.

"For me. This message for me?" she questioned, turning upon the messenger.

Her pale cheeks broke into flame, her eyes kindled, a struggle of doubt and hope possessed her.

"No, no! There must be some mistake!"

"This was what Lord Heron told me to say. He is waiting, now, in the hall."

"For me? Oh, my dear lady, can this be true?"

"I hope so—I think so," said the gentle lady. "It is only strange, that they did not mention it before, knowing how keenly you would enjoy the music."

Beatrice underwent one of those quick transitions, that belong to the most ardent period of youth. The terrible burden of sadness was rolled, like a stone, from her heart; the blood leaped

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through her veins, bathing her cheeks with crimson, and filling her eyes with delight.

"Shall I go—oh, may I go?" she cried, dropping on her knees beside her friend, and clasping both arms around her waist. "I so long to hear the music. Only to think of it drives me wild with joy—and he waiting for me—can it be true?"

"No doubt, dear child, it is all true; they have thought, at the last moment, how cruel it would be, if you were left behind. Of course you will go."

Beatrice covered the little hands, held out to her, with kisses, and started to her feet, radiant with her great joy.

"Yes—you permit—and he has sent for me. I will go—I will go, but—but how?"

The girl fell into a chair, as if some hand had struck her down. How could she go into a high-born crowd, in that dress?

"Signorina, I was told to make you ready, and have been waiting."

It was Ossoli's maid, who had opened the door, after a gentle knock for admittance.

"For me—for me?" questioned the girl.

"Yes, signorina. It was yesterday that the signora gave orders, that every thing should be made ready for the signorina's toilet—but there is so little time."

"It seems like the work of a magician," exclaimed the girl, in her joyful amazement. "Yes, I will come."

Out from the room she went, pausing only to cast a grateful look back upon Lady Jane, who answered it with smiles.

It seemed hardly possible, that a transformation, so perfect, could have taken place in the brief time that passed before the girl came back again, radiant with happiness, and arrayed in a dress so pure, so simple and perfect in all its parts, that it was difficult to tell whether it was intended for a woman, or had been caught from the clouds; a scarlet ribbon in the black hair, a cluster of roses, burning red, on the bosom, was all the color that broke the whiteness of her garments. Yet, the whole picture she presented was warmly tinted. The purplish blackness of her hair, the dusky bloom of her cheeks, and ripe crimson of her mouth, enriched her entire presence, with the rare bloom of perfect youth.

The girl was shy of her own beauty, as she came in the room, to take leave of the fair invalid, who could rejoice over the happiness in which she might never hope to participate. A kiss, that was half a sigh, and one girl went out, full of ardent life, while the other leaned back in her invalid chair, smiling, that such happiness could fall upon her friend.

After awhile, when all was still in the great mansion, Lady Jane arose, languidly, wrapped the fleecy wool of her shawl around her, and and stole down the corridor. Softly turning the latch, she entered Rufo's chamber, and seating herself by the bed, told him of the rare pleasure that had, for one evening, drawn Beatrice into the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lord Heron was walking up and down the hall, when Beatrice came down the stairs, with a step so light, that he scarcely perceived her, until she stood before him, and spoke.

"My lord, you sent for me?"

The young man fairly started. The voice was familiar enough, but how could he at once recognize the picturesque Italian child, in the beautiful vision before him—how speak condescendingly, or with composure, to a creature like that?

"Yes," he said, drawing a deep breath, "the ladies arranged that I was to drive you into town. There was no other way."

He spoke coldly, and each word fell upon that young heart, as hail drops among flowers.

"If—if it is a trouble," she said, "I need not go."

"A trouble? Great heavens!"

The young man broke off with an impatient gesture, angry with himself—almost angry with her, because her new grace of loveliness had so nearly made a secret traitor of him.

"Come," he said, almost rudely, "we are late enough already."

The girl looked at him, wistfully. What had she done that he should speak to her in that curt way?

Heron would not see that look, but taking up a wrap that had been left in the hall, folded it about her. Then hurrying down the steps, half lifted her into the vehicle, and drove off.

The twilight was beginning to cloud the landscape, with soft, purplish shadows, and pale touches of gold. For some distance, they drove along a road that wound in and out, through the edges of the moor, and over that, the evening closed in, as it does on a calm sea, only with this difference, the wild growth of the slopes, and the hollows choked up with gorse, as if an army of miners had heaped treasures of rough gold there, gave out colors, varied as the tints that were slowly creeping into the sky, and every wind swept subtle perfume with it, softer, by far, than ever came from the salt of the ocean.

The young man drove on, in silence, taking no heed of the landscape, or of the sunset, burning deeper and deeper, against the far off woods, and

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pouring its splendor across the road. His whole being was in tumult, and he was fighting against it with a resolution, that amounted to sternness.

Beatrice turned her wistful eyes upon his face, once or twice, then closed the lashes firmly, that no tears should break through, and looked far off, resolved, as himself, in concealing the anguish she could not conquer.

At last, the sunset became blurred and misty, behind the distant trees. The golden hue died out from the moor, and the silvery curve of a new moon appeared in the horizon.

By this light, Heron ventured to look on the young face by his side. The moonlight idealized its sadness, and its exquisite beauty. It also revealed the tears that had wended up from an aching heart, into those dark, soft eyes. He was young, and he loved the girl with his whole heart.

The sight of her face swept all thought of honor from his mind, as a flood of chivalric sympathy possessed him.

"Beatrice, forgive me!"

She turned suddenly, and a smile broke through her tears; for a world of tenderness swept over her in that one sentence.

"Beatrice, forgive me!"

This time she broke from him, with a faint, fluttering cry, and covering her face with both hands, shrunk down in her seat; for, with a sudden yielding, he had drawn her to his bosom, and kissed her for the first time in his life, not passionately, but with a sort of reverence, invading her forehead with his lips, as a priest might touch the Jesus upon an altar.

For this act he was asking her forgiveness a second time; but she had no words for pardon or resentment. A delirium of strange feeling possessed her, terror, joy, reproach, adoration, all the sensations that make up the first perfect consciousness of love.

"I have done wrong, but not so much as you may think, Beatrice," said the young man, pleading against the self-reproach that stung him; "for you cannot know how dearly I love you, and in that, lies all the excuse I have to offer."

She lifted her face to the moonlight, softened with tenderness, radiant with new born joy.

"You love me—me?"

The sight of that face, the tremor of doubt and bliss in the sweet voice, broke down the last vestige of self-restraint, in which the young man had entrenched himself. He drew her gently toward him; he felt the beating of her heart against his own, and he kissed the soft hair that was blown across his face.

"Yes, child, I love you, spite of my own will—spite of reason—love you, when it is dishonor to me, and—oh, if I could think it was not so—of sorrow to your own sweet self."

"Dishonor!" she repeated, drawing back from him. "How can that be?"

"Dishonor, because—madman that I was—I have pledged myself to another."

Beatrice attempted to speak; but her lips only trembled, her eyes were turned upon him, wildly, in the moonlight; she shrunk away to the further edge of the seat, holding her hands out, as if repelling a second blow.

"God help me! Has a word made you look upon me with hate or fear?" he said.

"A word—a word—the hoofs that smote my Rufo to the earth were less cruel. He saved her life; that other has killed mine."

This cry of pain went to the young man's heart. He reached out his hand, searching for hers; but she shrunk away, and would not touch him.

"How can I explain? How can I make you understand, from the very first, when fate sent you into my home, driven there by the storm, I loved you, not willingly—not consciously, but with the first passion of my life—the last it will be."

A faint moan came from the girl. "But that other, you love her."

"Had I reflected—but I did not—to me you seemed only a child, bright, charming, full of wild grace, but still a child, with whom association could bring no pride of heart or life. It was a sweet dream, and I awoke from it, bound to this other lady. Since then—"

"Ah, you have been so cruel," cried the tortured young creature, who was still child enough to forget the dignity, that might have shielded the pride of an older woman. "So hard, so cold. You love her—you love her!"

"I have tried to be an honorable man, and have failed," said Heron, mournfully. "My sister loved you."

"She did, she did," sobbed the girl.

"And it was so pleasant to see you together, to leave the bustle of life below, and find a welcome in the quiet solitude of her room. If we could only go back to that, but, in my madness, I have made it impossible."

"Because you no longer love to come," faltered Beatrice, lifting her eyes, enlarged with excitement, and full of tender reproach, to his face.

"No, no—because I have forfeited all right to the sweetest privilege that man ever enjoyed. I dare not come to the dear old room—I dare not hope that either you or my sister will forgive me—or make myself sure that you ever cared for my coming—ever thought of loving me."

"Cared for your coming? We lived for that—the Lady Jane I mean—"

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Here the girl's fair head drooped to her bosom, with a vague sense of shame; but directly she lifted it into the moonlight. "No, it was not Lady Jane alone—I—I loved you without thinking of it," she said, with sweet truthfulness, more delicate than a thousand deinals, born of a woman's pride, could have been. "It came to me from " first, I think."

Heron drew a deep, delirious sigh. He had known this all the time; but a craving desire to hear it from her own lips had urged him on.

"God forgive me!" thought the young man; but even with this prayer on his lips, he could not still the swift beating of his heart, and with difficulty, refrained from entreating the girl to tell him, over and over again, of the love she did not yet clearly understand; there was too much childish trust in it for that.

Thus agitated, and self-reproving, he drove on rapidly, until the lights of a town, gleamed on him from the distance. Then every minute of time grew precious to him as a diamond spark. He curbed his horses to a walk. His heart beat heavily enough now, and his voice was husky with agitation.

"Beatrice?"

The girl lifted her face.

"Beatrice, you will not hate me, because I am pledged to this lady?"

"Hate?" she repeated, with a sad, sweet smile, "how could I do that?"

"And you will try to be happy with my sister, without regard—without regard to anything else."

"Happy? and you loving her?"

"But I do not love her," he answered, impetuously. Tratior as I am to say it, I do not love her!"

The girl clasped both hands over her bosom, and lifted her beaming eyes to the heavens.

"Oh, mother Mary—hear it—hear it. He does not love her. It is me—me that he loves!"

"And does this make you happy, Beatrice?" questioned the young man, in a voice that shook with contending emotion."

"Ah, so happy—so happy!"

"When you know that I never can marry you?"

"Marry me?" she exclaimed, "I never thought of that, how should I, being humble, almost like a peasant, and you a lord of the land? It is enough that you love me, and nobody else."

"But if I marry this other lady?"

"Marry her? and loving another—oh, that cannot be!" The girl shook her head, as children do, when they reject an idea, and turning her face to his, smiled upon him with sweet and perfect confidence.

Heron did not misunderstand her, as a coarser man might have done; but her confidence in him was a reproach.

How could he make a creature like that, comprehend a marriage of expediency, without uprooting all respect for himself, and the noblest attributes of love that have their root in respect?

"It is the wish of my father, the crowning desire of Lady Carew, that I should make this lady my wife," he said.

"Your wife?" repeated Beatrice, startled by the word, as if all that he had been saying, did not mean that, and her face became deadly pale under the new impression. "That is one who lives with you forever and ever. She will be at Oldham, as Lady Carew is with your father, but not with us. You will never let her go into Rufo's room again, or come to break up the old sweet life, when it begins once more, and you read to us, hour after hour—sing with us, sometimes, and make the room bright with happiness."

"But child—child, cannot you understand that all this is impossible?"

"Impossible!"

"I shall belong to another entirely. Honor requires it. The law requires it. Cannot you understand?"

He spoke impatiently; her obstinate trust stung him almost to irritation. "I shall leave Oldham. My home must be elsewhere."

"Your home—you will leave your home?"

"How can it be otherwise? You and I could never live under the same roof."

"Never live under the same roof—oh, what have I done—what have I done?"

"What have you done? Nothing, child, that an angel of heaven might not have shared with you; but you are so young—so unconscious of danger—I cannot make you understand."

The poor girl made a brave struggle to comprehend his meaning. Why should he wish to avoid her—why did he speak of giving up those visits to his sister, which had been the very sunshine of her invalid life. Would the lady he meant to marry, draw him away from all the happiness of his home. Was it her behest he was obeying?

She looked up, and spoke at last.

"You will marry this lady. You will leave Oldham—Lady Jane—every one. We shall be nothing to you. It is for this that Rufo threw himself under the hoofs of that wild horse! Oh, it will break his heart—it will break his heart!"

The low voice of distress, in which this outbreak ended, was a relief to the young man who had been sorely vexed by her incapacity to understand all he wished to convey; but it thrilled him with pain also.

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"Beatrice, listen to me."

"Why should I listen? You have said all."

"But I have more to say—you are a stranger here."

"I know," she sobbed.

"And are ignorant that our social laws can bind a man, until he is scarcely his own master. Had it been possible for me to make you my wife, without breaking all other ties, no power in the world, would have induced me to enter upon this engagement."

The girl held her breath to listen.

"But that was impossible."

"I know—I know!"

"Oh, child, do not tempt me so! It would be an act of base dishonor to break my engagement—worse than madness to oppose the wishes of my parents. Do not look at me with those eyes, your tears make me almost ready to renounce everything—honor itself."

"No, no! See—I am not weeping?"

The girl turned her pale face on him, and made a piteous effort to smile.

"In doing this, I must wound the pride, and, perhaps, deeper feelings of another. I should be literally condemned, thrust from the hearts that love me. Even you, in the riper judgment of womanhood, might justly give back scorn to a man who had won you by a sacrifice of honor; for that, with an upright man, is sacred as love in woman."

She did not answer him. Every word had gone to her heart, filling it with cold desolation, leaving her face white and still, as the moonlight that bathed it. Both hands lay, like sculptured things, in her lap. If she breathed, there was no sign of it.

Heron saw this, and cried out:

"Child, child! for heaven's sake, look at me. Have I killed you?"

Beatrice was not quite insensible. She tried to speak, but her white lips refused to move. She attempted to lift her hand; it fell back, like marble, to her lap. Then her face drooped forward, and but for the arm that Heron threw around her, she must have fallen from the carriage, for she had fainted.

Gathering the reins in one hand, Heron turned his horses to the turf that bordered the highway, and, after sitting the inanimate form safely in the seat, sprang to the ground, and sweeping handsful of dew from the grass, he bathed her face with it, until a faint sigh assured him of returned life. Then he entered the vehicle again, and drew her head to his shoulder.

"Beatrice, look up—speak to me, if you can!"

The poor girl made a faint struggle, but he saw how much the effort cost her, and went on:

"No, do not speak; but listen. I will no longer fight against my own heart. To-morrow, I will tell Miss Norton everything, and ask her to set me free. She is proud, she is generous. Lord Carew shall be informed that I am willing to give up everything, break the entail, disinherit myself. Then you and I will go to Italy. I am master of a small independence, in my own right. We need not starve; so, look at me, and say that you will be happy with a husband ready to give up everything, for your dear sake."

The girl drew a deep, tremulous breath, that seemed to thrill every nerve in her body, then she murmured:

"Husband—mine? ah, me, how impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to those who love each other, as we do, my Beatrice," said he.

"Nothing, save that you should be dishonored," she answered, lifting her face, all transfigured by a sudden dawn of proud womanhood—"that you should be dishonored, or I ungrateful."

"What do you mean?" faltered the young man, ready to take alarm.

"Only this. It is a dream, oh! such a dream! We must not disturb it to-night. The woman you will marry need not grudge me this one hour."

"Nor all the hours of your life, sweet one," answered Heron, pressing his lips to hers.

The next moment they were within the lighted town, moving through a throng of carriages, on their way to the concert hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SUGAR KISSES."

BY CHARLES KELLOGG FARLEY.

You tell me, Maggie, how to make,
With eggs and lemon in it.
You tell me how to stir and shake
The sugar to a minute.
But there are kisses sweeter far
Than any sugar kisses are—
(Just one, I crave you!)
Though good the kisses baked in pan,
Still sweeter ones did Nature plan,
When those red lips she gave you.

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"TIT FOR TAT."

BY MRS. D. PIDSLEY.

"CAN'T we do something for you, Emily, you look so dreadfully tired?" said her sisters, as they kissed her good-night, on their return from an evening party.

"No, thank you, dears. A quiet sleep will be the best remedy for my headache."

"It is really too bad," said Jenny, as the girls sat, chatting, after she left. "It is the *heart*-ache, not the *head*ache, which makes Emily so pale. Harry's infatuation for that pretty, little, flirting widow, and the way he goes on, are intolerable. He scarcely left her side all the evening. I wanted to box his ears. If he were my husband, I'd teach him better."

"Yes," said Susie, "he would not find me disposed to play the *rôle* of a neglected wife; and then he would be the first to talk of the impropriety of a married woman, receiving attentions from any one but her husband. Pshaw! he never takes her out for rides, or drives, as he used to do. I could never put up with it."

For some weeks, pic-nics and parties were the order of the day; and Harry's devotion to Mrs. Darwin (the young widow) was unabated. Fond of admiration, she had no objection that her train should be increased by the addition of such an acknowledged connoisseur in beauty.

At this time, when Emily's cheeks were growing paler and paler, a letter reached her sisters, telling them of their brother Stephen's arrival from California.

"Capital! Capital!" exclaimed Jenny, clapping her hands, "nothing could be better! Now, if Emily will consent, we can turn the tables on her husband, nicely. Stephen and Harry have never met; so there will be no trouble on that account; and you know we have no photograph of him, because he said he wished to see if we could recognize him without one. I will write to aunt Martha, and get her to help us in our scheme; for Stephen must be well posted up in matters here. I dare say, she will hardly approve of the remedy I propose; but peculiar diseases require peculiar treatment."

"Now you have stopped to take breath," said Susie, "perhaps you will enlighten me as to your, or our, plans, as you call them. I am more than willing to do all I can to punish our very charming brother-in-law."

"Well," said Jenny, "instead of our all going home to meet Stephen, as aunt Martha proposes in her letter, I shall suggest that he comes here; not as our brother, Mr. Stephen W. Armitage, but as Mr. William Stephen. It will only be a slight change in the name; he comes as a friend of ours, an old play-fellow, if you like, whom we have not seen for many years; knew our brother in California, brings messages and presents from him, etc. Harry will, of course, ask him to stay with us; then the course will be open. Emily was always his favorite sister; and after a few days, he can become very attentive to her; and as they will have a great deal to talk about, he can sit by her side, speaking in a low, soft tone, and then ask her to sing and play for him, just as Harry goes on with the widow. Oh, it will be capital fun!"

"Yes," said Susie, "if Emily does not object; but if Stephen is to be so particular in his manner towards her, when she is in company, she will never agree to it; for, although we all know he is her brother, no one here will have an idea of the kind—"

"Of course, we would not, for the world, compromise her. This little programme is entirely for the home circle, for Harry's especial benefit. We are to dine at the Tilfords', this evening, and if he is as silly as usual, about that pretty, empty-headed, little woman, I think I shall succeed in getting Emily to consent. I shall say nothing to her, until I see the way clear; all will depend on the events of a few hours. I must confess, I shall be heartily glad to punish Harry. I wish he could have the heartache, instead of poor, dear, sweet sister Emily."

A few days later, and Mr. Harcourt was introduced to an early friend of his wife, and her sisters, a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man, Mr. William A. Stephen. Mr. Stephen was soon at home in the family, telling his host, that he had alwaysr egarded the ladies as his sisters.

"I have always," he said, "kept up a correspondence with them, since I left Boston, which was when I was quite a boy, since Emily's marriage, her letters have almost entirely ceased; but I have to thank her for many kind messages and remembrances, so that I knew I was not forgotten. We used to be," he added, "the best of friends. Don't you remember, Mrs. Harcourt," turning to

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Emily, with a smile, "that you promised to keep house for me?"

"Yes," she replied, returning his smile, and almost blushing, for her husband was looking at her, very earnestly. "I have the drawing of the house you said you would build for me, when you were a man, and Susie, and Jenny were to come and stay with us."

"I have never forgotten them," said their guest, and a half-suppressed sigh escaped him. "I have thought of them often and often, and in my dreams those dear, old days came back to me, and then—you do not know, you cannot tell, how I longed for *you all* again."

Mr. Stephen said you all; but Harry fancied his looks and tones had a world of meaning in them, as he turned to Emily.

"I'm hanged," soliloquized Harry, "if I don't think he was an old sweetheart of my wife's, he's more than half in love with her now. If he isn't, why don't he go out with the girls, instead of staying in the house, reading, mooning I call it, with her? If I see much more of such goings on, I shall give her a bit of my mind. I wonder how much longer the fellow means to stay here? I was a fool to ask him at all; but I thought Emily was a sensible woman."

Several days passed, and still Mr. Stephen said nothing about leaving. Two or three times, by his invitation, Mrs. Harcourt had ridden and driven out with him, notwithstanding Harry's gloomy looks.

Of course *he* had often offered the same attention to the widow; but that was the other side of the question; that was his affair; he had never asked himself whether his devotion to another was pleasant or agreeable to his wife.

"I won't have her riding all over the country," he said to himself, "with a fellow, just because he used to be her old play-fellow. She is a married woman, and it does not look right. It would be well enough for Susie or Jenny; but not for Emily; and I'll put a stop to it, or my name's not Harry. I wonder what they were talking about, when I came into the room this morning? I am almost sure I saw him touching her curls, confound his impudence!"

Harry forgot that he had a lock of the pretty, little widow's hair, in his vest pocket.

Harry had a fine tenor voice, and of late he had devoted almost every evening, to practising new songs with Mrs. Darwin; but having discovered that the ladies of his family usually spent some time in the music-room, whilst he was absent, he resolved to remain at home, to be, as he thought, a check on them. Emily and Mr. Stephen sang several duets, the girls refusing to sing, except in the choruses, assigning as a reason that his voice and their sister's seemed made for each other.

All this was gall and wormwood to Harry, who sitting by, apparently engaged in reading, was carefully watching every word and look.

That his guest admired his wife was plain enough; his manner was even tender, when he spoke to her; and it seemed to Harry as if he hung upon her words.

"I didn't know Emily was so pretty," said Harry, mentally. "What a nice color she has. I fancied she had lost all her good looks; but she is quite handsome, to-night. I wonder what that fellow's saying to her, that makes her eyes sparkle so. Deuced rude to whisper in company. Why don't he speak out, unless 'tis something he don't want me to hear."

"Oh, Emily," said both girls, in a breath, as they rushed into her room, one evening, "it will all come right. Harry spends all his evenings at home, except when we are all invited out, and we overheard the widow telling him, last night, that she should put his name down in her black book, for he had not called on her for more than a week, and had forgotten to send her the songs he promised."

"It does me good," said Jenny, "to see him watching you and Stephen. At the pic-nic, yesterday, he did his best to keep you apart; and he was so considerate as to ask the dear old fellow to take care of us. Very thoughtful, of course, but of course we understood it."

"I don't know how you feel about it; but I really am afraid that I shall not be able to keep up the farce much longer. I have been on the verge of a precipice ever since dear old Stephen came here," said Susie. "I do so want to hug and kiss him, and call him a dear, blessed old brother, instead of Mr. Stephen."

A few days after, Emily came into the room, where her sisters were.

"Girls," she said, whilst a glad, bright light was dancing in her eyes, and her sweet face was lighted up with a smile of happiness, "Harry proposes that we shall all go to aunt Martha's for a time. He thinks a change will be good for us. We shall go by the way of Brentford, and stay there a few days; after which, we will join you at aunt Martha's. Stephen can leave you there, if he thinks best; and return the week after. I dare say, Harry and I will have got over our explanations by that time."

When Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt joined their friends, Harry had discovered that there were two sides to a question. Jenny's and Susie's *ruse* had taught him a lesson, and he never forgot how he had been given "TIT FOR TAT."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, an evening toilet, for a girl of sixteen. It is of striped blue and white grenadine, over an under-dress of light blue Silesia. The under-skirt of Silesia, has one



knife-plaiting of the grenadine, nine inches deep, including the heading. The blouse polonaise opens V shape, and is trimmed with two narrow knife-plaiting, continued half way down the skirt. The lower half of the polonaise is draped in regular folds beneath loops of satin ribbon. The

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back falls as a long, square tunic. A narrow knife-plaiting edges the front of the polonaise. Sleeves to the elbow, trimmed to correspond. Blue satin waist-band, with silver buckle, or bow of ribbon. This design would be equally pretty for a plain or dotted Swiss muslin, over the colored Silesia under-dress. These beautiful, soft, delicate colored Silesias, can be bought for fifteen to eighteen cents per yard. Six to eight yards for a plain under-dress, fifteen to eighteen yards grenadine, or ten or twelve yards of Swiss muslin will be required.

Next, a pretty design for an evening or dinner dress, of black or white grenadine, or equally



suitable for an organdy muslin. This also, should be made over silk if for black, or over colored Silesia, if for white grenadine or muslin. The under-skirt has four narrow knife-plaitings, another one standing and separated from the lower ones by a quilled ruching. The upper part of the skirt is draped with the material arranged slanting from the left to the right side, where it is looped and ornamented by loops of narrow satin ribbon, and trimmed with two plaitings and quillings. The corsage blouse is laid in small plaits, and trimmed with the quillings, the side ones finished with a tiny bow. Sleeves to the elbow, finished with knife-plaited

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ruffles. A plaited satin waist-band completes this costume. Twenty to twenty-five yards of grenadine, or sixteen yards of Swiss muslin, will be required.

Costume of white pique, percale or nainsook muslin. The skirt is cut with a long train, fan shaped at the back; the front has a nine inch plaited flounce, and the back has a gathered flounce, plain, covering the entire fan train. The long polonaise has a basque front, under which the skirt-front is arranged. The whole is trimmed with Hamburg insertion and edging. The back gores have only the edging up the sides and back, where it is left open a little below the waist, and a large bow and ends of wide ribbon



is placed. Sleeves to the elbow, trimmed to correspond, and ornamented with a small bow and ends. The bodice is open at the neck over chemisette of muslin, with stand-up frills. Pearl buttons for the front of the basque. If pique is used, make the flouncing on the under-skirt of Victoria lawn, or nainsook; the pique is too heavy to plait or gather.

For a little girl of four years, we have a pretty dress of nainsook, laid in three box plaits in front, gathered in the back at the neck. A broad



sash, either of the nainsook, or ribbon, is placed under the side box plaits, and tied at the back. Neck and armhole, trimmed with Hamburg em-



broidery. This may be worn over a skirt-waist, high in the neck, and long sleeves. All the French dresses for little girls are worn so.

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Another for a litlle girl of the same age, is cut plain Princess in front. A plaited ruffle, edged with torchon lace, trims the neck. A wide belt of insertion and lace over the ribbon, is all the trimming on the dress, except a box plaited piece on each side seam. The sash ends tie at the back. This is also to be worn over a plaited under-waist or not, as the climate and the taste may suggest.

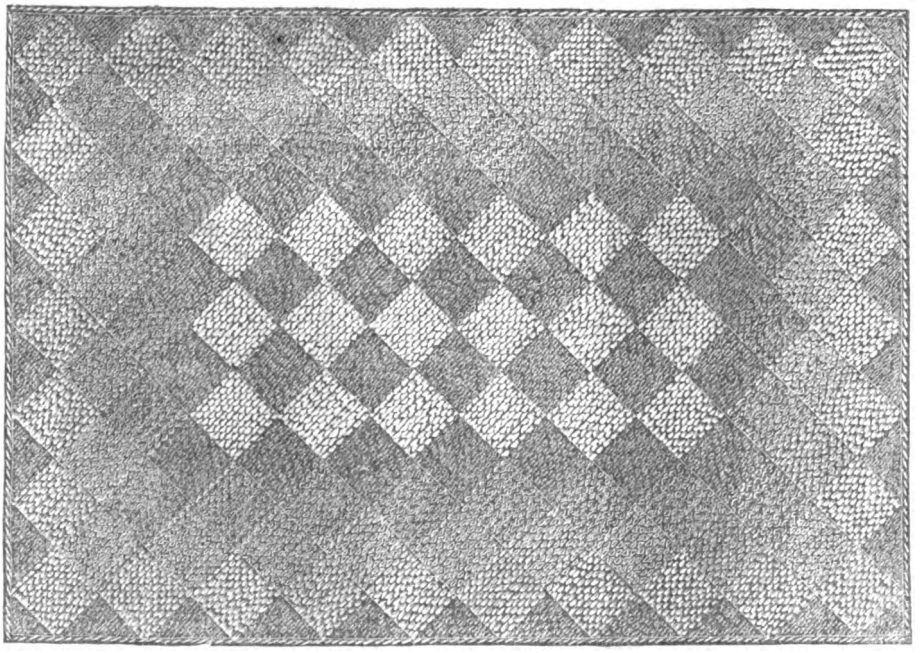
A sailor costume for a little boy of six to eight years, made of navy blue flannel, collar, cuff, etc., bound with white or black braid, and buttons to match. A linen collar, square at the back, is worn with this costume.

We also give two designs for linen aprons, suitable for either a boy or girl of two to four years. Embroider in white cotton, red or blue.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

QUILT FOR BASSINETTE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our engraving represents a very useful quilt for a bassinette or child's bed. It is plain knitting, and is worked in four shades of colored wool. For each square cast on forty stitches, using No. 11 needles, and knit an exact square of wool. Join them together as shown in the engraving. For the half squares cast on forty stitches, and decrease by knitting two together at the beginning of every alternate row, until you have only two stitches on the needle; then finish off. A border would look well of plain knitting, using all the colors, beginning with the darkest and working to the lightest, then returning to the darkest. Take up all the stitches on each side separately, knit four rows of each color, and increase one stitch at the beginning of each row for the corners; sew the corners together when finished.

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RIDING HABIT. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

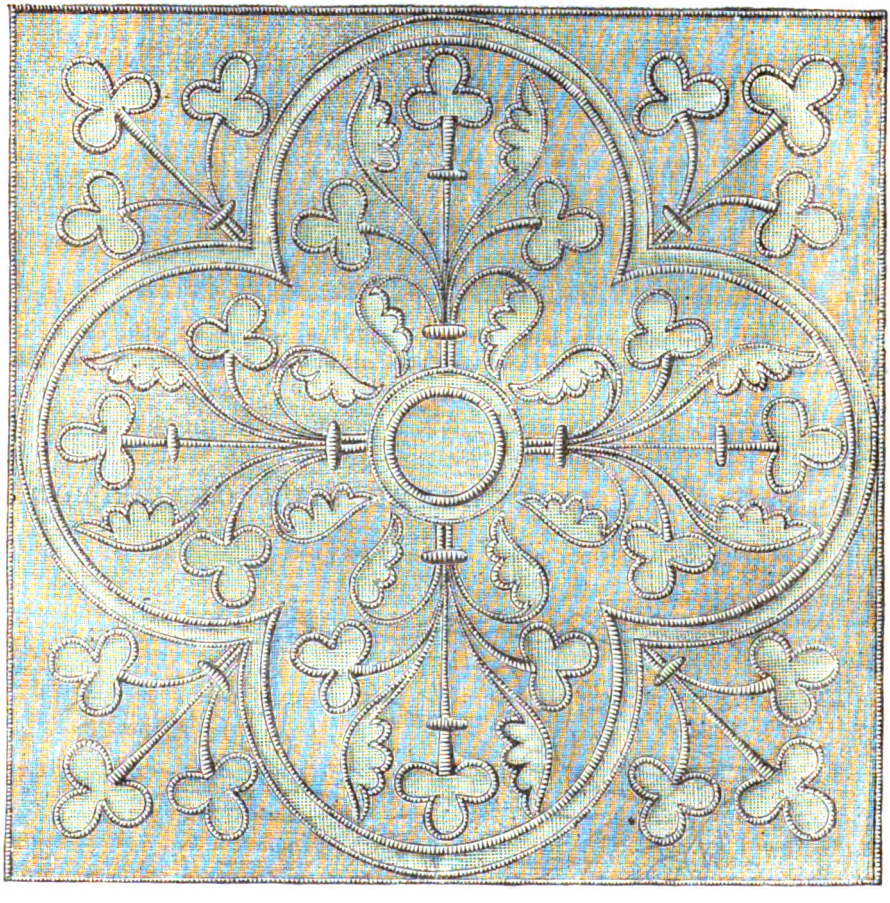
BY EMILY H. MAY.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of the styles of riding-habits now most fashionable. Folded in with this number is a SUPPLEMENT, containing a full-size diagram pattern for the body of a riding dress. This consists of six pieces, viz:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. SIDE BACK.
No. 4. SIDE OF POSTILLION.
No. 5. HALF OF COLLAR.
No. 6. SLEEVE.

ANTIMACCASSAR: ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

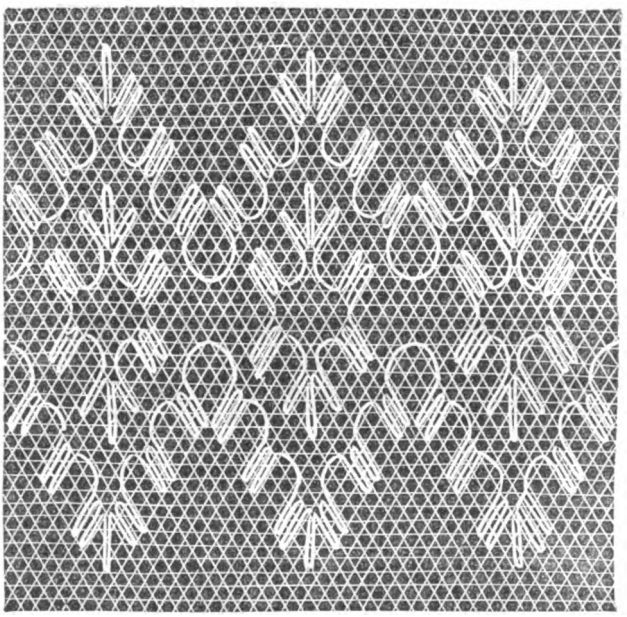


This design is in the Roman style, and would serve for a variety of purposes. It may be carried out in white embroidery, in application of batiste on muslin or any other rich material, the design outlined with gold or yellow thread in overcast.

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BORDER IN DARNED NET.

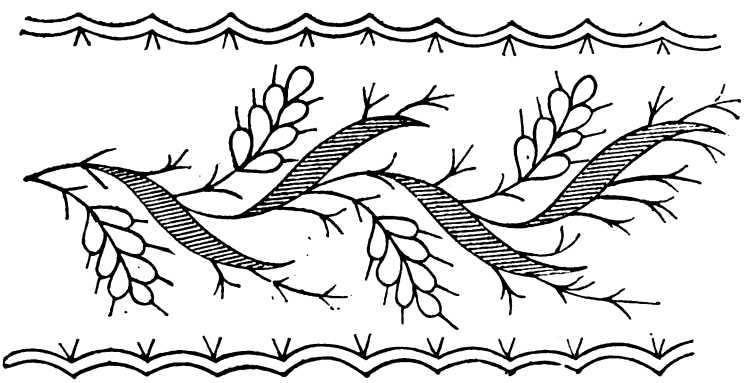
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a new and pretty design for a border in darned net. The design may be worked on white net, with glazed white cotton, or on black net with black floss, or colored filoselle.

EMBROIDERY IN COLORED SILK OR COTTON.

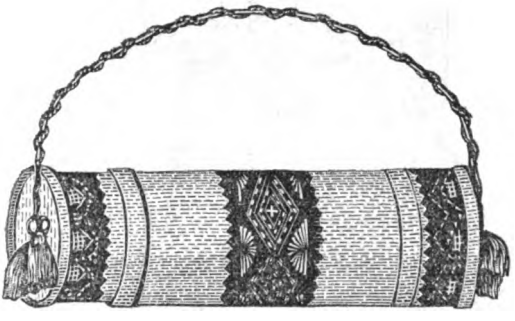
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



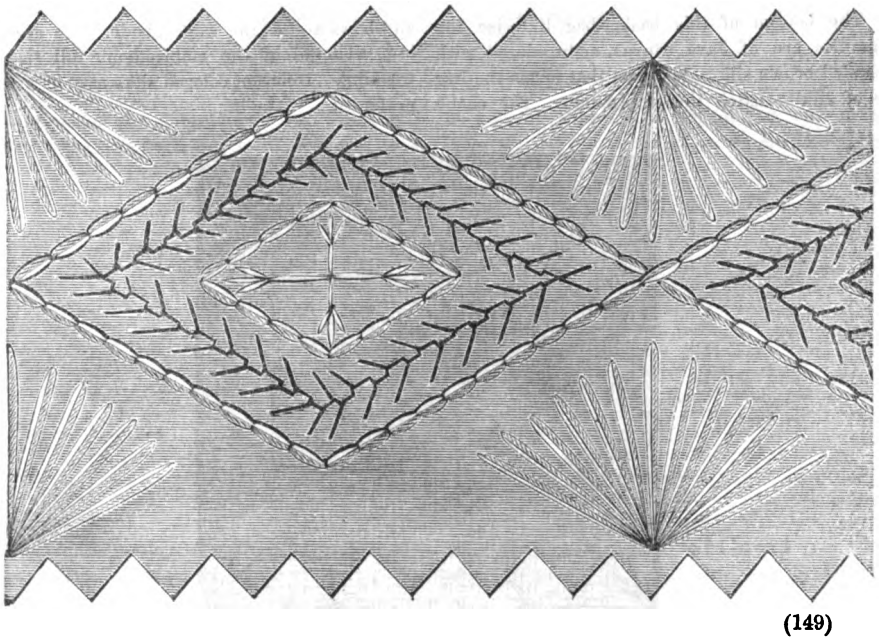
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WORK OR KNITTING BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This work-basket, which is cylindrical in form, is ornamented on the outside with a band of cloth, cut out in vandykes at both edges. The color is soldiers' blue, and the embroidery consists of a series of lozenges, described with two shades of yellow silk, barred with écru silk. The lozenge in the centre is a miniature one to correspond. The points lancés between the lozenges are écru silk. The narrow bands at the ends are of the same design, reproduced in half. The full size of these designs is given below.



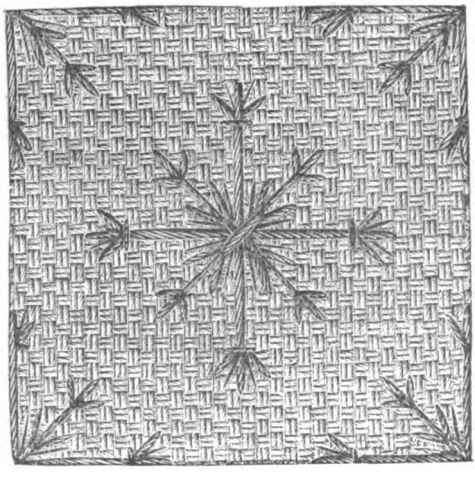
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WORK-BAG IN JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



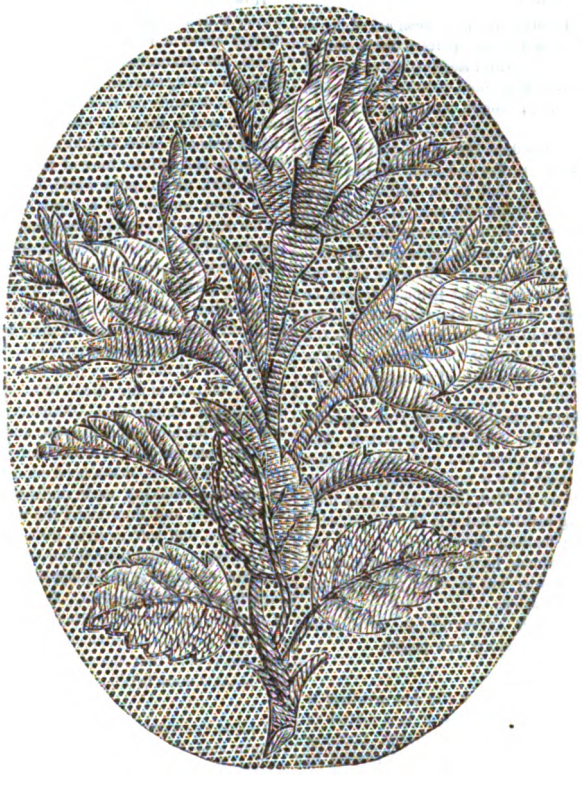
The bottom of this basket-bag, likewise the handles, are of Java canvas, embroidered with shaded brown silk. The part that forms the bag is of silk to match the embroidery. The ruche and bows are of the same shade. We give, below, a detail of the embroidery, full size for working. Different colored silks may be used if preferred.



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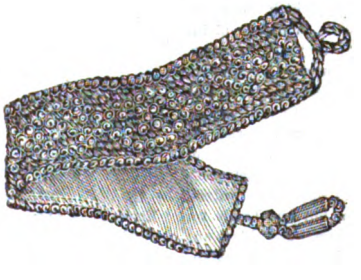
EMBROIDERY ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Brussels net and embroidery silks. This pretty design will serve for a variety of purposes, such as neck-tie ends, top of pin-cushion, anti-macassars, etc. Work in colored silks, shaded.

BAND FOR MUSIC.



The foundation is of canvas; it is worked with blue wool, in cross-stitch and steel beads. The band is lined with blue silk, and fastened by a loop made of fine cord, to be passed over a button on the opposite side, which is ornamented with a bead tassel.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FASHIONABLE RIDING HABIT.—We have been asked, by so many subscribers, to give a full-size pattern for a riding habit, that we comply, this month, inserting an engraving of one, in the front of this issue, and printing a full-size diagram pattern, on the Supplement, which we send out with this number.

The material of this habit is dark blue cloth, which is the most serviceable of all, both in color and stuff. Notice that the waistband is deeper than that to an ordinary skirt. Bodice, with basque short in front, and pointed; square at the back; long-coated sleeves. With this, or with all riding habits, trousers should be worn, made, either of the material of the skirt, or of soft doeskin. We give only the pattern for the bodice. The skirt must be made longer, or shorter, according to taste, or the use, to which it is to be put: for example, for riding in parks, or in cities, or in the suburbs of cities, it should be longer than when it is to be worn in a rough country, that is full of brambles, etc., to which the skirt might catch.

The only correct head-gear, except for very young misses, is the stove-pipe hat, with the brim slightly curled. The crown of the hat should be about five and a-half inches high; and a neat veil, short like a mask, should be worn with it. The hat should be padded, inside, or it may hurt the forehead. A drooping cavalier hat, *a la* Di Vernon, with broad brim, and drooping feathers, is very picturesque; but such hats, though once common, have gone out of fashion. Gauntlets are no longer worn; but in their place, gloves, generally those of Swedish leather.

The standing figure, in our engraving, shows a skirt plaited at the back, which some ladies now prefer.

FIRE-PLACE ORNAMENTS.—Now that the hot weather is on us, and fire-places are cold and empty, it is a matter of frequent question how to make them appear pretty. Looking glass is sometimes arranged in the grate, and flowers in ornamental pots placed on each side. A valance and curtains to the mantel-board add greatly to the appearance of a room; cream being a suitable color, blending well with nearly all furniture. The material should be, say, cream-colored serge, and about two inches from the edge of the curtain, which comes from the centre of the mantel-piece, there should be a band of the same material, two and a-half inches in width, on which are to be hung red worsted balls to imitate cherries, made in the same way in which those on work-baskets are done. Some of the balls should be plain red, some variegated, and some dark; they are hanging loosely from short stalks, and the leaves worked in crewels. On the mantel-piece valance, a row of green leaves, and a fringe of hanging balls. The serge is best to work upon when stretched on a frame, as otherwise there is a risk of its puckering. We saw a very handsome mantel-piece valance and curtains a short time ago, the former being of wide ruby-colored satin, with lilies painted on it in water-colors. The curtains were quite plain, but the bands to loop them back had lilies painted on them. But this is an expensive style. Patchwork, as a border to mantel-piece curtains, has a very pretty effect, the box pattern, or diamonds well arranged, being perhaps best suited for the purpose. Patchwork in vertical stripes looks very well, with a wide black satin stripe between each colored one.

HOW TO ARRANGE FLOWERS.—There is no decoration, which a house can have, so beautiful as flowers. A few flowers about a room, and magazines and books on the tables, are guarantees of refinement, and lady-like habits, such as nothing else can give. Much of the effect of flowers, however, depends on their arrangement. The color of the vase, in which they are placed, is of the first importance. Gaudy reds and blues should never be chosen, for they conflict with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket, while clear glass, which shows the graceful clasping of the stems, is perhaps prettiest of all. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley, and sweet peas, should be placed by themselves, in slender, tapering glasses, violets should nestle their fragrant purple in some tiny cup, and pansies should be set in groups, with no gayer flowers to contradict their soft velvet hues. Flowers should never be overcrowded; a monstrous bouquet, made up of all the flowers that grow, cannot fail to be ugly. If you venture to mix them, be careful not to put, side by side, colors which clash. Scarlets and pinks spoil each other; so do blues and purples, and yellows and mauves. If your vase or dish is a very large one, to hold a great number of flowers, it is a good plan to divide it into thirds or quarters, making each division perfectly harmonious within itself, and then blend the whole with lines of green and white, and soft neutral tints. Every group of mixed flowers requires one little touch of yellow to make it vivid; but this must be skilfully applied. It is good practice to experiment with this effect. For instance, arrange a group of maroon, scarlet, and white geraniums with green leaves, and add a single blossom of gold-colored calceolaria; you will see at once that the whole bouquet seems to flash out, and become more brilliant.

TO DRY SEAWEED, ETC.—On gathering the seaweed, plunge it into cold fresh water for several hours, changing the water several times. This frees it from the unpleasant smell seaweed generally has. The very fine red, brown and green kinds should then be put separately bit by bit into a basin of clean water, over a sheet of newspaper, floating it just over it. As it floats, open with a pin, each little spray, or branch of the weed, and raise that part from the water, until all is spread out. When removed from the basin on the paper, it is necessary to go over each spray again in the same manner. The papers should be then laid out in the sun to dry, and pressure is required to cause the seaweed to adhere to the paper. The coral seaweeds are of several kinds: these, with the brush seaweeds, only require washing and hanging up to dry, then carefully storing till required. It is a great improvement, to some of these pictures, to add some of the tiny shells found with them. If these are washed with diluted muriatic acid, it polishes them, and removes all dirty and discolored parts from the surface.

ECONOMY IS ALWAYS RIGHT, but then it should never be pushed too far; if it is so pushed, it becomes meanness, and stunts soul and body alike. Children often grow up, comparatively illiterate, and unrefined, because no books, or magazines, or other intellectual food is furnished to them. Alas, too many parents, as well as others, are, in this way, "penny wise, and pound foolish."

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A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—A new volume began with the last number, affording an excellent chance to subscribe. The universal testimony of the newspapers, is that no other magazine of its kind gives so much, for so little money, as "Peterson." *We charge but two dollars, when others, not so good, charge three, or more.* To clubs our prices are especially tempting. Thus, at $1.70 each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club: or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club: or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums: all postage free.

EVERY ONE CANNOT BE BEAUTIFUL, but they can be sweet-tempered, and a sweet temper gives a loveliness to the face more attractive, in the long run, than even beauty. Have a smile and kind word for all, and you will soon be more admired, nay! loved, than any mere beauty. A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

"HOW SPLENDID."—A gentleman writes to us: "The magazines are at hand, and the ladies, for whom I made up a club, all exclaim, 'how splendid.' Some of them have been taking other magazines; but now acknowledge that 'Peterson' is the best. I shall be able, before long, to make more additions to my club."

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN of Chicago says that he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever, by giving the patient warm lemonade, with gum arabic dissolved in it. In addition, a cloth, wrung out in hot water, should be laid on the stomach, and removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.

OUR FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERN DIAGRAMS grow in popularity continually. The aggregate extra cost of this new feature for 1878 would buy and stock a respectable-sized farm. But "Peterson" never stops at the cost of a thing, if it keeps the magazine at the head of the field.

SIX MONTHS SUBSCRIPTIONS, from the July to the December numbers, inclusive, taken for "Peterson" at one dollar.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Bits of Travel at Home. By H. H., author of "Bits of Talk About Home Matters," "Verses," etc., etc. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—We always welcome a new book, from this author, with more than ordinary pleasure. She not only has ability of the highest order, but she is thoroughly artistic, and pains-taking. Her example, in this last respect, is one that it would be well for American writers, generally, to imitate; for our literary class, as a class, like our artists as a class, seem to despise hard work, assuming to be perfect from the start. Then, too, H. H. is singularly modest. Her volume, recently published, which appeared under the unpretending title of "Verses," contained some of the best bits of true poetry that have appeared, on this side of the Atlantic, for years. In the book before us, she does not soar so high. In fact, she does not attempt it. The descriptive chapters of travel, which constitute the work, are but the relaxation of her mind from more serious efforts. They are none the less charming nevertheless. California, Colorado, and New England are all hit off, in turn, and with a freedom, as well as strength of touch, that is simply delightful. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Aspirations of The World. A Chain of Opals. Collected, with an Introduction. By L. Maria Child. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a collection of specimens of the moral and religious utterances of various ages and nations. The object is to show that there is much in which all mankind can agree. The author has, very properly, avoided dwelling on the theological aspects of any religion; she shows that sentiments unite men, while opinions separate them. But Mrs. Child claims, we think, too much for Paganism. There can be no doubt that in the writings of Confucius, and much more in the sayings of Gautama, popularly, though mistakenly, called Buddha, there are many things strikingly resembling the precepts of Christ. But, on the whole, the New Testament is as far ahead of the Sacred Books of other nations, as modern civilization is ahead of ancient. The enthusiasm of our author carries her, in fact, further than a sound judgment justifies. The volume is neatly printed.

A Trip up the Volga to the Fair of Aijni-Novgorod. By H. A. Munro-Buller-Johnstone, M. P. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—Since the war in the East broke out, everything relating to Russia has acquired new interest. The work before us does not pretend to the interest of that of Wallace; it is only a sketchy description of a trip in the interior of the great semi-Asiatic empire; but it is both entertaining and instructive, and therefore well worth reading. The volume is handsomely printed, and freely illustrated with wood-cuts.

The Clifton Picture. A Novel. By the author of "The Odd Trump," "The Lucy Diamonds," etc., etc. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The earlier novels of this writer were quite popular, and this one, we think, will be not less so. Personal adventure, graphic characterization, oriental superstitions, and considerable skill in plot, combine together, in "The Clifton Picture," to make an unusually readable story. The volume is a handsome octavo, with large type, bound in paper cover.

Justine's Lovers. A Novel. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by an anonymous author, and therefore presumably one new to the profession. We call attention to it because it has much more merit than is usually found in first attempts. Part of the action occurs in the city of Washington, where various personages are introduced, that require but little knowledge to identify. The fault of the novel, as of nearly all that we receive, is that it has not sufficient action.

Aunt Patty's Scrap Book. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the popular "Dollar Series." There are few writers, in America, who have continued to be favorites as long as Mrs. Hentz. The humor of "Aunt Patty's Scrap Book," though the book first appeared a generation ago, is still appreciated, as this new edition shows.

The God-son of a Marquis. From the French of Andre Theuriet. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is one of that class of stories in which French novelists excel, the plot being worked out with thorough skill, and the book everywhere revealing the hand of the true artist. The interest turns on the point of an innocent person charged with murder.

The Modern Cook-Book. By C. E. Francatelli. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of what is, on the whole, the best cook-book ever published. As a practical guide to the culinary art, in all its branches, it has no equal.

His Dear Little Wife. A Novel. 1 vol., 16mo. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.—A pure, truthful written story of domestic life, inculcating a valuable lesson. The concluding chapters will bring tears to any eyes.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The newspapers, universally, pronounce this magazine unequalled for its price. The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says: "What a charming number is the last 'Peterson?' Every page is replete with something of interest to its readers, so far as literary matter is concerned, while the illustrations, fashion designs, etc., are of the first order." Says the Bridgeton (N. J.) Pioneer: "The Supplements, alone, are worth the price of the number." Says the Milton (Pa.) Weekly: "It gives the best of stories, all original." Says the Elktown (Dakota) Courier: "It is the best and cheapest of the lady's books." And hundreds of similar notices are before us.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

VII.—HUMULUS LUPULUS. Derivation: Humus, moist earth, in allusion to the place of its growth, and Lupulus, little wolf. Hops are the pistillate cones of the female plant. These cones, strobile-like aments or catkins, are proverbially numerous, crowded upon the vine-stem, which turns in a spiral direction always from left to right, and if supported by a pole, will ascend to a great height during a single season. Branching above a single vine forms quite a large head, crowded with those soft, greenish leafy cones, so that the common expression, "thick as hops," is strongly expressive of a dense crowd, or large numbers. Though a native of North America and Europe, and found growing wild in the Eastern States, on the banks of the Missouri and Mississippi, hops are largely cultivated in parts of New England and New York, to supply the general demand. The hop pole is also seen in every garden of well-regulated families in the country, which is necessary in order to make, and keep up, a supply of "home-made yeast." The odor of fresh hops is quite strong, somewhat narcotic and fragrant, their taste very bitter, and slightly aromatic and astringent. The chief active principle of hops is a substance called *lupulin*, formed on the scales of the strobiles, which is easily obtained by rubbing them, and sifting out the fine product.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES.—Hops are tonic, and somewhat narcotic, and hence are found useful in cases of debility, attended with morbid wakefulness, or simply nervous derangements, as nervous tremors, and delirium of drunkards. A strong infusion has been given successfully in intermittents, but the quantity must be somewhat large. A tincture is more eligible for most purposes. In domestic practice, however, more benefit can be derived from the use of the hop bag, or pillow, and hop poultices, or stews. In the use of the pillow, the hops should be slightly moistened with diluted alcohol, (as much water as spirit), or some cheap spirits, to prevent rustling when the head is laid upon it. This simple means will, in many cases, allay restlessness, and produce sleep in nervous disorders. But fomentations of hops—hops alone, or added to a handful of tansy, hoarhound and wormwood each, and simmered with vinegar, or spirits and water, and the hot liquor applied to painful parts, or swellings, by means of flannel cloths, saturated with it, or the mass well drained, and enclosed in a little flannel sack, or bag, and applied to the sore, swollen or painful parts—bowels, joints, or elsewhere—will give great relief. This combination makes an excellent domestic remedy when thus used, for neuralgia, face-ache, or effects of cold generally.

VIII.—TANACETUM VULGARE, Tansy, probably corrupted from the Greek, *Athanasia*, undying, in reference to its durable flowers. This is a perennial plant, of the order Compositæ, subtribe, Anthemideæ, with stems two to four feet high, somewhat branched above, usually growing in clusters; leaves three to six inches long, alternate, much dissected; heads of flowers densely corymbosed, flattened; florets, deep yellow: cultivated in gardens, and found along waste road sides. It was introduced in domestic practice, became popular, and still is much used as a simple family medicine. As an aromatic bitter, it has been used in intermittents, hysteria, amenorrhea, etc., but is now seldom used, except as an anthelmentic, or vermifuge; as a sudorific, in cases of colds, and in suppressions. An infusion can scarcely do harm in any case, but there are several cases recorded where death has taken place from a single dose of the *oil*, in the amount of one dram to half an ounce. Coma, and terrible convulsions, precede death in such cases. Mothers, as well as daughters, should therefore remember that the *oil of tansy* is a dangerous medicine, and should not be taken by them for any purpose. As a fomentation alone, or with hops and other herbs, it is very soothing, and suitable for many external, as well as internal, forms of inflammation.

ETIQUETTE.

DINNER INVITATIONS, ETC., ETC.—The large receptions, which are now so often called by the name of "kettle-drums," are very informal; sometimes the lady who wishes to give a "kettle-drum," has the word and the date merely written in the left hand corner of the card, and left informally. Sometimes the word is printed, and sometimes a tea-kettle is stamped in silver, or color, either on the card, or on the envelope. But to these kettle-drums no acceptance nor regret is sent; of the simple entertainment for these receptions, we will speak in a future number.

A few years ago it was considered that the only proper way of inviting a person to a large dinner was by a printed card, with the name of the person invited, and the date, filled in in writing; now the card is considered obsolete, and all invitations to dinner are written on thick, rich note paper, and should read thus:

MR. and MRS. DAVIS KEENE

Request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. John Fairthorn's company at dinner, on Wednesday, the nineteenth of March, at six o'clock.

March 9th. 2205 Grant Street.

It is much more elegant to write out the date and hour, than to put it in figures, and the note should be addressed to both Mr. and Mrs. John Fairthorn. The answer to an invitation to dinner should be sent, be it either an acceptance, or a regret, on the very day on which it is received, if possible, in order that the hostess may know, at the very earliest moment, whether she must provide other guests or not to fill your place. The invitation should be a week or ten days previous to the dinner, without it is to be a very small one.

If the invitation is accepted, it should read thus:

MR. and MRS. FAIRTHORN

Have much pleasure in accepting (or accept with much pleasure), Mr. and Mrs. Keene's invitation for the nineteenth of March, at six o'clock.

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The hour is not always added, as in this form, but it is better that it should be, so that the hostess may see that it is quite understood, for of all entertainments, punctuality at dinner is the most obligatory. The date and address should also be written.

If the invitation to dinner is not accepted, the answer should read thus:

MR. and MRS. FAIRTHORN

Exceedingly regret that a previous engagement (or sickness, or whatever the cause may be), will prevent them from having the pleasure of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Keene, on March the nineteenth.

March 9th. 525 Washington Street.

The answer should be addressed to the hostess only; this rule holds good with *all* acceptances or regrets; but *invitations* should be addressed to both husband and wife, if the company of both is desired.

It is so obvious to all persons, who know anything of society, that a dinner invitation *must* be answered, that the R. S. V. P., which is put in the corner of other invitations, if an answer is requested, is always omitted.

To very large parties or balls, the invitations should be sent two weeks previous to the entertainment. In order to save the labor of writing many invitations, they are usually printed on a large, square card, and enclosed in a well-fitting envelope.

MRS. PAUL MAXWELL

Requests the pleasure of your company on Tuesday evening,
December fourteenth, at eight o'clock.

R. S. V. P. 120 Lorain Square.
December 1st.

These invitations are very frequently sent in the name of both husband and wife; it is optional. This form is proper for parties of all sizes.

During the past year or two, it has most sensibly become the practice, in large cities, to send all such invitations by the post, as in these days of "magnificent distances," when one's friends are so scattered and so numerous, it is almost impossible to have a large number of cards properly delivered. But invitations to dinner, which are but few in number, are not sent by post.

The invitations to a "silver wedding," which takes place on the twenty-fifth anniversary, are on note paper, with a monogram, printed in silver, on both note paper and envelope. They are usually printed thus:

1850—1875.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the
SILVER WEDDING RECEPTION
of
MR. and MRS. HAROLD WILLING,
On Friday, October twenty-seventh, at nine o'clock.

302 Lincoln square.

MISS RUTH CAREY. MR. HAROLD WILLING.

R. S. V. P.

The maiden name of the wife, and the name of the husband in the lower corner, may be omitted, if preferred.

It is customary for the friends, who are invited, to send some present in silver, small or great, as their means may permit, but many persons, who wish to keep the anniversary, do not wish to levy contributions on their guests, and frequently have printed on the bottom of the card "No presents," or "It is preferred that no gifts be offered."

To the "Paper wedding," on the first anniversary; the "Wooden wedding" on the fifth anniversary; the "Tin wedding" on the tenth; the "Crystal (or glass) wedding" on the fifteenth anniversary; the "China wedding" on the twentieth; the "Golden wedding" on the fiftieth; and the "Diamond wedding" on the seventy-fifth anniversary, the invitations are in the same form as to the silver wedding, and the gifts (if made) are composed of the articles from which the wedding anniversary is named.

But how seldom is the "golden wedding" celebrated, much less the diamond one; for it is to but few that it is vouchsafed to walk hand in hand, through the green meadows, and across the golden hill, down the grey road of old age, for fifty years together.

HOUSE DECORATION.

THE DRAWING-ROOMS should be those rooms of all others in which good taste, both in decoration and furniture, should be present; the rooms wherein we practically live, talk, play, and receive our guests; they are essentially the ladies' rooms of the house, and should be decorated in a pleasant, cheerful manner, without stiffness or formality. The walls should be pleasant things to look upon; not cold and dreary blanks of mere self-tinted paper, varied perhaps with birds or bunches of flowers in gold, scattered here and there in monotonous array. The furniture should essentially be comfortable, couches and chairs pleasant to lounge and really to rest upon, not so-called artistic monstrosities on which it is impossible to do one or other. The room should, above all, look and be home-like in all its arrangements; with ornaments, books, and flowers not merely arranged for show, but for pleasant study or recreation. Here especially the usual good taste of the ladies of the house will find, if they will, innumerable ways of rendering their especial quarter of the house bright and cheerful, and one in which the home circle, as well as guests, may feel at once at ease and at rest.

Any scheme of decoration, therefore, which shall consist merely of so-called artistic papers, arranged in two or more heights, of stiff spider-legged furniture of would-be quaintness, in make or shape, covered with cretonne, or stuff more or less to match the paper—anything, indeed, that shall give a cold, comfortless, not-to-be-touched appearance, a sort of culminating finish of modern so-called high art decoration—is as much a mistake, as the dreary, lifeless formality, of the gilt and gingerbread type of imitation French work so long affected. What is wanted, is a pleasant, cheerful look. The art work in the room should assist, not take away from its home-like feeling. We want a room we can live in, delight in, and be really at home in; not a museum in which we may walk about and admire, but must not touch, in which everything seems got up in the highest art fashion, which you are to look at, and say "How pretty! how lovely!" but which, somehow or other, will probably lead many common-sense people to go away dissatisfied, and think that, if this kind of frozen art is the real artistic bread we are to partake of, there is but little real satisfaction in it, and the after-taste is anything but pleasant. A drawing-room should not only contain works of art and books for pleasant study, but should also be a room in which you need not fear to move or joke, or have that always pleasant hour before dinner with the younger members of the house. If the room be bright and cheerful, with art work of all kinds about, these little ones will be imperceptibly undergoing a pleasant mental training, while they will not be taught that art is a thing of which they are to be afraid, or by which their pleasant young feelings and joy of life are to be frozen and subdued. Do not make children believe that they must not move or play in a room because they will disturb or damage the art furniture, ornaments, or set arrangement; or they will learn to detest so-called high art.

In the drawing-room a dado is not required; cabinets, bookcases, and general furniture of unequal size and height, are better framed against the general color of the walls than

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cut in two by a dividing dado. Retain a broad frieze under the cornice at the top of the room, and decorate it, if possible, with good figure decoration, either in oil or distemper. Anyway, try to have some pleasant lines of color in this upper frieze with distemper and stencil ornament of good form, or, if you have nothing better, get some of the exquisite Japanese-colored drawings of birds and flowers, and frame them in panels; but, above everything, avoid stiff, conventional decoration, which, however well done, is always lifeless and unsatisfactory, and tires and palls upon the eye in a very short time.

Under this frieze may be a broad gilt or painted moulding, with picture rods of light iron. Below, the walls should be covered with some good decorative paper,—a paper which will look as bright and cheerful with or without pictures—and there need be no difficulty in selecting such a covering, at no more cost than the French papers with which it has been thought necessary to cover our walls so long. Avoid stiff and staring patterns; avoid also patterns where lilies, primroses, and other flowers are frozen into conventional forms, and have an unnatural and lifeless look.

The one unfortunate thing nowadays is the everlasting seeking after some novelty in papers, curtains, or other hangings. Everybody wants to have a room different from their neighbor's. Decoration is being done as a *fashion*, not from any real love of it. Of course, we should not like to see room after room repeating itself in decoration; but we see no reason why a few really good papers should not be the groundwork of real artistic decoration, and let the rest follow from the design of the artist; then we might hope for real art work, instead of the cold formality and everlasting interchange of two or three colors. Not to have what your neighbor possesses is the bane of decorative art; if we could give some one the monopoly of some half-dozen or a dozen really good papers, plain and good chairs, and tables, we should be at peace; "the refinement of luxury would make frugality once more possible."

The true artist should have an ideal of his own of simple refinement and graceful completeness, which will save him from the temptation of extravagance. As a rule, it is the mere decorator who makes art decoration costly and extravagant; he or she cannot see that simplicity of color and treatment are better than all the heavy work of set patterns, all the colors of the rainbow, and all the gold that they can use.

As regards painting the wood work in a drawing-room, this depends much on the paper selected. Such a paper as that we have named, having in itself such a power of color looks well framed in with black; if black is used, it should be finished in what is technically called half, or bastard flat, for as a rule, any varnish or glaze would make the black too pronounced; if gold is used, it should be in masses, and not in thin lines; the panels should therefore, be entirely gilt, and can hereafter be decorated with flowers, painted slightly in their natural colors,

We saw lately a drawing-room of a newly-built house, in which the whole of the lower portion of the walls was covered with a yellow pattern paper, the wood work painted a cream-colored white, and varnished, and the frieze formed in decorative plaster work, in very slight relief; the ceiling formed after similar designs, and all slightly tinted. The general appearance was bright and cheerful; and the low tone of color throughout formed an excellent contrast with the Persian rugs, marquetry furniture, blue and white china, and other decorative objects in the room. It was in an artist's house, and the children were playing about it with, out let or hindrance, and there was a bright home-like look, pleasant to see, and yet it was eminently an artistic room, in which money had in no way been lavishly or carelessly expended.

Of course, with money you can do anything; but we hold you may also make your rooms quite as beautiful, quite as pleasant, and quite as artistic and refined, and perhaps a good deal more home-like, with limited means, and at small cost. This present age of luxury is, if anything, rather a curse than a help to true art feeling, so much is done for show.

In decorating a house, you must bear in mind that dark papers and dark hangings absorb an immense amount of light, and that you can do with half the amount of candles or gas if you keep to a reasonably light tone in your general decoration. A dining-room must have gas, we suppose; but candles or lamps should be used in drawing-rooms, as softer and less damaging to art works. A glass candelabra of small size, so as not to obtrude itself, in the centre of the room; a few good sconces, with bright brass or small Venetian mirrors at the back, to reflect the light, fixed here and there to the walls, will be found ample for general lighting purposes. And here let me say the brass gaseliers now made after old Jacobean forms are better than all the pretentious mediæval forms that have been so long the fashion.

We cannot within the limits of one short article enter at any length into the question of furniture, but there is now no difficulty in obtaining really good, artistic furniture from any good upholsterer.

In Jacobean or Queen Annie furniture—as it has come to be called—the simple outline, boldly turned and refined mouldings, are freely being copied from ancient examples; and the work of Adams and Chippendale is being taken as the basis of modern work. So long as this is not carried to excess, and good examples are taken from which to adapt or imitate, we may be glad of the fashion which has helped to get rid of the pretentious work of the First Empire, and the imitations of classic or mediæval forms neither suitable or comfortable.

The present fashion of worked and appliqué needlework, if carried out with fair taste and skill, will help much to enliven and beautify the drawing-room; and is well adapted for curtain borders, portières, and other hangings.

All we want to avoid, is eccentricity or seeming quaintness in design with no particular use or object; expensive and unnecessary cuttings and turnings; and to take care that everything shall be strong, serviceable, and fitting for its particular use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

JAMS.

Carrots.—Take young carrots, wash and scrape clean, cut them in rounds, cover them with water, and boil till they can be passed through a sieve. To every pound of pulp allow one pound of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and chopped fine, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Boil the sugar and pulp together for a quarter of an hour; skim and stir. When cold add the other ingredients; mix well and pot.

Grape (Green).—Pick them carefully, and reject any that are injured; wash them, and to every pound of grapes allow three-quarters pound of sugar. Put the grapes into a preserving pan, then a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning, and as the grape stones rise take them out with a spoon, so that by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled—about one hour—the stones will all have been taken out.

Mulberry Jam.—Take ripe mulberries, and allow one pound of sugar and one pint of mulberry juice to every pound of picked fruit; boil and skim the sugar with the juice for five minutes after the sugar is thoroughly dissolved; then add the fruit, and boil quickly for half an hour, stirring

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well; take off the fire, and, if quite stiff when cold, it is done sufficiently, if not, boil for another quarter of an hour.

Apple.—Peel and core the apples, cut them in thin slices, and put them into a preserving pan, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of fruit; add (tied up in a piece of muslin) a few cloves, a small piece of ginger, and the thin rind of a lemon; stir with a wooden spoon on a quick fire for half an hour.

Blackberry.—To every pound of picked fruit, allow one pound of loaf sugar, and quarter pound of apples peeled and cored, and cut quite small; boil the fruit for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil, stir, and remove all scum; it will take from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Grape.—Boil the grapes (ripe) to a soft pulp about one hour and a-half, and strain them through a sieve; weigh them, and to every pound of fruit allow three-quarters pound of sugar. Boil together for twenty minutes, stirring and skimming well.

JELLIES.

Apple.—(1) Peel, core, and quarter some sound apples, and throw them into cold water as they are done; boil them till tender, then strain the juice from them through a fine sieve, and afterwards through a jelly bag—if necessary pass it through twice, as the juice should be quite clear—weigh it, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of juice, boil up the juice, add the sugar, stir till melted, and boil for another ten minutes, add the strained juice of a lemon to every one and a-half pound of juice just before it is finished. (2) Wash the apples, quarter them (do not peel or core them) put them into a preserving pan with a very little cold water, and boil till tender; strain the juice and weigh it, allow one pound of sugar to one and one-quarter of a pound of juice, boil the juice, add the sugar, boil again, stirring and skimming well for ten to fifteen minutes, or until it jellies; just before it is finished add a few drops of cochineal.

Quince.—Peel, cut up, and core some fine ripe quinces. Put them in sufficient cold water to cover them, and stew gently till soft, but not red. Strain the juice without pressure, weigh it, and to every pound of juice allow one pound of crushed sugar; boil the juice for twenty minutes, add the sugar and boil again till it jellies—about a quarter of an hour—stir and skim well all the time. Strain it again through a napkin, or twice folded muslin, pour into pots or moulds, and when cold cover it. The remainder of the fruit can be made into marmalade with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and quarter of a pound of juicy apples to every pound of quinces, or it can be made into compotes or tarts.

Quince and Apple.—Take equal quantities of quinces and apples, stew them separately till tender (the quinces will take the longest), strain the juice, mix it, and to every pound of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar; proceed as for quince jelly.

MISCELLANEOUS PRESERVES.

To Preserve Peaches for Common Use.—Take ripe peaches, open stones are the best; pare, stone, and quarter them. To six pounds of the cut peaches allow three pounds of best brown sugar. Strew the sugar over the peaches, and set them aside for four hours; then put them in a preserving kettle with a handful of peach leaves, and let them boil slowly for two hours, skimming it well; when cool, put in jars and seal them. Blanch some of the kernels, and add them.

Medlar.—Put ripe medlars into a jar with a very little water, bruising them slightly as you put them in; tie down the jar, and put it into a slow oven for ten or twelve hours. Strain off the juice without pressure, weigh it, and allow equal weights of sugar and juice. Boil the juice, add the sugar, and boil again, skimming and stirring well till it jellies.

Quince Cheese.—Pare the quinces, and cut in quarters, removing the core; put them in a stewpan, with a little cider or water, and an equal weight of sugar; boil until they are mashed up and look clear; then pour into a jelly bag. The juice will make an excellent jelly; and what remains in the bag, pressed into jars, a thick and first-rate cheese for desert.

A Good Winter Dish.—Take green corn, and ripe tomatoes; cook them separately; and while hot, mix them together, half and half, and can them. When used, heat them, and season them to taste.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Raspberry Syrup.—One pint of juice and two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either white or red, mash in a pan, and put in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, add the sugar in powder and stir until it is dissolved, then allow it to boil two or three bubbles, take it off and let it get cold, then take off the scum and bottle it. The addition of a few tablespoonfuls of good fruit syrup to a glass of cold water produces a refreshing drink for invalids, and also a nice summer beverage. This is nice made of strawberries, currants, cherries, mulberries, or gooseberries. In using the two last-named berries, only one and three-quarters pounds of sugar is required.

Ginger Beer Powders.—Powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper; tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. For use dissolve each separately in half a glass of water, mix, and drink while effervescing.

To Preserve Orange Juice.—Squeeze out a pint of juice from the best oranges to be procured, strain it through fine muslin, and let it simmer gently for twenty minutes, with three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. When cold, put it into small bottles.

Lemonade.—Upon the very thin rind and juice of four good-sized lemons put sugar to your taste, and three pints of boiling water. The lemonade should be made thirty-six or forty-eight hours before using it. Leave the peel in one day. Strain before using.

Another.—Peel two large lemons very fine, trim off all the white rind, and cut the lemons into thin slices, place them and the thin rind into a jug with a-half pound of white sugar; pour in a quart of boiling water, cover over, and leave it until cold; strain into a jug or decanter, and serve.

Another.—Put two pounds of white sugar into two quarts of water that has been boiled; add this to the juice only of eight lemons; when the sugar is melted, strain through a napkin, and serve.

Mint Julep.—Put a dozen sprigs of mint in a tumbler, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and equal portions of peach and Cognac brandy, so as to fill the tumbler nearly one-third; fill it up with pounded ice, drink as the ice melts.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY, OF PINK AND BROWN PLAID PERCALE; the jacket is nearly tight-fitting, with the seams in the fashion of the English walking-jacket. Straw hat trimmed with pink.

FIG. II.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF PRIMROSE AND BLUE LAWN, worn over a blue silk skirt; the dress is made in the Princess style at the back, open all the way down the front over a blue silk slip, and laced with a primrose-colored cord. Straw hat lined with blue, and trimmed with a blue feather.

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Fig. III.—House-Dress of Lace-Striped Écru Linen, worn over an écru lawn skirt; this skirt has six kilt-plaited flounces, over which the square over-skirt opens, trimmed with a plaiting of écru lawn; the close-fitting sacque body is high at the back and opens square in front, over a white muslin chemissette; it has a collar and plastron front of the lawn, and a plaiting of the same goes around the bottom of the jacket.

Fig. IV.—Evening Dress of White Muslin, worn over white silk; the close-fitting cuirass waist is laced down the back, and has a berthé of plaits, made of the muslin; the front is draped closely, scarf fashion, the back is ornamented with knife-plaitings, bows of wide silk and wreaths of roses; rose is on the right shoulder, in the hair, and a necklet around the neck.

Fig. V.—Evening-Dress of Light Green Gauze, over silk of the same color; the bodice is very long and of cuirass shape; the gauze is slightly draped over the silk, and is trimmed with two rows of white lace, beneath each of which is a row of narrow knife-plaiting of the gauze; a wider plaiting is around the bottom of the dress; the waist is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Figs. VI & VII.—Back and Front of Black Silk and Gauze Dress; the front consists of plaited gauze, forming a narrow tablier; at the side there are folds of gauze edged with lace, and the skirt terminates with three gauze plaitings. Long bodice, opening heart-shaped, and trimmed with plaitings of lace and gauze. Demi-long sleeves wide at the elbow, and ornamented with bows and four rows of alternate gauze and lace. At the back are several bows of black silk, fastening the skirt; the coat bodice has also a bow on each end.

Fig. VIII.—Short Costume for a Young Lady; it is made of prune-colored silk and cream-colored bunting, piped with prune silk; the silk skirt is plain, and the bunting tunic is attached to the skirt, about a quarter of a yard below the waist. It is cut out in vandykes, and ornamented with a double row of piping. It is arranged in front in upright regular folds, and at the back is draped in several places. The bodice, which fastens at the back, is made with a yoke, which is silk, and above it there is a cashmere pelerine, cut out in vandykes. The waistband is silk, and likewise the cuffs. The sleeves are vandyked, and a row of buttons is sewn outside the arm.

Fig. IX.—Walking-Dress of Écru Linen. The skirt is pleated in front the entire length. The polonaise is ornamented with a thick cord and two handsome tassels, which fall on the train at the back. A pelerine is worn round the shoulders. The sleeve is tight, and is simply trimmed with one plissé, which falls on the hand.

Fig. X.—House-Dress of Soft Woollen Material; this material is softer than a bèrège, and pleasanter to wear; the under-skirt is of silk, and is trimmed with two plaitings of the same. The long woollen polonaise fastens diagonally with large embroidered buttons, and is ornamented at the edge with a wide passementerie, placed at the edge of the buttons, and also at the lower part of the tablier. The pockets are ornamented with similar passementerie; sleeves with passementerie and revers.

Fig. XI.—Dinner-Dress of Gray Gauze and Gray Silk; the skirt is made of the silk, forming upright plaits; it is bordered with two plaitings, headed by a gathered and shell-shape trimming. The front of the dress is covered by perpendicular puffings of the gauze; the long bodice and sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and a row of richly-colored embroidery completes this elegant costume. Black silk, with black satin employed in the place of the gauze, and jet used in place of the colored embroidery, would make a superb dress.

General Remarks.—We give the very newest style of dressing the hair; a back and front view of the same coiffure, in addition to our many styles of dresses.

White muslin dresses are very much worn this summer, either of very thin muslin, or of nainsook, or any other half-transparent material, but piqué, that was so much worn for many years, is no longer fashionable. In truth this was so warm and heavy, that one can no longer wonder that it is abandoned; in its place white bunting, bèrège, and all the many soft woollen and silk goods that have been recently introduced, have taken the place of piqué.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Vest for a Boy of Six Years; the costume is made of light gray chevoit, ornamented with two rows of worsted braid. Kilted-skirt, with a scarf of the woollen material, attached in front by a steel buckle, and falling in two ends sporran fashion. Jacket opened in a point, the turned-down collar fastened by a bow and corresponding buckle. Cloth or velvet cap with a white and gray feather.

Fig II.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Lawn; the skirt, tunic and jacket are all of this material; the skirt has two stripes of buff-colored lawn. Low, square-cut veste, cuffs, and jacket trimming of the latter color. Chemisette of pleated mull muslin. Vest buttoned with moulds, covered with the buff lawn.

Fig. III.—Little Girl's Dress; Princess shape, of cream colored bunting, with low neck and short sleeves. The skirt has a deep closely-pleated flounce, headed by a row of insertion between two vandyked strips of bunting. The tunic is draped at the back, scarf style, under a large bow and ends of red grosgrain ribbon.

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cut in two by a dividing dado. Retain a broad frieze under the cornice at the top of the room, and decorate it, if possible, with good figure decoration, either in oil or distemper. Anyway, try to have some pleasant lines of color in this upper frieze with distemper and stencil ornament of good form, or, if you have nothing better, get some of the exquisite Japanese-colored drawings of birds and flowers, and frame them in panels; but, above everything, avoid stiff, conventional decoration, which, however well done, is always lifeless and unsatisfactory, and tires and palls upon the eye in a very short time.

Under this frieze may be a broad gilt or painted moulding, with picture rods of light iron. Below, the walls should be covered with some good decorative paper,—a paper which will look as bright and cheerful with or without pictures—and there need be no difficulty in selecting such a covering, at no more cost than the French papers with which it has been thought necessary to cover our walls so long. Avoid stiff and staring patterns; avoid also patterns where lilies, primroses, and other flowers are frozen into conventional forms, and have an unnatural and lifeless look.

The one unfortunate thing nowadays is the everlasting seeking after some novelty in papers, curtains, or other hangings. Everybody wants to have a room different from their neighbor's. Decoration is being done as a *fashion*, not from any real love of it. Of course, we should not like to see room after room repeating itself in decoration; but we see no reason why a few really good papers should not be the groundwork of real artistic decoration, and let the rest follow from the design of the artist; then we might hope for real art work, instead of the cold formality and everlasting interchange of two or three colors. Not to have what your neighbor possesses is the bane of decorative art; if we could give some one the monopoly of some half-dozen or a dozen really good papers, plain and good chairs, and tables, we should be at peace; "the refinement of luxury would make frugality once more possible."

The true artist should have an ideal of his own of simple refinement and graceful completeness, which will save him from the temptation of extravagance. As a rule, it is the mere decorator who makes art decoration costly and extravagant; he or she cannot see that simplicity of color and treatment are better than all the heavy work of set patterns, all the colors of the rainbow, and all the gold that they can use.

As regards painting the wood work in a drawing-room, this depends much on the paper selected. Such a paper as that we have named, having in itself such a power of color looks well framed in with black; if black is used, it should be finished in what is technically called half, or bastard flat, for as a rule, any varnish or glaze would make the black too pronounced; if gold is used, it should be in masses, and not in thin lines; the panels should therefore, be entirely gilt, and can hereafter be decorated with flowers, painted slightly in their natural colors,

We saw lately a drawing-room of a newly-built house, in which the whole of the lower portion of the walls was covered with a yellow pattern paper, the wood work painted a cream-colored white, and varnished, and the frieze formed in decorative plaster work, in very slight relief; the ceiling formed after similar designs, and all slightly tinted. The general appearance was bright and cheerful; and the low tone of color throughout formed an excellent contrast with the Persian rugs, marquetry furniture, blue and white china, and other decorative objects in the room. It was in an artist's house, and the children were playing about it with, out let or hindrance, and there was a bright home-like look, pleasant to see, and yet it was eminently an artistic room, in which money had in no way been lavishly or carelessly expended.

Of course, with money you can do anything; but we hold you may also make your rooms quite as beautiful, quite as pleasant, and quite as artistic and refined, and perhaps a good deal more home-like, with limited means, and at small cost. This present age of luxury is, if anything, rather a curse than a help to true art feeling, so much is done for show.

In decorating a house, you must bear in mind that dark papers and dark hangings absorb an immense amount of light, and that you can do with half the amount of candles or gas if you keep to a reasonably light tone in your general decoration. A dining-room must have gas, we suppose; but candles or lamps should be used in drawing-rooms, as softer and less damaging to art works. A glass candelabra of small size, so as not to obtrude itself, in the centre of the room; a few good sconces, with bright brass or small Venetian mirrors at the back, to reflect the light, fixed here and there to the walls, will be found ample for general lighting purposes. And here let me say the brass gaseliers now made after old Jacobean forms are better than all the pretentious mediæval forms that have been so long the fashion.

We cannot within the limits of one short article enter at any length into the question of furniture, but there is now no difficulty in obtaining really good, artistic furniture from any good upholsterer.

In Jacobean or Queen Annie furniture—as it has come to be called—the simple outline, boldly turned and refined mouldings, are freely being copied from ancient examples; and the work of Adams and Chippendale is being taken as the basis of modern work. So long as this is not carried to excess, and good examples are taken from which to adapt or imitate, we may be glad of the fashion which has helped to get rid of the pretentious work of the First Empire, and the imitations of classic or mediæval forms neither suitable or comfortable.

The present fashion of worked and appliqué needlework, if carried out with fair taste and skill, will help much to enliven and beautify the drawing-room; and is well adapted for curtain borders, portières, and other hangings.

All we want to avoid, is eccentricity or seeming quaintness in design with no particular use or object; expensive and unnecessary cuttings and turnings; and to take care that everything shall be strong, serviceable, and fitting for its particular use.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

JAMS.

Carrots.—Take young carrots, wash and scrape clean, cut them in rounds, cover them with water, and boil till they can be passed through a sieve. To every pound of pulp allow one pound of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and chopped fine, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Boil the sugar and pulp together for a quarter of an hour; skim and stir. When cold add the other ingredients; mix well and pot.

Grape (Green).—Pick them carefully, and reject any that are injured; wash them, and to every pound of grapes allow three-quarters pound of sugar. Put the grapes into a preserving pan, then a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning, and as the grape stones rise take them out with a spoon, so that by the time the fruit is sufficiently boiled—about one hour—the stones will all have been taken out.

Mulberry Jam.—Take ripe mulberries, and allow one pound of sugar and one pint of mulberry juice to every pound of picked fruit; boil and skim the sugar with the juice for five minutes after the sugar is thoroughly dissolved; then add the fruit, and boil quickly for half an hour, stirring

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well; take off the fire, and, if quite stiff when cold, it is done sufficiently, if not, boil for another quarter of an hour.

Apple.—Peel and core the apples, cut them in thin slices, and put them into a preserving pan, with three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of fruit; add (tied up in a piece of muslin) a few cloves, a small piece of ginger, and the thin rind of a lemon; stir with a wooden spoon on a quick fire for half an hour.

Blackberry.—To every pound of picked fruit, allow one pound of loaf sugar, and quarter pound of apples peeled and cored, and cut quite small; boil the fruit for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil, stir, and remove all scum; it will take from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Grape.—Boil the grapes (ripe) to a soft pulp about one hour and a-half, and strain them through a sieve; weigh them, and to every pound of fruit allow three-quarters pound of sugar. Boil together for twenty minutes, stirring and skimming well.

JELLIES.

Apple.—(1) Peel, core, and quarter some sound apples, and throw them into cold water as they are done; boil them till tender, then strain the juice from them through a fine sieve, and afterwards through a jelly bag—if necessary pass it through twice, as the juice should be quite clear—weigh it, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of juice, boil up the juice, add the sugar, stir till melted, and boil for another ten minutes, add the strained juice of a lemon to every one and a-half pound of juice just before it is finished. (2) Wash the apples, quarter them (do not peel or core them) put them into a preserving pan with a very little cold water, and boil till tender; strain the juice and weigh it, allow one pound of sugar to one and one-quarter of a pound of juice, boil the juice, add the sugar, boil again, stirring and skimming well for ten to fifteen minutes, or until it jellies; just before it is finished add a few drops of cochineal.

Quince.—Peel, cut up, and core some fine ripe quinces. Put them in sufficient cold water to cover them, and stew gently till soft, but not red. Strain the juice without pressure, weigh it, and to every pound of juice allow one pound of crushed sugar; boil the juice for twenty minutes, add the sugar and boil again till it jellies—about a quarter of an hour—stir and skim well all the time. Strain it again through a napkin, or twice folded muslin, pour into pots or moulds, and when cold cover it. The remainder of the fruit can be made into marmalade with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and quarter of a pound of juicy apples to every pound of quinces, or it can be made into compotes or tarts.

Quince and Apple.—Take equal quantities of quinces and apples, stew them separately till tender (the quinces will take the longest), strain the juice, mix it, and to every pound of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar; proceed as for quince jelly.

MISCELLANEOUS PRESERVES.

To Preserve Peaches for Common Use.—Take ripe peaches, open stones are the best; pare, stone, and quarter them. To six pounds of the cut peaches allow three pounds of best brown sugar. Strew the sugar over the peaches, and set them aside for four hours; then put them in a preserving kettle with a handful of peach leaves, and let them boil slowly for two hours, skimming it well; when cool, put in jars and seal them. Blanch some of the kernels, and add them.

Medlar.—Put ripe medlars into a jar with a very little water, bruising them slightly as you put them in; tie down the jar, and put it into a slow oven for ten or twelve hours. Strain off the juice without pressure, weigh it, and allow equal weights of sugar and juice. Boil the juice, add the sugar, and boil again, skimming and stirring well till it jellies.

Quince Cheese.—Pare the quinces, and cut in quarters, removing the core; put them in a stewpan, with a little cider or water, and an equal weight of sugar; boil until they are mashed up and look clear; then pour into a jelly bag. The juice will make an excellent jelly; and what remains in the bag, pressed into jars, a thick and first-rate cheese for desert.

A Good Winter Dish.—Take green corn, and ripe tomatoes; cook them separately; and while hot, mix them together, half and half, and can them. When used, heat them, and season them to taste.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Raspberry Syrup.—One pint of juice and two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either white or red, mash in a pan, and put in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, add the sugar in powder and stir until it is dissolved, then allow it to boil two or three bubbles, take it off and let it get cold, then take off the scum and bottle it. The addition of a few tablespoonfuls of good fruit syrup to a glass of cold water produces a refreshing drink for invalids, and also a nice summer beverage. This is nice made of strawberries, currants, cherries, mulberries, or gooseberries. In using the two last-named berries, only one and three-quarters pounds of sugar is required.

Ginger Beer Powders.—Powdered white sugar, two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper; tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. For use dissolve each separately in half a glass of water, mix, and drink while effervescing.

To Preserve Orange Juice.—Squeeze out a pint of juice from the best oranges to be procured, strain it through fine muslin, and let it simmer gently for twenty minutes, with three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. When cold, put it into small bottles.

Lemonade.—Upon the very thin rind and juice of four good-sized lemons put sugar to your taste, and three pints of boiling water. The lemonade should be made thirty-six or forty-eight hours before using it. Leave the peel in one day. Strain before using.

Another.—Peel two large lemons very fine, trim off all the white rind, and cut the lemons into thin slices, place them and the thin rind into a jug with a-half pound of white sugar; pour in a quart of boiling water, cover over, and leave it until cold; strain into a jug or decanter, and serve.

Another.—Put two pounds of white sugar into two quarts of water that has been boiled; add this to the juice only of eight lemons; when the sugar is melted, strain through a napkin, and serve.

Mint Julep.—Put a dozen sprigs of mint in a tumbler, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and equal portions of peach and Cognac brandy, so as to fill the tumbler nearly one-third; fill it up with pounded ice, drink as the ice melts.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY, OF PINK AND BROWN PLAID PERCALE; the jacket is nearly tight-fitting, with the seams in the fashion of the English walking-jacket. Straw hat trimmed with pink.

FIG. II.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF PRIMROSE AND BLUE LAWN, worn over a blue silk skirt; the dress is made in the Princess style at the back, open all the way down the front over a blue silk slip, and laced with a primrose-colored cord. Straw hat lined with blue, and trimmed with a blue feather.

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FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LACE-STRIPED ÉCRU LINEN, worn over an écru lawn skirt; this skirt has six kilt-plaited flounces, over which the square over-skirt opens, trimmed with a plaiting of écru lawn; the close-fitting sacque body is high at the back and opens square in front, over a white muslin chemissette; it has a collar and plastron front of the lawn, and a plaiting of the same goes around the bottom of the jacket.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, worn over white silk; the close-fitting cuirass waist is laced down the back, and has a berthé of plaits, made of the muslin; the front is draped closely, scarf fashion, the back is ornamented with knife-plaitings, bows of wide silk and wreaths of roses; rose is on the right shoulder, in the hair, and a necklet around the neck.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN GAUZE, over silk of the same color; the bodice is very long and of cuirass shape; the gauze is slightly draped over the silk, and is trimmed with two rows of white lace, beneath each of which is a row of narrow knife-plaiting of the gauze; a wider plaiting is around the bottom of the dress; the waist is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIGS. VI & VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF BLACK SILK AND GAUZE DRESS; the front consists of plaited gauze, forming a narrow tablier; at the side there are folds of gauze edged with lace, and the skirt terminates with three gauze plaitings. Long bodice, opening heart-shaped, and trimmed with plaitings of lace and gauze. Demi-long sleeves wide at the elbow, and ornamented with bows and four rows of alternate gauze and lace. At the back are several bows of black silk, fastening the skirt; the coat bodice has also a bow on each end.

FIG. VIII.—SHORT COSTUME FOR A YOUNG LADY; it is made of prune-colored silk and cream-colored bunting, piped with prune silk; the silk skirt is plain, and the bunting tunic is attached to the skirt, about a quarter of a yard below the waist. It is cut out in vandykes, and ornamented with a double row of piping. It is arranged in front in upright regular folds, and at the back is draped in several places. The bodice, which fastens at the back, is made with a yoke, which is silk, and above it there is a cashmere pelerine, cut out in vandykes. The waistband is silk, and likewise the cuffs. The sleeves are vandyked, and a row of buttons is sewn outside the arm.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF ÉCRU LINEN. The skirt is pleated in front the entire length. The polonaise is ornamented with a thick cord and two handsome tassels, which fall on the train at the back. A pelerine is worn round the shoulders. The sleeve is tight, and is simply trimmed with one plissé, which falls on the hand.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS OF SOFT WOOLLEN MATERIAL; this material is softer than a bèrège, and pleasanter to wear; the under-skirt is of silk, and is trimmed with two plaitings of the same. The long woollen polonaise fastens diagonally with large embroidered buttons, and is ornamented at the edge with a wide passementerie, placed at the edge of the buttons, and also at the lower part of the tablier. The pockets are ornamented with similar passementerie; sleeves with passementerie and revers.

FIG. XI.—DINNER-DRESS OF GRAY GAUZE AND GRAY SILK; the skirt is made of the silk, forming upright plaits; it is bordered with two plaitings, headed by a gathered and shell-shape trimming. The front of the dress is covered by perpendicular puffings of the gauze; the long bodice and sleeves are trimmed to correspond, and a row of richly-colored embroidery completes this elegant costume. Black silk, with black satin employed in the place of the gauze, and jet used in place of the colored embroidery, would make a superb dress.

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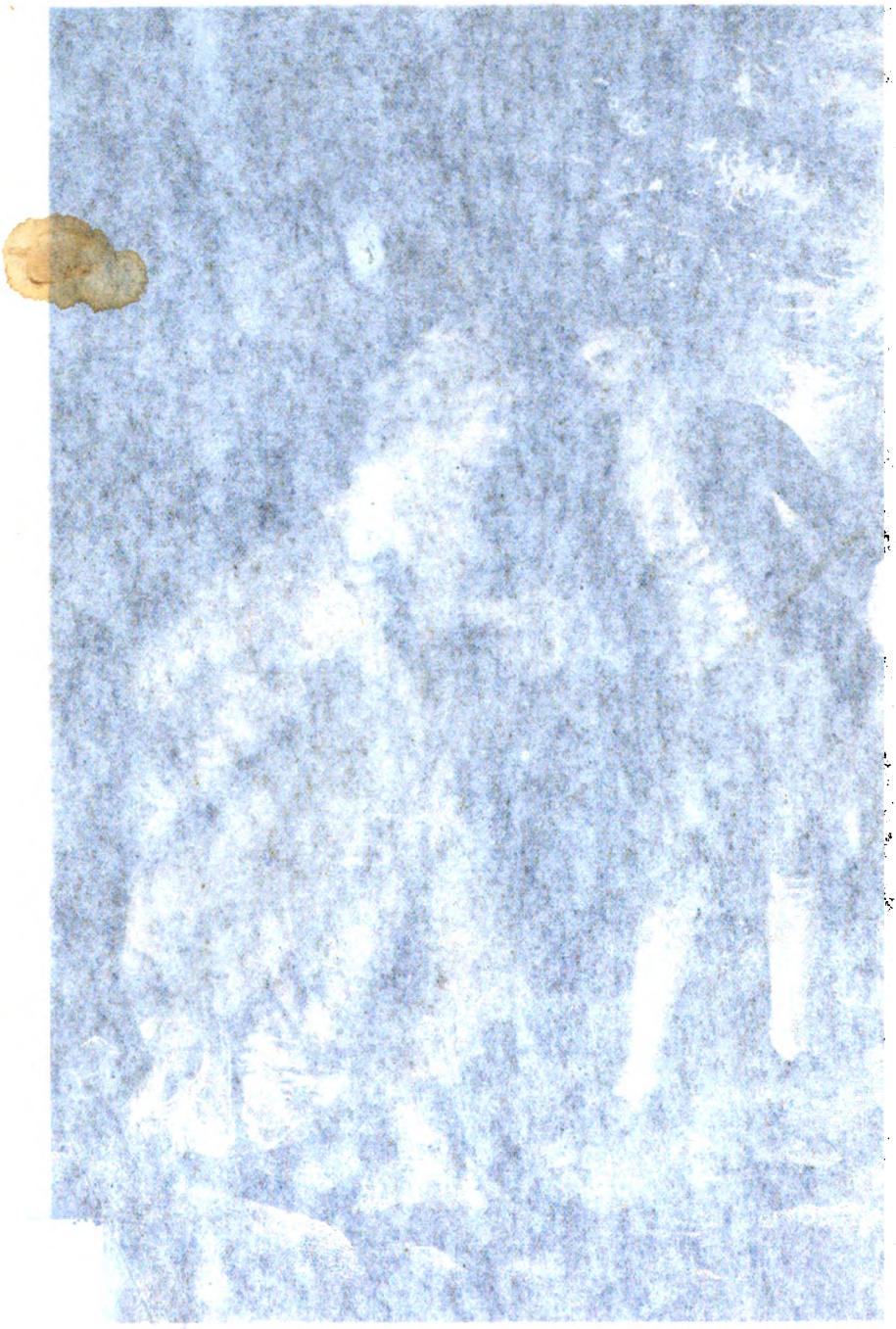
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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TRAVELING DRESS. DUST CLOAK. SLEEVES.

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HOUSE DRESS. WALKING DRESS. SLEEVES.

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VISITING DRESS. SHAWL MANTALET.

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WALKING DRESS. MANTILLA.

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NANCY LEE.

(BALLAD.)

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as she gained her own room. "And he has forgotten, too. Three years—and I am so changed!"

The night of the party, if party it can be called, came; and they were all seated at the tea-table.

"Ah, but the prettiest thing in my collection, and the thing I value most, is a small piece of majolica," said Mrs. Irvington.

The table was resplendent with glass and silver, whose sheen reflected the radiance of the crimson curtains at the window.

Laura had found an enthusiast, after her own heart, in Mr. Creigh, a man not yet fifty, but rejoicing in a magnificent beard of snowy whiteness.

Mrs. Irvington remarked, in an aside, to her friend, that she never before heard John talk so much.

"I do believe he is smitten," she added, laughing; then came the remark about the majolica.

"Hetty, go bring me the little pitcher," she said to the servant. "It is in the side cabinet. And pray, be very careful. Here it is, my idol," she added, displaying an exquisite little pitcher of antique shape.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she asked. "It is over two hundred years old. Think of it!"

The pitcher passed from hand to hand. Laura looked at it curiously, as it went its round.

"Oh," she said, or rather gasped, as it came into her hands. "Why, it looks like an old friend. Yes! I know it. It was once mine!"

The tears came into her eyes. Her vision, for a moment, was blurred. As Laura passed it on, the precious bit of ware came in contact with a pitcher, close at hand; and in another moment, was lying in three pieces, on the table-cover.

"Gracious heavens! is it broken?" cried Mrs. Irvington, starting up, breathless and pale.

"Laura, how could you?" said her aunt.

"Yes, I'm sure its mine," said Laura, rapidly, and inconsequently. "But—I'm so sorry! Still, if any one has imposed upon you, Mrs. Irvington, you ought to know it. I painted this little pitcher, myself. See. After I had painted it, it was broken into three pieces; and while it was waiting to be mended, I tried my color on the inside of one of the fragments. There it is. Oh, yes, this was my work."

"Quite impossible," said Mrs. Irvington, icily. "The person, who sold it to me, would not have deceived me for the world; and I paid fifty dollars for it."

"Fifty dollars!" exclaimed Laura. "Why, I sold it for ten dollars, and thought that was a wonderful price. I beg pardon," she added, the color rushing over her face. "I forget—I was so astonished—I am very, very sorry—"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Irvington, graciously, as they rose from the table. "John," she added, turning to her brother, "why don't you come to my help? You sold me the ware."

But John only pulled at his venerable beard, and held his tongue; and the party separated into groups, the old gentleman still following Laura; and Laura's aunt condoling with her friend upon the subject of her loss.

"I did sell that pitcher to my sister, for fifty dollars," said Mr. John Creigh, seating himself comfortably on the lounge, which Laura had taken, with burning cheeks.

"I understood her to say so," was Laura's dignified reply.

"But, Miss Singleton, I also understood that the ware was two hundred years old. The person, who purchased it from you, told me so."

"And so it was, before I painted it. It belonged to my ancestors, a little, white, plain bit of earthen-ware, whose only beauty was its shape. We had several pieces, but that was the oldest, and genuine, because it had been handed down from generation to generation. Its lovely shape created in me a desire to render it still more beautiful. So, as I have a talent that way, I spent all my spare time, for weeks, in making it as perfect as I could. That was when my father was living, and we had plenty. But, oh! such dark days came. So terrible! For my father had died insolvent. Nearly everything, that had adorned our house was sold under the hammer. We had no relatives to go to. For a few months we often wanted bread." She shuddered, as she spoke.

"One day, in passing by a small, dark store, I saw some little pieces of old Italian ware, the designs of which attracted my fancy. But I thought they were not as beautiful as that little pitcher I had decorated in more prosperous times. An idea struck me. I hurried home, and took my precious bit of work from its long seclusion. We were then in almost a starving condition, having had nothing to eat for nearly twenty-four hours. How could we beg? I think I would rather have died. I carried the pitcher, at once, to the little, dark store I have spoken of, thinking it might bring a dollar or two. To my surprise, the young man, to whom I made the offer to sell, gave me ten dollars. I spent some of that money in buying colors, and after that, I decorated several bits of ware, and—"

"And that young man was my son," said Mr. Creigh.

Laura looked down. Her cheeks were flushed.

"And that young man fell in love with the porcelain decorator."

"Sir!" exclaimed Laura, indignant.

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"Yes, he did—I found him out. I learned where he spent his spare hours, and rated him soundly. He, in return, talked the usual nonsense of lovers; went into raptures over virtue, worth, and beauty; and begged his old father, almost on his knees, to see the woman he adored. But the old man had a heart like flint, or like adamant, whichever is hardest, and would not listen to him. Then I sent him away on business, which kept him from home for months together—and so—and so—you painted that pitcher, did you?"

"Yes," was the low answer.

"Well, the rogue didn't tell me that. I wonder he didn't. Perhaps he thought it would injure the sale. Why it's the most marvellous piece of deception I ever saw."

"I didn't intend to deceive, sir."

"Of course you didn't. But, if I had known it, I could have made a fortune off you. I could, upon my honor; and for you, too. I'll do it yet—unless you've lost the art."

"Oh! no, indeed, I could paint quite as well, and better now. Try me. I want work."

"We'll see—we'll see," was the dry response. "But tell me more. Of course you lost sight of my son—of Warren?"

"I did, sir. He sent me a letter, when he was on the eve of traveling. Then I heard of an aunt, the wife of my mother's brother, whom we had supposed was dead; and then we moved to this city, where my mother died, nearly a year ago, and—"

"Well, well, don't cry, my dear, don't cry," said the old man, tugging violently at his beard, "There's plenty of money in those slender fingers of yours—and—and I don't wonder the boy fell in love with you, upon my honor, I don't. I—I'm half in love with you myself," and then came a time of confusion, the sound of voices, the opening of doors; the hearty welcome. Laura dimly saw the entrance of Warren, tall, sturdy, sun-browned. The old man had Warren's hand in his, and was bringing him toward her. Her heart beat with violence; her eyes were misty; she saw the father whisper to the son; then she knew that he was beside her, whose slightest word was music to her ear.

"I've not forgotten the old majolica," said Warren, softly.

"You knew it was not majolica," was her response.

"I knew it was a thousand times better," he said. "Laura, I seem to be in a dream. I had not the most distant expectation of seeing you to-night. I thought I had lost you forever—and my father is in love with you. He told me so. This is indeed happiness, for if you have won his heart, there is some hope for me, that is—if—"

But he needed only to look in her face, to see confirmation of his dearest wish.

"If they could only be re-united!" said a voice, near.

"They are," he answered. Then he looked up, startled by his own unpremeditated reply.

Mrs. Irvington stood opposite, with the little pitcher, held together between her hands.

"That is, I mean—you see before you, dear aunt, my future wife," he added, stammering.

Down went the pitcher, and now there were six pieces, instead of three.

"I'll never forgive you," said Mrs. Irvington, half laughing, half pettishly, "there's fifty dollars gone."

"My dear aunt, Laura shall paint you a dozen," said Warren.

"But they won't be two hundred years old."

"They will, if they last long enough," was the laughing response.

And the old man, in the background, stroking his long, silvery beard, enjoyed it all.

"It is a great deal better to break sham majolica," he said to himself, "than to break real hearts."

OUT IN THE RAIN.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

Ay, our little one's out in the rain, Davy,
Our little one's out in the rain,
And it goes to my heart like a stab, Davy,
To hear it beat sharp on the pane.
Did they make her a grave that was deep, Davy,
So deep as to shut out the sound
Of the wind moaning loud in the trees, Davy,
And the rain beating down on the ground?

When the wind's singing soft like a psalm, Davy,
And sunshine lies bright on the floor.
I can fancy I hear the sweet voice, Davy,
And see the wee face at the door;

But at night when the wind's moaning loud, Davy,
And rain drops beat down without rest,
I can see but the coin weighted eyes, Davy,
And white hands laid o'er a still breast.

Oh! it's hard to be here alone, Davy,
And both of us growing so old,
With no young face to lighten the night, Davy,
The night that's so dreary and cold.
I had prayed for her coming so long, Davy,
And God grants whatever we crave,
But she seems far away from us now, Davy,
Out there with the rain on her grave.

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THE STEPPING STONES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Old Miss Janet, sat nodding in her arm-chair, on one side of the broad hearth, and her gray cat sat nodding on the other; but not for the sake of the fire, because September being still young, of course, there was none.

But Miss Janet, and her cat, were creatures of habit. At a certain hour in the afternoon, they were always to be found nodding in that particular place, and the practice had been kept up so many years, that if either Grimalkin, or his mistress, had failed to keep the tryst, the whole household would have been almost as much astonished, as if an earthquake had suddenly tumbled down the tower, which flanked the mansion at one end, and added greatly to its imposing appearance.

Nesta Vane, Miss Janet's bewitchingly pretty, and thoroughly spoiled neice, sat near an open window, at the further end of the immense drawing-room, having her embroidery frame before her, and a book on the chair by her side; but she had not, for the last half hour, either placed a stitch, or glanced at a page.

She looked out across the garden, gorgeous with the early autumn flowers; she looked down the stately length of the saloon; she glanced up at the family portraits on the wall, then at Miss Janet and her cat; but wherever her eyes turned, (such bewildering, beautiful eyes they were, too), her face did not lose the decidedly discontented expression, which had been deepening upon it since her revery began.

It was impossible to endure the stillness another instant! She should upset a chair, or utter a war-whoop, or do something utterly preposterous, to frighten aunt Janet and Lord Bacon, out of their senses, if they did not at once get away from the drowsy atmosphere of the apartment, which appeared to have the effect of irritating, instead of soothing, her nerves.

But as noiselessly as she crossed the drawing-room, Lord Bacon heard her; he opened one eye, and glanced at her in stern reproof, then glanced towards his mistress, and perceiving that she had not wakened, fell to nodding again, but as he forgot to shut his eye, his appearance was so irresistibly comical, that Nesta had much ado to repress a fit of laughter.

She reached the great stone colonnade, which ran along the front of the mansion, and for a little, forgot her private causes of dissatisfaction, with the world in general, in her delight at the beautiful view. The western sky, was already aflame with a brightness, which heralded the approach of sunset; in the distance, the river gleamed like a banner of light; far off to the left, roofs and steeples shone like the golden towers of some elf-land city; away up to the right, stretched a sweep of lofty hills, bathed in a glory so intense, that it fairly dazzled the eyes.

The river was the Hudson, the town in the distance, New York; but neither the river nor the city of to-day; for it was September, 1790, when Nesta Vane stood there: and though I dare say now, the spot is within the limits of the great metropolis, the mansion and estate were so far away then, that a visit thither, to the dwellers about the Battery, assumed quite the character of a pilgrimage.

Nest determined to go for a walk; no sauntering ramble about the grounds, but a real walk, along the highway, or through fields, or across the wood toward the river, whithersoever her vagrant fancy might lead, in spite of aunt Janet's prejudice against young ladies allowing themselves such liberties. Since her governess left (exactly six months ago, to Nest's delight, for she had felt that, of all indignities ever offered a girl past seventeen, that of holding her fast in the shackles of a disciple of Minerva, and an unusually stiff and odious example of the race at that, was the greatest), when she insisted upon a long walk, aunt Janet had obliged her to be followed by one of the men servants, or else by her old mulatto nurse. But, to-night, Nest was bent on having her own way; no man or woman born should follow her; and as for ancient Cassandra, she was indulging in a toothache, and it would be cruelty to take her out; though personally, Nest might have suffered less than ordinary, from her society, as Cassandra's dried-leaf colored countenance, was so swollen, that she could scarcely speak.

Away went Nest, down the avenue, out of the great gates—across the road, over a stile, and on, through fields and woodland, walking as fast as if she were trying to escape from some persecutor. And so she was. But as that persecutor was her own fancy, she essayed in vain to outwalk its unwelcome companionship.

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Nest would be eighteen in a very few weeks, so she was old enough to have her troubles, and young enough to be as rebellious under them, as most people are, till they have lived to learn that such rebellion is a mere waste of vitality, and an added pain.

Nest's mother had been an Irish lady, whose only sister had quarreled with her, over an inheritance, and greatly wronged her. The young girl had married Mr. Vane, then visiting Europe, and returned with him to America.

When Nest was about fourteen, this aunt, whom she had never seen, fell ill of a lingering, internal disease. And her conscience, in her heart, caused her to relent towards Mrs. Vane. She sent a trusty messenger to the New World, to obtain her sister's forgiveness, and a pledge that when Nest was eighteen, she should marry her cousin, so that the fortune, which had caused the estrangement between the two mothers, might be enjoyed by their respective children.

Mrs. Vane was a dying woman, when the messenger came—dying of the same disease as her twin sister. On her death-bed, she made her husband and daughter promise, that they would obey her last wishes. In those days, such family arrangements were too common, to excite any surprise, and young people, who ventured to dispute their parent's will as to the disposition of their future, would have been regarded as almost outside the pale of humanity.

The idea met with Mr. Vane's hearty concurrence; the American war was going on; he was straightened in means; doubtful of the future; his own health precarious; and it was a relief to have Nest's destiny settled; to know that she would be rich, and certain of a home across seas, far beyond the troubles of this country, which he, like many another, believed would only go on from bad to worse.

As for Nest, she would have promised anything, from burning herself, to the sacrifice of her own soul, to enable her darling mother to die in peace.

Until her sixteenth birthday, Nest gave very little thought to the matter; after that, for a season, the affair presented itself to her mind in a romantic aspect; and it was rather pleasant to weave day-dreams, in which that unknown cousin had a place. Certain letters (those written by Nest, of course, subject to a vigorous inspection from aunt Janet, before they were sent), passed between the engaged pair. It will be difficult for the youth of this generation to believe the fact, but Hugh's epistles, commenced with "Honored Madam," and Nest's were headed, "Respected Sir," and on both sides, the correspondence would have been worthy, in the matter of stilted language, of Dr. Johnson and Hannah More, and was calculated to afford either about as much knowledge of the other's character, as Rasselas offers of the world, in which we live.

Oddly enough, Nest had not even a portrait of her affianced husband. Twice he had sent a picture; each time it had failed to reach her; then aunt Janet got superstitious, and would not hear of his trying again.

Suddenly, a few months before this September day, a change came over Nest—a feeling of revolt and rebellion, which grew into actual loathing. She hated the thought of the marriage; she abhorred her future husband, with all the passion of her nature; and between her Irish blood, and her Republican instincts, she was capable of going to excessive lengths in this line.

She kept her thoughts to herself, however, for she knew if she ventured to express them, aunt Janet would pronounce her mad, and her father, dearly as he loved her, would be capable of agreeing with the verdict, and of shutting her up, till she decided to come to her senses.

She indulged in various visions of running away, but that was no easy matter in those days. Forced to relinquish this idea, she thought of poison as a remedy for her miseries; but having a practical mind, under all her nonsense, she recollected that she could no more get at laudanum, than she could at the philosopher's stone. So she waited.

The time had come very near now. Hugh might arrive any day. He had been expected on the last ship, but was prevented sailing, by the sudden death of his god-father, an important relationship, at that era.

She might as well be a slave, like old Cassandra, sold like a common chattel! Oh, it was dreadful! And Nest raged and suffered, with all the force of her years; but no loop-hole of escape presented itself.

She had only one resource. She wrote verses sometimes, and very sweet verses they were, and she kept a journal, but this latter comfort she had to give up, for she got frightened, when she read over the pages she had written, during her sleepless nights.

She really had changed in appearance, during these weeks, but the household did not notice it—the people constantly about one, never do notice; one must drop like a worn out cart-horse, in the middle of the route, before one's family would discover, that one had ever endured so much as a headache.

Then, too, Mr. Vane was absent, just now. He had been called away to Albany, (no joke of a

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journey in those days) about a week before this eventful September afternoon I am writing of; for it was eventful, as you will see, if I can ever get at its culmination. Aunt Janet was old, seventy-six by the church register, and though she could read fine print without spectacles, it was natural enough, she should be blind to the alteration which Nest saw in her own face. Nest told herself that it was natural, and despised human nature in general, for its weakness, though she could not despise dear, prim, good old aunt Janet.

Yes, greatly changed was Nest. Her countenance had not lost its bloom, or perceptibly grown thin, but it had gathered a deeper, more earnest expression, and as for her eyes, (always Nest's chief beauty), they were positively startling—only, as I said, there was nobody to startle. People visited only on set occasions, among aunt Janet's circle. Once in awhile, the Phillipses, the Van Rensalaers, and the Van Kortlandts, and the heads of all the clans, came to the manor, for a solemn dinner, or a more solemn dance; but this was not the season for dinners or dances; and visitors were few and far between.

Nest had walked faster and further, than she had any idea of, so engrossed by her own fancies, that the sunset burst in full magnificence, before she recollected, that it was necessary to retrace her steps, if she expected to reach home while day lasted.

She looked about—she was not lost, but a long way from the house, a long way from the road, down in the depths of a natural meadow, not far from the river. At her left, spread a dense wood, but her shortest route, back to the highway, led through it, only in order to reach the path, she must cross a tolerably wide and very deep brook. There were stepping stones, to be sure, but Nest had a horror thereof; only the spring previous, a little child would have been drowned in crossing them, except for Nest. The brook was swollen by rains, the surface of the stones wet and slippery, and the child fell into the water. Nest rescued it, and did not even know, at the time, that she was frightened; but always after, when she reached the spot, she could see the poor little thing falling, hear the thud of her body, as it struck the current, and felt as if under the influence of a nightmare.

She must cross the stones now; so doing, would shorten her homeward walk, by at least, three quarters of a mile. Then, the very fact that she hesitated, (there had been late August rains, and the brook looked dismally, like that April torrent, which had so nearly engulphed the poor child), made Nest the more determined not to be cowed. She belonged to an age, when the women of our country were physically brave. Not long before the end of the war, her own cousin burned her house, sooner than let it be the headquarters of a British general; but you can read all that in history. To come back to Nest.

Out from a little clump of alders, suddenly appeared a young man—a very handsome one, too. He put into his pocket a letter, which he had been reading; he bared his head and came forward, as chivalrous as a mediæval knight.

"Will you permit me to assist you across the brook, madam?" he asked. "My desire to be of service, must be my excuse for intruding: on that score, perhaps, you will deign to grant me forgiveness."

Now was not that stately? Could any of the glib, abrupt mannered youth of our day, equal it?

But Nest did not possess a dignified old aunt Janet for nothing. Wild as she was, she had fine manners at command, when she chose to produce them! She made a curtesy, so deep that any modern belle, who tried to copy it, would inevitably tumble backwards, and so grand, that it would freeze the soul of every modern dandy, from Fifth Avenue to Mayfair; and while performing this salute, she said, graciously:

"Sir, you are only too kind! I accept your gallant offer with sincere gratitude!"

I would hardly, myself, believe she accomplished the speech, if I had not read the very words, in a letter written by her, not long after this adventure, and preserved to the present day, by a succession of careful hands.

The young gentleman, with a bow as awful as her obeisance, took the tips of her fingers of her right hand in his, and led her down the bank.

On the edge of the first stone, Nest paused; a revelation had just been granted her. People knew nothing about magnetism in those days, and as Nest was not Scotch, she was ignorant of the marvels of second sight; but she had had a revelation. She knew who this elegant cavalier was, as well as if they had grown up together, her cousin Hugh, and no other.

Female obstinacy was the same in the garden of Eden that it is to-day. Once she had jumped at her conclusion, Nest felt better satisfied with it, than she would have done with any proofs, which certificates of birth and pedigree could have afforded—she was face to face with Hugh.

Not at all the Hugh of her fears, nothing commonplace about him. Those passionate eyes were born to command; that womanly sweet mouth was made to woo, and it expressed firmness enough also, to impel compliance.

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After all, Nest could not have ascribed her convictions to clairvoyance (always supposing she had ever heard the word). She knew that a ship had entered New York bay, on the previous evening, and she had been the whole morning dreading that Hugh might appear.

She saw a horse, tied to a tree, on the other side of the brook, and as she looked that way, while they were walking down the bank, the gentleman said:

"Destiny is more amiable than the poets admit. Just before reaching the wood, on the opposite side, where I left my horse, I came to two roads; I was uncertain which to take; I may consider myself born under a lucky star; I took this, and though I found it was not the Albany highway, my coming has enabled me to be of slight service."

"It is a road that leads to the river," Nest said, "indeed, down to Madame Stuyvesant's place—she keeps it in repair."

Then they were at the edge of the brook, Nest's foot on the first stone.

He drew her onward, in silence; she obeyed the impulse of his hand, busy with her own thoughts. Midway, in the stream the stones were further apart, the centre one had been carried off by a freshet. He felt her fingers tremble.

"Do not be frightened," he said, "shut your eyes, I will lead you across in safety."

She opened her eyes wide, instead, and looked at him—ah, I cannot describe that glance, so arch, so mischievous, with a deeper feeling expressed under! It is only a marvel to me, that my last century knight, did not lose his head completely, and fall into the torrent, dragging her after him, thereby reversing the legend of Lorely, so far as the reason for the catastrophe was concerned.

If Nest's eyes had spoken out, what was in her mind, they would have said:

"I am the end and object of your journey! Ah, Fate was wiser than I—Hugh, welcome to America!"

But the young knight did not tumble, and Nest did not speak, and in due course, they reached the opposite bank.

"If you will permit me to advise," said the knight, "you will sit down and rest for a little," (I couldn't swear but he said "a brief space," however, I'll not insist.)

Nest did sit down. She was quite mistress of herself now, but not of the occasion, in so much as she was in doubt, whether to let him know who she was, or try to mystify him hopelessly.

"I must not keep you," she said. "If you are going to Madame Stuyvesant's, you must get there before twilight, else the old man won't open the gates—he still fortifies the lodge, at sunset, as if the war was going on."

"I have not the honor of Madame Stuyvesant's acquaintance," he answered; "I am a stranger, I only landed in New York last night."

"Indeed!" said Nest, and longed to laugh. "Then if you are going toward Albany, you will not more than reach a comfortable sleeping place before dusk."

"I am not going toward Albany," he replied.

She rose with great dignity. She was laughing, internally, but not a feature in her face betrayed the fact.

"Accept my profound thanks, I beg," said she, "and permit me to wish you adieu."

Should she tell him at once, she thought, who she was, or wait till she saw him at the manor (as she felt certain she should do within an hour?) and so enjoy his astonishment, for Nest was woman enough to perceive the effect her beauty had produced. But if she waited, then aunt Janet would be a witness. In the meantime he was saying:

"Madam, I could wish the river had been an ocean, and the stepping stones the path eternal —I thank you for having accepted my poor aid."

"Nay, do not usurp the gratitude which belongs to me," returned Nest, suffocating with concealed laughter, not at his stilted words or hers; their mutual phrases seemed proper, but at the thoughts in her mind. Yes, she must tell; patience was not her forte.

"If you are stopping in the neighborhood, we may probably meet," she said, waited an instant, and added, quickly, "I am Miss Vane of the manor."

He did not spring forward; he stood calm and dignified. Again he bowed low and said:

"You have given me a new saint to name in my prayers; once more, madam, I thank you!"

So perfectly composed—no sign of recognition, no joy, no surprise!

Nest's head whirled! What did this mean? In another instant, he was saying, in a very different voice:

"I cannot tell if we shall meet, I must not dare to say what this encounter has been to me." Then a struggle after formality. "May I have the pleasure of walking with you to the road?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I shall take that path," pointing to one which led away through the trees. "It will lead me to our own grounds very quickly, but your horse could not follow it. Farewell, sir."

She was gone. She thought he called after

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her; but she did not look back. She fled with the speed of a rabbit, and never checked her course till she reached home. She waited till bed time, in a state of wild expectancy; but no Hugh appeared.

The next morning did not bring him either, and Nest was uncertain whether to be grieved or indignant. That afternoon, her aunt asked her to go and inquire after one of their pensioners, about a half a mile off, who had been ill. Nest was supposed to have taken old Jack, to carry the little basket of delicacies, which Miss Janet had prepared, but Nest carried the basket herself, and left old Jack serenely asleep, in the flower-garden, with his head pillowed on a stone.

She was sorely perplexed. She hated to give up the idea that the man she had met was Hugh Mordaunt; but it looked very much as if she had made a blunder; surely, if the stranger were her future bridegroom, he would have appeared at the manor before now. Then she met the knight, face to face, not far from Mrs. Lonsome's little dwelling. He came toward her, hat in hand; asked after her health; was rejoiced to find she had slept; talked a little of the weather, the scenery, then said, suddenly:

"I am not gone yet, after all. Do you know I could not tear myself away from this picturesque place?"

"We, its inhabitants, think it very lovely," Nest said.

She walked slowly on, and he walked beside her, talking still of the weather and the views; but his great eyes spoke a more serious language. She left him, abruptly, at last. A new idea had suddenly occurred to her, and she required to ruminate thereupon.

It was Hugh, again she felt as certain of that, as of her own identity. He knew her; she had told her name; but he believed himself unrecognized. He was impetuous enough, eager enough, for her affection, to want to win it, if possible, in a way that should lift their intercourse entirely out of the commonplace, traffic-like footing, upon which their parents had condemned them to rest. Now all these convictions, on the part of Nest, were not such proofs of folly as similar thoughts would be in a girl of our day. It was not surprising that she should have found Hugh out. Strangers of that class were rarities in the neighborhood. Had he been a friend of any of the magnates of the district, his coming would have been heralded in advance.

No, it was Hugh; there could be no question about that! And how well he played his part; only the eagerness in his eyes betrayed him, and Nest smiled at this evidence of her power, slight as it was; but then, he had become a hero to her, from the instant that the motive for his conduct flashed upon her.

He left her very soon, with no expressed hope of a future meeting; but that would have been impertinence, as she was not supposed to recognize him; and she knew perfectly well that, by one means or another, he would find her again, before the set of the next day's sun.

And he did, found her when and where she least expected to see him. She would not leave the grounds; since she must appear to regard him as a stranger, to go now where she was likely to meet him would be unmaidenly; solitude, too, seemed pleasanter than it had done of late, for it was peopled with pleasant fancies.

And then he came upon her, and seemed surprised when he learned that he had strayed upon her father's estate—gained time to stop by apologizing. Then she dropped her book, and as he handed it back, he looked at the title. Then more talk about the author whom the young gentleman had met, a French poet of the last century, as famous in his day, as are any one of our prodigies in this; now as completely forgotten as—we will hope, our prodigies may not be by the succeeding age.

A tolerably long interview, and a pleasant one, but no results, so far as a revelation of his personality was concerned. After he had gone, Nest began to be vexed that he should think so lightly of her as to imagine that, ignorant who he might be, she would thus hold free intercourse with him. Still, the satisfaction of recollecting what feeling inspired this concealment on his part, consoled her.

Be shocked if you like, but the pair met every day, for a week. I insist that Nest's firmly rooted conviction in regard to the man, rendered her conduct not only natural but excusable, though, after all, the two are controvertible terms.

She was left irregularly free, just now. Cassandra, as soon as she recovered from her toothache, developed a sore throat, then rheumatism in the great toe of her right foot, and kept to the house, her pipe, and her groans.

Miss Janet had one of her manias on her, I never knew an old maid worth knowing (and I have known scores who were) who had not "a bee in her bonnet."

Miss Janet had a bee, for familiar, that always announced certain anniversaries. On such occasions she retired to her own private suite of apartments, was invisible to everybody except her maid, ate lentils, wept over old letters and old miniatures, of dead brothers or lovers, as the case might be.

Miss Janet was just now overtaken by one of

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these anniversaries, and she secluded herself in her rooms. She was a deliciously obstinate woman, and would not have emerged until the tenth day, as was her rule, even if the whole staff of domestics had pounded at her doors to announce whatsoever catastrophe, from the falling of the roof of the manor house, to the general dissolution of the elements, and consequent destruction of this wicked world.

Mr. Vane was still detained in Albany, as his letters informed his daughter, so there was nobody to take cognizance of her actions, nobody to warn the poor child.

Daily, the young couple met, and it had ceased to be by accident. Yet, Hugh had given no explanation, and sometimes, in her solitary hours, Nest upbraided herself for her lack of pride, in allowing this state of affairs to continue. Then it seemed to her, as if she heard her mother's voice in utterance of joyous content, and more than all, Hugh loved her, ah, she knew that, carefully as he guarded his tongue, she knew that!

Still, very often her delicacy rebelled. She would not meet him, as she had promised. But he always found her out; no matter which way she wandered, he was sure to come upon her. And one day he did so, when some chance words of aunt Janet—words, not intended to apply to her, had shown Nest clearly, the error of her conduct; and she felt ready to die with shame and regret. And he discovered her weeping in the wood, fell on his knees before her, and for the first time, poured forth the story of his love.

His very insanity brought back her composure. She dried her eyes, and looked at him with the same bewildering, mischievous expression, which had shone in her eyes on the first day they met, when, as he was helping her over the stepping stones, the certainty that "he was he," had been suddenly revealed to her.

"Get up, Hugh Mordaunt," she said, laughing and crying at once. "Are you so blind as to think I have not known you all along? Why, if I had not, what sort of woman must I have been—"

She stopped. He had risen and was standing before her, looking utterly astounded.

"You are my cousin Hugh!" she exclaimed, "I know you are!"

Perhaps, in this last ejaculation, was the result responding to some sudden, wild doubt, born, lightning-like, in her soul, by his altered manner.

"My name is Harry Graves," he answered slowly, "I have meant to tell you—I feared you were laboring under a misapprehension. Oh, forgive me that I did not speak, these moments were so sweet to me—I could not risk—"

He was talking to the air—the woods—Nest had fled! What the girl suffered during the next few hours, is beyond the power of words to describe; had no relief come, I think before morning she must have gone mad.

That evening, when she went into her room, she found a letter on the table; how it got there, she did not stop to think; that she ought not to read it, was a recollection as far from her mind.

It was from him, telling his love, promising if she would meet him once more, that he would tell the whole, at least so far as he could; begging her to believe that he was honorble and true, warning her that she cared for him, that the engagement which, he knew of, between her and her cousin, though she had never mentioned it, could not be binding, she could not love a man whom she had never seen, she would not let the will of others break the heart of the man who loved her.

She went to sleep in tears, with the letter clasped close to her bosom; her last waking thought a determination never to see Harry Graves again.

She did not blame him, he was noble and good: only herself, and her unpardonable folly were in fault.

She woke in the same right frame of mind; passed the morning in that correct mood—the midday. Up to the very moment, when his letter said he should be waiting for her, Nest held firm. But as the clock struck the last chime of the fateful hour, she started from her seat; and impelled by some force, superior to her own volition, ran down stairs, out of the house, and through the shrubberies and park, so rapidly, that she had no time to think, till reaching a break in the wood, she saw him at a little distance. Even then, she could only think enough to be grateful, that at least this parting interview was granted to her.

He hurried towards her; he tried to take her hand; but when she held it back, he said:

"You are right. I beg your pardon—I only asked for this meeting, in order to beseech your forgiveness."

"No!" cried Nest, bravely. "It is I who have done wrong—I—and I can never forgive myself."

"I can't bear that!" he exclaimed. "Don't slander yourself! Nest, you are the truest, noblest woman that ever lived. Must I go away forever? Nest, Nest! you do care—say that you do!"

He caught one fleeting glance, then she turned her head aside.

"You must not ask me anything," she answered. "You said in your letter that you believed me. Oh, I did think you were Hugh,

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ndeed I did." She stopped, her utterance choked by a sob, but before he could speak, she hurried on. "Good-bye—I must go. I shall never see you again—unless—unless—"

"Unless what, Nest?"

"Unless you come to my father, after I have told him the truth," she said. "I think I shall die in telling him, but I'll do it—I will!"

And away she ran, and never paused till she reached the shrubberies, near the house; then she sank on the ground, exhausted, faint; and before she could find courage to look up again, the twilight had gathered.

She rose, and went on towards the manor. As she gained the terrace steps, she saw her father, who had returned, unexpectedly.

Her first impulse was to flee, but he came quickly forward, and caught her in his arms, saying:

"My darling little girl—is she glad to have me back? How you tremble, I frightened you. You must bear more joy than that—childie, Hugh has come!"

She slipped from his embrace, down upon the flags at his feet, her hands upraised in eager pleading, her eyes mad with pain.

"Listen," she groaned, "listen! You'll kill me, I think. I hope you will. I can't live like this! I won't see Hugh! Do you hear? I won't see him—I love another man—save me, save me!"

Her father did not speak. He lifted her gently, tenderly. She could feel his heart beat tumultuously, as he pressed her close against it.

She strove again to plead—he whispered:

"Don't try to tell me now, take time. I am your father, be at rest. Don't think even—come to aunt Janet, little one—come."

Reproaches might have given her strength, by rousing a feeling that she had been unjustly treated; but this kindness and sympathy left her more dead than alive.

She let him carry, rather than lead her up the stairs; he threw open the door of aunt Janet's saloon, exclaiming:

"Hugh, this child refuses to marry you, and I will not cross her; she shall have her own way, make your peace if you can."

The door had shut, Nest was alone with the man whom she had so deeply, but so unwittingly, wronged. She could not look up, she grasped instinctively at a chair near, and shut her eyes.

Then through the whirl in her brain she heard a voice say—

"Look at me, Nest; look at me!"

Had she died suddenly, and gone straight up into heaven?

It was her lover's voice that called; it was her lover who knelt at her feet, only for an instant, though, the next he held her fast in his strong embrace.

"They made me do it," he hurried on, in eager pleading, "your father and aunt Janet! Do forgive me! Oh, I did so want to be loved—I had worshipped you so long; ever since the day I received the picture they sent without your knowledge. And I wrote to aunt Janet, and she told me how to act! But I never dreamed of making you suffer like this—Nest, Nest, forgive me!"

Only an inarticulate murmur, she heard, but words were past her reach.

"I didn't tell any story, Nest! I am Harry Mordaunt Graves—I took my godfather's name. Darling little one, aunt Janet was not so blind as she seemed! She knew how wretched you were, and so brave as you have been, so determined to do right! Oh, Nest, forgive us all, we meant it for your happiness—Nest, Nest!"

But Nest was lying—white and senseless, her head pillowed on his breast, though she had heard enough to realize, when consciousness came back, that her happiness of the past days was no delusive vision—only a part of the actual years which lay beyond.

NETTIE.

BY L. H. CARPENTER.

O, to think that she came again,
Alight with her garment's snowy gleam,
Looked on me with the same sweet eyes,
And smiled in a happy dream.

Lily cheeks which I once had kissed,
Saintly forehead and lashes brown,
Lips which had thrilled me with words of fire,
And that smile, still shining down!

Was it a dream which brought her there,
Standing so near, so near to my side?
A dream of the night? or a trance which oped
A door of heaven, wide?

For some have called her an angel fair,
And some have mourned her as lost for aye;
But Death, of thy bitterness thou art robbed
As I think of her to-day.

O, to recall it again and again,
To muse on her eyes and the smile she wore;
To think that she loves with the old time love,
And that death is a grief no more!

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THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S HOLLOW.

BY J. KEITH.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the inland counties of England, remote from any other habitation, there stands, in a deep hollow of a rugged and precipitous range of hills, a grim, old castle. Built solidly of stone, it is covered with lichens, the growth of ages, until it seems more an outcome of the woods and rocks, by which it is surrounded and hemmed in, than a dwelling made with hands. As one catches sight of it from the brow of the neighboring hill, and follows the footpath leading down into the solitary valley beneath, the spirit of the place seems to cast its spell over the senses, and chills and benumbs the spectator. Pools of water are seen here and there, darkly gleaming through the entanglement of trees, bushes, and vines, which grow rank and luxuriant as in some forest thicket. About half a mile from the castle is a large pond, called the Black Pool, densely encircled by trees, whose over-hanging boughs almost touch the water, and shrouding it in funeral darkness, suggest, even to the dullest imagination, tales of tragedy and death.

When you arrive in front of this grim castle, you see a sluggish stream, which, flowing darkly on, before the haunted-looking edifice, passes under a rude, stone bridge, and disappears in the dense, dark woods, which you have just passed through. From this point, you behold, nearest at hand, a massive round tower, with battlements and machicolations, half hidden in ivy; next, a wall-screen, with a pointed Gothic doorway of the thirteenth century; then, behind this, a square donjon, as old almost as the Norman Conquest, standing in the court-yard within, with its pepper-box turrets, and high portal roof, additions of the fifteenth century; then, beyond, another round tower, also machicolated, which tradition says was built in the reign of Edward the Third. If your approach is towards evening, when the day is fading in the western sky beyond you, you will see, perhaps, a ghostly gleam shining through the two opposite casements of this last round tower, and glimmering, with pale and spectral light, on the stream in front; and you will catch your breath, with a feeling that, at any moment, the disembodied dead may confront you, starting out from the deep shadows of the woods, or issuing from the phantom-like walls in front of you.

This barred and solitary castle, so utterly abandoned to its drear surroundings, locked away as it were in a recess of the hills, and left to decay under the influences of the elements, is, one feels instinctively, no woodland Arcadia, where peace and plenty are the fruition of tranquil and innocent lives, or it never could have come to this desolateness and utter ruin. The very air is stagnant, and despite the all-pervading stillness, an unrest of some unknown horror seems in possession of the place, as if it was peopled by foul spirits, or else by the ghosts of those who, having walked here in guilt, died by their own hand, or by that of some murderers.

Such a place must have had a history. It has. It was always an evil place. It had an evil name among the country people, long before the tragedy happened, which it is our purpose to narrate. Any one would have turned back until morning, rather than enter Monk's Hollow after sundown, or pass this haunted castle. Strange and awful stories were connected with it. The few who had by chance faced its nocturnal terrors, had reached their homes, afterwards, shaken and white with affright at what they had seen and heard.

Two farmers, returning late from market, one night, had seen, near the pond we have described, faintly distinguishable, at not more than thirty feet from them, a figure, completely enveloped in a flowing robe of black, and which waved its arms in the air as it slowly approached them. Just at this time, a flitting gleam of white, as of a garment, was visible among the undergrowth, at the edge of the pool, and a wild eerie scream rose into the air. Brave as they were, they did not look a second time, but gave whip to their horses, and fled from the fatal spot. But fast as they fled, as fast followed that unearthly cry, until finally they reached open ground, and had left the shadows of the dreadful wood behind them. Had this story been told by one alone, it would have been discredited; but as the country people said, "Two, my maisters, couldn't be mistaken, you see."

Other tales, equally well authenticated, were narrated, adding, yearly, to the evil reputation of Monk's Hollow. All avoided it. And yet a young and handsome man, it was said, lived in the castle alone!

The property had belonged to the Braithwaites

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since the times of the Charleses, when Roger Braithwaite had purchased it, on the attainder and execution of its century-old owners, and had brought his bride there from her father's house. But the "poor thing," as those said who told the story, "had not liked it, and had pined in the gloomy old castle, and sickened and died, leaving a boy of two years, and a girl-baby," whom the father had sent away to be nursed and cared for, while he went to help his friend and leader, Oliver Cromwell, returning to Monk's Hollow only at long intervals, until finally he came back, bringing with him his daughter, Alice, a sweet, lively girl of sixteen. His son, it was known, had gone abroad, having quarrelled with his father.

It was an ill-starred place for the Braithwaites.

Alice languished in the grim old castle, with no society but that of her unsympathetic parent, and begged to be taken away or she must die, which so incensed her father, never a gentle or kind man, that he became harsh and tyrannical, keeping the poor girl closely immured within the hated bounds, forbidding her even, it was said, to wander down to the little village of Brule, or to find relief from an occasional visit to one of the neighboring farm-houses. And at last, so the tradition went, he had completed his cruel treatment by seeking to force upon her a marriage with a man, almost as cold and hard and stern as himself—a friend of his for many years past, and at least twenty years older than the fair, persecuted Alice.

The name of this grim suitor was preserved as Nicholas Vibbert, and the sequel of the story, which was always related in hushed tones of pity and dread, was that, weakened and depressed by the years of loneliness imposed upon her by her unnatural parent, and unable to brave the fate of becoming Nicholas Vibbert's wife, the unfortunate girl, in a moment of frenzy, had rushed from the castle, and in the early gloaming, had sought, in the chill waters of the Black Pool an easier fate than that in store for her, and from which there seemed, to her crazed brain, to be no other release. From this watery grave she was raised, to be laid away in an earthly one, dug near the scene of her self-inflicted death; and from these occurrences, and the presence of this lonely grave in Monk's Hollow, had come the tales of ghostly visions and eerie cries with which the spot, and even the castle, was said to be haunted.

It may well be imagined that, in the generations which had lived and died since the fate of Alice Braithwaite had met its tragical consummation in the Black Pool, the story had rather gained than lost in its repetition by the country people; and many a circumstance was retailed in connection with it that had no foundation in truth. The castle was said to have been seen all ablaze with light, streaming from each wide open door and casement, and it was told that the most delicious singing, in a woman's voice, could be heard there at midnight.

At the period of which we now write, however, the long vacant castle, now almost a ruin, and habitable only in parts, was again in possession of an inmate of the name and blood of Braithwaite. Oliver Braithwaite, the brother of Alice, had never returned to England, either before or after his father's death. When the property became his by that event, which occurred ten years after the death of Alice, Oliver had taken possession by means of his agent. The arable lands, belonging to the property, were let; but the castle and its immediate domain were left unoccupied. Oliver Braithwaite had settled in one of the Channel Islands, marrying there, and leaving, when he died, an only child, a son, who had remained in his birthplace, making it his home. His son, the grandson of Roger, had once visited the castle, but only to remain a week, when he departed, declaring that he must have sleep, which none but the dead could get there. The son of this man, named Braithwaite, was the gentleman inhabiting the castle, when our story opens. He was still comparatively young, having just completed his twenty-seventh year. Tall and well-formed, with a noble head covered with close-curling, bright chestnut hair, and an eye of softest azure, he was a remarkable man wherever seen. Several years after the death of his father, he had appeared at the Hollow, suddenly, and had remained there ever since. But he sought no acquaintances, and even declined the invitations which the families of the neighborhood, at first, hastened to press on him.

Among those who had endeavored to show friendship to Edmund Braithwaite, was young Sir James Wynton, of Wynton Hall, a place situated some three miles from the Hollow. The family, at Wynton, consisted of Sir James, his sister, Edith, and their aunt, Mrs. Latham, who was a widow. Sir James, at the period of which we speak, when Edmund Braithwaite had been a year at Monk's Hollow, was twenty-four years of age. His sister, Edith, was six years younger. Both were singularly attractive and winning, and were universal favorites among all. Kind, joyous, loving and lovable, devoted to each other and to their aunt, generous and thoughtful, they everywhere carried happiness and made friends. A true English gentleman was Sir James, in heart and hand, at once spirited and courteous, tender of the weak and fearless against all odds. And

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than Edith Wynton never a lovelier, more bewitching creature brought joy to earth. It is quite impossible to picture so rare a grace as dwelt in her. Her hair was brown, and her eyes hazel, full of lustre, with a soft brilliancy, and shaded by long, dark lashes, which swept the delicately tinted cheek, giving the face in sleep a peculiarly Madonna-like expression. The eyebrows were lighter and finely lined. Her features were regular; the nose straight and not too small; the most exquisite pouting mouth, with the ripest red lips; teeth of dazzling whiteness. The contour of head and face and bust were Grecian—an English brilliant in a Greek setting.

CHAPTER II.

It was on a clear and breezy day, in the early autumn, that a gay party of mounted ladies and gentlemen paused at the foot of a hill, whence a road led down into Monk's Hollow.

"What a delightful lane!" exclaimed a fair girl, at whose side Sir James Wynton rode. "Do let us go down there. Edith! Kate! come. Mr. Vaughn, let us take this lane. Where does it lead to, Sir James?"

"To a haunted, enchanted region, Miss Eldon, it is said," answered Sir James.

"Fairyland! of course. I knew it!"

"Ho, for fairyland!" responded one of the gentlemen.

Sir James made no objection, so they all went on, along the narrow, grass-grown roadway, down into the beech woods, which covered the entrance to the Hollow.

"Why, Wynton, is it not somewhere hereabouts, that that strange fellow, Braithwaite, lives?" asked Louis Vaughn, who escorted Edith Wynton.

"Yes, to be sure. You were with me once, when I met him fishing, down the river. I had forgotten. I told you about him then."

"Told what about him? Why have you never told us?" demanded the girls, in one breath.

"Know then," said Edith, "that down in the depths of this glen, there dwells the second handsomest man in this region," this with a glance, loving and proud, at her brother,—"dwells alone, without mother, or sister, or wife."

"He must be a churl," suggested Kate Markam.

"No," said Sir James, "he seems to me rather like a man with an overruling purpose in his life, forcing him apart from others, and yet with a strong tendency to be like the rest of the world. I have often met him in the fields and woods, for he is constantly out with his dogs and gun, or fishing rod; and I have found him, not only civil but affable; and I am inclined to think him a right good fellow, in spite of his being such a recluse. Yet his old castle, that looks haunted even in broad day-light, may have had something to do with making him so gloomy."

"But why do not you coax him out of his ruin, and bring him home with you, sometimes?" asked Miss Markam.

"Although ready enough to talk," replied Sir James, "when we meet by chance, he steadily opposes any effort for a nearer acquaintance; so I have given it up."

"And he never asks anyone to his haunted-looking abode," said Edith, "which makes it very difficult to get at him."

By this time they had emerged from the wood, and the grim old ruin came into full view.

"What a forbidding, haunted-looking abode," said Kate. "It looks more like a tomb, or a goal, than a house."

"Hush!" whispered Edith, "there he is, just beyond that old, thunder-riven tree, close to the bridge, at the side of the wood."

Margaret Eldon had scarcely time to say to Sir James, in an undertone, "Stop, please, and speak to him. I must know what he is like," before they came up to where he was standing.

To their astonishment, he bowed and came forward, smiling, and accosting Sir James, expressing surprise, yet pleasure at seeing him. Then he turned, with an easy grace to the rest of the party, bowing to each, as Sir James named them.

The impulsive Margaret at once drew him into conversation.

"What a picturesque nook you have here, Mr. Braithwaite," she said. "But do not the elf-folk trouble you? Or have you become used to each other? They surely haunt this wild, lonely spot."

Sir James and Edith exchanged involuntary glances at these words of their visitor. Evidently she knew nothing of the stories about the place. The former quickly said, in order to change the conversation,

"Braithwaite, I envy you that fine retriever of your's. Is not that the handsomest creature you ever saw?" addressing the others, as the animal approached nearer when spoken to.

Edmund Braithwaite replied,

"Yes, I prize King, for that is his name," and immediately turned to Miss Eldon, to answer her question about the fairies.

"The place is said to be haunted," he continued, "but not by the simple fairy people. Spectres are said to walk here."

"Oh! better still! Real ghosts, Mr. Braithwaite?" said Margaret.

A slight change passed over his countenance

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at her words. Edith noticed it, and wondered if pain caused it, and wished that Margaret could be satisfied with less questioning.

In a moment Mr. Braithwaite rallied, and said, courteously,

"Will you not dismount? I have no groom to summon, but I shall be proud if you will accept myself as a substitute."

They looked at one another. All and each were eager to make the most of this unexpected invitation. With Sir James and his sister, it was an honest pleasure, for they held the hope that one, who seemed so fitted for the amenities and enjoyments of life, was at last going to throw off the strange restraint he had hitherto maintained. To the others, it was simply curiosity.

"Really, Braithwaite," Sir James said, "it is very polite of you to ask us in, so many of us as there are. We did not come this way with any intention of trespassing upon your kindness; but since the ladies seem anxious for an inside view of your historical old castle, we will, with your leave, tie our horses here, to those trees, and enter, at least for a few minutes."

When the ladies had dismounted, Braithwaite said, "Excuse me for a few minutes, but I must go around to a postern gate, in order to get in and open the front door, which is barred from the inside," and bowing gracefully, he disappeared round the corner of the nearest tower.

As soon as he had gone, the amazement of the party broke forth in various exclamations.

"How charming he is," said Margaret. "Do you not all think so?"

"What a musical voice—and what a grace!"

"What a fortunate thing to be the son of a murderer, or to be the victim of ghosts," said Vaughn, "if fair ladies are to become so interested in you."

"He assisted you from your horse, Edith," said Margaret. "Was his hand cold, like that of a phantom?"

The great door was now thrown back, preventing further conversation, and Edmund Braithwaite appearing, requested them to come in. They found themselves in a large, square hall, with a tiled floor, and wainscoting of oak. In this hall there hung two portraits. One was that of a boy, about ten or twelve years of age, in a costume of unmistakable Puritan cut. The face, though that of a child, was unpleasant, on account of a certain stoniness of expression, which was probably more a reflex from the subject than any fault in the painting, which was an excellent one. The other face was most lovely. It was a fair young girl, seemingly about sixteen, with hair of gold, combed back from the forehead, and falling in wavy masses about the neck. She had the sweetest, saddest violet eyes, so intense in their depths of tenderness, so touching in their expression of wistfulness, as of some poor dumb thing, which fain would speak and could not, that one felt stricken for her as he gazed, and could not but carry away with him a lingering sense of sadness, inspired by the almost divine image. These were the children, Alice and Oliver, of the Roger Braithwaite, who had lived in the time of the Commonwealth.

A massive oaken table stood at one side of the hall, and there was an oaken settle, and a number of roomy, high-backed arm-chairs, covered with reddish-colored leather, all of which were also of oak, ancient and well worn. There was, also, an enormous stone chimney-piece, over which were hung some pieces of armor; and about the hall were scattered match-locks, pikes, and other weapons of the seventeenth century.

The visitors remained for sometime in this dark old hall, struck by its venerable air. Edith stood long before the portrait of Alice, affected to silence by the singularly pensive face. The master of the castle followed her with his glance. He had seen that she was beautiful, and he now observed that a look of divine melancholy shone out of her eyes, as she continued to gaze on the picture, giving them, though of a different hue, a strange likeness to those of the fated lady of Monk's Hollow. He looked, and loved from that moment. His intense gaze, as often happens, influenced its object, unconsciously to herself. She glanced around, their eyes met, and they both smiled simultaneously. Edith's look fell under his, veiled beneath her long lashes; and a lovely color diffused itself over her cheek.

He advanced suddenly to her side.

"It is a heavenly face," she said, trying to shake off a curious embarrassment, that had come suddenly upon her.

"Yes," he answered, gazing intently upon her; "yes, it is heavenly," in low tones, as if speaking to himself.

Then he raised his eyes to the picture.

"That is the portrait of a distant ancestress of mine," he said; "and yet, although I never saw it until within the last year, it seems as familiar as the face of one who had been dear to me since childhood."

Edith was astonished to perceive a dew, as of unshed tears, overspread his eyes.

"I can well imagine that you do," she answered, "for it is a singularly winning face, of such an appealing beauty, that one could not easily forget it."

Sir James and Margaret now came up and

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joined them, and the conversation about the picture ceased.

"Shall I show you my own particular room?" said Edmund Braithwaite. And receiving an assent, he led them into a charming apartment, evidently the dining-room of the place. Scattered about were various valuable China ornaments. On an oblong table was a very elegant Japanned cabinet. Some paintings and engravings were hung on the wall.

All exclaimed with pleasure as they entered, Margaret saying:

"I see you occupy no monk's cell here. Now the name of the place, and its exterior, had caused me to regard Mr. Braithwaite as some holy anchorite; but I perceive differently."

"You do not think the worse of me, I hope, on that account?"

"No, oh, no! But I wonder the more at you, Mr. Braithwaite."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Because of what I have heard of your want of sociability. Now, if you were altogether opposed to the pleasures of life, and did not indulge in light literature or a meerschaum—I see you do—and wear velvet slippers—"

"I might be permitted to shut myself up, I see. I am forced to wear velvet slippers though, having no one to make me embroidered ones—"

"There it is, Braithwaite," interrupted Sir James. "You must come out, and then you shall have all kinds of fancy devices showered upon you."

"But no time to color my pipe."

"That is true," said young Eldon; "now when I want to smoke, it is made anything but a pipe of peace to me by Miss Margaret here. I'd be glad to have a place to myself."

"You would smoke all the time, Herbert, if you were not stopped."

"Well, I can vouch that Mr. Braithwaite is not constantly engaged in puffing himself away," said Sir James, "as I see him out very often, and never with a cigar."

"No, I seldom smoke, excepting in the evening. Then, very often, I depend upon it, as I seldom get to sleep before daybreak."

"How very disagreeable," exclaimed Margaret; then added, "but I suppose you like it, or you would not do it?"

"No, indeed. Certainly I do not like it," was his reply. "You all know," he went on, frankly, "of what is said about this place. It is declared to be," turning towards Margaret, but looking past her at the expressive face of Edith, "haunted. Well, whether it is or not, one is liable, I have found, to be disturbed here, and my experience has taught me that the better way is not to attempt to sleep at night."

This was uttered in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, much as if he were speaking of some ordinary affair.

No one spoke, and there was silence for a time, until Sir James said:

"Of course I knew of the stories, but I never credited them, and am astonished at what you say. At this partial confirmation of the reports from your lips, I mean—but you cannot surely—"

"Say that this is a true case of supernatural visitation? No, and yes. I do not know what to call it, but it is—most painful."

"Mr. Braithwaite, what is it like?" interposed the impulsive Margaret.

"I prefer not to tell, if you will excuse me. But any one is welcome to see for himself."

"Oh! may we? Do you really mean it?" cried Margaret. "May we come, all of us, and pass a night here? How charming! how romantic! how altogether eerie and thrilling, to actually spend a night in a haunted castle, instead of only reading about it in the pages of a magazine! Edith, Sir James, will you, oh, will you?" she said; "and get Mrs. Latham—we must have a chaperone of course—to come with us."

Her brother, and Miss Markham, and Mr. Vaughn joined eagerly in the request. Their host, with a grave smile, accordingly, asked them to name a day for the visit.

"You see what you have done, Braithwaite," answered Sir James. "I fear the ladies must be indulged. But our time is up now. We shall hardly get home for dinner. Shall I ride over, in a day or two, and tell you when we will come?"

"It will be a gratification to me, if you will," simply said Edmund, bowing to the ladies. And then they took their leave.

As they rode home, they all, Mrs. Latham included, were aglee over the coming event, excepting, perhaps, Edith, who was accused of cowardice, and was rallied a good deal on account of her lack of animation. When thus attacked, however, she denied the charge, and strove to turn the whole matter into a joke; but she soon relapsed into silence, nevertheless.

CHAPTER III.

THE night, which Sir James and his party had selected to pass at Monk's Hollow, came. They arrived at about eight o'clock, Braithwaite having requested that they should come early. They found their host standing at the door, the hall back of him being lighted, and light showing from the side windows belonging to his private

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room, and from two of the upper front windows, and from a little oriel window; a light from above also shone down the stairway.

Braithwaite proposed that they should at once be shown to their rooms, so as to leave their wraps there, and he led the way, while they followed him up the staircase, emerging at its top upon a contracted hall with several doors opening out of it. These doors belonged to the bedrooms prepared for his guests.

It must be remembered that but four of the previous party had come, Miss Markham not hesitating to say that she had changed her mind, and Louis Vaughn having been obliged to leave that morning, owing to a summons from home. Edith and Margaret, therefore, with Mrs. Latham to chaperone them, and Sir James and Herbert as protectors, comprised the guests. Of these, Margaret was wild with excitement and delight. Yet none of them, truth to tell, had any misgivings as to how the night would be passed, despite even what Braithwaite had hinted of his own experiences.

"He is morbid," Louis Vaughn had said, an explanation occurring to all as the true one.

The room assigned to the ladies, and from which they had seen the light streaming, was a capacious one, but though furnished in ancient style, as indeed was the whole house, it did not affect them as particularly gloomy, having a party-colored Brussels carpet on the floor, and a bright fire burning on the hearth. On the oaken mantel were placed two high candelabra, each containing four candles, all of which were lit; and on each of the two dressing-tables there were more candles burning in large, brass candlesticks.

There was one immense bed, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and of a width sufficient to comfortably accommodate four persons; this was destined for Edith and Margaret. Its hangings were of heavy crimson damask. The curtains to the windows, of which there were four, were of the same rich material. The frame-work of this bedstead was massive and cumbrous in the extreme; the deep, projecting cornice, which was very heavy, being corbelled at the corners on to the moulding. It also was of oak, and stood against the wall, at the side of the room opposite the side windows, at once attracting the attention of the ladies. Another bedstead, more modern, and evidently just put up, was arranged for Miss Markham. "I thought," said Braithwaite, in explanation, "that you would all prefer sleeping in the same room."

Braithwaite accompanied his guests to the door of this chamber, and then conducted the gentlemen to their apartment. The ladies were not long in taking off their wraps, and soon descended to the drawing-room.

Sir James and Herbert, whose chamber was in the rear, across the passage, joined them as they came out, whereupon an immediate comparison of notes took place.

"Ours is a dismal place," said Herbert, shaking his head, and affecting to look solemn. "What are your quarters like?"

"Comfortable for both man and ghost," answered Edith. "A very cosy room, I think, in spite of its size."

"But it is so large that the candles cannot possibly light it, so who knows what the corners may contain," said Margaret; "And besides, there are two doors."

"One leads into a closet, and the other is locked," said Edith. "I tried them."

"But what does your true spectre care for that?" laughed Sir James.

"In what good order everything looks," said Mrs. Latham. "I noticed that there was nothing wanting in our room. But where are the attendants?"

"I have seen none," answered Sir James. "Perhaps Braithwaite is a thorough-going utilitarian, and has brought his family ghosts under the yoke of service, in lieu of fleshly retainers."

"Of course," said Margaret; "it would spoil the place to have any other kind. What do you think of their skill in hair-dressing?" she asked of the two gentlemen, tossing and turning her pretty head, with its abundance of light hair gathered into a bunch of curls at the back.

"Pretty well for a performance by invisible hands," they said.

They had now reached the foot of the stairs, and were again in the entrance hall. Braithwaite met them at the door of his morning-room.

"I shall, as before, bring you in here," he said, "knowing it to be infinitely the pleasantest room in this old ruin; indeed, I may say the *only* pleasant one."

"Oh, Mr. Braithwaite, let me assure you how comfortable and pleasant we find our room up stairs," said Mrs. Latham.

"It affords me much gratification to hear you say so," was his reply.

Then they drew round the fire, for the evening was chill. Several hours followed, in talk and laughter; all, and especially Braithwaite, being in the best of spirits. This strange host and his guests found much in common.

At last the clock struck eleven. Mrs. Latham rose.

"I don't like to break up so pleasant a gathering," she said, "but these bright eyes of Edith

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and Margaret must be kept bright; and it is time they were closed for that purpose. Good-night, Mr. Braithwaite, and many thanks for a most agreeable evening."

They had been partaking of a delicious cold supper, daintily served on exquisite china, and with rare, old Venetian glass.

They all rose, and Braithwaite said:

"My housekeeper, Mrs. Kirle, will attend upon you in your room, if you will permit her to do so."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Latham.

They had scarcely reached their apartment, when a knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Kirle stood courtseying before them.

Had any one of them been, secretly, afflicted with timidity, at finding herself at this time of night in this lonely, haunted castle, none of them had said so; and the presence of Mrs. Kirle would certainly have now proved re-assuring, for she was a woman of an eminently honest and straight-forward presence and address. She was short and stout, though not corpulent, and her countenance was broad and intelligent, with straight, grizzly, iron-gray hair cut short to the head. She was arrayed in a gown of some brown woolen stuff, made so short in the skirt as to show her feet above the ankle, cased in a pair of stout leathern shoes. Her voice was harsh, and she spoke in quick, short sentences, wasting no words. Her manner was thoroughly respectful, however.

"It's likely, though," she said, as she offered her services, "that you'd be apt to think these hands too rough to work about a lady with. They *are* rough, but they're not rude."

"I am sure they would be very useful and kind," said Mrs. Latham. "But we are none of us very dependent upon help at our toilet, and the little we do need, being altogether here, we can render to each other."

"Then you have no orders for me, madam?"

"None. All our wants having been attended to beforehand so well; by yourself, I presume?"

"Yes, madam. I received Mr. Braithwaite's orders, yesterday, to prepare this room for you."

"And you have left nothing for us to ask for," here put in Margaret, having a hope to win this feminine griffin by fair speeches. "I suppose you came from Guernsey with Mr. Braithwaite," she continued.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"Do you like it here?"

"No, miss, I do not."

"I do not wonder. Guernsey must be a very cheerful, sociable place."

"I am not sociable."

"Indeed!"

"Servants have no business to be sociable."

"Oh! but they must dislike loneliness as much as any body else, Mrs. Kirle, and this is such a lonely place."

"Yes, miss, it's quiet, but that never troubles me."

After a moment she said:

"Now I will go, and if you should require anything, the ringing of that bell, upon the table there, will bring me. Good evening, ladies." And she withdrew.

"Quite non-committal," was their remark, as soon as the door was closed after her.

"Lovely Fidelia," said Margaret, "she looks as if she might do yeoman's service on occasion."

But there was little to be said about Mrs. Kirle, and a close scrutiny of the room having been made by Margaret and Edith, by which nothing was discovered to add to their excitement in any way, the three, being fatigued, were quickly in bed and asleep.

Edith, who lay next the wall, awoke with a start, after, perhaps, an hour or two, with a feeling that some presence, beside that of the other sleepers, was in the room. The small night-lamp still burned brightly, but would have been insufficient to more than just break the gloom of the large apartment, had it not been for the light of the moon shining across the floor and upon the wall. Edith's awakening was complete. There was no interval of confusion and uncertainty in her thoughts, as is so often the case. She knew at once where she was, and recollected all that had passed. She, therefore, at once decided that the sensation with which she had awakened was the effect of a dream, and was most natural, all things considered.

But she had been aroused too entirely to find it possible to sink into slumber quickly again, and feeling the influence of the place, roused herself on her elbow, and looked around her. As she did so, she distinctly heard the door of the room, which had been tried by Margaret and herself, and found locked, and which was hidden from her view by the bed curtains, opened, opened or closed. She heard the handle turned, and the heavy door creak upon its hinges. Could she have been mistaken? No, certainly it was the closing of a door that she had heard, and none other than that one at the foot of the bed, for the other two, that opening into the hall, and the door of the closet, could be seen by her.

She was a high-spirited girl, with nerve rather than nerves, but now her pulses, with a great bound, commenced beating wildly, and she felt that she could scarcely breathe. With an invol-

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untary motion she laid her hand upon Margaret, but the light-hearted girl slept well, and did not, at once, awaken at her touch.

Edith sank back upon her pillow, her heart beating like a sledge-hammer, however. The cold perspiration stood, in great beads, on her forehead. What would come next? Oh! why had this, which she had felt from the first to be a foolish scheme, been undertaken? What folly, what madness it had been!

But as the minutes passed, and brought nothing farther to cause alarm, she became calmer, although still perfectly convinced of the unearthly nature of the sound she had heard. What should she do? Rouse her aunt and Margaret, and tell them what had happened, so that together they could light the candles and make an examination of the room, and ascertain the condition of the door.

She was deterred from doing so, however, by a fear to which the bravest of us are subject—the fear of ridicule. Her disinclination to the whole affair, which she had not attempted to explain to herself, had been discovered by the others; and she had been accused by Margaret of a secret reluctance to come, a weak, feminine cowardice, and had been teazed accordingly. What would be said, if she were now to raise an alarm, when no one else had heard anything?

If it had been a phantom, or an appearance—something that she could say she had seen—it would have been different. But it had been but simply a sound, and noises can always be accounted for in so many ways.

A sound? Yes! oh, God! what was that cry? Wild, prolonged, unearthly, making the blood run cold!

Her aunt and Margaret were wide awake in an instant; the latter grasping Edith tightly; the other sitting up, white and scared, in her bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GRAVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE sunset paled, and the night-wind wailed,
While a maiden stood in the dusk and waited,
With a pale young face, in the trysting place,
For the coming of one oh, long belated.

The nightingale, with a lonesome wail,
Rippled the air with notes of sorrow;
And the weather-hen, more wise than men,
Cawed of the rain that would fall to-morrow.

The pale young face, with a wierd, strange grace,
Looked into the night with hopeless yearning;
And her large eyes shone, as hours rolled on,
Like two great coals in the darkness burning.

No dew on the plain, for the coming rain
Is presaged ever by dewless meadows.
And no tears came to those eyes of flame,
Because of the great woe hid in the shadows.

I know not when, if ever again,
She sought the home she had left elated;
I know not how long, to the night-bird's song,
She listened there in the night and waited.

I only know like a wounded doe
She looked from her trysting place that even;
And I know that the rain poured over the plain
Where fell no gentle dews of heaven.

Why he came not to that lonely spot,
Or what, or who, was the maiden fated,
I cannot say; but I know to-day,
A grave grows green where she stood and waited.

BEAUTY'S PRICE.

BY HELEN M. WARNER.

AT the sea-side I first saw her,
Mid the mazes of the dances,
Undulating as the eider,
O'er the crested billow glances.
Bronze-brown hair and rose-bud sweetness,
Perfect throat and pure complexion,
Features chiseled to completeness,
Voice attuned to soft inflection.
While her soul looks from a chamber,
Violet-tinted draped with lashes,
Coyly hiding half the danger,
Which beneath the white lid flashes.
And the gliding of her footsteps,
And the drooping of her shoulders,
Is a poetry of motion,
Soul enthralling to beholders.
"Pray, who is the lady, Col'nel,
With azaleas in her hair?"
"That's the lovely Mrs. Burnel,
And her husband's sitting there."
Bald and bent and thin and yellow.
"Surely he must be three score?"
"Quite that, but the same old fellow,
Why, he's worth a million more."
So God's rich bequest of beauty
Has its price in bonds and gold;
Not alone in Eastern markets,
Is a woman bought and sold.

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FINISHED AT MADAME GAICHERIE'S.

BY AGNES JAMES.

Lena Van Dylue "came out," after four years at the most fashionable of French boarding schools. She chattered French fluently; she had a smattering of German and Italian; she played brilliantly on the piano, and gracefully on the harp; she danced "exquisitely," and sang "divinely," with all the airs and graces, the trills and cadenzas of the prima donna in an opera.

She was very pretty, too; fair and fresh as a rose. There was no need to use "*rouge vinaigre*" on her rosy lips, or the soft round cheek, where the color came and went in such pretty fluctuations. But she did put pearl powder and lily white on her clear fair skin, and mercilessly banged and frizzed the bronze, brown hair, that had such a pretty, "natural" wave, and such a charming trick of breaking out into little rings of curls, round her forehead.

She was pronounced "elegant" and "aristocratic," by her admirers; and her entrance into society made quite a sensation. For two years she was "all the rage." At the end of that time, however, her aunt called her "an absurd little fool," because she had refused the millionaire, Melville Lispenard, the catch of the season.

"You'll never have such another chance," groaned her aunt. "You'll die an old maid."

"I'm not afraid, aunt Ju," said Lena, with her careless laugh. "There are plenty more as good as Melville. Horrid brute! I can't endure him."

"There may be chances as good, but they'll not come to *you*. Do you know what I heard a man say the other night about you?"

Aunt Ju put her hands on the girl's shoulder, and looked her in the face, with solemn, terrible eyes.

"It was White Kingsley. He was talking to Bernard Davis. 'So you declined to be introduced to her; Well, I don't know but you're right,' he said. 'But, by Jove!' he added, looking at you, as he put up his eye-glass, 'she wears well! been out some time. Old woman exhibits her everywhere. But she don't go off. Sort of hangs fire, you know. Lispenard has been amusing himself with her, but is getting tired of her airs. You'll see—another season she'll be nowhere.' And Bernard Davis nodded affirmatively."

Lena turned crimson, and wrenched herself out of her aunt's hands.

"White Kingsley! that little spider," she cried. "I refused *him*—the wretch! I'll show him whether I will be nowhere another season!"

"If you had only accepted Mr. Lispenard," sighed aunt Ju, watching her, keenly.

"Melville Lispenard has been amusing himself with me!" cried the angry beauty. "I will show them whether he has or not!" "I'll get him back in a week."

And so she did "get him back," and in less than a week. But before the week was out, came a terrible and startling event, that for a time, put Melville Lispenard quite out of her thoughts. Mrs. Van Dylue was found, one morning, dead in her bed, and Lena was left penniless and alone. Her aunt died without a will, and her money went to her two children, with whom she had quarelled years ago; her son, a wild young man about town, and her daughter, who had married against her wishes. These dutiful children hastened to take possession of their mother's property, and Lena found herself without home or means. Poor Lena! Helpless, terrified, utterly bewildered, she did not know what to do in this extremity. Her cousin, Gertrude, on the day of the funeral, coldly suggested that she should seek a place as governess. "A girl of your accomplishments, can of course easily find a situation," she said. Meantime, she icily offered Lena shelter, in the house, for "a few days."

Lena went away to her room and cried all night in helpless grief, indignation, and despair. She had not loved her aunt very much, but her death had been a great shock—a terrible loss—and now she was to be turned out of the house, and must be a governess. A governess! Why she could not teach! She hadn't the faintest idea how to begin to impart to others the "accomplishments" she possessed. And then to go and be a slave in other people's houses—subject to the insolence and caprice of ill-bred parents and children! She who for two years had reigned a queen in fashionable New York society! She never could do it! She would die sooner, or—yes it, was just the right time for Melville Lispenard to send up his card, with an apology for his intrusion, and entreaties that Miss Van Dylue would see him a few moments.

She descended in her sweeping bombazine and

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crape, to the luxurious, decorously darkened parlor. She had made up her mind what to do now, and her face was white and set with resolve. She would marry him, coarse, dissipated looking as he was, with his low, sensual face, and cruel evil little grey eyes. She would marry him, though her whole frame thrilled with repulsion, as he touched her hand.

She knew this man loved her in his brutal way, her poverty was no obstacle to him. He rather rejoiced in it, because now he was sure of her, and before he had not been. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he wanted her for his own, as he wanted the finest horse, or the fastest yacht that money could buy.

His little, evil eyes greedily watched her as he talked to her. She listened gravely, as he pleaded his cause. She was yielding, he saw; for she did not withdraw the hand he had taken, though it was icy cold and trembling. She glanced at him, suddenly, with the look of a startled hunted deer in her eyes, and then her head drooped, and turned from him; and her lips were parted to speak her consent.

In his triumph he passionately kissed the little hand he held. His hot breath was on her cheek the next instant. But, with a quick shudder of disgust and abhorrence, she drew back, "Oh wait a little while," she cried, half breathlessly, while a sudden vivid carmine dyed her cheeks. "Just give me till to-morrow to—to *think!*" He drew back, with an angry scowl and a half uttered oath; but just at that instant came an energetic peal of the door-bell, and Lena sprang up, with a gasp of relief.

"There is some one coming; I can't answer you now," she cried. "Just be patient with me—till this evening, then—Go now, please."

He left the room, still scowling and wrathful, and in the hall passed by a tall, burly young man, with auburn hair and beard, and bright blue eyes, who was asking for Miss Van Dylue. The judicious footman had hesitated about admitting the stranger, till he saw Mr. Lispenard leaving the parlor. Now he stepped back and opened the door, and the auburn hair and blue eyes were ushered into Lena's presence.

"Why, little sister, I don't believe you know me!" cried a hearty, cheery voice, and the blue eyes looked kindly and pityingly in Lena's pale face.

It was her half brother, John Burton, whom she had not seen, since she was a little child, and whose existence she had almost forgotten. He took both her hands in his, stooped to kiss her cold lips, and then held her at arms length, to look at her. "Are you glad to see me, sis? Poor child! I was afraid you were in trouble, and I came to see if I could do anything for you," he said, looking at her, keenly.

The next instant she astonished him, by throwing her arms round his neck, and breaking into hysterical sobs. "Oh, John, I'm so miserable," she sobbed, and then while he soothed and petted her, as if she had been a baby, all the story of her unhappiness and her cruel dilemma was poured out to him,

"Poor little girl! So you must either go and teach, or marry that—dog—Melville Lispenard! Hang choice, I declare! You shan't do either, little sister. You shall come home with me, and we'll set up housekeeping together, in a pretty new house I have in my eye. I have money enough, dear, to take care of you, and love enough, too."

He seemed to poor, little, weak Lena just like a great, strong, rescuing angel, that had swooped down on mighty wings, out of the clear blue sky, to her assistance. She was glad enough to give Mr. Lispenard his dismissal, in a very pretty and penitent little letter; to bid a cool farewell to her cousins; and to go with Dr. Burton back to the quiet New England town in which he lived.

Lena was charmed with the new house and its tasteful furniture; she was delighted with the rosy Irish girl, who filled the post of "help;" and for several weeks she played at housekeeping with pretty eagerness and important airs, that greatly amused her brother.

But, above all, Lena was happy in her brother's love. She really loved him, as she never had loved any one else in her life before, and no wonder, for John Burton was a grand fellow, strong and gentle, true and warm-hearted. From him Lena began to acquire an accomplishment, not taught at Madame Gaicherie's "Finishing-school." She began to learn *how to love.*

Love—true love, is unselfish, is tenderly thoughtful of the loved one's comfort, is patient with his or her faults and foibles, is anxious always to please, always to serve. John was so with Lena, and she quickly learned the lesson. But it seemed to her, that he had no faults and weaknesses for her to be patient with, and there were so few ways in which she could serve him. She welcomed him with smiles and kisses, when he came in, tired from his many visits; she hovered about him with little caressing ways, and entertained him, with her bright, odd chatter. She found out the kind of music he liked best, and to please him she learned pathetic ballads, and the old, old songs, she found in a music book that had once been her mother's. She even sewed on buttons, and darned his socks for him,

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and was ashamed of herself, because she did it so badly.

She had plenty of leisure to read, however, and improve her mind, for Northmeadow society made few demands upon her time. Coming from a great city, and from the gayest circle in it, she found a country village "slow." She opened her eyes, in astonishment, when her brother spoke of some of its ladies as "intellectual," and called others charming. With the gentlemen, Lena got on better, perhaps, because she cared to to get on with them. She pronounced them "slow," too, but she made herself fascinating, instinctively, and the very few beaux of Northmeadow, began to drop in very often in the evening, at "John's;" and Miss Van Dylue, her beauty, her voice, and her winning ways, were raved about in Northmeadow, by country beaux, as they had been in New York, by city exquisites; the sober mothers, and modest little sisters of the village, listening to such raptures, with some doubt and disapproval.

But Lena soon found housekeeping a more serious matter than she anticipated. She began to have trouble with her "help." Katy was dismissed for dishonesty. Her successor was found one day, at dinner time, lying drunk on the kitchen floor, the fire out, and the dinner reposing, uncooked, on the kitchen table. Of course, Jane was sent away, and Hannah came in her stead, a "girl" of forty, steady and capable, but so furiously high tempered, that it was impossible to live in the house with her long.

A long line of "queens of the kitchen" followed, each reign lasting but a little while. Lena declared that each was worse than her predecessor. She no longer wondered that the ladies of Northmeadow, found their "girls" such an inexhaustible subject of conversation; but she vowed never to make her domestic trials, the talk of a gossiping little village.

"I *will* not go around chattering about my 'help,' and complaining about my troubles; no, not if a second Hannah beats me black and blue, or a Katy steals every ribbon I possess," she declared, in her inmost soul. But one day—it was early in November, and the first cold "snap" was biting the noses and fingers of the inhabitants of Northmeadow, Lena descended to the kitchen, at breakfast time, to find it vacant and cold, neither breakfast nor cook being there. The "help" had fled in the night, "spoiling the Egyptians," by taking with her several silver spoons, and all the coffee and sugar she could pack in her trunk. Lena hurried to John, in great dismay, and was comforted by the philosophical way in which he received the intelligence, and the calmness with which he dispatched his boy, Peter, to a restaurant, for oysters and coffee for breakfast.

No successor could be found that morning for the recreant help, and as dinner time drew near, Lena was dismally convinced that she must get that meal herself.

The doctor, and the doctor's man, were off on a country visit, but would be back at two—hungry as sharks. With a heavy heart, Lena went into the cold, disordered kitchen; blacked her soft little hands, in vain efforts to kindle a fire; and when finally it burned in a sulky way, she proceeded to roast the piece of veal the butcher had brought, and to prepare the vegetables. I do not like to dwell upon so harrowing a subject, as the dinner that Lena evolved from the chaos of that gloomy kitchen. No one could eat it, not even Peter, and Lena sat disconsolate, a burn on her hand, a smut on her nose, and her eyes full of tears, while John ate baker's bread and cheese, and said, gently, "Poor little sis! I'll try to find you a girl this evening."

But he could not, and at sunset, Lena ventured again into the kitchen to make some coffee, and broil a chicken for her brother's supper.

"What an *awful* looking place this is!" she thought, glancing round at the dirt and disorder, and then turning again to the sulky stove, which refused to do anything but smoke.

"How on earth can I broil a chicken over that smoke? I wonder why this stove smokes to-day? It never did before. Nothing was done this morning, because it was so long before the fire would burn at all, and it never was *hot!* Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

A fresh puff of smoke made Lena's eyes smart, and just then came the last touch of aggravation—a ring at the door bell. It was a visitor, she knew, for the office bell was at the side of the house.

"I *won't* go," she said, sullenly. And a sense of the utter helplessness, and misery of her situation came over her, and—she sat down, and cried. Another ring of the bell—and then presently a step along the passage, and the door was opened gently.

The fairy god-mother had come to this weeping Cinderella. There stood Mrs. Lewis, the next door neighbor, a kind, motherly soul, with a sweet old face and bright dark eyes.

"Excuse me," she began, hesitatingly—then she stepped forward, as Lena raised her face from the table she was sitting by.

"My dear child!" she cried, hurriedly. "What is the matter? Oh, I see! The smoke for one

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thing. You didn't turn the damper the right way. There!" A touch of her hand, and the draught rushed through the stove, and the fire burned merrily. Then she came and put her hand on Lena's shoulder.

"Poor little girl!" she said, with a caressing pat. "Don't cry, dear, and it will soon be all right. Your brother asked me to come in and tell you about a girl I knew of. I thought, maybe, you would be a little troubled, at being left without help, and so I just ran over with —see here—some of my bread that your brother likes, and a broiled chicken. Save your's for breakfast, dear! Why, my little girl, don't cry so! I'll try to help you through your trouble. Poor, little, tender hands! You have been getting them burnt, havn't you?"

She had taken the girl's hand in hers, and was softly caressing it—her own hands as soft, but so strong and helpful!

"I don't mind *that*, Mrs. Lewis," sobbed Lena. "I would burn my hands *off* for John. I would do anything on earth for him; but I don't know how. You never saw anybody as useless and as —as ignorant as I am. I don't know *anything*," she said, in a hopeless, despairing tone.

"My dear child! You musn't say that. Why there are very few girls as accomplished—"

Lena interrupted her, vehemently. "Accomplished!" she exclaimed, with supreme scorn in her voice. "I used to think I was 'accomplished,' but I see now I don't know one thing that a woman ought to know, at least, to make her home comfortable, which is the first thing. Everything is as miserable here as it can be. I am a perfect slave to my servants. They walk right over me when they are here, yet, if they leave me, you see I can't do anything but sit down and cry."

"Yes, you can, love," said Mrs. Lewis, with her gentle, caressing hand on Lena's head. "You can learn all these things that you are ignorant of. Will you come to me, dear, and let me teach you?"

Lena looked up, and then threw her arms, impulsively, round the gentle, kindly woman.

"How good you are!" she said. "Will you teach me? Oh, I shall be too glad! Can I ever learn to make bread like this, and to keep my house as you do yours?"

Mrs. Lewis laughed. "Of course, you can," she said, cheerfully. "We will begin now. See! your fire is burning brightly. Let us fill the kettle, and then—'Lesson first. How to make a cup of coffee.' John always drinks coffee I know for supper.

"Dear Mrs. Lewis! How good you are!" cried Lena, springing up with sparkling eyes and running to fill the kettle. "But have you so much time to give to me this evening?"

"Yes, dear. Mr. Lewis is away from home, and I took tea early and told my girl she might go out, so I am lonely at home, and shall be glad to stay with you. Now to business, and while the kettle boils, wouldn't it be well to set things to rights a little here? Where is the broom—the tea-pan, the cup towels? All here!"

How different from the despairing, weeping little Cinderella of half an hour ago, was the bright, eager girl, who flitted about the kitchen, and worked so cheerfully under Mrs. Lewis's directions!

And at supper, as John drank his cup of excellent coffee, and looked at his sister's sparkling face, she made an announcement to him. "John, I want to learn to perform on a new instrument; if you have no objection."

"None, dear," said John, looking rather puzzled. "What is it?"

"I mean to take lessons from Mrs. Lewis—lessons on the cooking stove," was the demure answer; and then Lena laughed at her brother's look of astonishment. "You don't believe me, but you'll see!" she declared, with a resolute face.

She kept her word. Every day, that winter, found her in Mrs. Lewis's bright, clean kitchen, or else Mrs. Lewis would appear in Lena's, and the "lesson on the cooking stove" would be patiently given and eagerly learned. "Girls" came and went at Dr. Burton's, as at other places; but the young mistress of the house was no longer at their mercy. Housekeeping, cooking, house cleaning, were accomplishments as difficult of acquirement as French and music; but Lena brought a determined will and much *love* to bear upon them, and she found she could conquer them.

Curiously enough, now that Lena began to be interested in homely household toil, she ceased to pine for city gayeties. Northmeadow did not bore her as it had done. The village itself was as dull as ever, but Lena's own home had become a bright, busy, little place, where she kept herself happy with constant working and planning for the happiness of another, her most arduous toil finding ample reward in her brother's warm praise, and Mrs. Lewis's quiet words of approval.

What a proud day it was for Lena, when she could place before her brother, a loaf of bread "as good as Mrs. Lewis's," and heard him call her an "accomplished cook!"

But it was late in the winter before this happened, and she had toiled many months to achieve this victory. "Cinderella," her brother called her, when he would come in and find her

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busy in the kitchen; and many were the laughing prophecies he made about the Prince, who was to come and fall in love with her. And so the Prince did come at last, but he did not find Lena dancing in glass slippers at the ball. It all happened in this way:

In February, John was very ill, with rheumatic fever—so ill that every one thought he must die. Lena, who had never been in a sick-room in her life before, at first could only look on in helpless anguish, while others, kind friends and neighbors, came and nursed her brother. But love is a wonderful teacher, and she soon learned the noiseless step, the gentle touch, the self-control, the patience and watchfulness requisite in a good nurse. From Mrs. Lewis she learned how to compound and prepare in a dainty, appetizing way, the simple articles of an invalid's diet. It was one day when she had run in to Mrs. Lewis's kitchen, to get advice about the making of some beef tea, and was just pouring it into her pitcher, that the Prince arrived. He opened the kitchen door and walked in quietly, with no gentleman ushers to announce him, and no flourish of trumpets to herald his coming.

The Prince saw a pretty girl in black, with a great white apron on, standing by the stove, busy with her cooking. Lena saw a tall young man, with handsome dark eyes, and a clear-cut, resolute face. He looked grave and proud, but his manner was perfectly courteous and well-bred, as he bowed, looked around the kitchen, glanced at Lena again, and inquired for Mrs. Lewis.

"She is here—in the dining-room," said Lena, and then she blushed, suddenly and vividly, not at being caught "*en deshabille*," with a saucepan in her hand, but because she recognized this cool young gentleman, and remembered something her aunt had told her. It was, in fact, Bernard Darwin.

"In the dining-room? Thanks. I will go there then," he said, and passed through the kitchen and vanished into the hall.

"Why, Bernard Darwin! My dear boy, I'm so glad to see you," was Mrs. Lewis's greeting, as her nephew took her in his arms and kissed her, warmly. "When did you come?"

"Just now. The fact is, your news about John Burton made me so miserable, I cut business and ran up to see about him. How is he?"

Mrs. Lewis shook her head sorrowfully.

"Very low, poor fellow. But Dr. Bingham does not despair. By the way, you came through the kitchen. Didn't you see Lena there?"

"Lena! Who is she? I saw a very pretty girl there. I thought it was your 'new help.'"

"My 'new help?' Oh, goodness, Bernard! It's John's sister, Lena. Lena Van Dylue, you know, his half sister. Why, now I come to think of it, perhaps you have met her in New York?"

Bernard gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Lena Van Dylue! Is she John Burton's half sister? Well, I have been stupid! That silly, flirting girl of the period, my dear old John's half sister! Auntie, I *have* put my foot in it this time."

"Why, Bernard! What did you say to her?" cried Mrs. Lewis, in dismay.

"Say to her! Nothing. You don't think, aunt Josie, that I'd say anything to your 'new help' that Miss Van Dylue could resent? No, no. It's farther back than that. I have seen Miss Van Dylue often in New York. White Kingsley wanted to introduce me to her, and I declined the honor. I said I did not wish to know any girl who was 'finished at M'me Gaicherie's.' And she heard of it."

"Well, Bernard, whatever she was then, I must tell you she is a very nice, good child now," was Mrs. Lewis's warm response. "And if you want to see John, you must see his sister, too."

"Lena Van Dylue a nice, good child?" cried Bernard, in astonishment. And in a sort of bewildered maze, he followed his aunt into the kitchen; and the Prince was presented to Cinderella.

He had seen her before, in her fairy-given ball-dress, and her "little glass slippers," but to his mind she was prettier now, in her black dress and white apron, with her bronze, brown hair put simply and hurriedly back from her face—the "bangs" replaced by little soft curls that would steal out on her brow—and no "lily white" deadening the pure, pearly complexion. Lena had no time for such vanities now, you see. There was a bright color in her cheeks—the heat of the stove, perhaps—but it faded slowly away as she talked to him, naturally and sadly, about her brother.

"She *has* a heart, then. She does love her brother!" he thought, as he saw her eyes fill with tears, as she talked of John's danger.

He walked home with her, carrying the pitcher of beef tea for her, and stealthily watching her sweet, anxious face all the time. He went up to his friend's room, and was shocked at the change illness had wrought in him. It was hard to believe that the wasted, fevered frame, the sunken eyes and parched lips, the feeble, white hands, and scarcely audible voice, belonged to stout, cheery, active, John Burton. With an effort, the sick man stretched out his hand to his friend.

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"Bernard, old fellow! I thought you would come," he said.

Bernard could not speak at first, but the long, close clasp of his hand, and the flush of emotion on his usually calm face, told how much he felt. These men loved each other, with a love "passing that of women," and now, perhaps, one of them was dying.

After that, Bernard was almost constantly by his friend's bedside, proving invaluable as a nurse, strong and tender, and skilful. How strange it seemed to him to be sharing this watch with Lena Van Dylue, the same anguish of sorrow in their hearts, the same prayer on their lips. Mrs. Lewis and her friends came to help Lena, but none were so efficient and so welcome to the invalid, as Bernard.

In those two anxious weeks, Bernard and Lena learned more of each other, than they could have done in two years of ordinary life. When, at last, John was pronounced out of danger, and Bernard went back to his law-business in New York, what wonder that his thoughts turned no oftener to his friend, slowly creeping back to health again, than to the young sister of his friend, pale and worn with the watching, yet lovelier in his eyes than any other woman in the world. Somehow after that, Mr. Darwin's numerous clients frequently found him "out of town," and the Northmeadow gossips as frequently wondered "what brought Bernard Darwin up this time."

But Mrs. Lewis knew, and John Burton knew, long before Lena Van Dylue found it out. It was a night in June, when Lena had been singing and chatting, gaily, with her brother's friend, that Bernard told his love.

"Love me!" said Lena, in astonishment. And then a splendid blush dyed her cheeks, and she faltered out, "you are mistaken, because you know—you wouldn't be introduced to me in New York."

"Good heavens, Miss Van Dylue! I—I hoped you had forgotten that. Can you *ever* forgive me?" he exclaimed, vehemently. "What a fool I was! Well, I suppose you have had your revenge, and you'll tell me to go now."

For answer, she held out her hand, and when he had taken it, the soft little fingers closed gently round his, and the sweet, gray-blue eyes, that were raised to his, said "Go—if you can!"

He did not go. Lena is now the wife of the wealthy and distinguished lawyer, Bernard Darwin. She is much in fashionable society, and greatly admired there, yet mindful of the lessons learned in quiet Northmeadow, "she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." And she shudders when she thinks how nearly she escaped being a miserable woman, because she was "FINISHED AT MADAME GAICHERIE'S."

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY REV. M. C. WATKINS.

THE fragrance of a summer day
From fading cliffs is seaward borne,
And sun-lit o'er the gleaming bay
In richest promise smiles the corn.

With coming night the west wind leaves
Our craft; the canvas gently shakes;
Each ripple scarce our good boat heaves,
And on her quarter idly breaks.

Some, careless, whistle for a wind,
Irresolute before we row;
Others to loved ones left behind
On fancy's wings fly to and fro.

Oh, golden twilight, blessed boon
Thou bring'st to many a day-worn wight;
'Tis ours beneath a glowing moon
To reap the harvest of the night.

To drift before the tidal swell
Near miles of network; till the sun
Wakes morning, and we joyful tell
Our myriad fish, and work is done.

'Tis ours night's splendours oft to mark,
Far flames in harmless terrors drest;
And star-show'rs through a glitt'ring arc
Of heav'n illume the glorious west.

And ours to watch the sea-birds sweep
Round shoals of herrings, and their rush
When hungry monsters of the deep
The silv'ry hosts to sunshine push.

On trustful thoughts, our souls are stayed
When storms to whitened anger spring;
Who made the sea the sailor made,
And keeps him safely 'neath His wing.

And oft when sorrow 's on the wave,
And wistful eyes grow dim at home
For those who from their restless grave
No more to loved ones e'er can come.

The mind flies on to quiet streams,
The kindly Shepherd, and the throne
Above the glassy sea; and dreams
Of death and evil no more known.

But comrades, to your oars! 'tis vain
To trust calm seas and breezes light;
Yoho! pull strong, now stronger strain,
Deep must we row into the night!

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THE LITTLE PINK BIRDS.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Once I saw a picture, in the gallery at Antwerp, of a girl reading a letter. It was very simple, with few embellishments, and told its story as clearly and directly as an antique cameo. The girl was sitting on a sunny bank, by the side of a high road, bordered with pollard willows. Her hat, thrown hurriedly off, lay on the ground beside her. Probably she had just got the letter from the post-office; there was the village in the distance from which she had come; her sabots were dusty with her walk. On the face was a half smile, and the eyes, full of breathless meaning, were drinking in the page. You seemed to see the welcome knowledge, passing from it to the brain; you could not but expect the smile to deepen and broaden, the red lips to part yet more, the pearly teeth to flash out, and the whole face to dimple into delight. It was a love-letter of course. No other would rouse such sweet, wistful, throbbing expectancy.

Before the picture stood a young lady of sixteen. She was plainly very much pleased. A half smile hovered on her lip also. She was looking, considering, remembering; evidently in full sympathy with the picture. She was unconscious of all observers. After a long gaze, she went and sat down in a corner, and pretended to be studying her guide-book; but in truth she was not reading, but had given herself up to a dream, braiding her own memories and hopes together with pleasant, languid fingers. She was very beautiful, with an unchecked, undimmed face.

I liked to watch her, and while I watched, the picture started from a type to an individual, gaining in vividness what it lost in breadth.

Eleven years afterward, I was again in the Antwerp gallery, and seeking out my little picture, found another figure standing before it. This time it was a tall lady in black, and she clearly was not accepting the spirit of the sketch, for her look was one of deep sorrow, wistful and intense, as if she would draw the picture from the canvass. She might have been forecasting the girl's future, by the torch of her own frustrated life. Why should she do that, I thought, as I arranged my easel? Her gaze seemed like an evil eye on the brightness of my favorite.

Two little girls were with her, looking as if imitated from Dresden-china shepherdesses. They had creamy skins, and pink cheeks, and wide straw hats, with field daisies and grasses, and flying ribbons; their skirts were much befurbelowed; long, pink silk stockings clothed their thin legs, on which they went capering and frisking about.

Presently I heard a stifled groan, and then a fall. The tall lady had fainted completely away, and lay on the floor, beneath the picture. The custode ran, I ran, everybody ran. She was lifted to a couch, near a window. She revived, opened her eyes, then closed them again, and lay without speaking. I fanned her, offered her water.

"Should I fetch a carriage?" asked the custode.

She did not speak.

"Are you better, madame?" I said. "Would you like to go home?"

No answer.

I turned to the oldest child, a little girl, nine years old.

"Where are you stopping? I asked.

"Oh! nowhere! We only waited over a train, to see the gallery; that's all."

"I am at the Grand Laboreur; it is good: perhaps as your mother is ill—"

The lady beckoned to the little girl, and whispered something.

"Mamma says she will go to that hotel."

When the carriage came, I went with her to it. There was some delay about turning round, or something, and we had to stand a few minutes in a small, dense rain, which had begun to fall. The lady never spoke.

"I may see you again, madame," I said, "as I am stopping at the same hotel. Good morning."

"Oh! get in here! Please come now!" she said.

As we rattled over the old pavement, she seemed trying to sleep. Her repose was like that one seeks after severe pain, only without traces of agitation; it was a fixed, unyielding, mournful abstraction. The little pink birds looked frightened, and pressed close to each other. Their gay plumage was all limp and straggled, their curls hung down straight.

When the bowing landlord came forward, the lady did not rouse herself to engage a room: I had to do everything. When she got to her room, she lay immediately down, and closed her eyes. The door remained open, and after a while, I ventured in to offer toilette articles, &c.

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She calmly opened her eyes, "My small packages are not at the station," she said. "They are in deposit. Would you kindly tell the landlord to send for them. Here is the receipt."

An hour after this, I went out for a walk, and when I returned it was dusk in the hall. Something rubbed against my foot, on the top-step of the landing, and continued rubbing against me, like a cat. It was little Laurette, crouching there. She clung to me piteously,

"How is your mother, my child? Did your things come?"

"Our bags—yes. The rest is gone to Paris."

As I put my arms round the child, I found she was cold as ice. She still was fully dressed for walking; her little Watteau hat pushed sadly away, and her face tear-stained and quivering.

"Have you had nothing to eat?"

"No; mamma doesn't speak to us.

Another little fantastic figure glided through the shadows, holding the hand of the good-natured femme-de-chambre. "Indeed, miss," said the latter. "The poor, little things ought to have some dinner. I have been in and asked madame, but she will not speak."

"Won't you come with us?" whispered the oldest child.

I went. The mother still lay as I had left her, not sad but rigid. She started to a sitting posture, with a movement of perfect energy.

"Yes—yes. Surely they ought to have dinner—surely. Perhaps you will let them go down with you. Is there *table d'hôte?*"

"No," I answered. "The table d'hôte is in the middle of the day. But they can have dinner at any hour."

She had directed her grave, intense eyes on me, when I began to speak; but even before I had finished, they had dropped on a corner of the table, in deep abstraction. Then she started, and spoke rapidly, as if afraid of not keeping hold of the thread of her ideas.

"Will you be so good as to order something for them? And afterward—yes, there are two beds here—they can go to bed. They are quite used to going to bed alone."

All expressions of interest or sympathy wilted on my lips. She was walled about with abstraction, that seemed like mental catalepsy. However, I said, as kindly as I could, "Won't you take something yourself?"

She did not look at me. She looked at the chambermaid, "Bring me a cup of tea!" Then she lay down again, and spoke no more.

The next morning, she sent her visiting card to my room—Mrs. Laura Tabor—with a few polite words, begging me to come to her. She had grown in the night, twenty years older. I had thought her about my own age—twenty-seven or twenty-eight perhaps—but now she looked more than forty.

"I must go out," she said. "These little things will stay here. They will amuse themselves. The eldest is very good, and takes care of her sister. Pardon; will you be home at dinner-time?"

"Yes."

"Then would you allow them to go down with you?"

Of course, I assented.

When the dinner hour arrived, the children were in the hall. "Will you come down to dinner with me, my dear?" I asked the youngest, about six years old.

"I don't know," replied the child, suspiciously. "It depends on what you are going to have."

"Bi-bon! how rude you are!" exclaimed Laurette, in distress.

"Oh! no, only prudent!" laughed I. "Bi-bon's continental experience is something like mine."

"Bi-bon, I'll tell mamma," whispered Laurette. "Of course it will be something nice."

"Um—you don't know," returned Bi-bon. "She gave me an orange a little while ago, and it was a sour one. I'll never take another orange from her."

"How can you, Bi-bon? She thought it was sweet."

"No, she didn't. She said, 'Here, child, don't you want a sour orange?'"

I believe, however, the *menu* of the Grand Laboreur suited Miss Bi-bon, for she confided to me, afterward, that she "liked those mashed potatoes with nutmeg in them."

I stopped at home all the afternoon, for I really felt as if I could not leave the stranger-children. They spoke an odd melange of French, English and German. Their mother did not return till eleven at night. And all night I lay puzzling where I had seen her face before. As I groped and searched in my memory, out of the roll of the past, it rose, framed in the visions of sweet sixteen, with a back-ground of ruddy, luminous Rubenses, and elegant Van Dykes, the girl in the picture-gallery eleven years ago!

With morning came a note, telling me she had gone by an early train into the country, and coolly asking to continue my kindness to her little birds for a fortnight, for which time she had paid the landlord in advance, also feeing the *femme de chambre* heavily to look after them.

Their boxes came from Paris. Laurette showed

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herself quite capable of opening them, and selecting for her sister and herself. "These dresses we have on, are our *fête-day* dresses," she said. "We cannot wear them every day, else there will be nothing fresh for Sundays, and we will not look like little ladies. You will take us to promenade on the Place or somewhere, on Sunday, I suppose, won't you mam'aselle?"

"I suppose so," I assented, in a maze at her coolness.

"But we will wear them at *table d'hote*," she continued, recurring to the important subject.

"Not to-night though. We have peacock suits. Don't you think mam'aselle," coming close to me confidentially, "that our peacock suits would be best for to-night?"

"Oh, assuredly," I said, "your peacock suits to-night."

She gave an approving nod.

"And pray," I ventured, "what is a peacock suit?"

"Don't you know, mam'aselle? I mean peacock-color, that was so fashionable, last year."

"Oh! so fashionable!" I echoed.

"Yes. Certainly, they are not new, but we must wear them, because we have not outgrown them, and they are still nice."

I took the children with me to the gallery, every day. I was doing a little amateur copying, and they amused themselves, by acting scenes before two pictures they chose, one for their "morning mamma," and one for their "afternoon mamma." One day, Laurette came dancing back to me, in high glee. She had been *posing* to an artist, in the long room. The next morning, she confided to me, that she intended wearing her *fête-day* dress to the gallery, that day. "The pink dress you first saw me in, mam'aselle, I think it would please monsieur, and the picture would look prettier, if I were dressed in that."

Presently I heard a great howling in the children's room. I found Bi-bon dancing with rage, because Laurette objected to her wearing her pink dress also.

"Why shouldn't she, Laurette, if she wishes?"

"I don't wear mine to look pretty, mam'aselle," argued Laurette "I wear it to make monsieur's picture look pretty."

But Bi-bon's reasoning went no farther than "I don't see why I can't wear mine if you wear yours!" in a long drawn shriek.

"Oh! let her wear it, Laurette!"

"I thought you understood, mam'aselle," pathetically. "It is because of the picture."

"I don't care! I'll wear mine," wailed Bi-bon.

Laurette tried to look severe, but, failing in that, produced a scornful expression.

I had not finished arranging in the gallery, when I saw Laurette's pink toes approaching me. She was accompanied by a handsome young artist, who bowed low, and respectfully asked my permission to appropriate my little *protegé*, for a half hour. "I should perhaps have made my request, yesterday," he added. "I find something in the way *la petite* carried herself, like a bird just alighted, precisely what I need for the moment."

Laurette stood close to me, with a graceful air of timidity. And I obediently took up the part she assigned me, and played it out to the end, just as if I had a right to accord permission. I accepted the artist's effusive thanks, and I stooped to take Laurette's kiss.

At the end of the fortnight, arrived a letter from Mrs. Tabor, putting off her return inedfinitely, but enclosing more money, and "feeling sure her treasures were safe with me."

"Annette is very amiable," said Laurette, "and comes in every night to see after us; but I undress Bi-bon, and Bi-bon helps me, she can untie my things, which fasten behind, she often does it when mamma is here, oh! we shall do very well mam'aselle."

"Do very well!" I echoed, looking at the little girl, as if I were magnetized. She found endless amusement in folding and re-folding the contents of their little boxes, and Bi-bon found hers in romancing. She would stand with her large black eyes fixed on a distant spot, and in slow, matter-of-fact way, tell me wonderful stories about their life in Paris and an old nurse they used to have.

"Is it true, Laurette?" I would say.

"N—no—not much. Bibon thinks it is. She's only a baby."

At first, I could not detect the time when the fact ended, and her own superstructure began, but later on I learned to catch the moment, when the spirit of fiction glided into her brain. Her head would turn a little on one side, and a cunning light dawn in her eyes, and I would watch and wonder. I might have thought it a pure, involuntary ideal faculty, only "the baby" was always ready to apply it in all its versatility, for her own and her sister's benefit.

Laurette rather bent and guided circumstances than invented them. Not that she was capable, at nine years, of reasoning about this process, or of putting it into words: all the same, she did it. For instance, it seemed to her (instinctively) eminently fitting that I should be the recognized guardian of her and her sister, alone in a hotel in a strange land, any other interpretation of the situation would be very *gauche*, and she crowded me into the position, not by any arrangement, but by taking it for granted, and then by some

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quite simple but effective action making it perfectly natural. She often put words into my mouth. To be sure, I, to avoid unpleasant complications, often answered questions, and assumed direction, as if from an intimacy that did not exist; then she smiled approvingly on me! I played into her hands; I was quite conscious of it. She took to calling me "little aunt."

Meantime, I became really ashamed to let people know how the matter stood. I took the children for walks and drives; they did their hour's lessons with me every day; I facilitated their spending their pocket-money as pleasantly as possible.

"Where will you get more, when this is gone?" I asked Laurette.

"I don't know. I suppose mamma will send more."

"Did she say she would?"

"No."

"Did she ever leave you before?"

"No, never."

What did it all mean? I often put this question to myself. But I could find no answer.

One day, I was suddenly seized with the idea that Laurette, though against all appearance, was deeply artful, and I subjected her to a sifting cross-examination, to find out if she really knew whither, and why her mother had gone, and when she would return. But she knew nothing, and was hurt at my suspicion. Bi-bon listened gravely, and was thereby and thereafter stimulated to compose and enact a little drama, whenever a carriage drove into the court of the hotel. She would rush to the window, pull it open, and lean eagerly out, to "see if that was mamma."

"Does she really think her mother is coming?" I asked Laurette.

"Maybe she does," answered she, "Mamma may come any day, you know."

Sometimes, when descending to *table d'hôte*, Laurette would take my arm, and walking on gravely by my side, enter the *salle-à-manger* condescendingly, seat herself, and spread out her skirts like a little princess; at others she would join Bi-bon in her headlong flight down the stone stairs, and arrive at the foot, not at all out of breath, and stand waiting for me, smiling, alert, and giving little flirts to her flounces and ribbons.

One day she said to me, as we came up again, "Mam'aselle, that gentlemen who sat opposite is Count Garachoff. He used to come to see mamma in Paris. Don't you think he ought to have spoken to us? He ought to have said, 'Ah, Mam'aselle Laurette'—I am quite old enough now to be called mam'aselle—'are you there! how is your mamma?' Isn't that what he ought to have said, mam'aselle?"

"Perhaps he did not know you, my dear."

"Perhaps not," she replied, diplomatically. "We had on our cotton dresses, to-day."

"He did know us," pronounced Bi-bon, gravely, from the top-rail of the stairs, where she had perched herself.

I looked at the six-year old lady, as she sat there, "Why didn't he speak to you then, Bi-bon?"

But Bi-bon didn't answer.

Such things, with one or two others that happened, made me feel uncomfortable. My friends began to talk, and to wonder about the strange children foisted on to me. Why did I submit.

The carrillons of Antwerp Cathedral consist of ninety-nine bells, and I never heard music more effective on the nerves. Sometimes, at the Ave Maria, streams of passion and fancy seem dropping down upon us from their airy, elevated world. As I sat, listening, one evening, when autumn had worn into November, and my singular charge was still closely clamped to me, they or something else called up in my mind the legend of the demon of Antwerp—a bogie for whose ousting the images of the blessed Virgin, at the corners of the streets, were set up, for he would never pass such. He mimicked the groans of persons in distress, particularly assuming the shape of a lost child; which, when some charitable woman took home and nursed, would after a while grow so frightfully heavy, that she would put it down in amazement, and then the demon ran off, shrieking with laughter. Other amusements he indulged in, such as stretching himself to terrible lengths, to look in upper windows, and alarming the people within by outlandish talk. But this of personating lost children came near me, with weird and uncomfortable power, just then, as I sat beneath the clangor of the same bells, that had swung over his antics. I should have literally shrunk from either of the children had they come in. Were they demon children, after all, and their mother only a phantom.

When little Bi-bon climbed on my knee, that night, and laid her arms around my neck, I shuddered. But I said nothing, for I remembered that something always happened to any one, who spoke against the Long Wepper. From that time, I confess to an *ecrie* feeling about the children.

What was the spell? I felt something in the air, but either my spirit was too dense for it to penetrate, or it was too subtle and fluctuating.

A prince came, finally, to read the charm. Not a fairy prince, but a real Russian one, towering to the full height of my little salon, yellow-haired, fifty, and inquiring. I was impatient. I described the mystification in very terse English. He bowed, suavely.

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"Mam'aselle, I should be an old woman, for my errand is a fairy's, and they always arrive in the shape of old women. I come to show you the romance of this affair, and what is any bit of life without romance? You agree with me, don't you, mam'aselle?"

"I make no doubt I agree with you perfectly in everything, monsieur."

"How charming! You must then have known that nothing but *la grande passion* could have mixed up these elements?"

"I only know, monsieur, that a gentleman has watched me, and these children, daily, in the most insupportable manner; indeed, I have sometimes thought my steps were dogged by others; people who look like detectives in plain clothes, set on by him, most likely."

"Excessively annoying, mam'aselle. But in keeping, *n'est-ce-pas?*" and he spread out the romance, and proceeded to scold *me*, forsooth, because his son, an interesting youth of thirty-two, was befogged and befooled, "throwing away his prospects, wasting his time, etc.," were the words the father used.

"But why does she run away? why does she hide?" he continued. "Why does she not refuse him at once? Or take him? It is a thing very extraordinary."

Then he tip-toed over to the children. "Well, little one, what do you think of me?" he asked of Bi-bon.

She looked at him, with two great black eyes.

"I don't like you. I don't think you're nice."

"I am not nice—oh! What do you think of Count Garachoff?"

"I hate him."

"Ah! Why?"

Bi-bon reflected a moment. "One day, in Paris, he tripped me up, and I fell all the way down stairs; and he did it on purpose."

"Bi-bon!" exclaimed Laurette, "what a story!"

Bi-bon laughed the cunning little laugh, she always gave, when detected.

"Truly a promising infant," said the suave old prince. "And you," to Laurette, "are you as amiable as your sister?"

"If you mean whether I hate *monsieur le comte*, I don't think it is polite to ask me, monsieur. Is it, mam'aselle?" said Laurette.

"Ha! ha!" softly laughed the prince. He narrowed his eyes, and looked back and forth from Laurette to Bi-bon, gently rubbing his gloves together, the while. "Um—ah—ah—um! It'll be a happy family!" opening one eyelid at me; and he walked out.

The next day, I found Count Garachoff, the same gentleman who would not notice the children at table, questioning them. They were sullen, and would not answer. He was really a manly looking fellow, with earnest, blue eyes. The romance began to round out beautifully, for he was very frank, indeed he fizzled away like a rocket. "If I am baulked now, I'll never be good for much," he said to me. "I don't mean I'll blow my brains out, or rush to the bad in any way; but I shall never have the heart to do anything. I wasn't worthy of her once, and she thinks I'm not now—but—my father, Prince Djani, has been with you, is it not true?"

Meanwhile, Bi-bon was dragging from its corner a heavy iron pedestal, which had supported a statue. "Don't make that noise, Bi-bon, darling," I said.

By great effort she had got the thing across the room, and now seemed calculating a distance. Presently she gave the top a sudden push, and tilted it over, directly on Count Garachoff's toes.

He hopped three yards from his chair, and danced with pain. "What do you mean, you vicious little thing!" he said, through his clenched teeth.

Bi-bon stood her ground, determined little lump that she was, and Laurette, who had screamed in fright, now accepted the situation, with the most impertinent coolness, inquiring, "Hadn't you better go now, monsieur?"

What cared I? The romance was properly deployed.

Will you believe it? I took these children with me to Paris, when winter came. "I can't come yet," the mother had written. "Take care of the children still, and increase my obligations to you." More money came with the letter. So, as I had to go to Paris, the "pink birds" went also.

There is a pension in Paris, in Rue St. Germain des Pris. It calls itself quaint, trying thus to put its shabbiness and sham, in an attractive light, to some eyes; and it really succeeds oftentimes. Bostonians especially patronize it. But it has the very thinnest veneer possible of comfort and cleanliness.

Here I came with my little birds; alas! sadly drooping and draggle-tailed now, for though I had money for their board and lodging, I had none for new plenishing. Indeed Madame's last remittance had been rather scanty. She had requested me to get them nourished for three francs a day, if possible. It was found possible, but the children were not used to such fare, and they drooped and grew sadly pale. They became very quiet and timid. They wore their blue cotton dresses all the time now. Laurette had taken the faded, soiled pink ones and folded them care-

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fully away, regardless of Bi-bon's kicks and screams

One morning, Bi-bon stood looking at me intently, as I measured a little frock of hers, on a skirt of my own. She broke out at length "Isn't that the skirt of your green silk, mam'aselle?"

"Yes, Bi-bon, darling, I don't wear it any more, and I thought it might make you, or Laurette, a frock."

"I won't wear it! I won't!" screamed Bi-bon, throwing herself on her back, and dashing her head and heels alternately against the floor. She continued to scream, "I won't! I won't!"

Laurette had been silent, all this time, but now she turned very red, and said, softly, "dear mam'aselle, don't be offended, will you? but—but I don't think we—we could take cast-off clothes," and she burst into tears.

My poor little birds! What could I do? And how sorry I was!

One night, we were all sitting in the salon of the pension, trying to see by the single petroleum lamp, endeavoring to keep our feet on the mats scattered about the cold, waxed floor, trying to imagine ourselves warm and comfortable, and enjoying a brilliant foreign life. One tall maiden had just looked round on her fellow sufferers, and enunciated, "We've all left comfortable homes!" This was so exquisite that we did laugh, and heartily, but the laughter soon died off into cackling, and the French half of the house even frowned on her upbraidingly, as one who had broken the tacit agreement of keeping up the farce. The gilding and lacquer of the Grand Monarque still sways every French breast, or did he only syllable the innate watchword? We had all gone back to silence or cribbage; the shadows shook the faded and streaked Cupids on the ceiling, the tall ancient *étagères* creaked, the wind moaned down the silent street, when lo! a ring, and dash of hoofs! a crash of wheels in the court-yard, a yellow glare of lamps cast on our dingy walls! We all started to our feet as if Fortune had come for each and every one.

"Madame la Contesse!" announced the *garçon*, and in swept a beautiful, dazzling, luxurious vision, in violet velvet, blazing jewels, and lustrous smiles. She lit the room. She brought back the reality of a world, where satin slippers and flowing trains were native, where people didn't count their francs or their firewood, where the manners of a *grande dame* were no travestie—we had begun to question such a reality.

All made a little snatch at gentility, and tried to seem preoccupied; but finally cast it impatiently away, and gathered around my two little ones and their brilliant mother. With what fascinating grace she stooped and kissed the children, and then presented to me "Monsieur le Comte," the honest-faced gentleman, whose toes might yet be smarting from Bi-bon's favor.

It was a rush and a whirl. We saw all we could, breathlessly. "Yes, my darlings, I take you to-night, and to-morrow I come for mam'aselle, and tell her all—all—if she has not already guessed;" and then she whispered, "I have been in a convent, trying to forget him, or to find strength to fly from him, because I feared—ah, well! no matter. You see I was wrong—all wrong."

Bi-bon's arms were round my neck, and she cried sorely, though she did not refuse to go.

"We have our pink frocks yet, mamma," spoke up Laurette, promptly.

"Very well, dears, go and put them on, and leave these things here."

In ten minutes, the gilded coach, and the prancing steeds had dashed out of the court-yard; and when the "twelve great shocks of sound" fell from the tower of St. Germain, I lay dreaming of a little symphony in color, in a many-gabled, decorated city, that had now, eleven years after, lapsed into a beautiful woman, as

> "—round her life she felt it fold,
> In that new world which is the old."

"OH! PITILESS SEA."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

I HEAR the roaring of the sea,
All night, all night, so ceaselessly.

With sullen plunge, and angry boom,
It tells its tale of death and doom.

I sleep and dream, but still is there
Its undertone of dark despair.

Of drowning children, hopeless cries,
And vain appeals to stony skies.

So sweet his smile, so dear his face,
You snatched him to your dread em' race.

The breeze blew soft, bright shone the sun—
He was my last, my only one.

Oh, pitiless and treach'rous sea,
Cease! leave me to my misery.

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"GOGGS."

BY SIDNEY TREVOR, AUTHOR OF "UNE DISCRETION."

I DON'T know how we ever came to call him "Goggs," except that we have an especial talent for nick-names. There's my lovely daughter, Helen. Some one once said she was like the poor Princess of Wales, and for a time we called her "Princess," which was all very well; but the name finally dwindled, and has stuck at "Wales" for some years. We only notice it, when some stranger makes big eyes, at seeing her placidly answer to it.

My eldest girl, who has always been delicate, and rather of the hatchet-faced order, was long ago, teasingly, named "Moon-face," by her brother; and we have made it "mooney," for convenience, having lost sight of its inappropriateness, from long and loving use. She was to be, I always said, my comfort in my old age; as her delicate health would forbid her leaving me.

But to return to "Goggs."

When we were in Venice, Mr. Ruskin said to Helen, my handsome daughter, "Do go to Florence again, while you are so near, if only to see my pet and protegé—an American, who copies Botticelli wonderfully, and can paint the stones of Venice exactly as they are, time-worn and weather-stained, on the canvas."

"And who is this eighth wonder of the world?" I said.

"He is named Newman, and very appropriately, for he's from your *new* world, that is where the name came from." To be more precise, *Newman*, became *Newman Noggs*, Noggs being his family name; then *Noggs;* and then—heaven knows why—'Goggs;' probably because 'Goggs' was more euphonious than Noggs.

Again, in Florence, after many vows to go to-morrow to his studio, and as many to-morrows which refused to fulfill these vows, we one day strayed into a little, quiet square, off the street of the *Belle Donne*, and found a pale young man, sitting on a stool, before a cane-easel, and skilfully sketching a very dirty shrine, with a smoky lamp winking in the bright sunlight before it, and a lovely fountain of pure water, which flowed beneath. Somehow I thought, at once, of Mr. Ruskin's pet.

"Not Mr. Noggs, is it?" I asked. "At least—I mean—Mr. N—n—n—"

"Newman, mamma," said Susan, almost severely, and the over-tall young man rose and bowed, affirmatively.

Before Helen and I entirely recovered proper solemnity of visage, Susan and the artist had indulged in mutual explanation, and promised reciprocal visits.

"How *could* you, mamma?" said my quiet Susan, as we got back to the Lung Arno, on our way home. "There's nothing more terribly insulting than not taking the trouble to remember a person's name."

However, I soon found out that Mr. Newman enjoyed a joke. Then his pictures—mostly water-colors, were a never ending delight.

He painted lilies which seemed to nod at you and perfume the air, so satiny and perfect were the poise and petals; and his roses, too, stirred in the breeze as one gazed, tiny birds clinging upside-down to their stems, and peering out at the gazer in quite an uncanny way.

I got a fondness for the dear old fellow, so slender and frail-looking, and with never a mother and sister to look after him—so when he had another attack of malaria fever, as he had a bad habit of doing, Mooney and I quite adopted him.

At first it seemed awkward to let her go with me to see him, but she is so unlike other girls of twenty-four, and so settled in her plans of life, that I left off thinking about it; and the two were just like a boy and his elder sister, by the time he was again able to sit in his arm-chair and look out over the flowery balcony to the Santa Felicità.

"I must marry my Newman as soon as he gets well. I am not at all content with what I have noticed," I said to Mooney, as we walked home, one day. "He needs some one to care for him. There's Mary Tappan, and the Price girls have each of them a nice little portion, and are dying to get husbands—"

"Don't, mother," said Mooney, indignantly.

The artist soon became able to crawl as far as our sunny balcony, and seemed to like our company, but he got no stronger. No work could he do, and his cough grew worse instead of better.

Luckily the warm weather was near at hand now, Mooney and he were very good friends, and she was wonderfully patient with him. I invited the Tappan girl to luncheon, and the Prices over and over, and gave my poor Goggs the broadest of hints, but nothing came of it. He sat by Mooney's work-table, and selected the shades of

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silk for her embroidery by the hour together, and they seemed so confidential, that I began to fancy he was suffering from some early disappointment, which he was confiding to kind, patient Mooney—she who was made for a sister of charity.

Then Helen's affair came on, with the Malespina. I was afraid always that her fortune was the object of his family, but the young Marquis was so handsome and devoted, that Helen would not listen to reason, and in less than three months I was obliged to give her up. She was ridiculously happy, and the old Duca seemed very proud of her beauty. And my Helen is still, after five years, a beloved wife.

But I am forgetting Goggs, which I really did during those three months. Mooney, however, was always kind, and found time to receive him and sympathize with his ill health, and aspirations, or whatever they found to talk about.

One evening, when Helen was just married and gone, and Goggs had dined with us, I was moved to rejoice over my good fortune in that I had one daughter who would never leave me.

"But why? asked Goggs, quite breathlessly.

"Oh, that was long ago decided between Mooney and me," I laughed, exultingly. "I have never even given her a portion like Helen, to draw around her these fortune seeking continental flies. Indeed we decided that we could give Helen the half of all we had, as Mooney here has promised never to go away from me, and I can leave her the rest at my death."

She turned so death-like pale as I spoke of my possible demise, that I was conscience stricken, and fell to teasing, in order to prove that I was far from thinking of such an exodus.

"We can now address ourselves to marrying you off, my dear Newman," I said, jocularly.

He got red, then pale, but made no answer.

"I know a young lady, who would give her eyes to be sure of the state of your heart, but don't like to make a sign," I bantered.

Then he looked boyishly eager.

"You will give me your consent, and good word?" he asked.

"With all my heart, and think you very sensible," said I, putting my arm around Mooney, whose face was turned away from us.

"If I could only believe your words of good omen," said Newman.

"You may be sure of their truth," asserted I, thinking of red-nosed Mary Tappan.

"After all you have said I did not think you capable of being so kind and encouraging."

"Why not?" I said. "Marriage is the proper thing for a man in your position, and you do not require an enormous fortune. I think her's will be enough for you."

I kissed Mooney's neck to recall her wandering attention to our subject, and have her add her encouragement to mine, but she was deep in a hare-bell, and never looked up or spoke.

"And you don't—you would not despise a man who sought a woman richer than he?" faltered my good Goggs.

"Not a bit of it. It makes no matter to whom the money originally belongs, provided the two parties to the contract love each other."

"You make me quite mad with impatience, and intoxicate me with hope," said Newman, his face transfigured. "But—but—may I not speak for myself?"

This last question made me remember that I had never yet sounded the Tappan girl, although I felt quite sure of her; so I still insisted upon being his Cupid, and he grew so animated as to look positively handsome when he kissed Mooney's hand at parting.

I fancied Mooney disgusted with my matchmaking projects, as she continued silent after Newman's departure, in spite of my chuckling over my successful management.

I had told Goggs I would drop in at his studio on the day following, and I left Mooney in bed with a headache, when I went away to the Tappan's, next morning.

First I spoke to the mother, and after much praising of my Goggs, won her consent to break the subject to the gentle Mary. I settled the whole matter before luncheon time, arranging for a visit from the enraptured Goggs, on the evening of the same day.

Near our place I found Goggs, who had been too impatient to await my tidings at home.

"Victory! Eureka! and all the rest of it!" I wheezed, breathless from walking too quickly. "She is yours, my dear old boy, and this day you may go tell your love."

He looked quite faint with his delight, and said, "Can't I come in with you now? Just for a minute!" But I remembered Mooney's headache, and would not let her be bored with his rhapsodies.

"No, no! Don't come in at present. Mooney has a headache. You are to see your beloved this evening—let that suffice. Now let me go to luncheon. Love making by proxy is very appetizing, I find."

Contrary to my expectations, Mooney was entirely unsympathetic, even now that my vicarious lovemaking was successful, and dear Goggs' maternal comfort secured. I said she looked ill, and she said her head still troubled her, so I took myself off to Helen's.

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"Well, little *Mütter*, what mischief have you been at just now, that you come in upon us with such an exultant air?" asked Helen, as I hunted her down, in her palace, to her smallest morning-room and interrupted a conjugal tête-à-tête.

"Am I then so very transparent?" I answer. "Well, my dears, I *have* been in mischief, but you two should be my allies."

"Match-making, my natural enemy, or I'm a teapot!" called out Carluccio.

"Was there a slang-professorship at Oxford when they educated you, young man?" I ask, severely of my tall son-in-law, to cover my confusion.

"Pleads guilty of the first charge, you see, my fairest Trojan," he said to Helen, and then both grew as curious as two crows.

"Who is it, you wicked little destroyer of family comfort?" said Helen.

"I knew she had cooked someone's goose, when she came in so very cock-a-hoop, and I suppose it is the fair Mooney's turn. Whom have you got upon your matrimonial fish-hook this time, small mother?" said my son-in-law.

"Look here, Helen," I burst out, "its Goggs!"

"Has he really had the courage?" said Carlo.

"I am so glad, mamma," said Helen; and both with evident meaning, which dawned suddenly upon and startled me.

"It couldn't be! They couldn't possibly mean—" I cried.

"I always fancied that the pale moon regarded the painter with warmer lustre than fell to other masculine humanity's share, but I didn't dream that *you* would play the amiable part of *Barkis*, my reverend parent."

This from one!

"Why you must have thought mamma blind, if she could not see when dear Mooney's heart was gone. It all comes of the propinquity—the sister-of-mercy business—"

And this from the other!

Miserable mother that I am! Have my clumsy hands been binding to another marriage the only man my darling girl has ever loved?

"Why she is ill!" I heard Helen's voice saying afar off. I got so faint all in a moment, as I thought of the horrible entanglement my foolish chatter had made, that Carlo put me in a chaise-longue and Helen took off my hat and held smelling salts to my meddlesome old nose.

"It is the heat, small mother," pronounced Carluccio. "You will not believe in our ardent sun until he has quite withered you in your youthful bloom."

"It is a guilty conscience," laughed Helen, "but you are all right now."

"Tell us how it came about," begged Carlo, a bit of drawing paper and a crayon before him, and sketching away furiously. "Goggs—what a pet name!—on his slender knees before Mistress Mooney, your mamma holding the bottle and sponge."

I quite groaned aloud, as I saw both so sure of their opinion, which I had so blindly traversed.

Here had I tied that best of fellows to the red-nosed Tappan girl, when he and Mooney were just made for each other and both for me.

"Mamma-in-law, something is cross wise," said Carlo, always tottering in his English, the moment he deserted the safe ambiguity of slang. "Nel, she's been putting her revered foot in it, as sure as eggs!"

"What is it, dear?" asked my darling. "Have you something else which troubles you?"

"Helen, Goggs is to marry the red-nosed Tappan girl, and it's all my fault," I blurted out, and began to cry.

Both look surprised enough, but naturally think their former suppositions mistaken.

"But mother, it can't be your fault if he has the bad taste to like a red nose," said Helen, coaxingly.

"We must inevitably have mistaken ourselves," suggested Carlo. "The only thing will be for you to forget what we had the folly to suggest."

Then I told them how it had all come about, and both were naturally rather vexed with me.

"And you think that poor Newman understood?" suggested Helen.

Another frightful thought! Suppose he did not understand, and would never fulfil my promises for him to the gentle Tappan! The more I reflected, the more clearly I saw how ambiguous my own words had been, and how easy it was for him to be still dreaming of my Mooney, the while the fair Tappan held impatient arms towards him. I must not stop here. I must go and explain—but to whom?

Tell the Tappans that my amateur Cupid business had no authority except in my match-making imagination? They would have a right to believe me a subject *de lunatico inquirendo*.

Tell dear Goggs that he must take the red-nosed one for his bride—will he—nill he? And suppose he was backward in coming forward, as well he might be! Suppose he refused outright, as he would be quite justified in doing!

Helen and Carlo wanted to go with me, but I felt that I must be alone awhile to think over my troubles, so they shut me into a brougham, and I drove awhile in the Cascine, to try to decide upon my wisest plan. Unable to make up my mind at all, I went home to Mooney.

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She sat in the shaded room, at work at her everlasting tapestry, pale but quite sweet and quiet. I was cruel, but I felt that I must know the truth.

"Mooney," said I, "I'm afraid Goggs is going to make a mistake in marrying the Tappan girl."

She got a little paler, and did not speak, at first, but soon said:

"I confess I am surprised at his choice, but there was no mistaking his enthusiasm when you mentioned her the other night. No, little mother, I think you need not fear. He must have long loved her, to fire so suddenly, at the mere mention of her name."

"But *did I mention her name?* If I should have meant the Tappan, and he should have thought me speaking for one whose confidence—ought to be—would naturally be—her mother's?"

It was *too* cruel; for—with just a little pained gasp—my pale darling swooned quite away, and I was nearly mad with terror, until the life-color came back to her lips, and the light to her sweet eyes.

As she grew calmer and lay with her head on my breast, her patient brown eyes brimmed over, and she whispered, "You will never—never. I should die if he came to know: and *now*, it could do no good."

"My own, your mother has been an idiot—a meddling one—for the last time. Henceforth things sacred shall be so to her. Where angels should fear to tread, she will no longer rush in. Can you forgive her?"

"Dear little *Mütter!*"

I went out rather late in the day to see my poor Goggs. Near Vieusseux's, I encountered his ghost, who fled to meet me with violent haste.

"Old Tappan has been with me," he said, breathless and wild-eyed; and then he looked as if he expected me to deny it—pronounce it the baseless fabric of a dream, for his disillusionising; but I didn't. I began to feel hardly to Goggs. Why had he so well concealed his sentiments? If he had offered his love like a man, I could never have foisted the red nosed one upon him. Should never have been so heart-wrung for my child, and for him.

"Well, you found that I had done as you commissioned me—made all clear for you?"

I hope I may never again cause such an amazing expression of horror and despair upon another human visage, as my poor Goggs showed me: but what could I do?

"He said—he said—I was to come over—to—to—" gasped the poor fellow.

"To embrace your *future*," I ruthlessly interrupted. What did he mean by shilly-shallying me into such a horrible position, and then looking as if he were going to die, there, in the street, when I put it into plain English? And, oh, my poor Mooney, sitting patiently at home!

I fairly turned about and ran away, and only remembered myself sometime after, when I found myself in Santa Maria Novella, gazing eagerly at the famous *Cimabue*, but seeing nothing. The church was getting dim and indistinct in the twilight, and no one was visible but a couple of "towrists" in regulation traveling ulsters, engaged in "ticking off" the objects of interest and art, "as per invoice," in Bædecker or Murray. The sound which had recalled me to my whereabouts was still in my ears, and I peered curiously about for its origin. It was a sound of suppressed sobbing, and came from beneath the Ghirlandajos, in the choir chapel behind the great altar.

This sound made me quickly forget my miseries as the direct result of meddling in other people's affairs, and before I reflected I wafted myself suddenly into the darkness of the choir chapel, and nearly tumbled over—Mary Tappan! I recognized her voice as she gave a little squeak when I walked up to her, but who was this bifurcated shadow whose shockingly near vicinity to the tearful Mary, betrayed his complicity in her grief?

If my old eyes and the coming darkness did not deceive me, a manly arm was about the fair weeper's waist, when I made my inconsiderate debut upon the scene.

Only an instant did I give for the change of mind from sympathy to curiosity, when a glorious idea dawned upon me out of this thick obscurity.

Here was my opportunity!

"Ahem! Miss Tappan," said I, austerely. "I am somewhat astonished to be accidental witness of such a scene—ahem! after our conversation of the morning—"

"Oh, Mrs. Tredegar! Oh, ma'am," moaned that young person, with a copious accompaniment of sobs. "I never did want to marry Mr. Newman, but mar said I'd never have another offer, and that par would never let me have cousin John."

Then the bifurcated again essayed to link his arm about his melting inamorata, but she ungratefully fell upon and figuratively belabored him for his tenderness.

"Oh, go away, do, cousin John. You've gone and got me into another scrape. It would be more to the purpose if you'd have never been so wild, and then par wouldn't have forbid us marrying."

"But Molly, girl, I'm as straight as a string,

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this ever so long, and you didn't expect me to stop over there in the shop adoing the proper, after you gave me over and didn't write?"

"Ahem!" said I again, to recall them to sublunary things. "Ahem! Miss Tappan, you'll hardly expect me to countenance my friend in addressing you, after all that I have seen here to-night!"

"Oh, you've not seen anything. Oh, you'll not tell mar that he kissed me—it was only once, and I've not seen him—my own cousin—for a year!" wailed the red nosed one, despairingly.

"I will tell nothing," said I severely, "if you will go home and re—yes, release Mr. Newman from any further engagement. Tell the truth to your mother, my dear," I added, softening. "I am sure your cousin John here is a very nice, loving fellow, and it would be wicked in you to jilt him for a man you don't care about."

"Listen to her, Polly, that's sense." This from shady cousin John.

"Now go home, and tell them that you can't marry Mr. Newman, and have let him know that fact. You needn't explain here, and to-morrow I'll come over and stand by you, while you declare for cousin John," I said.

This meets with timid acquiesence from Miss Tappan, and hearty approval from cousin John, though the first says plaintively—"I shall just go through the floor with confusion when I tell par."

Cousin John is perhaps convinced of the unyielding nature of Florentine cemented floors, for he becomes jubilant in face of this suggested contingency—calls me "a brick," and is with difficulty restrained from repeating the enormity herein before mentioned, by the presence of the sacristan, armed with his candle-lighter. I feel convinced that I should have countenanced this *inconvenience* with enthusiasm, even under the sacristan's roman nose, so suddenly exalted was I by this heaven-sent cousin John's appearance for my rescue.

As the two trotted away across the now moonlighted *piazza*, I mentally vowed them a comfortable little house in Gotham by way of wedding present, and then got into a hack and drove away over the beautiful *Ponte Santa Trinita*, and so to the apartments of Goggs.

The hackman wished to wait, but he called me Cara Signorina in vain, for I gave him his fare and disappeared from his view in the cimmerian darkness of a doorway.

It had not occurred to me in my haste, to ring before entering, and I had begun to climb the first flight before my hurry gave way to alarm at the black darkness of my upward way. Goggs lived on the third floor, and each flight was long and twisted about. I heard some one descending. Heavens! If it should be an evil disposed seeker after purses, and mine so fat with a newly cashed check!

I instantly decided to press it upon his acceptance, before he should have time to precipitate me to the bottom of the stairs. He came on down with a sneaking, gliding motion, and seized me by the wrist with a firm grip, while I instantly felt about for his other hand in which to deposit my purse; and being deserted by my rather mohawk Italian, implored him in English.

"Take it along and don't keep me," I said. "If you stop my way to the third floor, I'll call the police."

Something in the last word, electrified my robber, who, in a woman's voice echoed "police!" and followed it by "help," and various other cries.

I'd been trying to force my portemonnaie on some innocent woman on her way home from vespers, at Sta. Felicità!

As doors flew open, and lights appeared, I managed to escape, and mounting higher, hid in a dark doorway.

As soon as the fracas subsided, and I was again in the dark, I poked my way along up to Goggs' elevation, and rang at his door.

A small, square trap in the middle thereof sprung open, and a ray of light came forth, together with a hoarse voice, saying something that sounded like a slightly prolonged capital K, meant doubtless for the question *Chi e?*

I gave answer with the name *Goggs*, upon which I was correctly informed that no such person lived there, and the tiny trap forthwith shut out the light with a bang.

I had to ring again, and this time I remembered Newman's name, but his cerberus, a dingy old woman in a small, red worsted cap, seemed suspicious of my intentions, and I had quite to push my way past her into Goggs' own snuggery.

The poor fellow was there, and in a negligè made of such a bit of adorable old tea-colored brocade, with golden leaves on it, that I came near forgetting my errand at the sight thereof; but he had his face buried in his very thin, white hands, and his pale blonde hair was all tossed about. I had nearly rushed up to him and bawled the good news in his ear, when my senses came back to me with a suggestion which was quite delightfully mendacious, and promised to save all our dignities.

I scuttled backwards out of the room as quickly as I entered, and once more resorted to a loud "ahem!" which made poor Goggs skip to his feet.

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"Mrs. Tredegar! And my morning coat!" was the gentleman-like fellow's first utterance. By this time my *fib* had crystallized.

"My dear friend," I said, in the most hyper-sympathetic of voices, "I have to be the bearer of cruel news to you." He became so pale that I got him by the hand and hurried it all out.

"Miss Tappan is not worthy of you, and I have just found out that it was only as a *pis aller* she accepted you. Try to bear it—"

The agonized first look, and its change to joy and a comic comprehension of my ruse—all, together, made Goggs' ingenuous countenance such a wonderful series of dissolving views, that I would have given the world to have indulged in a hearty laugh.

Such a pink flush of delight, and such dancing blue eyes, at last quite transformed me my Goggs, and I found myself wishing that Mooney could see him looking so handsome.

He took both my hands, and towered above me, gazing eagerly into my upturned face.

Suddenly he stooped and kissed my cheek, saying softly, "*My* little mother? Shall it be so, if—if *she* likes?"

I was just ready to cry with the relief of this denouement, and the charm of his tender ways, but I thought better of it.

"So you think *she* will take Miss Tappan's jilted lover?" I said.

He laughed as gaily as any boy.

"Let me get off this toggery and we will go and see," said Goggs.

We found Mooney sitting in the pale light of the "silver sickle," and looking out over the glistening Arno, toward Monte Oliveto, with its ghostly cypresses.

As we came softly into the room, Goggs went up to her and said:

"Your mother's mistaken match-making has failed, and Miss Tappan has jilted me. May I come to you for consolation? Have you understood me better than she—my love—my darling?"

She looked up once into his face, and then cast her eyes down, but she put up one little hand which he took in his and kissed it passionately, and she leaned her drooped head against his breast, where he knelt, and he was answered.

The consideration of the small house finally prevailed upon the Tappan's to accept cousin John for a son-in-law.

Susan and Newman have no idea of leaving me, and I am even happier with the two than I thought I could ever be.

"After this *madre mia*," said Carluccio, "I think we must at least give up calling him Goggs," and we have, except for an occasional *lapsus linguæ* on my part. And this is the way I was cured of match-making.

"NO CROSS, NO CROWN."

BY J. R. EATON

THE poet who has charmed the world,
May in a garret pine for bread;
And he who bears the flag unfurled,
Must in the van of battle tread,
Amid the dying and the dead.
They only rise who first aspire;
The martyr wears the gloriole,
When he has triumphed in the fire:
And they who make the skies their goal,
Must plume the pinions of the soul.

"No cross, no crown;" there is no choice;
We climb the rugged steep with pain,
But on the summit we rejoice;
Hereafter we shall not complain,
Of loss which was the price of gain.
A thousand forces lie in wait,
To drag us from our purpose down:
But shall we on the verge of fate,
Forsake the pathway of renown—
Forego the cross, and lose the crown.

PARTED.

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

HE pressed her to his aching heart;
They said farewell; and then
He sailed away in the morning sun;
But he never returned again.

A lonely woman walks the sand;
Unheeding the summer air,
That softly kisses her faded cheek,
And toys with her snow white hair.

For thirty summers the sun has shone,
On an unkept grave and old.
Two lives were wrecked, ere the voyage began,
For a paltry pittance of gold.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THAT concert hall was crowded. The charity which Lady Carew patronized was popular in the county, and the great reputation of Ossoli, had drawn the elite of society together, for miles and miles around, while the street was crowded with carriages, the assembly within was gay with excitement and eager expectation. As each new party arrived, a sudden rustle of garments and turning of heads, announced the event, until the whole scene was tumultuous in its brightness, as a flower garden with summer winds sweeping through it.

Lady Carew had not yet arrived, rather she had not became visible to her expectant friends, who began to wonder somewhat at the delay. Though out-generaled in the first part of the evening, she was not a woman to whom continued defeat was possible. It had been her object to enter the assembly, with all the pomp and eclat of a newly announced engagement, between her son and the richest heiress in that part of the kingdom, and even Ossoli, with all her graceful powers of combination, was no match for the lady in persistant will.

When Lord Heron drew up in front of the building, and lifted Beatrice from her seat, in the full light of the entrance lamps, his mother was watching him keenly, from the window of an ante-room, where she had been impatiently waiting, while her husband walked leisurely up and down the dingy apartment, reconciling himself, as usual, to the caprices of his wife, with becoming philosophy.

Miss Norton, on the contrary, was restless as a caged bird, angry with everyone, and burning with a spirit of revolt, that shone in her eyes, and gathered in a sullen cloud on her forehead. When she saw Heron lift Beatrice so tenderly from the carriage, the spirit of revolt broke out.

"He has come," she said, flinging herself away from the window in high disdain, "and your daughter's waiting-maid with him."

"It was Signora Ossoli's caprice. Heron was not in fault," answered Lady Carew, making an effort to soothe the angry girl, though her own proud heart was burning with resentment. "You may be certain he is more angry than any of us. He is coming this way."

"And the girl?" questioned Edna, with a scornful lift of the head.

"What else can he do with her? After all, she is but a child, and will pass unnoticed, if we do nothing to attract attention. Come, dear, we must not be hard on Heron."

Edna glanced down on the slender, young creature standing under the lamps, with their light shining softly upon the wonderful beauty of a face, which new-born love had glorified into something angelic. One glance, and she turned away, with a curved lip, and angry fire in her heart.

Was that a creature to pass unnoticed in an assembly where her tpye of loveliness was, in itself, a novelty?

While the footman, placed at the entrance for that purpose, was informing Heron that his mother was waiting, she joined him, and the whole party went into the hall together, Lady Carew leading the way, and Beatrice, moving like some creature in a dream, a little behind the rest.

There was always a commotion, when Lady Carew presented herself to an admiring crowd; but now, as grand patroness of the mansion, her presence was greeted with more than usual impressment. She was met on every hand with beaming smiles, and graceful movements of welcome, as she moved toward the conspicuous seats reserved for the Oldham party. Beyond the usual homage, which was so sweet to the countess, the young couple, whose engagement had just got abroad, were objects of general attention, then followed questioning glances, that deepened into admiration, and low whispers, and wondering looks.

Who was that strange-going creature, walking so dream-like, by herself? Surely, one of the party, yet apparently strange to it; for all the rest seemed anxious, excited, like people who had come out of some mental contest. She alone had folded happiness around her, like a garment, and

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looked out from it, as mere angels bend toward you from the opening of a cloud.

Yet, what would happen that night? Beatrice was happy, beyond thought—beyond the power of reasoning. What might come to-morrow; but now she only knew, in her heart of hearts, that she was beloved, and suddenly endowed with an exquisite sense of loving.

The girl was in a festive crowd, for the first time in her life—arrayed like other beautiful women, and, like them, a subject of admiration. But she was entirely unconscious of it. The glow of rich colors, the smiling faces, and, at last, the music of some minor performers, who preceded the Italian, only made a part of her heaven.

After a little, Ossoli came upon the platform, a superb creature, whose very movements had the charm of music. She cast a glance around the audience, saw the one person she was searching for, and, with a radiant smile, bent before the storm of applause that greeted her, as queens bend, when they accept homages.

Then Beatrice became conscious of another presence, that seemed a part of herself. When Ossoli opened her lips to sing her own parted with sighs, sweet as the music she waited for, with an intensity of listening.

When the first notes came stealing over her, faint and low, like the wind among swaying ferns, a thrill of harmony stirred every nerve of her body, and, leaning forward, she met the eyes of the singer, fascinated.

Was it something in those eyes, more subtle than sound, or the wonderful power and sweetness of a voice—that rose and swelled into such marvels of expression—that held the girl entranced? or was it the virginal love in her bosom, that had found exquisite sympathy in the music, and absorbed it, until feeling became ecstacy.

Who shall ever know? Certain it is that her very soul was enthralled, and with the new-born love of that day came another love, more strangely solemn, that developed her whole being.

Ossoli had said, when leaving Oldham, that she could not sing, unless the "waif of the storm" was there to listen. This might have been her reckless way of speaking; but it certainly did seem as if something had inspired her that night. Every effort was a triumph, every movement a wonder of grace, calling forth storms of applause, that seemed to disturb her; for once or twice she lifted her hands, with a swift impulse of protest, as if she were not singing for the world, only for one.

But the audience would not be repulsed, and Ossoli left the platform, amid a wild burst of applause, and followed by a storm of flowers, which she would not stoop to gather up. It was not for these things that she had, for once, poured forth the great passion of music that possessed her.

Lady Carew forgot all her annoyances, in the great success of the evening, and accepted the congratulations of her friends, standing, queen-like, in her place, while the crowd passed out, as if she had been receiving in the state chamber of a palace.

As the audience dispersed, Ossoli came out from her dressing-room, with the scarlet bournous folded around her, ready for departure. She cast a glance at the little group still hovering around the lady patroness, and, as if to avoid the adulation ready for her, moved on, bowing her head as she passed; but directly she stopped, for there, apart from the rest, but looking wistfully that way, stood the girl Beatrice, utterly unnoticed by Lady Carew, and overlooked with absolute disdain, by the heiress of Hazelhurst, while the strangers, who gathered around them, regarded her with glances of furtive admiration.

Casting a look of sweeping scorn over her shoulder, the Italian drew the girl's arm within her own, and led her toward the door, smiling down upon her as she went, and addressing some rapid words to her in Italian.

"Spite of it all, you are happy," she said. "The music went to your soul, as nightingales stir the roses. I saw it in your face. Ah, those English lose so much, they know nothing of music, or of love, as we feel them in our own beautiful land.

"Ah, the beautiful, beautiful land," murmured Beatrice, smiling dreamily. "One could be so happy there."

"Happy," answered the woman, in a voice that thrilled the girl to her soul. "No one will ever think how happy a mortal can be, until she has tasted of life and love in the dear land."

Before Beatrice could reply, Lady Carew and her party came sweeping down the room.

"Oh, Signora Ossoli, your singing was divine. I have been overwhelmed with congratulations. There has never been anything like it in the county," she said, with animation.

Ossoli smiled, but made no other reply, for this abrupt flow of compliments had evidently broken in upon some absorbing memory, that had possessed her even in the crowd.

"But where is Heron?" exclaimed the countess, looking back. "Oh, I see, it is impossible to break from his friends, their enthusiasm is quite overpowering."

Impossible as it was, she waited impatiently,

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beckoned the young noble with her fan, admonished thereto by the cloud gathering ominously on Miss Norton's face.

Heron broke from his friends, obedient to the summons, and joined her.

"You will take charge of Miss Norton," she said. "Carew will take care of us, and there is plenty of room for this girl by the footman."

Before the young man could speak; for a swift rush of indignation nearly choked him, Ossoli interfered.

"Oh, it shall be my pleasure to care for the pretty Signorina. She shall sit by me and talk to me about the music. We like each other so much."

The woman threw one white arm protectingly around the girl as she spoke, and folding her under the shelter of her bournous, walked quietly toward the carriage, which was drawn up between the imposing lamps, with a loud trampling of hoofs, grinding of wheels, and swaying of whips, such as usually announced the presence of the great lady, on state occasions.

When Ossoli took her seat in the carriage, she bent forwards, held out both hands, and drawing Beatrice to her side, kept her there with a caressing embrace.

Lady Carew accepted her enforced position, without venturing upon a protest, and the party turned homeward, following the rapid wheels of Lord Heron's vehicle.

The moon was still flooding the landscape, with light that silvered the leaves, and lay like gleams of quicksilver, in the grass on either side of the highway. Italy itself would not have been more beautiful than the country through which they passed, taken as it was in the dewy mist and tender radiance of that calm summer evening. Even Lady Carew, who was not given to ideality, exclaimed, now and then, with patronizing warmth on the beauty of the scene, and felt, no doubt, her admiration, as the moon deepened somewhat, because its radiance was shed, as far as the eyes could reach, on the domain of which her husband was Lord; but Ossoli sat gazing out upon the scene in deep silence. She seemed greatly subdued, from some inexplicable cause, and when the moonlight fell upon her features, an expression of deep solicitude was there, so different to anything that had characterized them before, that Lord Carew, who was quietly observing her, wondered at a change that made her so gentle and so womanly. Once or twice, when the carriage plunged into the shadows of a wooded hollow, he observed with surprise, that she drew Beatrice closer to her side, and bending her head, seemed to leave a kiss on the fair young face of the girl.

He was not mistaken, Beatrice felt the kiss with a sweet shock of feeling, exquisite to painfulness, and the Italian felt the slight frame in her arms thrill and tremble, as nestlings quiver when mother birds shake the boughs above them.

More than once, Lord Carew remarked the wonderful beauty of the girl's face, as the soft light idealized it into something almost angelic; then came other thoughts that disturbed him a little, and in his heart he rejoiced, that the engagement of Lord Heron with the heiress of Hazlehurst, had rendered that sweet face less dangerous in his household.

Meantime, the countess leaned back among the silken cushions of her carriage, with half closed eyes, enjoying the glory of her late achievement in sleepy silence.

Thus, four fleet horses takes the party on, along the skirts of the moor, through the park-like country beyond, to the gates of Oldham.

Lady Carew bade her guest an effusive good-night in the hall, without regarding Beatrice; but the Italian received both thanks and congratulations, with hurried answers, and followed the girl up the grand stair case, and overtook her in the upper hall.

Beatrice heard her footsteps, and waited under a jet of light that shed a dim radiance around her. The dew of the woman's kisses was on her lips yet, and her heart beat with strange tumults, as she drew near.

Ossoli laid a hand gently on her shoulder. "Tell me, child, tell me that you are happy," she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Ah, so happy," answered the girl, "so happy, for this one night."

"And always, I hope, little one. Let me think that—let me know that."

"Does happiness like this ever last?" questioned the girl, with a look of pathetic questioning. "Could one live on earth, if it did, I wonder?"

"Yes, child, it can last, and will, so long as love lasts, and the power of loving."

"But that power—who dares to seize it when love is treason?"

"Treason! child, what can you know of that, and to whom do you owe alliegiance? Certainly not to the woman we have just left."

"She gave me shelter, when Rufo and I were storm-beaten, and hungry for bread."

"Bread!" repeated Ossoli. "Yes, bread that you found bitter as gall in the eating. I have tasted such."

Beatrice would not understand, her heart was too full of joy for a remembrance of the humiliation that had kindled resentment in the Italian. What were they compared to the trust

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that Lady Jane had given her, the love that should be hers, untarnished, unquestioned, for one night, at least.

"You are thoughtful—you hesitate. Surely, this young man has not dared to speak of—of anything less holy than marriage?" questioned the woman, searching the girl's face with keen scrutiny.

A hot, red cloud swept the girl's face. She put up her hands, as if to push her questioner away.

"Oh, Signora, Signora, how can you wrong him so. He never would have insulted me with a thought like that. How can you?"

"Is he not a Carew?" answered Ossoli, fiercely, while her face turned white with unaccountable passion.

"Is he not a Carew, and the son of that woman?"

"He is everything that is good—everything that is noble. How can you speak—how can you look as if it were not so? It wounds me. It gives pain to my heart."

"I would not do that, my child, not to win the thing that is dearest to me on earth—"

"Ah, you have always been so kind."

Tears were softening the fire in those eyes now, Beatrice, self-convicted, felt that her quick passion had wronged her friend, who still seemed anxious and unconvinced.

"You are alone, motherless, friendless, save for a helpless invalid, and this man who, all unwittingly, may prove your greatest enemy."

"No—no, he can never be that—he can never be anything, after to-night."

"And why not, if he loves you, and has told you so?"

"Because I love him!"

The girl spoke in a whisper, that thrilled the listener through and through. Another might have blushed, but instead of that Beatrice uplifted her face to the Italian's scrutiny, while with a glow of self-abnegation, smiling as martyrs smile, when enthusiasm lifts them above fear of pain.

"You love him, and fear that his parents will be angry."

Beatrice shook her head.

"Signora, I fear more to be angry with myself."

"Angry with yourself, why should you be that? The young man is of an age to know his own mind. Even his father's anger would be harmless."

"I do not think of that—only if you would let me forget everything, for this one night, everything, even that to-morrow will be darker and more dreary, because of it—to-morrow, when all dreams will end. After to-night, I will not ask to be spared, because a little more pain will be of so little consequence."

"To-morrow? how sadly you speak, child. At your age, despondency should not be natural. Trouble should fall on you lightly, as mist settles on flowers—you are confused now, afraid of everything—oh, I remember, I remember!"

Beatrice lifted her hands.

"It is something sad that you would tell me about. I read it in your eyes, your voice chills me a little, and I have asked this day and night of Our Lady for my own. Just so many hours out of a whole life. It is not much, especially as I know how they must end. After that—ah, well, I can bear it; but you will let me have my own thoughts just now, foolish thoughts, I know, but I will not give them up. Now, Signora, may I leave you? I long to fold my hands over my heart, that no moanful thing shall come near it. To-morrow, when the shadows fall, I will come to you, and perhaps ask something of your kindness, for since you kissed me out yonder, I feel that you love me a little. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Out upon the moor. In half an hour I will meet you by the young birch tree. You know the place."

Beatrice started and caught her breath, like a guilty creature. Heron's voice came upon her so suddenly, as she was passing down the corridor that morning, toward her brother's room.

She shrunk away from him a moment, but drew herself up promptly, and answered without looking up.

"Yes, I will come."

Then she turned and passed on to her own room, trembling from head to foot, for the hour of trial had come.

"Of course she will," thought the young man, smiling to himself, but with a shade of care in his smile.

"Oh, how shall I find the courage to enter on my fight for her sweet self? One hour with her and I am ready. Only I wish there was only the good father to deal with; when I think of my lady mother, and her fair friend, the thing looks desperate. Of course the young lady will give me up as a worthless fellow who does not know his own mind, she is far too proud to do anything else, but it will go near to break the mother's heart. I do not fear that, poor lady! She hoped so much for me."

Troubled with thoughts like these, the young man took his way to the moor, while Beatrice

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went more slowly through a winding path that for a space was sheltered, and thus she escaped observation from the house.

The girl walked very slowly, dragging her steps through the wild grasses, and sometimes feeling it a relief when her dress caught on the tangled gorse bushes, and gave her an excuse for delay, as she tore herself free.

The young birch tree stood on a little swell of land, that lifted itself from the level of the moor, and was therefore a sort of landmark, which Heron thought of when he, for the first time, asked the young orphan to meet him, that he might once more assure himself of her devotion.

When she came in sight he went forward to meet her, eagerly, and with a flush of welcome on his face; but the gravity of her countenance, the sad heaviness of her eyes, checked him, and he halted in her path, irresolute and chilled.

"What is the matter? What has happened to you, Beatrice?" he questioned, holding out his hands and drawing her toward him with tender solicitude. "You look pale, your hands are cold."

"It is because I have taken farewell of my dreams," she answered. "Last night I was resolved to be happy, and I was, ah, so happy, that the memory of it will be with me forever."

"And not now, not with your hands in mine, and the beautiful morning all around us—I was just looking across the moors, and found a thousand new tints. The gorse seemed to have bathed itself afresh in the gold of this beautiful sunshine; I was wondering that the happiness of one heart could so change nature itself. Only yesterday, this place was gloomy enough, for I was here alone, pondering over a destiny that seemed dark for us both, despondent, weary of everything; but now all this is cast aside, I was waiting for you with such joy at heart, as my life has never known before. Let what will happen, we love each other, you and I, and nothing on this earth shall ever stand between us again. Trust me, darling, for I will take such care of you as man never gave to woman. This is what I have been dreaming of all night. Ah, this is well, your hand is growing warm, I know that your heart is listening, now look into my face and say again, that you love me dearly, entirely, as I love you."

The girl lifted her eyes, and they were full of tears.

"Why, Beatrice, what is this? I thought you had faith in me."

"As I have faith in Our Lady of heaven," she answered, with a burst of enthusiasm that shook her whole frame.

"Then why do you come to me with tears in your eyes?"

"Because I cannot help weeping over a dead joy, because I am, as you sometimes call me, only a child."

"Yes, the dearest, sweetest child, that ever lived; but a woman also, who shall be my wife, as surely as that sun that shines down upon us."

"Lord Heron, dear master, I can never be that, you said truly last night. It is impossible."

"Foolish girl, forget that I said anything so foolish, to love like mine all things are possible."

"Except that you should be dishonored," she answered, with gentle dignity.

"But there shall be no dishonor. This day I will seek the lady at Hazelhurst, and throw myself upon her generosity. She shall have the credit of dismissing me, if their is any humiliation before the world, I will assume it."

"The lady who loves you will not think of that," said Beatrice, trying to smile. "How can the world have anything to do with lives that are torn asunder, as yours might be?"

"I fancy that this lady will think it has an important part in the matter, and, in that respect, her proudest wishes shall be held sacred."

Beatrice shook her head. "How could she think of that, ever having loved you?" she said, with gentle unbelief.

"You cannot understand the power which society has upon an ambitious woman."

"I can understand that the world she belongs to, will overwhelm the man who breaks his pledged word with condemnation," she answered, gravely. "I can also understand that the time might come, when a man of honor would condemn himself."

"Not if he follows the honest dictates of his heart, and having spoken the truth, leaves his fate in the hands of a generous woman."

"Is there a woman in your world, who would not give freedom to the man she loved, though her heart broke in doing it?"

There was a gleam of pride in the girl's face, as she said this, that inherent pride of sex, which the grandest women feel most intensely.

Heron gazed upon her with surprise. Where had she learned these truths of the heart?

"What does this mean, Beatrice, where did you learn to reason so deeply."

Beatrice laid one hand on her heart, but answered as if the movement were unconcious.

"I do not know how to reason, I only feel."

"And rather than sacrifice a woman's pride, you, perhaps, could give me up," he rejoined, with some bitterness.

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"I cannot tell, I do not know; but a mans' honor is dearer than a woman's pride."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, you do not love me!"

There was surprise and passion in this abrupt outbreak, that might have startled the girl, but, after a moment, she went close to him, laid one hand on his arm, and looked earnestly into his face—earnestly, but with such intensity of love, that the very heart in his bosom thrilled under it.

"I came here to meet you alone upon the moor, a thing your world would condemn, I dare say—came to say, that I do love you, for now I know well what love is, but I come also to—to—"

"No, no, do not finish the purpose I see in your eyes. Beatrice, we have gone too far, you cannot give me up; I will not permit the romance of a fine *nature* to operate against me. I am prepared to sacrifice everything for you—come to me, come to me, darling, there is nothing good in heaven or on earth that forbids it."

She drew toward him, she reached forth her arms and wound them around his neck, as he strained her to his bosom. She made no resistance when his kisses rained down upon her face, for the Italian blood rushed through her young veins, with a vitality that, for a moment, conquered the resolution that had subdued her, till then.

"Yes, I love you—I love you! and because of it, you and I are parted. You would give up everything for me, rank, wealth, parents, honor; but I will not have them. I, too, possess something, to sacrifice the great love that shall give you back to your parents. Leave you among your people, as we found you, the beloved heir of Oldham. This is what my love shall secure to you."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, this is the madness of romance. I will not listen to it."

The young man held her back, and looked pleadingly in her face, as he made this passionate protest; but she withdrew herself gently from him.

"All night I have been dreaming, my poor heart would have it so, but that is ended now. Why should we talk of it, I am so young—so weak, in this mad love—you are strong, wise, powerful. Oh, do not tempt me to ingratitude—to treason, against those who have been kind to me. Think how I came to Oldham—of my poverty and lowly estate—of the sister who has trusted me. Think of the dishonor that I must take upon myself. No, no, you cannot marry an ingrate, such as I should be. Then, indeed, your mother would have a right to treat me with disdain. The lady to whom you have pledged yourself, might well regard me as the temptress of a man's honor. Would you marry a creature who could not lift her eyes in self-defense, when scorn was heaped upon her, a wandering beggar, who crept through the portals of a great house, in search of warmth and food, only to tempt its heir from his high place, among the great men of this land, down to her humble level, a level she herself had degraded beneath all ideas of honest poverty?"

"Beatrice, Beatrice, forbear, I beseech you. Have compassion on yourself, if not on me. This harsh reasoning, comes upon me with a cruel surprise. It kills the happy hour I had promised myself."

"At daylight this morning, it killed my dream which can never come back again; but I shall always have it in my memory," answered the girl, sadly. "You also will think of it without pain, because you and I have kept it free from all evil. If, sometime in the days to come, we two should meet again, the angels that guard us now, need not be ashamed."

"How mournfully you speak, child. One would think that from this hour you did not expect to meet me again," said the young man, greatly depressed by her words, and the air of sorrowful resignation that accompanied them.

She did not answer him promptly, but stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her hands falling downward in utter despondency.

The ardent hopefulness of the young man had passed away, under the energy of her protest, and the pathos of her pleading, and his heart swelled with a great heave of sympathy. He took her two hands in his, with infinite tenderness.

"This has come upon you suddenly," he said. "I should have remembered your youth and sensitive nature. So much agitation crowded into a few hours, is enough to unbalance a strong man. No wonder that you are irresolute and disturbed. Look up, darling, and promise me that you will think over all that I have said, with more calmness."

"I cannot help thinking of it," she said, with tears in her eyes, "now that is so real how is it possible?"

"Yes, indeed, I understand that, but try and think of it as a settled thing; put aside all these unreasonable scruples, and trust the future with one who loves you better than his own life."

The girl's anxious face cleared, a reprieve had been granted to her, and her heart rose with a sense of relief.

"I need not promise, when it is impossible to think of anything else, only this."

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"Well, darling?"

"You will not speak to the young lady at Hazelhurst, yet?"

"I will not speak to her without your consent."

The young man gave this promise, with a feeling of relief that might have warned him, how painful the task was that he had imposed on himself.

"Nor to Lord Carew, or the countess?"

"I promise that, or anything else, that can assure you of my prudence."

"How kind you are," she said, holding out her hand. "I shall never forget that."

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips, very gently, for she seemed to shrink from him, and he condemned himself inwardly, for the ardor which, no doubt, had terrified her into resistance.

Beatrice stood beneath the drooping branches of a young birch tree, as the young man had left her, with one arm around the trunk, until he had disappeared toward the highway. Then her arm dropped away from its hold, and she fell upon the earth, face downward, and the sobs that had swelled in her bosom, broke into low moans, and shook her from head to foot. Once she lifted her face, all wet and convulsed, and wildly strained her eyes for one more glimpse of her lover, but he was out of sight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

That night, Ossoli went to Rufo's room, and read to him in his own language some pages from Tasso, which was rendered, in her voice, like music itself. The boy had been gaining strength during the last few days, and would listen with a keen sense of enjoyment; for his eyes were constantly turned upon the face that bent over the book, and his whole æsthetic nature was brought into harmony with the poem; for to him that face had a wonderfull charm of beauty, and the woman was so unlike the haughty person known to Lady Carew, that his infatuation was not astonishing. Nothing could be more feminine and gentle than her manner to the boy, she even seemed to seek mental companionship with him, and was constantly turning her eyes from the book to his face, smiling sweetly upon him, when its expression bespoke keen appreciation of the poetry she loved with all the ardor of a richly cultivated intellect.

Every appeal of this kind made the boy's heart leap in his bosom, his smiling lips answered hers, and when her soft, black eyes grew misty, his filled with tears. Thus the evening was spent in that dim old room, no one intruded upon them. Beatrice was locked in her chamber, overwhelmed with passionate sorrow, struggling against herself, and surveying the bleak destiny that stretched before her, as criminals look upon their prison walls before each stone becomes familiar to them.

Filled with anxiety by his interview with Beatrice, on the moor, that morning, Heron had kept aloof from the family, having no heart even for the gentle sympathy of his protegé. Perhaps Ossoli had foreseen this state of things and feared no disturbance, for she had never appeared more peaceful or caressing as she read, or broke in upon her poem with pleasant comments, or indulged in minutes of dreamy silence. As the evening wore on she grew a little restless, for sometimes her voice had dropped into a soft monotone, slumbrous and musical as a mother's lullaby, all the fervor of appreciation had died out of it, and the rare poetry flowed in a current of dreamy sound, from lips that seemed scarcely conscious of a motion. More than once the woman turned her eyes from the book, not frankly as she had done at first, but with a glance of cautious observation, that grew almost sinister as it encountered Rufo's bright face, still enkindled by the poetry that had inspired feelings that no monotony of sound could becalm all at once.

At length, the boy heaved a deep sigh and laid one hand on his heart, as if excitement was fast merging into pain. Ossoli flung down her book and bent over him with impassioned tenderness.

"You suffer? I have tired you; instead of rest I have taxed your strength with my reading."

"Oh, no, I love it, only—only—"

"There now you are out of breath, is there no remedy. What do they give you?"

The boy moved his hand toward a table, on which some grapes stood, with a flask of wine. She went to the table at once, poured some wine into one of the tall Venetian glasses, and turning her back to the light, took a tiny vial from her pocket, drew the cork with her teeth, and poured some drops into the wine. She seemed to do this reluctantly, for her hand shook so much that the vial tinkled against the glass, and she looked around, startled by the sound, faint as it was.

Directly she came to the bed, with the glass in her hand, and held it to his lips.

"Drink," she said, "it will calm you, I will read no more, but watch quietly until you are asleep.

Rufo took the wine with smiling obedience, and drank it. He followed the lady with his eyes when she replaced the glass, and laid his hand in her's, with a contented smile, as she sank into the easy-chair again.

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Thus the two sat half an hour, perhaps, the woman conquering some vague restlessness that seemed to grow upon her. The lad gazing upon her face till his eyes grew heavy and the white lids drooped over them.

After this, Ossoli remained some minutes, as if spell-bound by the beauty of that sleeping face. Her own features began to tremble, and more than once she swept a hand across her eyes that were clouded with moisture, as his were with sleep.

At last, she arose, softly laid the thin hand that still rested in her's upon the coverlet, and seemed to nerve herself for some task.

With a movement so cautious that there was not even a rustle of her garments to betray it, she went to the old ebony cabinet, and taking a key from her pocket, guided her hand by the distant light, as she used all her strength to turn the antique lock.

The door swung open with a little force, and she began an eager search of the drawers thus left exposed.

They contained papers, not many, for it was not the first time that cabinet had been anxiously searched. She seemed to know by the outside of each document that it would bring her disappointment, and flung it aside. After awhile, when nothing but small fragments of folded paper were left, she unfolded each, read it carefully, and laid it down, her face growing whiter and whiter as the search progressed.

When the last paper was examined, she sat there like a marble woman, cold, white, despairing; the very hands that had locked themselves in her lap were bloodless, for the one hope of a lifetime had been struck from her when the last paper dropped from them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUMMER-TIME IDYL.

BY CHARLES KELLOGG FARLEY.

In the merry meadow,
A-making of the hay,
Chatting they together
All the Summer day.
A stout hay-pitcher he;
With a manly face;
A light rake handles she
With a maiden's grace.

In the sunny meadow,
A-tossing of the clover,
Cheeks are kissed by breezes
More daring than the lover!
He the hay is pitching,
And she is raking after;
Softly sounds the merry words
'Mid rippling threads of laughter.

In the breezy meadow,
A-making *love* and hay;
Listen not, you wedded birds,
To what the lovers say.
Silly chirping cricket,
And stately old grasshopper—
They say whate'er they may
There being no eavesdropper.

In the scented meadow,
A-making of the hay,
Work the lovers, merry,
Lovers they, and gay.
Cheeks are blushing red—
The cause we quickly guess—
At something he has said,
Soft falls the maiden's "Yes."

DOUBT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

You tell me, friend, that when we sleep beneath the grass and clover,
No one will ever come to weep, our quiet slumber over.

Your faith in human love is small, or else you would deceive me;
For those we love the best of all, will mourn us. Oh, believe me!

You say the paths of those we love lead on beyond our slumber,
And they will soon forget the one called heavenward from their number.

My friend, not all the care and fret that stirs the world about us
Can make the truest heart forget, when it goes on without us.

My friend, 'tis vain for you to say my dear ones will forget me,
And if I can believe that, in this age of doubt, pray let me.

Our loved ones never die to us. They live and love forever.
And those beneath the graveyard grass shall be forgotten never.

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THE WELL-ORDERED HOME.

BY EVA ALLISON.

"Really, Helen, we must save in some way, so I think that we can hardly afford the magazine another year," said my husband. "But don't feel bad, dear; and don't look so doleful; I must go, now, to meet aunt Alice at the depot, and I want you to look you're brightest when she comes. Expect us at noon;" and giving me a hasty kiss, he hurried away.

I sat with quivering lips, for I had not expected this rebuff. What, give up my beloved Peterson, that has been my familiar friend, all my happy girlhood days? Was this what marrying Horace meant?

Horace's aunt Alice, a widow with no children, but who had filled a mother's place to Horace, was expected at noon, from Austin, and my husband had quoted her very excellent housekeeping, to me, until I began to regard her as a paragon of housewives, and to dread her coming. So, between fearing her criticisms, and the thought of losing my magazine, I was quite low spirited, all the morning.

I spent the time in tidying up the house, and cooking the best dishes I knew how to get up; but I had many misgivings as to aunt Alice's good opinion of my housekeeping. Precisely at noon, Horace came into the dining-room, saying: "come, Helen, aunt is in the parlor," and hurried me along, with a noisy, "auntie this is my little wife, you must learn her how to do things while you are here."

Aunt Alice was a tall, thin, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, whose gentle manner soon put me at my ease. "Dinner ready?" asked Horace, directly, and on my assenting, he led the way to the dining-room, remarking, "you must excuse our dinner; but after you have taught Helen some of your dishes, we will get along better.

"Do you find the rolls heavy?" said he. "No," replied aunt Alice, "I never ate better; and Helen, your veal croquettes, chicken pie, and salad, are the best I've ever tasted. Who taught you how to do them so nicely?" "I saw the recipe in Peterson's magazine," said I, looking at Horace, who was very busy with his plate. "Well, my dear," said auntie, "I must again compliment your cooking. Did your book tell you how to make this excellent apple pudding, Raspberry jam, and whipped cream?" "Yes, it did," replied I, noticing Horace seemed rather anxious to hurry through our dinner.

After dinner, Horace went to his place of business again, and auntie and I prepared to devote the afternoon to becoming acquainted with each other. On seeing her cozy chamber, auntie exclaimed, "what beautiful hemstitched pillow cases, quite a new pattern; and your toilet mats, how neat they are? Did you make those tidies on the easy chair?" "Yes," said I, "I took the designs of pillow cases, toilet mats, and tidies out of Peterson's. Also the pattern of this crochet bed spread." "Helen, you do not mean you knit that bed spread? Pray how long did it take you?" "Not an age, Aunt Alice," said I, "and I could scarcely tell when I did do it. I only worked at it at odd moments." "I must say, niece, that you and your magazine keep a wonderfully neat and attractive home. Just wait until Horace comes home to tea, I shall tell him how blind he has been. Why, from his letters to me, I expected to find rather an ill-kept house, the cooking poorly done, and yourself very wasteful and extravagant. Instead of this, I see the careful, and neat, little body that you are."

After tea, auntie and Horace asked for some music; the piano was opened; I played a waltz, and polka, and then commenced to sing, "Where are the friends of my youth." After I had finished singing, I noticed tears in aunt Alice's eyes. She said "Helen, your song was beautiful, and it made me think of the friends of my youth." "Something new, isn't it?" said Horace, "I do not remember buying it." For answer I held up the number of "Peterson" containing the song, saying, "you'll always find superior music in this magazine." Horace said nothing, and was very quiet for a few moments. "How nicely you look," was the next remark. "Yes, she does," said auntie. "Your dressmaker has good taste." "I am my own dressmaker," said I, "with the aid of my helper and friend," holding up again the number of Peterson.

"Well, Helen," said Horace, "I see we cannot do without the magazine, I thought it was a useless expense, and couldn't understand why you wanted it."

"You only promote your own comfort, nephew," said aunt Alice, "by subscribing for the book, for I think your careful little wife consults Peterson, about everything, and the result is a neat well-ordered, and cozy home."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, the back and front of a morning dress in cashmere or flannel. It consists of a skirt with demi train, trimmed with two rows of coarse Torchon lace around the bottom. The long jacket is cut with five seams in the back and trimmed to correspond. One row of the lace being continued up the front and around the neck, a bow of lace or ribbon is



added at the throat. In the back view of this dress, the trimming is made of narrow knife-plaitings, cut into points and edged with narrow Torchon edging. Make of light blue, or gray, or navy blue, dark green, if needed for hard service. Fourteen yards of flannel, or ten yards of cashmere or merino, will be required; twelve yards of lace.

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Next, we give a dinner or house dress, of black silk or black cashmere. It consists of a skirt with demi train, and curiass bodice. The tablier is made of double cross bands, arranged diagonally on a lining of either cashmere or black cambric. It is bordered with a kilting five



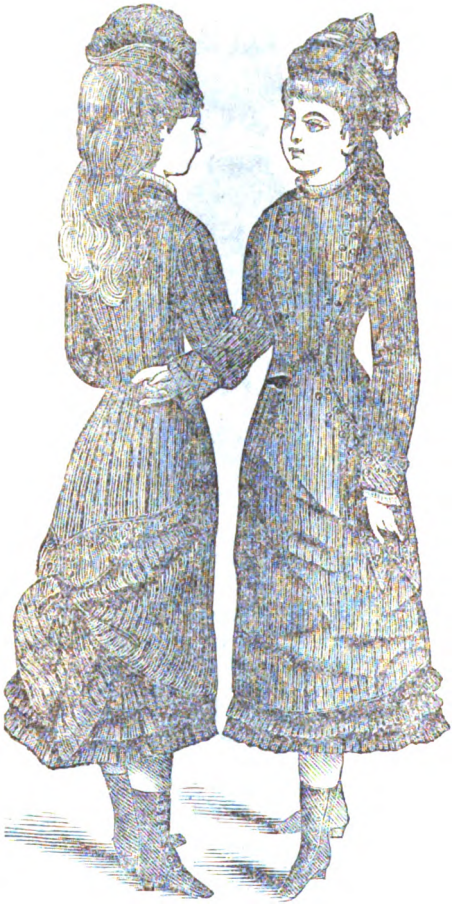
inches deep, headed with a narrow cross band. The train is box-plaited, and is attached to the front breadth by a sash of black silk. The deep cuirass bodice is fastened with black silk buttons, and the coat-shaped sleeves terminate with plaitings and bows. This would be a good model to renovate an old black silk, as the foundation could be made of the old, and the cross bands of the tablier lined with the old, using the new for the train, bodice, etc., or cashmere and silk combined would make a charming costume in this style. Black silks can be bought as low as one dollar per yard, and cashmeres for sixty-five cents, all wool, but not very fine.



A young lady's in-door dress, is of cashmere and silk. The front of the Princess dress buttons below the waist, and a full tablier descends the entire front. The back of the bodice is coat-shaped, the skirt being attached to the basque. Loops and ends fall over the demi train. Make the train of silk, the bodice of cashmere, and the tablier half of silk and half of cashmere. Bows, plaitings, etc., all of silk, or just reverse the whole. An old silk, with new cashmere, or the reverse, will remodel well after this design.

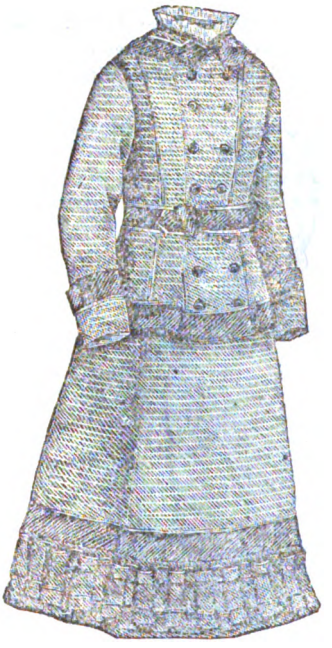
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For a girl of ten years, we have the back and front of a Princess polonaise, over a skirt which is bordered with three narrow knife-plaitings. The Princess over-dress has a militaire plastron, which is in one piece, and tied at the back as a scarf. Make of a fine stripe or plaid woolen goods of mixed colors, and pipe with red. The

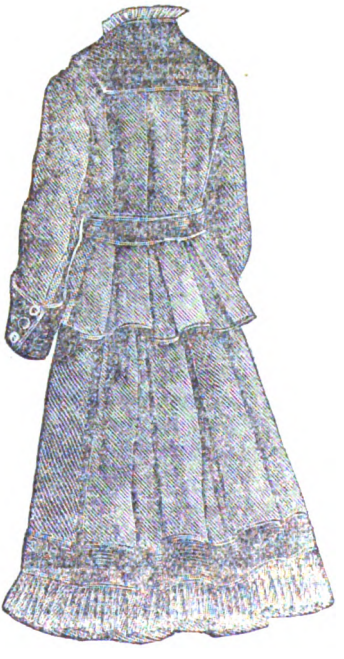


seams of the back are piped, the pocket, cuffs, etc. Buttons to correspond.

Next, we give the back and front of plaited dress for a little girl of eight to ten years. The skirt is plain in front, cut with side gores, and the back is laid in four deep box plaits. The bottom in the front view has a box-plaited ruffle, put on with a heading, above which is a cross-cut band of the plaid material. The bodice is double breasted in front, with one box-plait on either side; three box-plaits form the back. Sailor collar, waist band, and edge of basque and cuffs, are of the plain material. In the back view the trimming for the edge of the skirt is



a fine knife-plaiting, heading by a cross-cut band. Make of shepherd's plaid, with a solid color for



the trimming in blue, brown, or black and white.

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For a little girl of five years, we have a rose-colored poplin, Princess shape. The bottom of the Princess jacket is cut in deep points, bound



with white galloon, and trimmed with ivory buttons. Under this is a deep-plaited flounce of rose-colored cashmere. Straps of the braid and buttons form the trimming down the front, and fasten the jacket. The flounce should be attached to the lining of the jacket, or it may be made as a skirt on to a petticoat body. Deep white linen or lace collar is worn with this costume.

For a little boy of four or five years, we have a Knickerbocker suit of dark blue flannel, cloth, or black velvet. Trim with braid and buttons, and the jacket is to be worn over a skirt with insertion and embroidery for the front, collar and cuffs.



PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns.

EMBROIDERY ON GOLD OR SILVER CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design in embroidery, on gold, or silver canvas. Work in colored filloselle, either shaded or plain. This pretty design in embroidery will be found useful for ornamenting the sides of brackets, tops of scrap bags, glove cases, etc.

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GARDE FRANÇAISE FROCK. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This pattern is suitable for a girl from four to six. It consists of five pieces, (see Supplement sent out with this number) viz.: the front of bodice and skirt combined, the front of jacket, one side-piece, half of back, and one sleeve, all of which are to be joined by corresponding notches at the edges of the paper. The under front is Princess, and buttons the entire length, while the back is plaited to a waistband, and tacked beneath the basque. The over or upper front fastens with three brandebourgs, and the basques from the waist, both in front and at the sides, turn back with revers. The frock is made of striped material, and the trimmings are of self color.

TABLE-COVER BORDERS: IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two designs for table-cover borders, in cloth appliqué. For the acorns, in the one on the left, use brown cloth or velvet. Work the edges of the leaves in chain stitches. For the one on the right, use any color you please.

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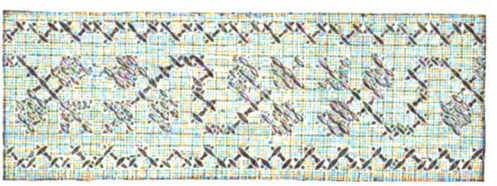
BERCEAUNETTE COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cover is composed of alternate stripes, honey comb and Java canvas, embroidered with crewels in cross stitch, bordered with herring-bone stitch. We have given many designs suitable for this purpose. The cover is lined with flannel or cashmere of the color of the embroidery, and finished by a fringe with a netted heading, or it may be simply knotted in pale blue or rose pink, or a combination of the two are the prettiest colors for a baby's blanket.

BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.



PATCHWORK: EMBROIDERY.

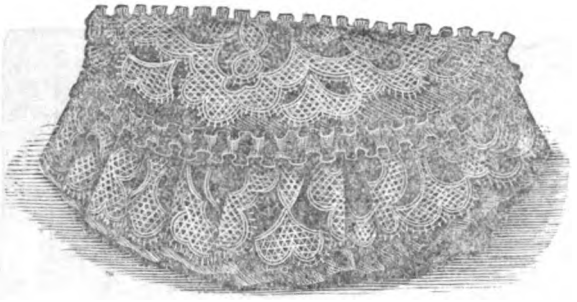
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pretty little design, in this kind of lady-like work. Plain patchwork is now being ornamented with embroidery, and the design here given is one of the simplest styles, and most easy to execute. Either two colors that are a decided contrast may be used, or a diversity of tints; our model is pink and tilleul, the embroidery being carried out in the same colors, always working the dark patches with the light silk, and *vice versa*. The stitches are points lancés, with a French knot in the centre. The embroidery is worked after the patchwork is completed.

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TOILET BOX.

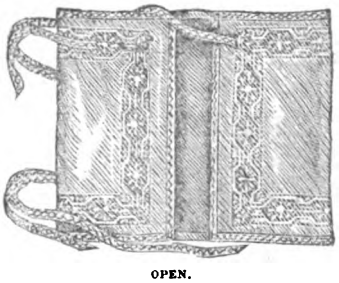
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



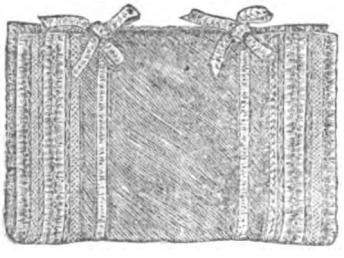
The box, which is a semi-circle in form, may be of wood or strong cardboard, it is lined with quilted silk, and covered with silk. The lower part of the box is ornamented with a flounce of silk, covered with point lace. The lid is covered with a half circle of lace and edged with a quilling of ribbon. Materials for a yard of lace: six yards of braid, one ball of thread, two yards of pearl edge. This makes an unusually pretty toilet box.

CASE FOR COMBS AND BRUSHES

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



OPEN.



CLOSED.

This case may be made of holland, drill or ticking; it is cut in one piece, measuring ten inches wide, and twenty-five inches in length, each end is turned up five and a-half inches, leaving a plain piece in the centre of three inches. The case is ornamented with bands of two colored braids, fixed with herringbone, cross or long stitches of different colored silks or crewels.

EMBROIDERED FRUIT NAPKIN.

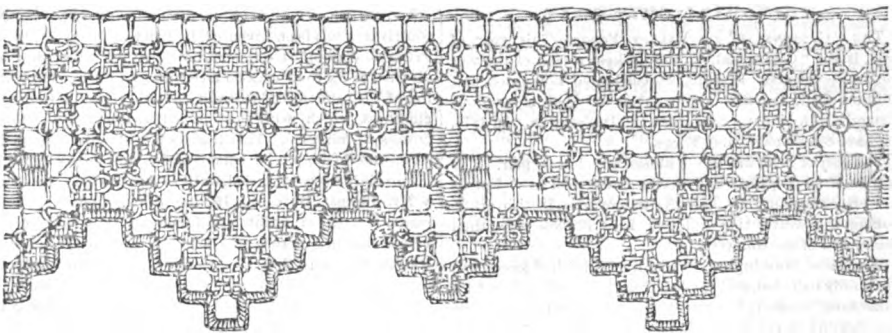
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give an engraving of one of those embroidered fruit napkins, now so fashionable. Our design represents a white linen napkin, embroidered in cross stitch with either red or blue working cotton, or both combined. The pattern may be easily followed from our design. The solid border may be worked close with the cotton, or a broad hem put on of turkey red cotton, stitched on by the machine, will look well.

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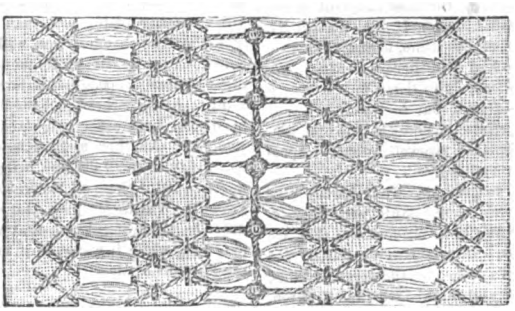
GUIPURE NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Guipure netting is at present a very fashionable trimming for mixing with satin embroidery, and crewel work on art canvas, etc., for fancy articles of various descriptions, edging small table covers, tidy, etc. The full directions for working guipure netting, can be procured of Madam Gurney, New York. See her advertisement in our August number.

DESIGN FOR DRAWN-THREAD WORK.



BIRD AND BUTTERFLY: IN APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, two *extra* colored patterns. They are of a bird and butterfly in appliquè embroidery, and are suitable for ornamenting the front of a scrap bag, top of foot stool, etc. Cut out the several parts in blue and white, or, if you wish other colors, in black and yellow cloth, gum slightly on the under side. Put carefully in place; then fill in the stitches in colored silks. A little care and some taste will be required in arranging the silks; that is all.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE "CENTENNIAL" OF VALLEY FORGE.—This year of 1878, is the "Centennial" of the darkest period of the war for Independence. In 1875, we celebrated Lexington and Bunker Hill, the first two combats of that momentous struggle. In 1876, we celebrated the Declaration. In 1878, we have celebrated Valley Forge.

The year of 1778, was one of almost hopeless despair. The battles of Brandywine and Germantown, had been lost in the preceding autumn, and the triumphant British army, during the winter that followed, held Philadelphia, then the capital of the country.

Meantime, Washington, with sadly diminished forces, and those only half clad, and illy fed, ("we have had no bread for three days," wrote Lafayette) was encamped at Valley Forge. The descendants of those, who, during that dreadful winter, remained true to the cause, still remember how "grandfather" used to tell of the intense cold, the scanty crust, and the blood-stains left on the snow by the bare feet of the sentries.

Do we thank heaven, sufficiently, that all this is over? Do we realize what we owe to those brave, long-enduring men, who suffered, and even died for us, and for others yet unborn? In the peace and plenty, that our assured liberties have brought to us, do we fully realize what Valley Forge actually was? Do we know that it meant famine, camp-fever, threatened loss of liberty and land, separation of families, death by the hangman to the leaders if the war failed, despair in countless households? We are glad to see, therefore, that the "Centennial" of Valley Forge was not forgotten. It inspired, too, one of the most eloquent of the many "Centennial" orations we have had. The thousands, who met at that historical spot, last June, to commemorate the heroes and martyrs, who had died there, a century ago, came together, however, not merely to listen to Mr. Henry Armitt Brown's fervent sentences, but to show also, that they, at least, remembered what our liberties had cost, and that, without them, we might bid farewell forever, to property, fortune, happiness, everything.

Our children should not forget this. It is hardly probable that we, or any of our near descendants, will ever witness such times. No privations, no ill-fortune, that we have suffered in these days, can compare to those. Let Americans, in generations to come, be thankful for this. If they remember Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Trenton, and Yorktown, where valor blazed pre-eminent, let them remember, even more earnestly, Valley Forge, where endurance and long suffering won the day.

EVERY NUMBER OF THIS MAGAZINE contains as much reading matter as the average novel. Yet it is sold by newsagents, for less than half the price. But in addition to the reading, there is the steel engraving, the colored steel fashion plate, the colored pattern, the numerous fashion cuts, and the illustrations for the work-table, and finally, the SUPPLEMENT. Where else can so much be had for the money?

OUR PAPER-PATTERN DIAGRAMS.—An old subscriber writes: "Your magazine is the one thing indispensable. In your paper patterns, you have added, greatly, to its usefulness, effected the best possible improvement. Each subscriber receives twice the cost of 'Peterson,' in these patterns alone."

SITTING FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A simple, but very effective, contrivance has been invented, in London, for avoiding the extreme discomfort experienced by sitters when they are directed to fix their eyes on a certain spot during the working of the camera. The strain endured causes a feeling of giddiness, which, with nervous ladies, sometimes even increases to faintness. This has been a standing complaint since the invention of photography, and many remedies have vainly been suggested, until at last the true one struck a Mr. Thomas Buzzard. Having drawn upon a piece of paper, a circle of about four inches in diameter, he converted this into a sort of clock face by adding the usual Roman figures in their accustomed places. The paper was then nailed to a post about eight feet distant, and when the sitting began, he first fixed his eyes upon the figure XII., then upon I., II., III., and so on, "all round the clock," the gaze shifting leisurely from one figure to another. As he had anticipated, the sitting ended without any sense of strain, mist, or giddiness having been felt. The rotatory movement of the eyeball over the figures of the circle, is so excessively fine as to cause not only no interference with the photographic process, but to powerfully contribute to a natural expression of the eyes.

A LESSON IN DECORATING.—Choose a plain, smooth, red-clay flower pot. If it is rather stupid-looking, all the better. With your box of water-color paints, lay broad bands of dull blue, around top and bottom. If you prefer, you can paint the intervening strip black, instead of leaving it red, and the bands may be divided by a narrow line of yellow. Now you are ready for the pictures. If you possess some sheets of little scrap-chromos, you will soon be rid of your task. Select some very odd, grotesque ones, that will surprise each other as much as possible—a huge butterfly, tiny Madonna, reptiles, sprays, zebras, and the like. Paste them on in the most disorderly order you can imagine, and your work is complete. Another method is to cut from picture papers, a quantity of small designs, being careful to trim them very neatly. Paint these all black, and lay on a dull red or blue ground. Whichever plan you choose, be careful and not decorate too profusely, as that would be quite unlike the Japanese, while it would hint most strikingly of a merry, mischievous litttle girl.

THE USE OF TEA.—Dr. Adam Smith, in a paper read before the London Society of Arts, recommends the use of tea in the following cases: After a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the old; for hot climates, and especially for those who, living there, eat freely, or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates; for then, by promoting evaporation and cooling the body, it prevents in a degree the effects of too much food as of too great heat.

A MAGAZINE, NOT INTERESTED in any store, or dress-making establishment, is confessedly a more reliable guide in fashion, than one which has dress fabrics, styles, etc., to get off. "Peterson" is a magazine of this kind. It has no personal ends to serve, as so many others have, in saying that any particular costume is the fashion.

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OUR LOW PRICES TO CLUBS. We call attention again to the fact, that, not only is this magazine, at two dollars a year, the *cheapest and best* of its kind, but that its prices to clubs are the lowest. Thus, at $1.70 each, we send four copies for one year, and an extra copy as premium to the person getting up the club; or five copies, at $1.70 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels at Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Or five copies, at $1.60 each, and an extra copy as premium for getting up the club; or six copies, at $1.60 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Or seven copies, at $1.50 each, and an extra copy as premium, for getting up the club; or eight copies, at $1.50 each, and both an extra copy of the magazine, and a copy of the "Angels of Christmas," as premiums; all postage free. Back numbers to January, inclusive, can be furnished, if desired, or clubs may begin, if preferred, with the July number. Specimens are sent, gratis, to those desiring to get up clubs.

A NOVELTY IN DECORATION.—A novelty in decoration, and an economical one, is a carpenter's common working basket, properly ornamented, and to be used as a receptacle for work, odds and ends of wool, etc., etc. The two handles, and the edges all round, should be covered with colored braid, (red is the most effective), and devices in cloth should then be appliqued on. Ivy leaves in green cloth, appliqued with yellow silk, form a pattern all round the top, just below the binding, then follow stars in colored wool, and anything that the worker's fancy dictates. A broad braid is carried down the sides, and under the basket, the inside is lined with sarsenet, or other stuff; the handles passed through each other close the basket, and it forms a very useful, ornamental, and economical receptacle for old pieces of work. These baskets would sell admirably at fancy bazaars. Odds and ends of wool, silk, and cloth can thus be used up.

TARTARE SAUCE.—In answer to JULIA, who asks for a receipt for Tartare Sauce, we say, put the yolks of four eggs into a basin, with salt and mustard to taste, and stir olive oil into them one tablespoonful at a time; after each tablespoonful of oil put in one teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Keep on doing this until the sauce is of the desired consistency; then add pepper, the least bit of cayenne, and a couple of shalots, or a few pickled gherkins or onions chopped very finely.

BEGIN EARLY TO GET UP your clubs for 1879. In no other way can your friends get so much for their money, as by subscribing for this magazine. Not to take "Peterson," for 1879, will be to put yourself quite outside the world of art, literature and fashion.

SUBSCRIBE FOR nothing for 1879, until you have first subscribed for "Peterson." If you take more than one magazine, it will be to your advantage to take this first, as it combines more of the useful and elegant than any other.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Friendship. A Story of Society. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—There is a decided improvement, in some respects, in this novel, over earlier ones by the same author. Her too luxuriant style has been pruned, we notice fewer improbabilities; and there is more sententiousness, both of thought and of expression. Perhaps the best thing in the book, in the way of character painting, is Lady Cardiff. Her talk is always racy. She bristles with unconscious epigrams. Her strictures on fashionable society, though often cynical, are frequently witty, and always more or less true. On the other hand, the worst thing, in the same way, is Mrs. Clams, the wife of the New York millionaire. Why will English novelists, from Bulwer and Trollope down, make such caricatures of their American personages? Have they never been fortunate enough to be introduced to well-bred republicans? We confess that we have never met, anywhere, whether in the United States or in Europe, such a personage as Mrs. Henry V. Clams. She talks a jargon, supposed to be the American vernacular, but which is a sort of absurd hash of Sam Slick, Jack Downing, and the "stage" Yankee. After all, we must go back to "A Leaf in a Storm," for this writer's best work—best in every sense. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Orville College. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The writer of this novel, well known for her powerful story of "East Lynne," is one of the few English novelists, who possess authorized publishers in this country, publishers paying a royalty, and alone justified therefore, in reprinting. The firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, issue this fiction, from advanced proof-sheets, under a special arrangement with Mrs. Wood. The story is one of great interest, as are indeed all by this writer. The volume is in large, clear type, a thing not to be overlooked, in these days of blurred reprints, that seem to be cheap, but ruin the eyesight, and are, therefore, so dear.

Gabrielle. By Henry Greville. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a translation from the French. The author, though writing under a man's name, is really a woman. She has been compared, by some critics, to George Sand, but the comparison is misleading in more ways than one; for, while on the one hand, she has not the genius of George Sand, she is never erratic as that novelist often is. Among writers of fiction, in France, however, she holds a decidedly high place. As compared with English novelists, much less the ordinary American one, she is an artist of the first quality. Her present story has been admirably translated.

Seaforth. By Florence Montgomery. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The writer of this new novel, is favorably known for her "Thrown Together," and "Misunderstood," two fictions of positive merit. The present story is a very decided advance on its predecessors. In one particular, the writer excels most of her cotemporaries, as she understands child-life, and describes it with rare sympathy and truth. Little Joan, in this story, is very tenderly sketched. The novel is, in every way, to be recommended. The volume is exceptionally well printed.

Margarethe, or Life Problems. From the German of E. Junckes. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Whatever Mrs. Wister has, heretofore, selected for translation, has proved to be worthy of it. The present romance is no exception to this rule. It is full of interest, and inculcates an excellent moral. It is also admirably rendered. We know of no recent fiction we can so cordially commend.

The Pride of Life. By Jane, Lady Scott. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new edition of a novel, that had, when first published, a great success. Lady Scott was already favorably known as the writer of "The Hen-Pecked Husband," when this fiction appeared; but her reputation was greatly increased by this later and more mature work. The novel forms one of the "Dollar Series," the cheapest, handsomest and most popular of all.

The Lost Will. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another new, and powerfully written fiction by Mrs. Wood. This story is printed from the author's manuscript. A neat octavo, in large and legible type.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"A Help For Women." The Springfield, (Ohio,) Farm and Fireside, one of the best journals of its kind in the United States, says: "Every women should strive to dress well and make herself attractive in the eyes of others. 'But how shall I do it?' exclaims many a mother and daughter, whose purse is not heavy enough to employ dressmakers and milliners to work this outward adornment, which all feel is so necessary. It is just such people that need a help the most, and yet they are the ones who neglect to procure this important aid to a woman's happiness more than any others. Farmers' wives and daughters especially, should feel interested in and subscribe for a standard authority on all things pertaining to their wearing apparel, and such they will find Peterson's Magazine, published in Philadelphia, Pa., at $2 a year. It treats on all articles connected with a woman's wardrobe, and gives plain and simple directions, as well as cuts and charts, which will enable any one to cut, make and fit their own clothing, without being dependent on the charges of fashionable dressmakers. The Magazine speaks for itself, so it is useless for us to say more, but simply advise all our lady readers, to send for sample copies by mentioning this paper, and addressing Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa."

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—Garden Plants, continued.

IX.—Salvia Officinalis.—Sage, from the Latin *Salvare*, to save, from its supposed medicinal properties, is a perennial, labiate plant, stems one to two feet high, quadrangular, pubescent, growing in bunches, branching from its base, leafy. Leaves one to three inches long, grayish-green, wrinkled, of a strong pungent odor and taste. Corolla, mostly of a violet purple.

Sage is a native of southern Europe, but is extensively cultivated in our gardens, both for medicinal and culinary purposes. It was more highly esteemed by the ancients, than by physicians of the present day, except by those who never read or take medical journals; but plod along in the old beaten path of our aged mothers and grandmothers, and like them know of nothing else or better for sore throats and mouths, than "sage" tea, honey and alum.

Well, for simple sore throats, sage tea or alum-water alone, preceded by a cooling purgative, will often suffice; as will ice, a pepper tea, or the wet bandage,—just as the same affection is cured by our homeopathic friends, with minute doses of aconite or belladonna. Thus we see a cure *follows* the most adverse and opposite treatment of many simple affections, but one should not deceive himself in always attributing the cure as the *result* of the treatment instituted. The practice of rudely swabbing the mouths of infants and children, to the extent of causing them to bleed, as is sometimes done by nurses or mothers, should be condemned by the family physician. But with these astringent powers, sage unites some tonic and aromatic properties, and the infusion may be given in cases of flatulent dyspepsia, and to check the night-sweats of hectic fever, in the absence of more active remedies. Many are in the habit of putting powdered sage in sausage meats, but unless soon used, the meat becomes staled thereby.

Another species of Salvia, S. Lyrata, or *meadow* sage, is abundant ofttimes on dry meadow banks, and is regarded as a worthless weed. The leaves are chiefly radical and lyrate in shape; stems, square, with concave sides and obtuse angles.

X.—Thymus Vulgaris.—Thyme, the ancient Greek name, from *thuo*, to burn perfume, is an humble, spreading perennial plant, well known and highly fragrant, and is found in almost every well ordered kitchen garden. Indigenous to the South of France, it has been introduced and cultivated everywhere, for culinary purposes. No roast, whether of fowl or beast, can be properly dressed without the presence of some thyme in the bread crumbs. And no soup, especially clam, terrapin, etc., is quite up to the standard quality, unless well spiced with this fragrant plant.

But there is an oil obtained from the thyme in the South of France, where the plant grows in great abundance, and it comes to us as *oil of origanum*; an excellent local application to an aching tooth, neuralgia of the face, chronic or 'cold' rheumatism, etc. It forms the basis of most of our proprietary liniments, and families can easily make *bathes* for themselves at one-fourth the cost of those they buy, as one-half their cost is spent in advertising, wrappers, stamps, etc., if they so choose. Take a quart bottle to an apothecary, tell him to put in two to four ounces of gum camphor, one ounce of oil of hemlock, two ounces of oil of origanum, one ounce of oil of sassafras, two ounces of pulverized cayenne, and fill with ninety-five per cent. alcohol, and in a few day's time, you will have ready for use a stronger, and a better liniment for most purposes, than you can buy. To make it resemble some of our popular liniments, you can add a little spirits of ammonia.

XI.—Thymus Serpyllum, Creeping or wild thyme, is closely allied to the preceding in appearance and properties, and though also a native of Southern Europe, is naturalized in many places. The silly old notion, or absurd story still entertained by some ignorant people, that this plant springs up spontaneously, where human blood has been shed by any violence, should no longer be entertained in this nineteenth century of intelligence, light, reason and physiological laws.

ETIQUETTE

Dinner Parties, Etc.—To a young housekeeper, or to those unaccustomed to entertain a great deal, the "dinner part" assumes most terrible proportions, as the time for it draws nigh. All other entertainments appear easy beside it, for in the hour or two occupied at a dinner-table, sufficient time is given for all short comings to be noticed by the guests.

The pleasantest dinners, when the guests are intelligent and cultivated, number from six to ten people, for with that number the conversation can become general; but usually larger parties are the gayest, and any number can be invited, as in such a case, it is impossible to have the conversation general, and each part of the table can have its own topic of interest.

Of course, *all* arrangements for a dinner party, should be as perfect as a hostess can make them; but the surest way of insuring success, is to invite only those who are most congenial. This is more necessary, at a small dinner, than at a large one even; conversation should be brief and on general topics, not composed of personal remarks or gossip. We are sorry to say, however, that capable talkers are rare.

In the country, the time of sending the invitation, previous to the dinner, need not be a long one; but in a large city, where engagements are numerous, the invitations should always be sent a week or ten days before the dinner, in order to

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secure the guests. During the mid-winter galeties, two weeks are often allowed, in large cities.

We have already given the form to be used in invitations to dinners, as well as the usual mode of either accepting or refusing; but we must again urge the necessity of an *immediate* reply to any dinner invitation, as the number of guests must necessarily be limited, and the place of the person who refuses should be *at once* filled.

If an invitation to dinner has been accepted, nothing but the most imperative reason should induce the invited person to break the engagement; and in such a case, a note, stating the reason, should be sent at once to the hostess, in order that another guest may be asked.

In the country, the dinner hour is usually much earlier than it is in cities, where six o'clock is the usual time of dining. Punctuality is absolutely indispensable at dinner, and nothing can be in worse taste than to keep a whole party waiting for one individual; but fifteen minutes or so should always be allowed, by a hostess, for the difference of watches, the delay of a carriage, etc., etc. Neither should a guest arrive too soon, as the hostess may not be blessed with thoroughly trained servants, and may have the "last touches" to give to the adornments of the table herself. *Punctuality* means at the time; *neither sooner, nor later.*

If possible, all arrangements should be made by the hostess early in the day, in order that neither mind nor body should be fatigued, when the time of receiving her guests arrives; she should endeavor to forget everything but the entertainment of her guests, and to throw all thoughts of her cook and her waiter aside.

The host and hostess should speak to each guest cordially, as he or she enters the room, and if there are strangers present, it is proper to introduce them to all the guests, if possible; if not, then to those who are likely to prove the most congenial.

When all the guests are assembled, the waiter should come to the door of the drawing-room, and announce, in a low voice, to the lady of the house, that "dinner is served." Before the company assembles, the host and hostess must decide what gentleman shall take out what lady, always endeavoring to place those together, whose tastes or likings are apt to render them the most agreeable companions; and placing all at the table in such juxtaposition, that the pleasure and hilarity of the dinner may be enhanced. The host should name to each gentleman, the lady whom he is to take to the table. Plain cards, or some of the pretty, fantastic cards to be purchased at the stationers in large cities, should be placed on the plate of each guest, with the name on it, so that when the table is reached, there may be no confusion in finding places.

When the dinner is announced, the host should offer his arm to the lady of the greatest distinction present, or if no one lady can be selected on that account, then it is best to take the oldest lady present, and to place her on his right side at the table. The guests should follow the host, each gentleman offering his right arm to the lady whom he has been requested to conduct to the table. The hostess follows last, with the gentleman of the greatest distinction present, placing him on her left side.

The gloves should not be removed from the hands, till the guests are seated at the table. A hostess should see that her dining-room is as cool as can well be borne by the guests, when first seated, for the lights and food will soon make the room uncomfortably warm. A dining-room should always be well lighted; but the intense blaze of light afforded by many gas lights, creates too much heat, and is too glaring and coarse, so that this brightness should be slightly tempered; candles and carcel lamps make much the prettiest light, if enough of them can be had.

Table linen should be spotless, and as fine as the means of the giver of the dinner will admit; glass and china should be fine in quality, if possible, even if simple in decoration. Nothing adds more to the beauty of a table, than flowers; if it is possible to obtain them. A low basket, or dish, filled with them, and placed in the centre of the table, will be the great point of attraction all dinner time. Or even a small vase of flowers will add refinement, if more cannot be afforded. If flowers are plentiful, it is pretty to place a small bouquet for each lady-guest, in a small glass, in front of her, on the table; this bouquet she carries away with her.

It is quite impossible to give a list of articles for a dinner-party, at least, to suit all sections of the country; for, of course, viands that can be easily obtained in one section, are quite unprocurable in another. But a few general hints may be acceptable. A few years ago, we published several articles on the subject of dinner-giving, to which, meantime, we refer our old subscribers.

If the giver of the dinner wishes, when oysters are procurable, it is proper to begin the meal, by having three or four *small* oysters, on the half shell, placed on a plate before each guest; these are supposed to produce an appetite, and in summer time, when oysters are not procurable, many persons serve a slice or two of musk-melon, or cantaloupe, to be eaten with a little salt, in the place of the oysters. Or very small clams are sometimes given.

As soon as the plates that have contained the oysters (or melon), have been removed, the soup should be served; then the fish, the best that can be had; then some light dish, like sweet-breads and peas, or delicately broiled chops, or spring chicken; then a heavier meat, as saddle of mutton, or (if in season of course), spring lamb, or turkey or capon; then some nice game; then salad and cheese and crackers; then the sweets, such as omelette soufflé, or ice cream or méringue; and afterwards the fruit, nuts, etc., ending with coffee. Of course all dinners must be governed by the purse of the giver, by the possibilities of getting certain dishes, and by the size of the party.

If the dinner is served *a la Russe*, which is the usual style now in large cities, the dinner-table presents a much more elegant appearance, than when the viands are placed on the table, though the latter plan requires the fewer servants. The dinner *a la Russe* is served, as our readers know, from a side table. The guests seat themselves at table, with only the china, glass, flowers, and necessary silver upon it; and a servant, or if the guests number over four or six, two servants, hand the articles from the side table to each guest.

If any article, which is offered, is not wished, it is simply declined, and the servant passes it on to the next person; and when that course is finished, the next course proceeds in the same way.

The hostess should see, before dinner, that there is a sufficient change of china or silver, or that some one is provided in the pantry to wash it, so that there may be a change ready. No order should be given to the servant waiting at the table, without it is absolutely necessary; all the training should have taken place beforehand; and if necessary, any directions, likely to be forgotten, should be written out, and pinned up in the pantry, where the waiter can see them. It is often wise to write out the courses, as they are to be served, and to give the list to the cook, so that she may make no mistake in sending in the various dishes, in their proper order.

When the fruit has been partaken of, the hostess draws on her gloves, nods her head to the guest who has been taken in by the host, as the signal for rising from the table; and then she, with all the ladies, leave the dining-room, the gentlemen rising from the table till the ladies have departed, one of the gentlemen going to the door and opening it for the ladies. In this country, as in England, it is usual for the gentlemen to remain a few minutes in the dining-room, after the ladies have left, in order to chat, or sometimes to smoke a cigar, (though this is objected to by many ladies), and then to join the ladies in the drawing-room. This is an unpopular proceeding though very often; and in some places,

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the Continental fashion is followed, when the gentlemen go with the ladies to the drawing-room, the host proceeding first with the lady whom he took to the table. In all cases, however, the signal for moving from the table comes from the hostess.

In about a quarter of an hour, after the gentlemen have assembled in the drawing-room, coffee is served to each person, being carried around in small cups, on a waiter, with a cream cup and sugar bowl, so that the two latter may be used, if wished, though for after-dinner coffee, cream is generally dispensed with.

The guests usually remain an hour or so, after the dinner is over, but the time may be shortened, or prolonged, as will be most agreeable.

The call on the hostess, after a dinner-party, should always be made within a week; but three days after is considered the proper time.

HARVEST DECORATIONS.

THE HARVEST HOME.—It has long been the custom, in many parts of England, to decorate churches at harvest, as a token of the goodness of the great All-Giver. In many neighborhoods, in America, the custom has been imitated of recent years. As we have had many letters on the subject, we give some directions:

Use autumn leaves, sheaves of corn, also oats, barley, and rye, hops, ivy, wild clematis, a variety of fruit, grapes, rosy apples, peaches, etc., dahlias, hollyhocks, gladioli, wild ox-eyed daisies, scabiouses, German asters, lilies, marigolds, asparagus, berries, mountain ash, and pyracantha berries. To begin with the pulpit. On to strips of strong paper sew bunches of bright flowers, more especially poppies or red geraniums, and grain, ferns and ivy, with clusters of blackberries, acorns, and rosy apples; cover the panels with some red material, and border with this. Put a cross of flowers in the centre panel, and three bunches of grain tied with ribbon in the others. Pile fruit and flowers in moss at the foot of the lectern, three sheaves of wheat resting against it. Surround the top of the font with evergreens and corn, narrow festoons hanging beneath. Do not put the cover on, but float a white cross on the water; place a layer of moss round the base, and on it small crosses of grain at regular intervals. If it is possible to hide the pots, let a vine climb up and over the reredos; if not, lay a white cross formed of corn and flowers in relief on crimson. A cornucopia reversed, with fruit and flowers falling from it, makes a good decoration for the window sill. If there are pillars in the church, a pretty idea is to make them look like shocks of corn.

These directions are for Episcopal churches, where there is a lectern, etc. But the general idea of decorations will apply to any church where it is desired to have a harvest festival.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PICKLES, ETC.

Pickled Onions.—One gallon of pickling onions, salt, water, and milk; to each half-gallon of vinegar, one ounce bruised ginger, a quarter of a tablespoonful of cayenne, one ounce allspice, one ounce whole black pepper, a quarter ounce whole nutmeg bruised, eight cloves, a quarter ounce mace. Gather the onions, which should not be too small, when quite dry and ripe; wipe off the dirt, but do not pare them; make a strong solution of salt and water, into which put the onions, and change this, morning and night, for three days, and save the *last* brine they were put in. Then take the outside skin off, and put them into a tin saucepan capable of holding them all, as they are always better done together. Now take equal quantities of milk and the last salt and water the onions were in, and pour this to them; to this add two large spoonfuls of salt, put them over the fire, and watch them very attentively Keep constantly turning the onions about with a wooden skimmer, those at the bottom to the top, and *vice versâ*; and let the milk and water run through the holes of the skimmer. Remember, the onions must never boil, for, if they do, they will be good for nothing; and they should be quite transparent. Keep the onions stirred for a few minutes, and, in stirring them, be particular not to break them. Then have ready a pan with a colander, into which turn the onions to drain, covering them with a cloth to keep in the steam. Place on a table a cloth two or three times double; put the onions on it when quite hot, and cover them with a cloth, and over this put a thick flannel to keep in the steam. Let them remain till the next day, when they will be quite cold, and look yellow and shrivelled; take off the shrivelled skins, when they should be as white as snow. Put them into a pan, make a pickle of vinegar and the remaining ingredients, boil all these up, and pour hot over the onions in the pan. Cover very closely to keep in all the steam, and let them stand till the following day, when they will be quite cold. Put them into jars or bottles well bunged, and a tablespoonful of the best olive oil on the top of each jar or bottle. Tie them down with bladder, and let them stand in a cool place for a month or six weeks, when they will be fit for use. They should be beautifully white, and eat crisp, without the least softness, and will keep good many months.

Walnut Ketchup.—Procure some walnuts when they are very young, about the beginning or middle of July; slightly bruise them, and put them in a jar, with a handful of salt, and a quart of vinegar to every hundred walnuts; let them stand eight days, stirring them every day; then drain the liquor from them, and boil it, with a quarter ounce of mace, quarter ounce nutmeg, quarter ounce cloves, quarter ounce ginger, quarter ounce whole black pepper, a small piece of horse-radish, twenty shalots, quarter pound anchovies, and a pint of port wine, for half an hour. It may be strained or not; if required, a little more vinegar or wine may be added. When bottled, seal the corks.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Put the walnuts in salt and water for ten days, stopping the jar close with a linen cloth, so that the walnuts cannot rise above the water; then put them in vinegar for ten days. If the walnuts are exposed to the air, they will lose their color. To one hundred walnuts, put half an ounce of mace, quarter ounce of cloves, quarter ounce of nutmegs, one hundred cloves of garlic, one and a half pints of mustard seed, a handful of horseradish, sliced, some bay salt, and one gallon of good cider vinegar. The vinegar should not be scalded. The walnuts should be young enough so as to be easily pierced with a pin.

To Dry Plums.—Gather the plums when not too ripe. Prick each one with a darning-needle in several places. Take half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Melt the sugar with a little water, skim it thoroughly, then add the plums and boil the sugar for half an hour. Lift out the plums, and boil the sugar for twenty minutes longer, or until it candies, which you can tell by taking a small quantity in a spoon, and letting it drop, until it threads out in strings; turn it over the plums, and put them to dry in a cool oven, stirring them up every few minutes. When candied, put into boxes.

To Pickle Oysters.—Take one hundred and fifty oysters, put them into a saucepan, and add salt to your taste, set it on hot coals, and allow the oysters to simmer till they are heated all through, but not to boil; then take out the oysters and put them into a stone jar, leaving the liquor in

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the saucepan; add to it a pint of clear strong vinegar, a large teaspoonful of blades of mace, three dozen whole cloves, and three dozen whole pepper corns. Let it come to a boil, and when the oysters are quite cold in the jar pour the liquor upon them.

To Pickle Eggs—Sixteen eggs, one quart of vinegar, half ounce of black pepper, half ounce of Jamaica pepper, half ounce of ginger. Boil the eggs for twelve minutes, then dip them into cold water, and take off the shell. Put the vinegar, with the pepper and ginger, into a stewpan, and let it simmer for ten minutes. Now place the eggs in a jar, pour over them the vinegar, etc., boiling hot, and when cold, tie them down with a bladder to exclude the air. This pickle will be ready for use in a month.

COOKERY FOR INVALIDS.

Jelly.—It should be understood that gelatine answers as well for jelly as that made from calves' feet, and that the only advantage from using the latter is the knowledge of the source whence it is derived. To make jelly of calves' feet, boil two in four quarts of water for eight hours, skimming well. When done, skim the liquor through a very fine sieve, and let it remain until the next day. Carefully remove every particle of grease; this is best done by scraping the jelly, and then wiping it with a clean cloth dipped in very hot water. To a pint of strong jelly put a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, the peel of one lemon, and the juice of two. When the jelly is dissolved, stir in a pint of sherry and a wine-glassful of brandy. Beat up the whites and shells of four eggs with a quarter of a pint of cold water, and stir them briskly into the jelly, which allow to simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. Let it stand for five minutes before passing through the jelly bag. If the jelly is not clear, pass it a second time through the bag. To make jelly of gelatine, follow the directions given with each packet, and the result will be successful. When gelatine is used merely as a vehicle for administering wine, it is not necessary to clear the jelly. Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine, previously soaked in a little water, in a quarter of a pint of boiling water, add sugar to taste, the juice and peel of a lemon, and let all boil for a quarter of an hour. Take off the fire, and stir in half a pint of port or sherry, and let it stand until set.

Imitation Lemon Cream—This will be useful where milk or cream is not allowed, and is nourishing and delicious. Put into half a pint of boiling water the peel of two lemons, very thinly shred, and allow it to simmer for a quarter of an hour, then boil half a pound of sugar in it for ten minutes, strain it, add three eggs (the whites and yolks beaten together) and the juice of the lemons. Put the mixture into a bright stewpan, and stir until thick; it will take about twenty minutes. Have ready a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, soaked in a spoonful of cold water, and when the cream is poured into a basin, put the gelatine with another spoonful of water into the stewpan, and stir about until dissolved, then mix thoroughly with the cream and put it into a mould. It should stand until the next day.

Stewed Prunes.—Wash the fruit, and for every pound allow half a pound of raw sugar and one pint of water. Boil the sugar and water together for ten minutes, then put in the fruit, and let it boil gently for two hours, or until perfectly tender, so that it breaks if touched with the finger. Drain the syrup from the prunes, and boil it until it becomes thick; then put the prunes back into it, and let them stand until the next day.

Apple Fool.—Bake good sharp apples, remove the pulp with a spoon, and beat it up with a little sifted sugar. To a teacupful use the yolk of an egg and a penny sponge cake; mix together, and rub through a sieve. This is nourishing, and useful in any case where cream or custard is objected to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pears for Desert.—I believe pear jelly can be made, but have heard it is insipid. The following recipes are delicious: Take finest pears just ripe, just cover with water, simmer till tender, but not in the least broken; lift them out into cold water. Now measure the water you have simmered them in; to each half pint put one pound of sugar. Boil up the syrup, then simmer the pears for five minutes; repeat this for three days, but allow ten minutes simmering the last day. Keep the pears in the syrup; the day before any are wanted remove from it and dry in very cool oven. Or you may stew pears in a syrup of five ounces of sugar, six cloves, six allspice, half pint water, and half pint port wine. This is the proportion for eight large pears. Pure claret may be used instead of wine and water. Simmer slowly till tender, probably three hours. A few drops of cochineal improve the color if water has been used. Pears and plums in equal quantities, with a few of the kernels of the latter chopped, preserve beautifully in the above syrup.

Raspberry Acid.—Dissolve five ounces of tartaric acid in one quart of water, pour it on twelve pounds of ripe fruit in a large jar, let it stand twenty-four hours, strain it from the fruit without pressing, and to every pint of juice put one and a-quarter pounds of pounded loaf sugar. Stir with a silver spoon until the sugar is all dissolved. Let it stand for a day or two, then take off the scum and bottle. It is more wholesome than raspberry vinegar, and very pretty as a shape, with the addition of isinglass.

Rhubarb.—Peel and cut up the rhubarb, boil till reduced to a pulp with a very little water; allow one pound of sugar, one ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped, and half a lemon (cut in slices) to every pound of pulp; boil for three-quarters of an hour or an hour; remove the lemon peel, and put it into pots.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF SOFT GRAYISH-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR; the petticoat is of green silk, made short, and is trimmed with one rather deep knife-plaited flounce; the simulated basque, sleeves, and collar, are of silk like the petticoat; the front of the dress, bottom of the basque, and cuffs are of myrtle green velvet, embroidered in leaves of grayish-green. Chip bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon, and feathers of the color of petticoat, and pink roses.

FIG. II.—WEDDING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, cut in "turrets" at the sides, but with a long, plain flowing train at the back, and trimmed with narrow blonde lace; the dress is open square in front, with a turned over collar, which is faced with satin, and a large collar of white lace; a puffing of white tulle extends all the way down the front of the dress; long sleeves trimmed with lace and satin ribbon; large bow of white satin on the right side, from under which fall sprays of orange blossoms and jessamines; the under dress is composed of a series of narrow knife-plaited flounces of tulle; large tulle veil, and orange blossoms in the hair.

FIG. III.—BRIDESMAID'S DRESS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED CRÊPE; it is made in the princess style, opens in front over a lace chemisette, fastens diagonally, and is trimmed with a heavy white fringe; the under dress is of white silk, with a ruching of silk, put on in a shell pattern around the bottom. Half long sleeves; white roses on the corsage, and in the hair.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF CHAMOISE-COLORED FOULARD; the skirt is trimmed with a flounce at the bottom, which gradually widens at the back; the front of the dress is gathered in loose folds, the back has two deep scarf loops and end; the long sacque of the same material as the dress, is almost close-fitting, and is trimmed like the back of the dress, with a broad band of silk. Bonnet of brown straw

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with brown wing; the loose cap, crown and trimmings, are of silk like the dress.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF BLACK SILK; the skirt which is round and without train, is finished with a fine knife-plaiting, and is slightly puffed up the front; the over dress opens over the puffed skirt, and over a pink and white striped silk vest; it is cut square in the neck, is piped with pink silk; it is quite plain, and reaches to the ruffle on the under skirt. Black straw hat, with green feather and pink rose.

FIG. VI.—TRAVELING DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S HAIR; the under skirt has one narrow knife-plaited ruffle; the over dress reaches to this ruffle, and is finished with a hem, with two or three rows of machine stiching on it; the skirt is slightly caught up on the right side with long loops of gray ribbon; the waist is not quite tight-fitting, and is confined by a black belt covered with jet; a small double cape; black hat with gray feathers.

FIG. VII.—DUST CLOAK OF ÉCRU-COLORED ALPACA OR PONGEE; it is a narrow circular, with a rather deep cape, and trimmed with two ruffles around the bottom and the cape.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED BUNTING; the skirt has a very short train, and is laced in straight plaits at the back; it is trimmed all around with a knife-plaited rufile of the bunting; the front is slightly gathered at three different places, and the gathers are caught in the middle with ribbon of the color of the dress, with a black satin facing; a ruffle edges each side of the apron front. The waist is a basque, plaited back and front.

FIG. IX.—WALKING COSTUME OF "SHEPHERD'S PLAID;" the skirt, which is rather long, is made to loop up, so as to escape the ground, if needed, or to lengthen, and wear with a basque in the house; the back is trimmed with a plaiting edged with two narrow ruffles. The jacket has but three seams in the back, and small pocket flaps. Black straw hat.

FIG. X.—VISITING DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK; the front is laid the whole length in deep plaits, and is of the darkest shade of green; the plain half-train, at the back, which falls from beneath the basque, is of a fine camel's hair, and is of a lighter shade of green; the sleeves and vest, are of dark green silk; the basque is of the lighter green camel's hair; the costume is finished with bows of ribbon, of the lighter green, faced with darker green. Dark green velvet hat, with lighter green flowers.

FIG. XI.—WALKING DRESS OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR. The skirt is quite plain, with only a hem at the bottom, and is *slightly* draped over a dark brown velveteen skirt, also made without any trimming, and short enough to escape the ground. The chestnut-brown basque, opens over a dark brown velveteen vest, and has collar, sleeves, and trimming of the velveteen. Brown straw hat, trimmed with poppies.

FIG. XII.—THE DERBY PALETOT OF BÈGE-COLORED CLOTH, trimmed with brown velvet and pearl buttons. The plastron in front has two rows of button holes. The sleeves, which are left open at the seams, are ornamented with half circles of velvet, and there is a similar trimming on the pockets; large buttons on the ends of the velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give several of the newest styles of sleeves, for walking and house wear, also two of the newest styles of mantelets; the first is of black cashmere, trimmed with a ruching of cashmere laid in plaits, and caught together in blocks, and finished with a knife-plaiting of silk; the second is made of black silk, and is trimmed with rows of jet fringe, alternating with black silk fringe. The new style of basque is composed of black silk and black velvet; the belt is of silk laid in plaits, and reaches only from the side seams under the arm.

For the first fall month, there is never any decided change in fashions: in truth, there is never any decided change at any particular time; like old age, alterations in fashions creep on us so imperceptibly, that we scarcely recognize them till we have adopted them. For September, straw bonnets and hats are retrimmed and summer dresses touched up, or last spring's wardrobe put in use. Short dresses are now very generally worn for walking, though many still cling lovingly to the half-long skirts. Many dresses for both house and street wear, open over a front of either a different color, or of a different material of the same color.

Ribbons are much used for trimming dresses. The plaited flounces will frequently be crossed at regular intervals by perpendicular rows of shells of ribbon. Sulphur color is in high favor just now, particularly when mixed with either claret or pink. Claret cashmere, for instance, is frequently trimmed with sulphur ruches; and sulphur feathers are often mixed with roses on bonnets, and combination loops of pink and sulphur ribbons are used for trimming evening toilets. Dresses of sulphur barège are very pretty, trimmed with feather fringes; a mantelet to match accompanies them. There are also sulphur vicuna scarfs, trimmed with chenille fringe, and embroidered in various deep tones of brown; in fact, sulphur, toad-green, and fiery coxcomb are the fashionable colors of the day. Dark red or wine color, and garnet are also very favorite colors for the autumn.

There are always novel trimmings making their appearance, and the two latest are flowered laces and appliqués of Indian design on black tulle.

Mantelets and Sacques still retain the styles of the summer, it is much too early for the newest garments to appear, though there are importations which are new here, but are the remains of unsold summer goods in Paris.

Bonnets and Hats are of such an immense variety, that one might think that new ones appeared every month; never were more becoming ones to be had, to suit all styles and ages.

Shoes, with colored stockings, have been worn all summer; now *bootees* are more popular as the season advances, and soon only boots will be seen out of doors.

The Hair continues to be dressed closely to the head, and much less false hair is worn then was fashionable a few years ago.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME OF CHECKED BLUE CLOTH, FOR A GIRL OF THREE; the dress is plaited at the back and falls plain in front, with two rows of buttons; Louis XV. jacket, with large square pockets on the sides. Velvet hat, almost covered with dark blue silk ruching.

FIG. II.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT WITH BLOUSE, made of gray tweed. The loose trousers descend below the knee. The blouse fastens at the side; it has two rows of buttons, sewn to a patte with five rows of stitching. Leather band.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE; coat of gray cloth, princess shape, with large pockets, deep cuffs, and a single small cape, cut square in front, beneath a rolling collar. Dark blue felt hat with velvet band, pearl buckle, and blue wing.

FIG. IV.—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT OF SMALL BLACK AND WHITE PLAID; the trousers are close-fitting about the knee; the jacket opens over a vest of the same material, and has a rolling collar.

FIG. V.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUIT OF CHOCOLATE BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR; dress is plain in front, and is laid in large plaits at the back; the jacket is quite loose and long, and is of the same material as the dress; it, like the dress, is trimmed with large, brown bone buttons; it has a large pocket, deep cuffs, and a rolling collar. Sash of chocolate brown silk at the back.

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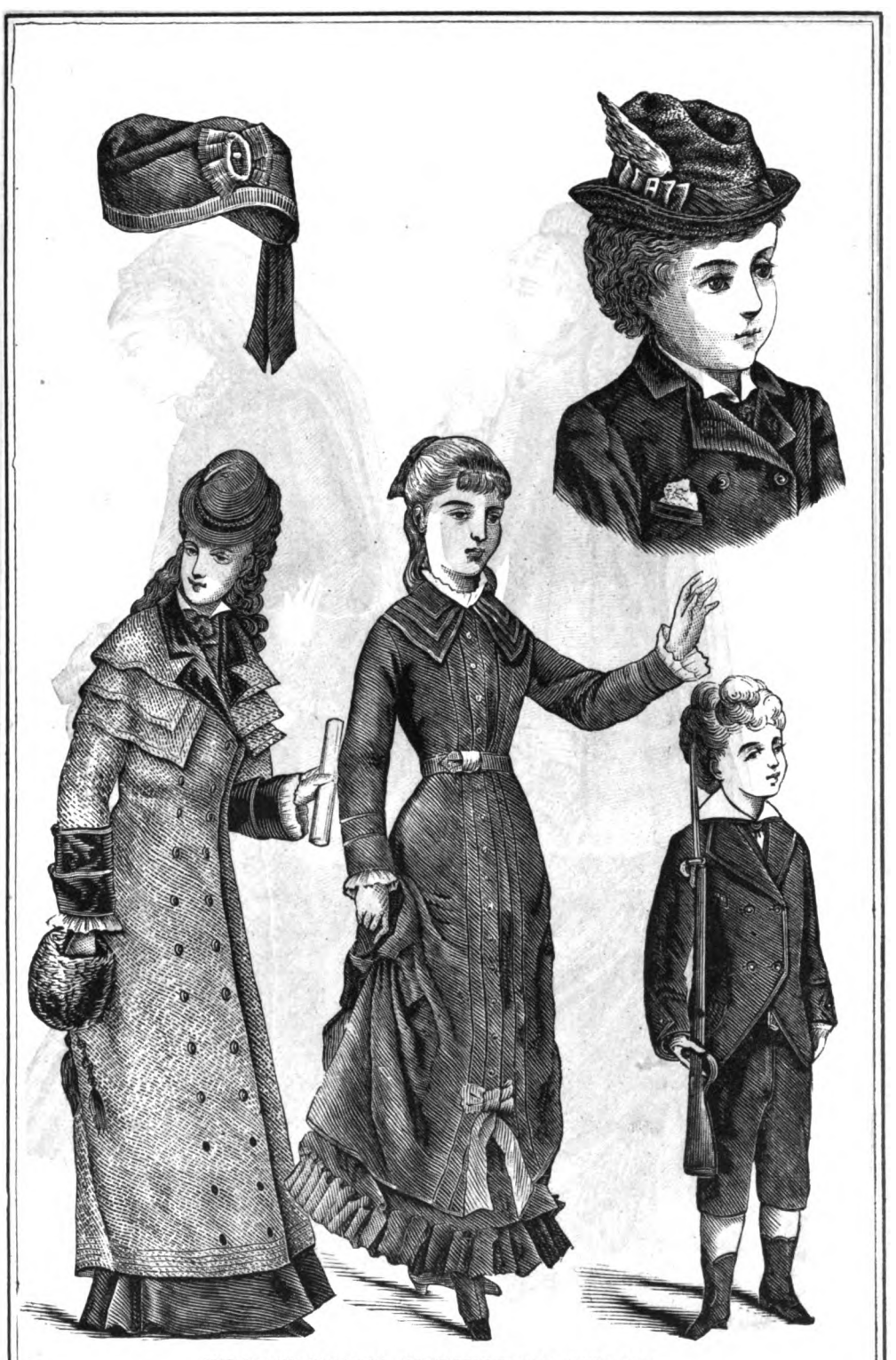
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. BOY'S SCOTCH CAP. BOY'S HAT.

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MOURNING DRESSES.

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WALKING DRESS: FRONT AND BACK.

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HOUSE DRESS. ROMAN HEAD DRESS. COLLAR FOR MOURNING.

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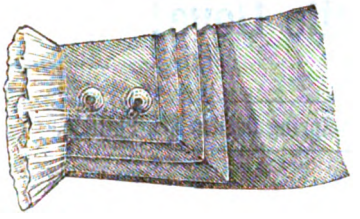
OUT-OF-DOORS WRAP. BONNET. COLLAR FOR MOURNING.

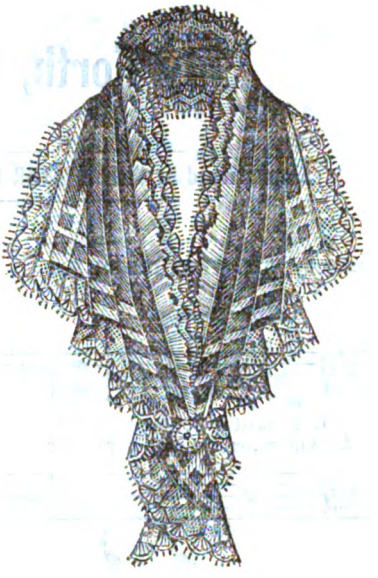
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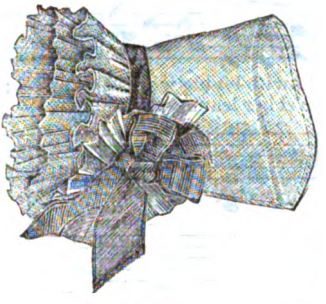


NEW STYLE HATS. MANTELET OF GRAY CASHMERE.

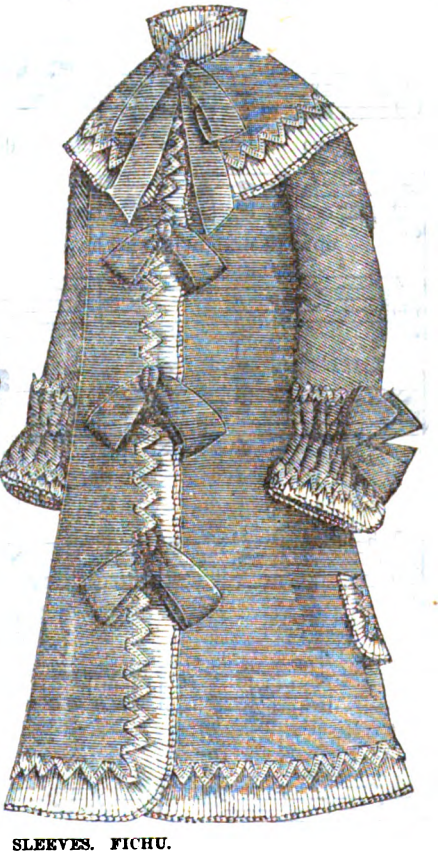
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INVALID'S MORNING JACKET. SLEEVES. FICHU.

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Fly Forth, O Gentle Dove!

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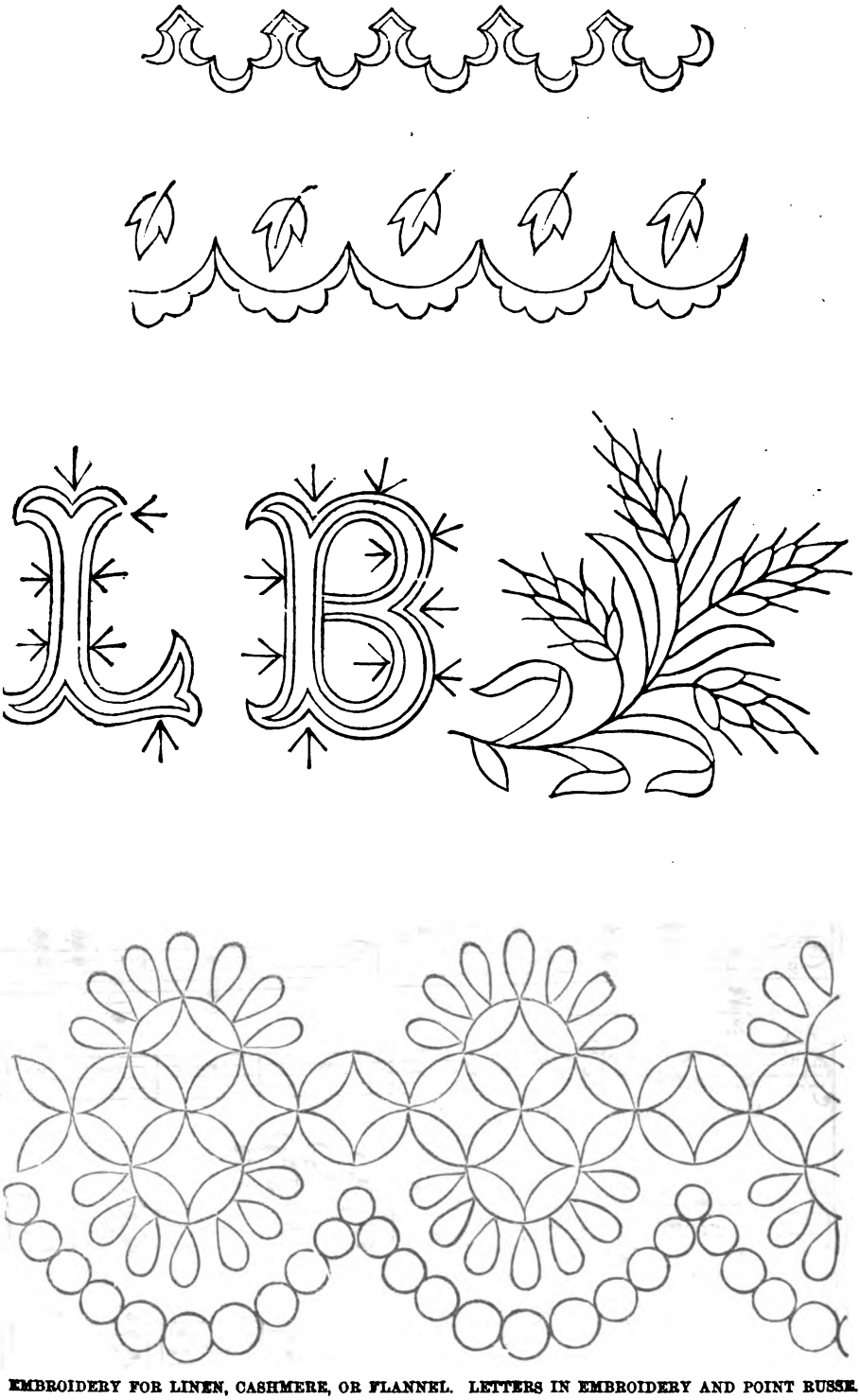


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FLY FORTH, O GENTLE DOVE!



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EMBROIDERY FOR LINEN, CASHMERE, OR FLANNEL. LETTERS IN EMBROIDERY AND POINT RUSSE.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY ALFRED C. HARDY.

"IT'S no use," exclaimed Hal, despairingly, throwing down his gun, and then throwing himself after it, "it's no use trying any longer. We might as well give up and die at once. We shall never find our way out of this wilderness."

"That isn't like you, Hal," I said. "You are famished, weak, low in spirits, and half sick, I believe. Otherwise, you would not despond so easily. Cheer up!"

"I'm too nearly starved for that. I believe I am half sick, as you say. My head aches as if it would split." He sat *half* up, as he spoke, putting his hand to his brow, and looked disconsolately around.

I was nearly as discouraged as Hal; but I was careful not to betray my feelings, in word or look. Hal and I were very dear friends. He was twenty, and I ten years older. He was the son of rich parents, in New York, and I was a sort of a guardian to him; at least during our summer recreations; having been appointed to act in that capacity by his doting father, who reposed perfect confidence in my friendship.

Becoming tired of the seashore, Hal, with a restlessness, common to persons of his age, had got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to make a pedestrian tour, northward, through the woods to Canada. He had heard of a party of students, who had started on this excursion a year before; and he longed to imitate their example. But his plans met with no sympathy from me. I had settled at Old Orchard for at least a month; and I did not want to hear anything of adventure. But Hal was enthusiastic on the subject. "We would hunt, fish and camp," he said, and everything would be glorious. But I was an old campaigner, and I knew that camping out meant everything that was disagreeable, especially at that time of the year. I reluctantly consented, at last, however.

Well, our journey up the Kennebec was very pleasant; but when we had left the boat, and the stages behind us; and when we saw the last house, and began to camp out beneath the trees, Hal grew homesick. The realities were not what he had anticipated. Instead of sound slumbers, we had to fight mosquitoes through the night; and when morning came, the mosquitoes were reenforced by swarms of stinging flies. On the third day, after entering the woods, we had a rain storm. At night, we tried to find a nook that would shelter us; and in so doing we lost our way; nor could we discover it again the next morning. We wandered about till we were completely bewildered, and when night came, were thoroughly exhausted. We hunted and fished now, not for pleasure, but from necessity. Our provisions were all gone, and we were in danger of literal starvation.

That day, Hal had been vainly trying to secure some game for our dinner. He looked already ten years older, than when we had started on this journey. Exposure and unaccustomed exertion had told on him fearfully. There was a hectic tint on his cheeks, and an unnatural look about his eyes. What if he should die here? And what should hinder him from dying, if his strength should fail, if he should fall sick?

These thoughts were passing through my mind, when I caught the sound of something stirring in the forest. Instantly I grasped my rifle, and stationed myself behind a clump of shrubbery. Was it a deer? Nervously I raised my rifle, and my finger was on the trigger, when Hal sprang to his feet, knocked up the weapon, and cried, excitedly, "Hist! look there."

A light breeze, at that moment, had partly blown aside the bushes in front, disclosing a young girl, perfect both in form and in feature, lying on the forest grass, under some over-shadowing birches, sound asleep. She was dressed in simple white muslin. Her arms, half seen, hung listlessly at her sides; her broad brimmed hat lay by her knee; her long hair, unbound, flowed over

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her shoulders; her lips, which were literally like ripe rose-buds, were half parted, like those of an infant, smiling in its sleep. As I looked, she moved slightly, and I recognized the same sound, which I had heard before, and supposed to be the stealthy tread of a fawn. A picture of more bewildering loveliness I had never seen. My rifle fell to the ground. Hal's noise in rising and his exclamation, awoke her. She raised her head; looked around startled; and then, seeing us, sprang to her feet, and turned as if to run.

I stepped forward, lifting my cap, "Pardon us," I said, "for alarming you, but you have nothing to fear. We are lost in this forest. Can you guide us out?"

She stopped at this, glanced from me to Hal, and blushed rosily over face and neck. "Lost," she said. "Why, it is only half a mile to the road, and my father's house is not half that distance. Lost, indeed!" with a gay little laugh of incredulity; and she shook her head. "Who ever heard of such a thing as getting lost in my father's woods?"

"But such is the fact," said Hal, coming eagerly forward, his eyes expressing his admiration, "and if you can guide us to a place where we can obtain refreshments, you will do us a great service. We are nearly famished."

"My father will be glad to receive you," she replied, demurely, her eyes falling before his. "I will show you the way. You had better come now, for your friend there looks sick."

She was addressing me, now, but looking directly at Hal. Hal, poor fellow, was by this time, so weak, that, when we started to go, he had to lean on me for support.

Our fair conductor, went tripping on before us, occasionally waiting for us to come up, and every now and then, casting anxious looks at Hal's pale face. We soon reached the farm-house, which was neat and commodious, situated on a gentle slope, with grand old shade trees all about it. No palace could have given us a more hospitable welcome.

Before night Hal was in a high fever. A physician was called, who looked grave, and said the case was a doubtful one; though youth and good nursing might bring the patient round.

For a week Hal was delirious. I watched by his bedside, night and day. Jennie, our little "sleeping beauty," as I called her, came and went, administering to the needs of the sick room, in a thoroughly, womanly way, that one would hardly have looked for in one so young. At last, Hal's youth brought him round. To me it was a great relief. I wrote to his father that he had been sick, but was better, and that we should probably soon come home.

But Hal was in no hurry to return. What his reasons could be, for wishing to stay in that out-of-the-way place, puzzled me sorely, for awhile. But one day it flashed upon me, all at once, that Hal was in danger of falling in love with Jennie. Ever since his recovery, he had been in her society a great deal; and I noticed that she seemed shy and reserved, whenever I met them together. I had seen many other little things, too, that were quite suggestive, when I came to think them over. "This," I said to myself, "must go no farther. Jennie is charming enough in her way, but if Hal marries, it must be with some one of his own class. He, the heir of one of the first families of New York, to wed a mere forest nymph? Impossible! What would his father think of me?"

That very afternoon, I said to Hal, "I shall get off to New York to-morrow morning. Can you be ready?"

He started suddenly, and gave me a penetrating look, as if to read my thoughts. Then he flushed scarlet, and said:

"Of course I will be ready."

That was all. But I felt relieved. "Once get him away," I reflected, "and he will soon forget all about it."

That night, after tea, Jennie went out to pick some berries. Soon after, I missed Hal. I guessed where he was, and I felt vexed. It was nearly dark when they returned, their hands full of bright maple leaves. When they saw me, Jennie slipped quietly away into the house, and Hal came directly towards me. His face was flushed, and he seemed agitated, and in attempting to talk he made some strange blunders.

The next morning we were off on the early stage. We stopped a day at Old Orchard, to rest and pack our trunks, and then went directly home, where we were gladly welcomed by our friends. As we alighted from the hack, at my hotel, Hal took out his diary to pay the driver; and as he held it up in the gas-light, I caught a glimpse of the page bearing the date of the day of our departure from the farm-house; and on it were written two names, with a scarlet maple leaf fastened below them.

Soon after our return, business called me to California, where I remained for a year.

During this time I heard nothing from Hal. The little incidents of our tour in Maine, meantime, had been forgotten. But when I returned to New York, I called on Hal, at once.

"Delighted to see you back again," said Hal's father, into whose presence I was ushered.

"And how is Hal?" I said.

"Hal? I have not seen him for an age."

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"Have not seen him? Where is he?"

"He is in the city. I suppose you know Hal is married?"

"I did not," I said, still more surprised.

"Yes, he married a penniless girl, from somewhere in the woods of Maine. Threw himself hopelessly away. I was so displeased, that I told him he must look out for himself; and the boy was spirited enough to do so. He and I have not met for six months. He is doing business in a small way for himself, and I understand, successfully."

"I am so sorry to hear this," I said. "Can nothing be done?"

"Well, perhaps," answered his father, "we have both been headstrong and foolish; and both too proud to acknowledge it. But I want Hal back again, wife and all. He is all I have, and life goes rather hard, I must confess, without him. I am glad you have come home, Hardy. I can't quite make up my mind to go to Hal myself, and I want you to do it for me. You used to have great influence with him."

"I shall be happy to serve you in this."

"When will you see him?"

"To-night. The sooner the better."

And so it was decided. The father was to remain in the carriage while I went in.

Hal's house was a small neat cottage in the suburbs. A vigorous tug at the bell soon brought out the proprietor. He looked at me a moment, as if to identify me; and then I felt a pair of strong arms around my neck.

"Why, you dear old fellow," cried Hal. "Where did you come from? I'm so glad to see you! Where have you been all this time?"

As he spoke, he whisked me into a cosy little sitting-room, and before I had time to reply, had disappeared. It was a cheery, home-like apartment, with nothing but plain furniture, and simple adornments; but there was such a tidy appearance about everything, that I knew Hal's wife must be a jewel.

When Hal returned, I caught, for the first time, a glance at his face. It was the same fresh, joyous face, only there was a serious manliness now, in place of the old boyish expression. He was followed by a fair-haired, rosy-faced young creature, whom, with a proud air, he introduced as his wife.

Where had I seen her before? She had a familiar look, but I had met so many people in my changeful, roving life, that I could not locate her for a moment. Suddenly, under my scrutinizing gaze, she blushed; I had seen that blush before. All at once, the truth flashed on me.

"Why, you are Jennie," I exclaimed, and took both her hands in mine.

"Yes, I am Jennie," she answered, and blushed again, redder than ever.

We sat down, and began to talk. I broached the subject of his father.

"I can never go back to him," said Hal, "without he makes some advances first, and he will never do that."

"Are you quite so sure?" said a deep voice behind us. We looked around. So eager had been our conversation that we had not observed the opening of the door.

"Are you quite so sure?" said Hal's father, for it was he who spoke.

"My dear," he continued, advancing and bowing low to Jennie, "pardon an old man, who has come, though late, to ask your forgiveness. I want your husband to be my son again. I want you to be my daughter. I want you both to come and live with me, that is, if you can take pity on one utterly forlorn." His voice broke down as he finished.

Jennie burst into tears, rushed forward, and impulsively threw her arms about the old man. If she had studied her part for weeks, she could have hit on nothing that would have been so perfect as this. As she clung to him, and kissed him, I knew that the reconciliation was permanent and complete.

All this happened years ago. Jennie is now a leader of society in New York, and the most beautiful matron at the Patriarch Balls. But she is still, to me at least, and I am sure, also to her husband, the same true and unaffected character, as when we discovered her, in the woods of Maine, an unknown SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A DREAM.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

ONLY a dream of my childhood,
I never again shall see—
Yet still—so very pleasant,
It was all the world to me!

It shall live in my remembrance,
Beautiful ever, and bright;
Though I lay it away in silence,
And seem to walk in the night.

Lay it away! still hoping,
Some day it will come to me,
To live in my life forever,
In the grand old Yet To Be!

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'ONLY DOT.''

BY J. F. HENDERSON.

"HERE is a letter from Charley," said Mrs. Hoffland, from her chair of state, where she was looking over the morning mail.

"A letter from Charley?" repeated Blanche, rising from the piano. "I think it is quite time. We have not received a dozen letters from him in the whole two years he has been abroad."

"Let us hear it, by all means," said her sister Maude, languidly. "What part of the world is he in?"

"London," replied Mrs. Hoffland, who had opened the letter and was taking a preliminary glance at it.

"London—in splendid health—coming home."

"Coming home!" exclaimed Blanche. "That *is* news!"

"How soon?" Maude asked.

"He will sail on the 20th. He will be here in three weeks, at the furthest. Wait—I'll begin at the first, and read it aloud. Where is Dot? She must hear it, too."

"Dot!" Blanche shrugged her shoulders, with a short, contemptuous laugh. "It would require a skilled detective to keep the run of her movements. I suppose she is playing with the dogs somewhere, or romping after butterflies, or perched in the top of some cherry tree—"

"And mamma," broke in Maude, with considerable asperity, "I do wish you would teach that child to behave like civilized people. If we take her down to New York next winter, as you have rashly promised her, she will drive us all mad with mortification by her rude manners and forward speeches. It was only yesterday, I found her down on the river-bank with a group of small boys, throwing stones into the water, and she could throw further than any boy there."

Mrs. Hoffland laughed good-naturedly. She was a tranquil soul, disposed to take life easily, and had no mind to worry herself into premature old age, by trying to bring her children up after any disciplinary rules.

"Dot is such a child," she said, in answer to Maude's aspersions. "She has not yet learned discretion, but I am sure she will develop into a well-behaved young lady as soon as she is brought out. Ah! here," added Mrs. Hoffland, glancing toward the door. "I hear her coming."

What she heard was some one whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel," out in the hall—and doing it well, too. But the whistling ceased abruptly, and a voice cried out:

"Samson, be so good as to order Black Diamond, immediately—I'm going to the post-office."

A light, tripping footstep on the marble flags, another bar of "Pop Goes the Weasel," then the door opened with a jar and closed with a bang, and Dot stood in the presence of her mother and sisters. She was wonderfully pretty—all roses and dimples and big brown eyes—and she looked so irresistibly comic as she stopped there, with her hands in the pockets of her garden-apron, and her little red lips drawn up to finish the air she was whistling, that the whole trio laughed. But Maude's laugh quickly changed to a scowl.

"Dot, when *will* you learn to deport yourself as becomes a lady? *Why* will you always come in with a crash, as if you were an avalanche, and carry your hands in your pockets, and whistle like a boy?"

"Never mind, Maude," said Dot, as she made a reckless dive after a white kitten that was going under the piano. "I think I was intended for a boy, anyway. You and Blanche can be the ladies, you know; and I am sure one of us ought to be a boy, since Charley has deserted us. But I'm going to the post-office."

"There is no occasion for your going to the post-office," Mrs. Hoffland interposed. "Samson brought the mail, and here is a letter from Charley. He is coming home."

"Charley! Coming home!" She dropped the kitten, and fairly screamed with delight. "Oh, I'm so glad—so awfully glad! Won't we have some jolly good times—"

"Dot!"

'Now, Maude, don't scold!" She threw her arms around her stately sister's neck, and kissed her impetuously. "I believe I did promise to leave off using such expressions, and I mean to do it, too; only you must let me be glad in my own way, just this once."

Mrs. Hoffland commenced reading the letter without further delay, and Dot, settling down on a low ottoman at her feet, became as demure as a little mouse, as she listened, with wide-open eyes, to the message from over the sea. It was an unusually long letter, describing numerous places that Charley had visited, and dwelling on various bits of personal experience. He announced his

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intention of sailing for America on the 20th, which was three weeks distant from the date of his letter, and added:

"But I am not coming alone. I have a very intimate friend here, who has promised to accompany me and be my guest for a few months. He is a real live baronet, too; and a splendid fellow into the bargain; neither married nor in love; and has the wealth of a Rothschild. Maude and Blanche will have to draw lots, I suppose, to determine which shall win the prize, for of course both can't have him, and one or the other must, if I have to turn match-maker to bring it about. I have told him about my handsome sisters, etc., etc."

Then, after a half dozen brotherly messages to Dot, whom he called his baby-sister, and a playful inquiry whether she would be offended if he brought her a magnificent wax doll, which he had seen in a shop window, Charley closed his lengthy epistle.

"A genuine, bona-fide baronet!" exclaimed Blanche, taking no pains to conceal her delight.

"I wish he would stay away!" cried Dot, with energy. "I hate these high and mighty people; they make one feel so small. I know he must be a stiff old bachelor, with a shirt collar sawing his ears off, and eye-glasses riding his nose, like a witch on a broom-stick."

"Dot," interrupted Maude, with her most supercilious frown, "aren't you heartily ashamed of yourself, to speak so disparagingly of brother Charley's guest?"

"Not in the least," replied Dot, coolly. "It is Charley, who ought to be ashamed of himself, for bringing that old ogre of a John Bull here, to give us lessons in decorum."

"Goodness knows you need the lessons badly enough."

Dot shrugged her shoulders, and walked to the window.

"If he takes up his abode in this family, I'll go and live with uncle John—that's all!" And then, as her gaze wandered over the lawn, she immediately added: "Oh, there's Black Diamond at the door—I'm going for a ride."

And away she flew out of the room, and up the stairs, like a frolicsome kitten. In a few minutes she came down, looking prettier than ever, in her close-fitting habit of dark blue cloth.

"I know I am a regular savage," Dot mused, as she rode briskly along the high road toward the village, "and I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself. But I'm afraid I can never be a fine lady like Maude and Blanche, if I live to be a hundred. I ought to be, too; only there wouldn't be any fun in it."

But Dot was not the least bit selfish, and she resolved to put herself on her good behavior, when Charley brought home that detestable Englishman. She would do this for her sisters' sake, so that no rudeness on her part should frighten away the prize for which they were to compete; yet, at the same time, she was horrified at the thought of either Maude or Blanche marrying an egotistical British swell. And just to think of their having designs on the heart of a man they had never seen—of making marriage a matter of bargain and sale. But, perhaps, it was time they were marrying; Maude was twenty-seven, and Blanche twenty-five. Perhaps it was time.

"Maybe, some day, I'll be as crazy to marry as either of them," Dot reflected, and then laughed heartily at the idea, thinking how much nicer it was to be free. "I never could marry a supercilious foreigner anyway, with his lofty airs and roll of ancestors. Goodness gracious, aren't we all descended alike from Adam."

Dot had not taken this ride without an object. There was a poor and needy family in the village, whom she almost daily visited, gladdening them, not less by her charitable contributions, than by the sunshine of her presence; and it was to this family she now made her way. Her mother and sisters were happily ignorant of her charities; they would have rated her roundly for this new enormity against the requirements of civilized society, had they known; so Dot had not the slightest intention of incurring their displeasure by letting her secret out.

She spent a delightful half hour with her protegees, amusing the children, and helping the mother in her house-work; then she tore herself away, and started homeward.

Just outside of the village she passed a horseman. He had drawn up at one side of the road and dismounted, for the evident purpose of tightening his saddle-girth. He was engaged in this operation as Dot cantered slowly by. He glanced up at her, and she saw that he was young and handsome—in fact, the very handsomest man she had ever seen, with a wonderful pair of eyes, and a remarkably graceful and well-proportioned form. He was quite the conventional gentleman in appearance, too, and he doffed his hat and bowed to her with such courtly grace, that she was inclined to believe he had just stepped out of some novel. But, after all, he was rude enough to stare at her, as if she had been a natural curiosity on exhibition for his express pleasure, and Dot, never dreaming that it was her own loveliness that had surprised him off his guard, felt a trifle indignant.

"Insolence!" she murmured, with a little toss

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of her head as she turned it away. "He either has no manners, or thinks it is not worth while to waste them on a country girl!"

Yet, strange to say, she could not resist the inclination to glance back, after awhile. As she did so, she saw him leap into his saddle and start after her, urging his animal forward as if desirous of passing or overtaking her.

Dot's eyes flashed.

"He wants to pass me, and have another stare. Not if I know it," she said, with a contemptuous smile. "Now pet, do your duty," patting the glossy neck of her horse. "You have never yet been defeated in a race."

Black Diamond tossed his mane as he felt the loosened rein, and at once struck into a gallop. The girl, casting another swift glance behind her, saw the stranger quickening his pace also. Any madcap freak possessed its full share of pleasure for Dot, but a race on horseback was her special delight, and this gentleman was sufficiently well mounted to make the contest interesting.

But a difficulty presented itself. She was rapidly nearing home. The road led so close to the house that she could not avoid being seen by its inmates if she kept on. She knew she was committing a glaring impropriety in the eyes of her dignified sisters, and had no mind to bring down upon her luckless head a deluge of feminine maledictions. Suddenly she remembered another road branching off at right angles from the one she was following, a few rods ahead. This suggested a solution to her difficulty. The road was an old one, leading back toward the quarries among the hills; it had been out of use so long that green grass was sprouting thickly in its ancient ruts; but it presented a long, level track for a race, and this was all the present emergency demanded. She turned into it without a second thought. She did not look behind; that would seem too much of an invitation; but she had little doubt that she would be followed, and true enough she soon heard the clatter of a horse behind her. Her pursuer was soon almost abreast of her; but still Dot did not look around. She only struck her steed more sharply, who dashed forward at an even faster gallop.

A bridge suddenly appeared in front of Dot—a rickety, dangerous-looking old bridge, spanning a gully that cut the road in twain; a bridge that evidently had not been used since the road was abandoned, and was now in such an advanced state of decay, as to be exceedingly unsafe. In fact, nobody ever ventured to cross it in these days. But Dot was ignorant of this, and dashed recklessly on, without a thought of danger. Clatter, clatter, clatter on the loose boards—she was on the bridge, off again; and all in a twinkling, having reached the opposite side in safety. The gray charger followed at the same headlong speed. Clatter, clatter, on the bridge. Crash! A collapse among the treacherous planks; a snapping and creaking of rotten timbers; and the whole structure gave way at once, horse and rider going down headlong into the gully.

Dot heard the crash, and glanced back just in time to witness the accident. Her blood froze in her veins. To rein in her steed and jump to the ground was the work of an instant. She scarcely knew what she was doing, and never afterwards had a distinct remembrance of anything that occurred immediately after her first chill of horror; but, certainly, she did not faint, nor waste a moment of time in hysterics. In an instant, as it seemed, she found herself down in the gully, holding the stranger's head on her lap, as she wiped the blood from his pale brow with her handkerchief. Then things began to resume their natural clearness to her mind, and she realized that she had narrowly escaped fainting.

The gully was quite shallow—six feet deep at the utmost—and a tiny silver thread of a stream purled musically through the centre. Strangely enough, the horse was in nowise injured by his fall, beyond a few slight bruises. He had furnished sufficient proof of this by getting upon his feet, giving himself a discontented shake, and walking away to nibble the grass along the banks. But his master lay amid the ruins of the bridge apparently dead, his handsome head resting on Dot's lap, his blood staining her garments, his eyes closed, his face colorless.

A sound fell upon her ears; she looked up and saw two men in a wagon. She screamed to them and waved her handkerchief. They saw her, left the wagon, and approached hurriedly. They were rough laboring men, but one of them she knew, having rendered aid to his family, when he was lying helpless with fever, scarcely six months ago. Briefly she explained to them what had occurred. One of the men immediately bared the stranger's breast, and placed his hand over his heart. "He ain't dead yet," was the result; "guess as how he's only stunned." Dot, at this, ordered them to place the insensible form in their wagon, and drive at once to the Hoffland mansion.

"You know where I live, Mr. Jackson. It is the nearest house. I will accompany you, and your friend shall take the gray horse and ride to the village for a doctor. Go with all possible speed."

Dot, at this, remounted Black Diamond, and went ahead of the wagon, to have a chamber prepared for the wounded guest. She threw the

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household into a state of the wildest confusion, when she recounted her adventure. Maude actually turned green with horrified wrath, at this crowning folly of the giddy child's career; while Blanche showed alarming symptoms of emotional insanity, whatever that may be. But there was something in Dot's manner that hushed the words on their lips, when they would have expostulated, and they contented themselves by declaring it an outrageous shame to turn the house into a hospital for the accommodation of the killed and wounded from Dot's battle-fields. Mrs. Hoffland, however, was less captious. Woman of the world though she was, she was still possessed of a heart, and it remained with her to complete the disgust of her elder daughters, by sanctioning everything Dot proposed for the comfort of the unfortunate stranger.

The wagon arrived. The still lifeless form was carried into the house, and placed on a bed in the best chamber. Even Maude and Blanche relented a little, when they perceived unmistakable marks of the gentleman about the sufferer; but they still persisted that he was an adventurer, and that their madcap sister had disgraced herself forever. The village surgeon came, banishing every one from the chamber, except Samson, the butler, and was closeted with his patient for an hour. When he finally came forth, Dot met him on the landing, with a white, anxious face. She started forward, and grasped his arm.

"Will he get well? Will he die? Oh, sir, can you save him?" she cried, breathlessly.

The surgeon looked down at her in blank amazement. Then he began to stroke his chin.

"Yes, he will get well. No, he won't die. Yes, ma'am, I can save him," he said.

Her heart had seemed to stand still while she waited for his answer; now it throbbed with wild joy.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad!" she murmured, gratefully. "Will he be up soon?"

"Be able to leave his bed in a fortnight, maybe—not sooner."

"How much is he hurt?"

"Two ribs fractured, head considerably banged, and a slight internal injury; that's all. He can't be moved under any consideration."

"He is conscious, then?"

"Yes; but I can't allow you, or any one else to talk to him. If he escapes delirium, it will only be by the greatest caution. He is a stranger in this neighborhood; arrived here only yesterday; stopping at the hotel in the village. The horse he rode belongs to the landlord, and I am requested to return it to its owner. He's one of them artists, I reckon, on a vacation."

"Did he tell you his name? It would be awkward not to know that."

"He says his name is Chetwynde—Walter Chetwynde. And that is all I know about him."

"Please, sir," Dot stammered, "it—it seems so sad to think that he has no friends—no mother, or—or sister, to nurse him. Do you think I might nurse him? I would be very quiet; I *can* be quiet when I try; and I would do just as you told me—"

"Why, bless you, child, of course you can nurse him, if your mother doesn't object," interrupted the surgeon, briskly. "You are so precious young, though," he added, doubtfully.

"Only try me," pleaded Dot. "There are no other women in the house who would be willing to nurse him, and anyway, I—I feel as though it were my place, since it was my fault that he got hurt."

"Well! well! have your own way," said the doctor, glancing at his watch. "Only don't excite him for the world. I gave him a powerful narcotic a few moments ago, and I suppose he is dropping off to sleep by this time. Your butler, Samson, is watching by his bedside. You may relieve him, if you wish; but don't forget to consult your mother, first. I will come again this evening. Good-morning."

Dot did consult her mother, but that model of selfish good-nature merely laughed, and told her to do as she pleased. "Only don't bother me," she added, leaning back comfortably on the sofa. "I gave my consent to his being cared for in this house, because, in humanity, I could do nothing less. I must now be permitted to wash my hands of the whole affair."

Dot was quite willing that she should, and, after saying so, hurried away to relieve Samson.

"Is he asleep?" the asked, in a whisper.

"Just dropped off," replied Samson, with an air of professional dignity, as if he were the doctor himself.

"Does he seem perfectly quiet?"

"Not perfectly so, Miss Dot. I am afraid he has a slight fever."

"You may go, Samson. I'm to be his nurse. If I need you, I will ring."

Samson beat a stately retreat, and Dot softly approached the couch. The patient was sleeping, but his breathing was irregular, and he frequently moved his head and moaned, as if in pain. His face was flushed, too, and Dot, venturing to lay her hand gently on his forehead, found it hot with fever. This was what the surgeon had feared, and it portended delirium.

Dot could not help remarking, even now, how handsome he was. His fine, intellectual head

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was covered with soft brown locks, in which there was a dash of gold; his features were almost classical in their mould, and yet full of character. Who was he? A landscape painter? Poor, no doubt. Had he a mother, or sisters?

He slept on, but continued to moan and talk incoherently in his sleep. Dot hovered over him like a ministering angel, keeping the bandages wet on his head, and watching every motion he made with anxious interest.

Towards night, Mr. Chetwynde grew delirious, and made all sorts of absurd speeches, and remonstrated against imaginary persecutions, as delirious people invariably will. Dot and the surgeon both sat up with him all that first night, the latter frequently complimenting the little nurse on the surprising courage and fortitude she displayed, as well as on the womanly tact and deftness that made her assistance so indispensable. After that they watched by turns, relieving each other at stated intervals, for two days and nights, till the danger was over, and the patient once more passive. No amount of reasoning could induce Dot to relinquish her share of the nursing, until the crisis was safely passed; but after that, she was persuaded to take a season of rest, her place being filled by the old housekeeper and Samson, alternately.

As for Maude and Blanche, they never so much as glanced into the sick-chamber, and the latter lost no opportunity of favoring Dot with her sneers, at what she termed a silly and childish interest in an unknown individual, perhaps an adventurer. Maude, on the other hand, took refuge in a cold and haughty manner, simply observing, with a queenly shudder, that she had no more to say, since her mother saw fit to sanction the child's indiscretions. Mrs. Hoffland, for her part, had the grace to inquire how the young man fared, every time Dot appeared at table, and even expressed a hope that nothing was left undone for his comfort.

Dot's eagerness to see Mr. Chetwynde restored to health, was as much the offspring of remorse, perhaps, as of disinterested kindness. She persisted in attaching the blame of the accident to herself. She had lured him into the race, she reflected, that had terminated so disastrously. If she could make amends, by nursing him back to life, she was only too glad to do it at any self-sacrifice.

On the second day, after his return to consciousness, Dot was sitting alone by his bedside, when he awoke from a refreshing slumber. His countenance brightened, with evident pleasure, at sight of her.

"Ah! the little lady who won the race," he said, smiling. "I have been wishing you would come. The doctor tells me I almost owe my existence to you."

"To me?" exclaimed Dot. "Oh, good gracious, no!"

"But he says you have nursed me so constantly, so bravely and faithfully!" persisted the gentleman, his earnest blue eyes meeting her astonished brown ones.

"I nursed you—I couldn't do less than that—my conscience wouldn't let me do less, when I was to blame for the accident. Why, sir," she added, her cheeks beginning to blanch at the recollection, "instead of saving your life I came very near causing your death. I led you to that awful bridge, and it fell with you—"

"Yes, I know," smiled the young man, amused by her eagerness; "but that was not your fault. You could not have known the bridge was unsafe, else you would not have crossed it yourself.'

He looked at her eagerly, and yet not rudely, with a look Dot had never before had from any one. Somehow, beneath that look, she blushed furiously.

With genuine tact he hastened to change the subject.

"Would you be so kind as to raise my pillows a trifle? You see I am still too weak to help myself," he said.

She was glad to do anything to turn attention from her silly blushes, and so hastened to comply with his request. Bending over his pillows, as she gently arranged them to suit his fancy, her face was so close to his that he might have kissed her rosy cheek, had he dared; and in that moment he would almost have given his life for the right to do so.

"You have not told me your name," he suggested, as she resumed her seat. "I presume you are one of the Misses Hoffland, however?"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm only Dot," she replied, in her usual heedless fashion.

"Only Dot?" he echoed, biting his lips to keep from laughing. Then there are three young ladies in the family?"

"No—only two," with an innocent stare: "Maude and Blanche. They are my sisters, you know; and everybody says so pretty. Of course, they are ever so much older than I am. I am eighteen, though," she hastened to add, as if fearful that he would think her a toddling infant, if she did not correct the impression.

"Have you no brothers?"

"Only one—brother Charley. He is in Europe now, but he is coming home in a few weeks, and will bring one of those horrid Englishmen with him—a regular swell baronet, and with his awful

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majestic airs. Isn't it dreadful? And Charley says he is going to turn match-maker, and make Maude or Blanche marry the baronet. Ugh! I would as soon have a crocodile in the family. I know it is wicked of me to say so, but I hate these high and mighty people, who are so grand, and rich, and all the rest."

Mr. Chetwynde laughed.

"For myself," he said, "I do not envy them. I am willing to be as poor as Job's turkey, and as humble as Uriah Heep, if that would win me favor in your eyes."

Dot thought it odd that he should say such things to her. Compliments like that might have been paid to Maude or Blanche, and sounded just right, but to her—why, she was scarcely more than a child, as yet. At any rate, her sisters never lost an opportunity of telling her so.

The little nurse and her patient held long conversations every day after this, and became such fast friends in a week's time, that it was difficult for either to realize, that so brief a period had elapsed since they were utterly unknown to each other. Dot conscientiously believed, that to amuse and entertain the gentleman during his convalescence, was as much her duty as nursing him through his danger had been; so she gave him as much of her time as she could spare from her other duties, talking and reading to him, and sometimes even favoring him with a song, when he refused to hear excuses.

All this time her sisters evinced no curiosity to form the acquaintance of Mr. Chetwynde, nor disposition to alter their original opinion of the whole affair. They frequently spoke of Dot's adventure in sneering tones, and denounced her conduct as the cream of absurdity from first to last. They sincerely hoped her patient would get well, they told her, and take himself off, without any unnecessary delay. It would be awkward to have him in the house when brother Charley and his guest arrived. Truth to tell, they were making extravagant preparations for the reception of the wealthy baronet. Blanche was candid enough to make laughing allusions to the prospect of herself and sister becoming rivals in a race for a rich husband, but Maude always reproved her with a frown of lofty contempt, and then secretly consoled herself by laying the flattering unction to her soul, that her own brunette beauty was more attractive than Blanche's yellow hair and turquoise eyes.

As the surgeon predicted, Mr. Chetwynde was able to leave his bed at the end of a fortnight. A day or two afterward, he permitted himself to be helped down stairs by the magnificent Samson, and accommodated with a seat on the shady end of the piazza. The first time he attempted this expedition, he had just reached the foot of the stairs, when Blanche happened to pass through the hall. He glanced at her out of those marvelous eyes, and favored her with such a courtly bow, that she involuntarily found herself returning it; then she swept on to the drawing-room, conscious that she had compromised her dignity. But she was really astonished and impressed, on reflection, by his distinguished manners, and after due deliberation she boldly declared in his favor, and told Maude so. Maude sneered. But the next day, she, too, saw the gentleman by chance, and at once decided that it was not exactly generous to make the poor fellow feel as if he were an intruder. The result was that both these ladies allowed Dot to introduce them to her friend, and forthwith proceeded to make themselves agreeable, feeling that he must have had a dull time of it with only Dot's nonsense to amuse him.

The days passed. Mr. Chetwynde was quite able to leave the house, but the ladies, with one voice, declared he must not think of going, until his strength was thoroughly restored. Mrs. Hoffland, in her indolent fashion, said she doted on him; Blanche pronounced him delightful; Maude confessed that she found him very good company, and Dot—nobody thought it worth while to ask her opinion. But what a change had come over the girl! She never romped or whistled now, but went about her little duties with a quiet dignity all her own, always reading or singing to Mr. Chetwynde when he asked her, and seeming very happy to know that she could still be of service to him.

One warm afternoon, the whole family were sitting on the breezy piazza, with Mr. Chetwynde forming the central figure, when a carriage drove up the avenue, and a young man with a valise in his hand stepped out. He stopped a moment to give some orders to the driver, then approached the group on the piazza.

"Why, it's Charley!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Hoffland.

Dot bounded down the steps like a deer, and flew along the walk to meet Charley, throwing her arms impetuously around his neck, and pulling his head down for a kiss.

"You dear little Dot! how you have grown!" said the young man, laughing. "I declare, you are becoming quite a woman. So you are really glad to see me, eh?"

"Oh, tremendously glad!" asseverated Dot. "And gladder still that you are alone, that you didn't bring that odious Englishman you told us about in your letter."

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As she spoke, Charley had sprung up the steps. Suddenly he stopped.

"Eh! Why!" he ejaculated. "Can I believe my eyes? Sir Walter!"

"Oh, mercy! you don't mean to say that you know our friend?" cried Blanche. "How delightful! How romantic! Where did you meet Mr. Chetwynde, Charley? Tell us this instant, you bad boy!"

Charley stared at her in blank amazement.

"What do you mean? Are you crazy?" he demanded, in his usual blunt way. "You surely know Sir Walter is my English friend."

"Sir Walter!" faintly articulated Blanche.

"Sir Walter!" echoed Maude, surprised out of her lofty composure.

"Sir Walter!" gasped Dot, and immediately shrunk out of sight behind her mother's chair.

Mrs. Hoffland merely looked at her son with an expression of mild inquiry; she was too lazy to go beyond that.

"Good Lord! have you turned into a lot of raving maniacs in my absence?" cried Charley, losing all patience. "Chetwynde, what does this mean? I thought you were in New York."

The gentleman addressed had been glancing from one to another, with a peculiar smile on his features. He now rose to his feet.

"It means," said he, "that I owe these ladies an apology, for practicing a bit of deception in this house. I thought it entirely harmless, I assure you; but I now begin to fear it was not exactly polite, to say the least. In a word, my dear Hoffland," he added, with a pleasant smile, "your excellent mother and your charming sisters, know me only as a Mr. Chetwynde, and not as your friend from across the seas."

Then he briefly narrated, to the astonished Charley, the accident which had brought him to the house.

Dot could stand it no longer. At this point she turned away from the group, walked deliberately into the house, and went up stairs to her room. Chetwynde looked after her, with a smile, and then continued:

"I intended to tell who I was, in good time; but I found that Miss Dot was prejudiced in advance against your English friend, and I valued her good-will too highly to forfeit it by revealing the secret at once. I thought, if I might win her esteem before she learned the truth, I could then disclose my identity without fear of frightening her away. Perhaps you think this a foolish idea, but I do not!" he said, seriously, as Blanche began one of her affected laughs.

Blanche had thought it all a joke; this mild rebuff threw her into momentary confusion; but she rallied; and then followed the example of her sister and mother, who were already chattering and simpering their apologies. They were so sorry they did not know sooner, and were afraid they had treated him with seeming indifference, and would he please not judge them harshly, and what could they ever do to atone, etc. Their guest met their apologies with good-natured remonstrances, and then got away from the subject as quickly as possible.

Charley drew attention to himself by saying:

"I suppose another word of explanation is now in order. I wrote you that letter in good faith, mother, for it was really Sir Walter's intention to accompany me home. But after I had posted it, he came to me with the intelligence that a distant relative of his—a lady—was on the eve of sailing for America, and desired his company on the voyage, knowing that he contemplated the journey at an early day. I told him to go, of course, though I was obliged to wait until the 20th, before I would be free to leave England."

"And I," said Sir Walter, "finding time heavy on my hands, in New York, thought I would come here and introduce myself. I was on the way to your house," bowing to Mrs. Hoffland, "when the accident occurred."

"How delightful!" said Blanche. "How romantic!"

But she and Maude were both treating themselves to a mental pinching for the stupid blunder they had made. Charley was pretty well convinced that they had "cooked their goose"—to use his own expression—and he did not hesitate to tell them so when the opportunity offered, adding, in language more expressive than choice, that they richly deserved the mortification they had brought upon themselves. Sir Walter was not a fool, he warmly assured them, and was not likely to forget that they had grudged him the hospitality of their house, and denied him the slightest personal attention, when he was a stranger on the point of death.

"Dot is worth a dozen of you!" said Charley, angrily.

But Maude and Blanche were too desperately hopeful to concur in their brother's opinion, and in less than two days they were hurling themselves at Sir Walter's head with all the skill and confidence of Hindoo jugglers.

Dot was very quiet and reserved during the week that followed, and seemed to fight shy of their guest, never allowing herself to be alone with him, and always keeping out of the conversation when others were around. Sir Walter looked at her regretfully sometimes, as if puzzled

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and pained by her reticence, but he was not the man to carry his heart on his sleeve, and no one guessed that he was troubled.

But one morning, when Dot went out to a retired part of the garden to interview her pet flowers, Sir Walter followed her. She was bending over the verbena beds, looking excessively charming in her pretty garden-hat, when his footstep on the walk caused her to look up, only to meet his handsome, distressed face.

"I have caught you at last," he said, with an effort to appear natural, and then went on abruptly: "Miss Dot, I want you to tell me if I have done anything to anger you—if I have offended you in any way? I would not have done it for the world—"

"Offend me?" gasped Dot, in her astonishment. "Oh, no! no! How could you offend me?"

"I was afraid I had, somehow," he said, in a husky voice. "You have not been yourself since your brother came home. You do not hate me, Dot? You are not vexed because I have turned out to be what I am? I tried to make you like me, before letting the secret out, and—and I would rather be the poorest fellow alive, than lose your respect and esteem."

She looked up imploringly into his face, her lip quivering, her eyes suggestive of tears.

"I know it was very wicked of me," she faltered. "I am sorry, too. I have not had the courage to ask you to forgive me; but I do ask you now?"

"Forgive you?" he exclaimed. "You have no occasion to ask my forgiveness."

"I was very silly and rude," she went on, resolutely. "I thought you were awfully grand, and terrible, and supercilious; I said I hated such people; I did not know—I did not mean—"

"And you have not found me so terrible, after all?" he asked.

"No, indeed. I was very silly."

He took both of her hands in his.

"Dot, do you not know—have you not seen that I love you? I do love you, Dot, with my whole heart and soul! You will not send me from you, darling?"

She started back, and tried to draw her hands away.

"Not me! Not me!" she cried, hastily. "Maude or Blanche, but not me! You mistake! I am only—only—"

"Only Dot," he said, with a tender smile in his eyes; "and it is 'only Dot' that I want. It can never be Maude or Blanche, or any one in the wide world but your own sweet self. It is you that I love! You have been very kind to me; won't you be kind to me now?"

"Oh, sir—you—I—indeed—"

But he had his arms about her, and folding her close, close to his heart.

Of course Maude and Blanche were sore over their defeat, but they were wise enough to make the best of it, though it is a standing puzzle to them. The Hofflands are passing this year in England, the guests of Sir Walter and Lady Chetwynde, and it was but the other day, that Blanche, looking out of the great bay window, over the splendid park, said:

"To have all this now—it's incomprehensible—and ONLY DOT."

THE IDLE WORD.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

I stood on the bank of a sunlit stream,
Whose murmuring voice was blending,
With the wood notes wild of a bird that sang,
In a tree o'er the waters bending.

And into the sparkling depths below,
Let fall from my hand a pebble;
While idly listening to the bird
Whistling his sweet, wild treble.

It sank where the roots of a tree that leaned
Far over the mimic river,
Formed a pool where a mirrored picture lay,
Of a floating cloud and the beech leaves quiver.

The picture vanished—a tiny wave
In a widening circle glided,
To where the tree and a pebbly bank
The pool from the stream divided.

Then back the lessening wavelet came,
To where the stone had broken
The water's calm, where it seemed to die
And leave of the pebble no token.

And thus methinks each idle word
Let fall from lips unheeding,
May send a widening wave of sound
From the thoughtless author speeding.

Until on the shore of life it breaks
As that wave on the strand is breaking,
Then back to its source with swift recoil
It rolls in the last awaking.

For every idle word we are told
In Judgment shall be repeated,
And justice for words no less then deeds
To each one of us be meted.

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THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S HOLLOW.

BY J. KEITH.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT is it? oh, Edith! oh! Mrs. Latham! what—what!" whispered Margaret, now choked with terror; and spite of her former ridicule of Edith, quite the most frightened of the two.

It was a shrill cry at first, broken off suddenly, then resumed in a lower, more wailing tone, recommencing after intervals of ceasing.

"It is a woman's voice," said Mrs. Latham, hardly speaking above her breath, "or—"

Again the voice rang out, and Margaret clung closer than ever to Edith.

"It is dreadful! horrible!" she whispered, with shaking voice, "what shall we do? I cannot bear it any longer!"

"Let us get up," bravely said Edith, "and see for ourselves."

She did not mention what she had heard before, for she could not do anything to increase the terror of her companions.

By the time the candles were lit, the cries had ceased entirely. Mrs. Latham looked at her watch—it was ten minutes of two o'clock.

"James and Herbert must have gone to their room," she said; "if they heard this, they would come to us."

"Oh! there is the bell, let us ring it," said Margaret. Meantime, Edith had gone to the door at the end of the room. She found it locked, as it had been when she had last examined it. "If any one," she said to herself, "has passed through it since then, the key must have been turned twice; and the second time, when I was wide awake, listening intently. It is almost impossible, that I should not have heard the key turned, in that event, if anybody passed out."

Then an idea shot across her mind, blanching her cheek and making her knees knock together under her. Suppose the door had been opened for ingress and not for egress, and that they were at that moment locked in there with something—she did not try to think what—whether material or immaterial—which could not be aught than inimical, coming in that way.

"My dear," said her aunt, noticing her sudden agitation, "do not be overcome now—the noise has stopped. Could it possibly have been a dog, do you think?"

"No—nothing so earthly," said poor Margaret. "Oh! that wail! it woke me so suddenly, and I did not know where I was. Sir James and Herbert *must* have heard it—why do they not come? Oh, dear, oh, dear! perhaps they cannot—perhaps they are murdered! Why did we *ever* trust that man?" and she commenced to cry.

"Hush, Margaret," said Edith, sternly, "do not make matters worse than they are. There! hark! hush—listen!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, at a noise in the hall.

All three kept perfectly still, with every sense strained to agony. The moonlight was no comfort—it made them shiver by its pallor—it was livid.

Their suspense was not of long duration, however, for presently they heard Mr. Braithwaite's voice. He was speaking to his dog, and then to some person, and they soon distinguished Sir James' clear tones.

"Thank God!" said Edith, as she sank upon a chair.

Mrs. Latham went at once to the door and called. Sir James answered her:

"Yes, aunt, we are here," he said.

"Wait a moment, and we will open," she called again.

The ladies dressed themselves as hurriedly as their trembling hands would allow. When at last the door was opened, Sir James and Herbert pressed up to it, Braithwaite remaining at a short distance in the back-ground.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Latham. "James, what were those cries?"

"I do not know. Are you sure that you heard anything?"

"Sure!" they all exclaimed, "why, did you not hear it?"

"A dreadful scream," Margaret went on. "It woke us all up, and kept on—and on—oh, such a *dreadful* scream! and it died away into a moan. Why, it only stopped a minute ago—how could you possibly not have heard it?"

"We were in our first sleep," replied Sir James, "and were only roused by Braithwaite's footsteps out here in the hall."

Here Braithwaite spoke, not, however, coming forward.

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"I came up," he said, "fearing that the ladies might have been disturbed."

"Then you heard it!" was the general exclamation.

He did not reply directly to this, but said, in a suppressed voice, after a moment's pause:

"I regret this so much. I am so deeply sorry."

Then in a quick, anxious tone, to Edith:

"Miss Wynton, do not stand any longer. I am sure you must be ill—you look so white. Oh!" he cried, "it is cruel! But cannot you rest again now? I will remain outside here."

"Yes," said Sir James; "aunt, you must all lie down again. As Braithwaite says, we will stay here."

"No! oh, no! I cannot—we must leave this room—we cannot stay in it," exclaimed Margaret, "anything, anything, but going into it again!"

So it was finally settled that they should go down stairs to Braithwaite's comfortable morning-room, where the ladies could take possession of the lounges, and Sir James and Herbert could be accommodated in Braithwaite's bed-room, which was on the same floor and close at hand.

On descending the stairs, Braithwaite met them in the lower hall, and walking by Edith's side, expressed his concern at the fright and suffering she had undergone.

"How can I forgive myself?" he said.

"There is nothing to forgive," she answered, kindly, and struck by the look in his face, she added, "you, too, must be a sufferer."

He made no reply to this, but asked:

"Am I wrong in thinking that you have been more startled than the others? You are more agitated than either Mrs. Latham or Miss Eldon, and as you are more courageous, I am led to the opinion, that you have had more to endure. Am I right or wrong?"

His steadfast glance drew her's to meet it. She saw that he really looked anxious on her account.

"Mr. Braithwaite," she said, faintly, "you are right in your supposition. But I cannot say anything more now."

"No, not now," he assented, "but," eagerly, "to-morrow—or, at least, soon—will you not tell me?"

"Yes, whenever you give me an opportunity."

"Soon, then," he said, "for I am most anxious. It may be something which I can explain, and—" after a moment—"I would desire for your sake, as well as my own, to do so, if possible; for I see you are painfully affected by these unfortunate occurrences."

Everything having now been comfortably arranged, all lay down once more; and though, at first, none felt sleepy, fatigue finally overcame them. It was nearly nine o'clock when Edith, and then Mrs. Latham and Margaret, roused and spoke. They awoke with a sensation of blank, at first; but soon the events of the night recurred to them. Edith shuddered. But Margaret, feeling that the worst was over, was eager to talk about it. But neither Mrs. Latham nor Edith were responsive, and after a time, she, too, became silent and thoughtful.

The three gentlemen were in the hall when the ladies at last appeared, and put many questions as to how they felt, and how they had been able to rest in their temporary shelter. Mr. Braithwaite was anxious for all, but his glance rested with a deepened expression upon Edith. An excellent breakfast was now served up by Mrs. Kirle. Nothing was said, however, relating to the singular occurrences of the previous night, the conversation being principally between the gentlemen, and on the subject of the game to be found in the vicinity. When they had finished the meal, Mrs. Latham reminded Sir James of an engagement he had, which would necessitate their early departure.

Braithwaite immediately said: "I cannot urge your remaining—I can only say how sorry I am that you should have been distressed while here. I blame myself now, for having allowed you to expose yourselves to what you could not realize beforehand, but which I did. But no—I did *not* realize how painful it would prove to you, or, believe me, I would have prevented your passing a night here."

This reserve, this regret, added to the mystery; but he gave no further explanation.

So they returned home, and on the way much was said about what had happened; but no satisfactory surmises were made. No one could even conjecture the cause of the cries. And of the opening of the door, Edith said not a word.

A week passed before Braithwaite made his appearance at the Wyntons. He found Edith alone, the other members of the family being absent on various errands. After a few conventional words, Braithwaite proceeded, with abrupt directness, to the inquiry he was there to make, and when he had heard all, remained in silence so long, that at last, Edith spoke again, and asked:

"You cannot, then, account for what I have told you?"

His answer was:

"No, Miss Wynton, it is not in my power. You say you have spoken to no one. May I ask that you will kindly continue to preserve silence upon this subject—that, if possible, you will not

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dwell upon it even in your thoughts? I may not —I cannot—explain; but I feel that I may trust much to your consideration and great kindness."

His voice was low and sad, and as she raised her eyes to his face, the shadow there was so deep and sorrowful, that they filled with involuntary tears at the sight.

"Oh!" he said, "Miss Wynton, I am more than grateful."

She smiled, and turned away her head, to pluck a rose from a bush that grew at the window, near which they sat; and as she raised the bud to her face, a tear fell upon it, glistening there in tenderest dew.

"Give me the rosebud," he said, softly.

She gave it to him, in silence, and he received it, in silence.

He lingered long, loath to break the spell.

He had gone, however, when the others came. Edith had watched his tall figure striding away across the lawn, knowing not whether she were sadder or happier that he had been there, and that they had spoken together as they had that day.

He had asked permission to come again, and was soon quite at home with Sir James and his friends. Many were their walks and rides about the country. Many, many were the enraptured hours which Edmund Braithwaite passed by the side of Edith Wynton. And then, one day, he spoke the love, that by glance and tone, had long been declared.

Edith and he were seated in a favorite spot, in the midst of a clump of trees, on the lawn, at some distance from the house. Some trifling word of her's, some dallying speech, uttered with the grace which ever so charmed him, caused his feelings to overpower him, and his deep, passionate, deathless love rose and surged to his lips in words of vehement appeal. Edith already had learned to return his love, and did not resist. Did neither perceive the shadow of doom hovering above them? Aye—when he had left her, and had entered his dark abode, then—then, with his head bowed on the table against which he leaned, he realized it all. But he sprang to his feet, at last, and paced the room with rapid, angry strides.

"I am guiltless," he said; I will conquer—I will keep Edith."

And he brought her to the grim old castle. He brought her—his love, his bride, his very life.

Sir James and Mrs. Latham, though fearful at first, had not opposed what they saw to be Edith's firm determination, especially as Braithwaite held so high a place in their own esteem. Their only serious objection was that Monk's Hollow should become Edith's home. But on this subject Braithwaite had said:

"Trust her to me. I can and will protect her from all harm. In her suffering I would know no degrees, from the most trifling annoyance to the deepest pain; she must know *nothing* but happiness."

So he had spoken to her. And, like a true woman, she believed in and trusted the man she loved.

CHAPTER V.

It was a lovely May morning, when Edmund Braithwaite brought his bride home to Monk's Hollow. He had wanted to renovate and furnish anew the old castle. But Edith had objected. So the place was left unchanged, except that the windows were thrown open. Flowers, too, were brought, and the castle, inside and out, filled with them. This had a magical effect in dispersing the gloom.

Edith had been married two months, and the midsummer days were now at hand. She and Braithwaite had lived a dream of perfect happiness—all was peace—and not a misgiving obtruded itself to mar the blissful reality of the love-lit hours. Edith's contentment was too perfect, indeed to be disturbed, even by the remembrance of the first night she had spent at the old castle. Indeed she had almost forgotten it. If now and again, a recollection of that midnight hour, and of the horror it suggested, came back to her, it was quickly dismissed. Amid the happy thoughts and visions which now filled her daily life, there was no room for what she began almost to persuade herself had been an illusion.

Mrs. Kirle had remained at the castle. "She has peculiar claims upon my gratitude and care," said Braithwaite to Edith, "by reason of long and faithful services rendered the family. My desire is that she should be always well cared for in this house, and allowed to have that privacy which it is her disposition to require. You understand me, dear?" Mrs. Kirle had therefore been left undisturbed, in the possession of the quarters assigned to her, in a remote turret that was almost ruinous.

Thus young Mrs. Braithwaite, unlike her predecessor at the old castle, the mother of the fair-haired victim, Alice Braithwaite, young Mrs. Braithwaite and her husband, seemed as happy a couple as any about Brisworth and Brule.

Time fled, and soon autumn had come again, with its rising winds and whirling many-colored leaves. Braithwaite and Edith had been for a few days at her old home, visiting her brother.

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The next day they were to return to the Hollow. Sir James had asked Braithwaite to ride out with him, and as they were not expected back till dinner-time, Edith thought she would walk over to the Hollow, meantime, and give some directions about their return. Her aunt, who was in the breakfast-room with her, assented, and Edith set off, and was soon at her destination.

Having given her orders to the servants, she went into Braithwaite's study, and threw herself upon a sofa, near the open wood fire. The fatigue of her walk soon overpowered her, and she fell sound asleep. When she woke, she saw, by the darkening of the room, that the afternoon was nearly spent. She half rose, intending to return to the hall, at once. But lulled by the sighing of the wind and swaying of the boughs outside, and the sound within of the wood fire, as it crackled and hissed, and sang on the hearth, throwing a flickering light out into the fast increasing blackness of the room, she again lay back, and closed her eyes, losing herself, not in sleep, but in that state which is so closely allied to it, when on the borders of dreamland, we for a while retain our perception of realities, and then are lost in slumber, anon to start to waking life again, again to wander, now here, now there, a being of two worlds.

Edith lay in this mid-state, betwixt sleeping and waking, now opening her eyes and gazing into the dimness around her, now closing them to behold the visions of her brain, when rousing, she saw, beyond the table in front of her, at the other side of the room, the face of Alice Braithwaite. She recognized it without at first any feeling of astonishment or fear. The features were so familiar to her—she had so often gazed upon them where they hung pictured in the hall—that now it was no strange or startling sight.

But as the seconds passed, and her view of the objects in the room became clearer, a slow terror, with her clearing senses, crept upon her. Alone there in the twilight, with that figure of the self-murdered Alice Braithwaite, standing before her! Yes, the fair, oval face, with the pensive eyes, and waving, golden hair, most surely belonged to that occupant of the grave, down by the pool, whose story and whose face had inwoven themselves in the recesses of her brain, making the present occurrence so terribly vivid. She passed her hand over her eyes, not to shut out the sight of the face if it were truly there, but to assure herself that she was really awake. At the same time she rose to her feet, and advanced a step. The person—or appearance—then turned and glided towards the door.

For an instant Edith waited, then in clear, distinct tones, though her heart beat fast, said:

"Who—what—are you? Stop! Speak! I command you to speak!"

But her command was unheeded. The figure still receded, the door had been nearly reached, when Edith, sprang forward to the table, on the other side of which IT must pass, and leaning across it, placed herself almost in front of the escaping figure. Even yet she was not sure whether what she beheld was a figment of some supernatural vision, or a living creature of flesh and blood. This time she spoke more calmly.

"Tell me who you are, and why you are here."

"I am Alice Braithwaite," was the answer, in a low, wailing, sepulchral voice, and as if IT, thus abjured, *had* to speak.

"And how did you get here? Where did you come from?"

"I came from down by the black, Black Pool—I came through the gate of the grave."

"It is not so," said Edith, bravely, making a desperate effort to ignore the supernatural, if supernatural this thing was. "You think to frighten me. But it is in vain. Speak the truth, at once!"

"I can speak nothing but the truth. I am Alice Braithwaite, whom they murdered—oh—oh—oh!" prolonged into the piteous cry which Edith remembered well, as having heard on the first night she slept at the castle.

As the phantom, or optical illusion, or whatever it was, spoke, it glided past Edith, and vanished from the room, before her hearer could regain self-command enough to pursue.

Edith was, for a moment, paralyzed. But soon came the determination to follow, and, if possible, solve the mystery. Quick, however, as Edith was, she was not quick enough to accomplish her purpose; for that, which claimed to be Alice Braithwaite, had disappeared, and was nowhere to be seen, either in the hall, on the stairs, or on the landing above. Edith's first impulse, when she found herself thus thwarted, was to send for Mrs. Kirle and question her. But if the apparition was really supernatural, what could Mrs. Kirle say? If it was not, if it was some mad woman, immured under Mrs. Kirle's care, the question would be equally out of place. Nothing, therefore, could be done. Out of respect for her husband, she could not question his servant, about a matter upon which he had not informed his wife. She threw open the hall door for light and air, for she felt stifled and dizzy, and soon after, seeing how late the hour was, she set out for Wynton.

She had traversed almost half the distance, when Braithwaite appeared on the road, advanc-

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ing hurriedly towards her. He seemed agitated, and for the first time since their marriage, Edith noticed the old, care-worn, pained expression on his face.

"Why, my love, how late you are," he cried. "I started as soon as your aunt told me where you had gone, and hoped to have met you farther on your way. Nothing has occurred to disturb you? I mean nothing on the way."

"No, not on the way—why should there? It is not so very late or dark."

"You look pale, dearest—I would have remained and gone over with you to-day, had I known your intention."

"That would have been very unnecessary, Edmund. I did not think of going until some hours after you and James had left—and, besides, why should I not go to the Hollow alone? I have walked alone much greater distances, and at a much later hour, than this, without any fear."

"Perhaps so; but, Edith, oh, my love, you are so precious, that I always fear for you!"

He drew her arm closer within his own, and bending his head, pressed the little hand to his lips.

"Love," he said, "has made a coward of me."

"And has naught else, Edmund," said his wife, "naught else made a coward of you?"

"What else should—or could?" he asked hastily.

"What else?" she repeated.

"Edith, do you doubt me?" and his voice sounded husky in her ears.

"No, Edmund."

"Never do so, my wife, never so wrong my great love for you."

He then turned to other subjects, resuming the easy manner and happy look which seemed natural to him, however they might be done away with at times by painful recollections—and the serious tone their discourse had assumed, was not again reverted to by either of them, in the days that followed their return to Monk's Hollow.

CHAPTER VI.

But this mystery of the old castle was never out of Edith's mind. The explanation which had all but fixed itself there—that of the insanity of the woman she had seen and spoken with, for Edith, as we have seen, was one not given to believe in supernatural appearances—was such as to render her a prey to the most distressing forebodings, both for herself and Braithwaite. For if a madwoman was imprisoned under the same roof with them, a madwoman who had escaped the bounds assigned to her once, aye, twice, who should say at what hour of the day or night, might not her diseased brain lead her to most dreadful deeds?

This madwoman—if she was really a madwoman—knew the story of Alice Braithwaite, and evidently dwelt upon it, even to the extreme of making it her own; for could the spirit of the fated Alice utter, even in the regions of the lost, a more despairing cry than this, her self-appointed representative on earth?

And this tangible fear, for which, day by day, Edith, with a growing conviction, felt that she had good grounds, so took possession of her mind, that at last her life became subject to it, and every thought and action was tinged and embittered by it. It could not but be that this inward state of dread and misgiving should be expressed by outward signs, which were noticed by her husband, who urged in vain for the reason of her agitation. As he had before evaded her questionings, so now she parried his, giving any trifling cause that she could think of most readily at the moment, for her too evident depression, or, as was more often the case, denying the change he spoke of, and charging it upon his own imagination.

Then her husband, only too willing to have his fears allayed, would take comfort again. She could not but rejoice in his altered manner, in his glad looks and words; and for awhile the days would seem blessed indeed.

But for all too short awhile. This wedded pair were all in all to one another, yet each possessed a secret that could not be named to the other—an ever-present, torturing sense of a *somewhat* which was pushing them apart even now with its ill-boding, ill-defined presence—a most cruel skeleton. Edith could not break the silence by telling Braithwaite what she knew, and asking him for the rest of the recital. Not having done so at first, she had found it, every day since, more and more impossible to approach the subject with him.

Who was this woman, if a woman—the image of Alice Braithwaite—who lived there in that grim old castle, unacknowledged, and hidden away as completely as if a grave—the grave she claimed—were indeed her home? Braithwaite had spoken but little of his family and his home in Guernsey. His mother, an English lady, whom his father had married there, had died, he had said, when he was fifteen years of age; and very soon afterward he had been sent abroad with a tutor, remaining five years at Heidelberg, and then making an extended tour of the Continent. At twenty-three, he had returned to Guernsey, where, nearly three years later, his father had died. After this event, he had determined to leave the island, which had so long harbored his family, and seek his home in the old castle at

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Monk's Hollow. He gave no special reason for doing so, but spoke of his home having become sadly changed to him, by the loss of both parents and his own long absence from it. He never mentioned brother or sister, and Edith had taken it for granted that he had always been an only child, although he had never said that he was. She now remembered the omission.

The so-called Alice Braithwaite was young, too young to be the aunt of Edmund. What relation could she bear to him, unless that of sister or cousin? And surely she was, as she said, a Braithwaite, else how did she possess that remarkable likeness to the portrait in the hall?

Often was Edith's gaze bent upon this painting, and ever as she beheld it, was she anew impressed and startled by its exact likeness to that living face, which had appeared to her. How strange, how wonderful, how terrible, that another, as young and as beautiful, should, so many years after, inhabit this abode? The abode where had lingered in misery, that ill-fated life? How terrible to think that the blight, as well as the beauty, should have been inherited.

Well might this being call herself Alice Braithwaite, being in so much the counterpart of the real one. And yet this very likeness rendered it less probable that she was a living reality, and made it more probable, that she was the dead come back again. Edith thought of that dark pool, beyond there, and shuddered. She had once strayed that way, with Edmund by her side; but he had drawn her away from its damp shade, and she had never seen the grave which she had heard was there.

Now, the spot possessed a fascination for her, and she felt impelled to go to it, to stand by the grave, to look into the depths of the awful pool. The season was advancing, and already the frosty blasts of approaching winter were stripping the trees, and destroying the little remaining beauty of the autumn. Everywhere the earth, late so rich in the green verdure of meadow, was bare and barren; and the skeleton boughs shivered, shaken and torn by the winds, that howled dismally, like unburied ghosts, through Monk's Hollow.

Braithwaite in these days, rarely left his bride. Together he and she walked, and rode, and read, and mused. They were never weary of rounding the depths of each other's heart, by looks, and loving words. Edith sang, making melody diviner to Braithwaite, whose clear tenor voice, in its smooth, even, rich volume of tone, rose with hers, soft and strong, and thrilling as the clarion of some celestial messenger. He read, and at his behest beings of the poet's and romancer's imagination sprang into life and played their part before her; and into her listening ear was poured, in the tones she loved best, the comfort and the counsel of saint and philosopher.

"Will their honeymoon never come to an end?" Sir James had laughingly asked, as time wore away, leaving Edith and Edmund still thus all-absorbed in each other.

"Edith Braithwaite," he said, one day, "I will give you till Christmas; till then you may claim a monopoly of one another. So make the most of your time now, for soon you shall be levied upon for duty to your friends."

One evening, Edith and Braithwaite stood together at the window, looking out into the fast-thickening gloom.

The night threatened to be a stormy one. Sudden gusts of wind dashed the rain-drops against the panes; a black fog was driving in from the wood; every moment the view without grew more and more desolate.

"What outer darkness!" Edmund had exclaimed, as, coming in from the dinner-table, where Edith had left him with his cigar, he found his young wife leaning close against the glass, with her forehead pressed against the cold pane. "Dearest," he had continued, winding his arm about her waist, "do come away. You will be chilled. See, turn to the warmer, brighter prospect within. Forget the night and the storm—they are not for you, love."

"Ah, Edmund! night and storm, such as this, cannot hurt us." And giving way, before him, for the first time, to her secret fears, she added: "I fear nothing but the power of spiritual evil."

She spoke with intensity and sadness. He looked at her in troubled surprise and inquiry.

"Do not fear even it," he said. "Spiritual evil can never assail purity itself. But an over-rude wind, or careless rain-cloud might cast a passing blight upon this dear head, for dame Nature is no respecter of persons. Come, leave this bleak prospect—cheer up—let us be happy, to-night."

She turned her face to him, for a moment, and he saw that it was deathly white. Then he felt her shudder, through her whole body, in his encircling arms.

"You are ill, dearest," he cried, in alarm. "You have a chill. Let me order a horse saddled, and send for a doctor. You have been out in these autumn winds and have caught the malaria."

She smiled faintly at him, and turned from the window, obeying his loving behest.

"I am not sick—I have not caught cold," she said. "But," and her voice sank to a whisper, and she clung fondly to him, "isn't there a super-

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stition—of course it's only a superstition—that, when somebody is walking over your grave, you shudder involuntarily? To-night, somebody is walking over my grave—and somehow, somehow, I feel as it would not be long before I fill it."

"Nonsense, my love," said Braithwaite, for the first time since he had known her, speaking as if vexed. "Your nerves are unstrung. You must not give way to them in this fashion. I thought you had more courage."

"More courage?" said Edith, hurt and stung to self-assertion. "No one shall ever say I want courage. But—"

She started and stopped short, for at that moment, a long-drawn shriek, as of some one in peril, the very shriek she had heard before, rung through the castle. Again and again it rose; died down; and rose again.

Edith staggered against the wall; she trembled so she could not stand. But her husband, who should have been there to support her, was gone. At the first sound of that awful cry, he had rushed from the room; and as Edith pressed her hand to her heart, she heard his fast receding steps echoing in the distance.

She was left alone, to meet the coming horror, whatever it might be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OCTOBER.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Now the summer days are over,
And the long still nights have come,
And all day among the clover
Sounds the cricket's drowsy hum.

Now the maple woods are flaming,
And the beech is russet brown,
And their winter treasure claiming,
Squirrels drop the chestnuts down.

Now at morn the gay woods cresting,
From the stream white vapors rise,
And at eve a blue haze resting
On the hill tops veils the skies.

Now the birds are southward winging
Through the air their songless flight,
And the groves that late were ringing
Silent stand thro' day and night.

Now the autumn flowers are dying
In the frost king's chilling breath,
And the summer blooms are lying
Withered, brown and sere in death.

Month of Nature's ripening glory,
Month of verdure's swift decay,
Type of human life when hoary
Age proclaims its closing day.

Bright thy reign and full of beauty,
Month of splendor but too brief,
Would I might prolong thy sunshine,
Mellow air and changeful leaf.

MOST ANY DAY.

BY HELEN M. WARNER.

We may cavil at the fitness
Of the ills that follow men;
Strange enshadowings we witness
Quite beyond our mortal ken.
Though midst striving and refining,
Clouds may gather dun and gray,
We can find a silver lining
'Most any day.

Every heart some goal is seeking,
Tinged with sapphire of the sky,
Every soul some tryst is keeping
Where the flowering gardens lie.
Hope may sit, with limp wings, moaning,
And the heart forget to pray,
Still there's sunshine after gloaming
'Most any day.

SECRET CHARITY.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

That charity is doubly blest,
With fullest mercies flowing,
That seeks no praise in its behest,
That's seen not in bestowing.

And when some child its little mite,
Unasked, by stealth, has given,
Lo! the recording angels write,
"Behold, of such is heaven."

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MORE THAN A ROMANCE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ANNE MORGESON was not even a handsome woman, people said. Yet, once upon a time, one to whom God had granted sight looked at her, and drew her portrait in these words: "The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life."

She was a painter; she had achieved reputation in the eighteen years during which she had toiled, though that was of slight consequence so far as the fame was concerned—a great deal of importance in other respects, because it enabled her to give ease, comfort and luxuries to the brother and sister for whose sakes she had begun work.

Anatole Moore was a professional man and a renowned politician, holding a position high up on the ministerial benches. As for his private life, all I need tell you is that if he had possessed a wife and large family of his own, his "hostages to fortune" could not have been more binding than the duties he had taken upon himself in the outset of his career—the care of his widowed sister and her offspring, and the olive-branches left by his deceased elder brother, numerous as leaves on any one vigorous tree in Vallambrosa.

The pair had an odd first meeting. Moore saved the life of Anne's brother, as he was making an excursion along a mountain-road in Tuscany. There was a runaway; Moore interposed; and the man was saved. The sister, having got out to walk up hill, was never in peril. This was the whole story.

Meantime, Gerald Morgeson had sprained his ankle in his leap, and could not walk. When everybody had come back to his or her senses, Moore speedily made himself the arbitrator of events. The injured gentleman was to ride his horse; he and the lady would follow on foot down the road, while one of the peasants took a short cut across the mountains, to an inn where the trio were stopping, and from whence a vehicle could be sent to meet them some three miles lower down.

The Morgesons knew Moore well by reputation, and he, of course, knew Anne's pictures and the position, socially considered, of the sister and brother. Moore had only arrived at the inn on the previous evening—the Morgesons had already spent a week there. He had seen their names in the Visitor's Book, and they had this morning heard from the garrulous landlord of his arrival.

So Anne Morgeson and Anatole Moore walked on down the hill, he carrying her great white umbrella over his shoulder and her sketch-book in his hand.

Now and then fate flings people together between whom there is no process of "making acquaintance;" they know each other from the first moment of meeting. This was what happened to the pair of whom I am writing, though neither recognized the fact enough even to feel surprised that it should seem so natural for them, two strangers, to be thus brought into companionship.

They talked as clever, cultivated persons might be expected to do—of the scenery—of Anne's pictures—of his own duties and success—of Gerald Morgeson riding on in advance. They met again that evening and the next day; there was the uneventful intercourse such as might have befallen any travellers—then they parted. A telegram summoned Anatole Moore suddenly away. He was so hurried and anxious that he had no time to bid farewell to his new acquaintances, the brother and sister happening to be out of the house. He wrote a brief note—ostensibly addressed to Gerald Morgeson, but in reality intended for Anne, and departed.

In spite of the blow it might be to romance, I must tell you that in the confusion and worry of suspense produced in his thoughts by that dispatch, Moore had no leisure to give any definite place in his mind to this woman, and for months after, the rush of life left him no space for such indulgence.

The Morgesons returned to Paris, where Anne had long since established her home, and a whole year went by before she and Anatole Moore met again. It happened that during this time, Moore was able to be of service to a friend of Anne's, so a couple of letters passed between them, followed by nearly a twelvemonth of unbroken silence.

She lived her life and he lived his; not that they forgot each other, or that morning's walk down the Tuscany mountain, though the actual recollection perhaps seldom was dwelt upon by either, but it retained its sweetness, as a bunch of Roman violets that one has flung into a drawer

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permeates every paper there with its subtle perfume.

So the year faded, then certain affairs called Moore to Paris. He drove one day out to Passy, where the Morgesons lived in a pretty house, embowered in trees, as rural and picturesque as if it stood leagues away from the great capital.

Anne never received visitors (unless it might be some very intimate friend,) except on a certain day, so the servant, to whom Moore was a complete stranger, unhesitatingly informed him that his mistress was not visible. Moore took a card from his pocket, and was writing a few lines of polite regret thereon—not even actively disappointed by the mischance—when Anne Morgeson, unaware that any person had rung, descended the stairs. He looked up and saw her. "The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life!" As he looked, he knew that he loved her—knew it for the first time.

She uttered his name and walked toward him, saying only:

"I am very, very glad to see you.'

"And I am glad," was all he answered, as he kissed her hand after a foreign habit, caught I suppose, from the instincts of the French blood which came to him on his mother's side.

They went into a little reception-room, at the left of the square entrance-hall, and sat down. They talked of all manner of things, just as would have been natural to any pair of old friends, meeting after so long a separation; among other matters of two new pictures of Anne's, which had added greatly to her reputation; and of a measure which Moore had carried victoriously through Parliament after a great struggle, wherein he had borne abuse and suspicion, that changed, of course, to confidence and praise when success came.

Presently, Gerald Morgeson strayed in, easy, elegant and unimpressionable as ever; and Anne was sorry that her graceful sister, Isabel, also, was not there to receive the guest's admiration; but the young lady was visiting friends in Brussels: and Moore bore her absence with resignation. I am not writing a novel, so I may pass over the events of the next few days—the dinner—Anne's reception-morning—Moore's presentation to her acquaintances and the like.

Nearly a week elapsed, then Gerald Morgeson went to England for a fortnight; his health demanded change—it usually did when agreeable people invited him to their houses. (Anne undertook two weeks extra work, going on with her ordinary toil the while, in order to afford him this indulgence, but that is a mere detail, scarcely worth mentioning.) He departed unexpectedly, and the day after, Moore called at the house unaware of his absence. By this time, the decorous servant perfectly understood that his mistress was always at home when Monsieur came, and presently she entered the room where Mercury had established him.

"I am glad to see you," she said.

"You told me so once—that was enough for all time," he replied, with an abruptness which might have surprised a third person, though Anne understood.

Then they looked a little oddly in each other's eyes, but there was no show of consciousness in Anne's face—there could be none, for she was still as ignorant as a child could have been of the change which had come over both their lives.

"I am quite alone," she continued, after that instant's silence, during which she was only wondering what made her so stupid and dazed this morning of all others, when a person with whom it was a real pleasure to converse had appeared. "Gerald went to England yesterday. I had been indulging in all sorts of dismal forebodings, but just now I received a telegram to say that he was safely arrived, so I am in one of my best moods—only I did not feel like work."

"Then I need not apologize for interrupting you," he said.

"Unless you wish to be aggressive and quarrelsome," she replied, with her beautiful smile—it was a beautiful smile always, though I think no human being ever saw its full glory save this man who sat with her in that shadowy room. "What have you to do by way of passing your evening?"

"Nothing whatever, as it happens."

"So much the better! Then you will come and dine and take me to the Italiens. It is the first night of Perelli's new opera, and he has sent me a box."

"But it is three hours to dinner," said he, with a half-laughing, half-woful little grimace.

"How charming of you to complain, when I mean to show you the lovely autumn flowers in my garden, and only send you home in time to dress and let me go through the same painful ceremony," returned she, with a laugh so blithe that it was a wonder her own ears were not struck by its ring.

He did not speak a word of thanks—only his eyes shone with such a sudden glory that she thought he did; he just said, gaily:

"Do you mean that you don't like the operation?"

"Of course I mean that! Now you are shocked! It is why I almost always wear black—it saves so much trouble and thought."

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"And I think it a pleasure," laughed he, "there is nothing so soothing to the feelings as to know that one is well dressed." Then with a quaint pleading in face and voice: "But you'll not wear black to-night?"

"No," she answered simply, with a little surprise which held a certain pleasure. He comprehended that it struck her as odd that anybody should think enough about her to be solicitous as to what she wore.

They went out to visit the garden; a somewhat neglected place it would have seemed to most people's taste, but that lack of stiffness and order was exactly what made its charm to Moore.

And then there followed for them two heavenly hours wherein neither remembered that the world existed, though not a word was spoken to which that tyrant (hated of us all in our souls) might not have listened without finding an excuse to sneer or whisper. The sun shone through a soft golden haze; a low breeze murmured at intervals to the flowers, then was still; soft fleecy white clouds sailed slowly away toward the horizon—a trio of belated butterflies fluttered about like winged blossoms—in the distance, a sweep of plain, hills and spires closed in the scene. The grand dome of heaven swept down so near that earth seemed to end with the limit of their gaze, and in all the beauty and the peace so blessed to their tired souls, neither sight or sound gave warning of the awful blackness which lay just beyond, as it always does lie when we dare to be too happy—just beyond!

The charmed hours floated on to their close. Moore went away and came back; they dined—the first *tête-à-tête* meal with the woman one loves—I need not describe that to any man!

He found her waiting for him; she was dressed in white—some soft, yielding Eastern fabric that fell in graceful folds—the sleeves long and loose, which with every movement bared her arms to the shoulders—such perfect arms—such heavenly hands!

It was an odd freak of nature which gave Anne those exquisite hands; but to him they were a revelation of her double nature—those soft, white, dimpled hands which appeared never to have been meant for any use in life save to be kissed and prayed over—so out of keeping with her hard work, with the practical, yes, stern side of her character, which most persons would have deemed its whole.

Then they went to the opera and met acquaintances—since on such a first night no composer could be expected to bestow an entire lôge upon Circe herself. But everybody was sympathetic and agreeable, and everything a success, till suddenly Anne found herself so ill that she was forced to ask Moore to take her home. A strange dizziness and faintness such as she had never felt in her life came over her—a faintness like that of death. As she described the sensation, when, seated in the carriage, she could speak again, she seemed falling from an immense height, and could find nothing stable—like the suffering of a nightmare.

He bade her shut her eyes and give him her hands; she obeyed like a frightened child. He placed her head back against the hood of the vehicle, drew the folds of her burnous over her face and held her fast, gently, but firmly.

They drove up the Champs Elysees—away on out to Passy, but not a word was spoken, until when they had nearly reached her house, Anne raised herself, saying:

"I am better. The feeling has gone as suddenly as it came. Do you know, at first I really thought I was dying."

He could not speak for an instant; he grasped her hands again; she must have felt that his were like ice, felt, too, the shudder which shook his whole frame at her words.

The carriage drew up before her gates; he led her into the vestibule, and they parted with scarcely other than the utterance of a simple good-night. He went away, but this parting had revealed to him a truth of which Anne was as yet ignorant—she loved him—he knew it; how he could not have told—but she loved him!

He saw her the next day, and the next. On the third she had an unpleasant expedition to make across the Seine, into one of the oldest quarters of Paris, in order to visit a picture-buyer with whom she sometimes had dealings. What artists in their talk call "pot-boilers," were productions that often fell from Anne's brush, as might be expected when she had an elegant brother, and a pretty, helpless sister, for whose numerous needs—absolute needs which to her personally would have seemed unheard of luxuries, though she never thought so where they were concerned—she must provide by the toil of her own hands.

Moore asked if he might accompany her, and though she looked and felt surprised that any human creature should be desirous of taking trouble for her sake, she was pleased that he should go. So they drove away in the pretty Victoria, which she kept for Isabel's comfort, but might venture to use just now herself, since Isabel was in Brussels—across the river into dark, dismal streets, but neither could have told whither. A drive such as most of us have taken sometime—in a triumphal chariot, along a glorified road, through the world of dreams.

What did he tell her—how did he tell her?

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Neither had the slightest idea. He was holding her hands again—he was looking into her eyes. I would not swear that there were any words for a time, but their souls talked all the while. I think there was no "love-making;" she realized as he did, that he had found in her the rounding and completion of his life; it was as natural he should claim her as that he should breathe.

They went into the picture-dealer's shop and Anne completed her bargain, while Moore waited. Three quarters of an hour later, the two were preparing to take their departure, when a side door opened and a person coming out almost touched Anne with his elbow.

The man instantly raised his hat as in apology and their eyes met. The same sick trembling which had shaken her a few nights before in the theatre seized her again. She caught at Moore's arm so suddenly that he turned toward her in alarm, exclaiming:

"Are you ill—what is it?"

"No, no," she said, with her eyes still on the face of the man who had just entered the room and who had stopped close beside her.

"I want to sit down for a moment—ask somebody to get me a glass of water."

Moore had not noticed the stranger—did not even now, though so close, in his anxiety at the renewal of Anne's odd attack. The picture-dealer had moved to the other end of the shop, and was deep in colloquy with a newly entered customer, so that Moore had to traverse the whole length of the room, which was a long one, and wait then while his request for the water was complied with.

Anne was to all intents and purposes alone with this man, who had paused with such evil resolution in his face, that it was plain he meant, at any hazard, to speak with her. A man who must have been a good deal past forty—haggard, worn, wicked-looking, worse than that, with the evidences of all kinds of horrible degradation in his countenance; yet he was handsome even in his ruin, and he kept a certain appearance of elegence, though his attire had lost any claim to freshness.

"Anne?" he said, softly.

She put up her hands as you may have seen a person in a fever do when trying to rouse himself out of partial delirium, and whispered:

"It can't be—it isn't you!"

"It is I in the flesh," he answered, with a low laugh. "I saw you at the opera the other night. I meant to pay you a visit to-day—I had found your address."

"I thought you were dead," she murmured. "I thought it was your ghost I saw at the opera——"

"I know you did," returned he, "but you see I am alive. I came upon you too suddenly—after eighteen years of absence."

Even in this moment of horror, the firmness of Anne Morgeson's nature asserted itself.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed. "Go your way—you have no claim on me."

"Every possible claim," he said, in a slow, determined tone, "and there is not one I do not mean to exert if you drive me to extremities. Send that man away—I want to talk with you."

As he finished speaking, Moore came back with the glass of water, which he handed to Anne. He saw the stranger—touched his hat and said, politely but decidedly:

"The lady will be quite recovered in a few moments—we need not detain you," believing that the person had stopped, alarmed by Anne's paleness, to demand if he could be of service.

But he received without hesitation this answer:

"On the contrary, it is you who need not have the trouble to stop, Monsieur—I will take care of Madame."

"You insolent villain!" exclaimed Moore.

Before he could add a word, or the other have space for any retort beyond a sneering laugh, Anne started out of her chair, let the glass fall, and placed herself between the two with her face turned toward Moore—such an awful face—as changed as if since he crossed the room she had died from the effects of some horrible fright whose impress was frozen upon her features.

"Go away," she said, hoarsely; "it is my husband—I must speak with him."

His first fleeting fancy was that she had gone mad. Another glance at her countenance, and he realized the whole.

There is no language to describe what he felt. To use the strongest words, that heaven had given way under his feet and let him down into hell, even that means nothing. He thought that he stood there speechless, motionless, during a thousand years, but in reality it was only a few seconds.

"Go!" repeated Anne, in the same dreadful tone. "If you have any mercy—if you are human—go!"

And he obeyed; though he heard the stranger's insulting laugh ring out, and the fiercest spasm of wrath he had ever felt shook his soul, he obeyed—passed out into the street and stood there.

The very act of his leaving helped Anne still further on in the calmness of desperation which nerved her. She looked up at her husband and said:

"For eighteen years you have left me alone—for ten I have believed you dead! I will go home to America; there the law will set me free."

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"And Isabel and Gerald?" sneered he. "You see I know everything about you! And the disgrace—the paragraphs in the papers—the scandal—all the rest of it! Bah, don't be an idiot! I only want money! I will leave you alone fast enough—but money I must have."

"I—"

"Wait! You are agitated—this happy meeting has been too sudden! See here—go home—I know where you live—this evening at eight o'clock I will come—is it agreed?"

She bowed her head.

"I can trust you," he added; "an honor I don't often show any body—but it is to your own interest! I have an engagement—good bye."

He was gone! Anne sank back in her chair and waited for a few moments, then she rose, passed out of the shop and entered her carriage. At the corner of the street Moore was standing; he dashed into the road; the coachman stopped.

"Anne, Anne!" he called, unconsciously uttering her Christian name—it had grown so familiar during their drive!

She raised her head—saw him close to the vehicle—his two hands clasped over the side.

"I hear," she said, in a slow, dead voice. "Let me go home."

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, "you can't leave me like this—you—"

"Don't!" she broke in with a piteous quiver in her tones. "Don't! I can bear anything except your pain."

"I must see you—you must tell me—let me help you!"

"Help?" she echoed, "I am eighteen years past help! Yes—I *will* see you! Let me go home—come in an hour."

He stepped back without a word—himself made a sign to the coachman—the carriage passed on—he had lost even the sight of Anne's corpse-like face—he was alone in the blackness.

When the limit she had set had expired—punctual to the moment—he presented himself at the house. It would have seemed that the wretched woman had remembered to give some order for his admission, because the servant allowed him to enter without demur, and was preparing to conduct him toward the salon; but Moore hurried past, mounted the stairs, flung open the door of the drawing-room and entered.

It was twilight now. In the dimness he saw Anne seated by a window at the further end of the apartment. She had thrown off her bonnet and mantle, perhaps half unaware; in some piteous feminine endeavor to have a care, even in that straight, for appearances, and sat looking out across the garden.

She turned at the sound of the opening door and saw him. For an instant she hid her face in her hands, then after a brief struggle, raised her head and spoke:

"Come here—I will tell you my whole story! Sit down—don't speak—don't look at me—and when I have done, forgive me if you can."

"There is no such word between us," he cried; "whatever the story may be, one of God's angels need not be ashamed to own it his—I say that and I am dumb."

She began as abruptly as a person begins mentally to go over old memories—sitting motionless—her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes raised toward his face, yet not looking at him—looking at nothing—seeing nothing save the unutterable misery of that past, whose records she told so briefly, and in a cold, monotonous tone which was more painful than tears and cries would have been.

"I was only seventeen," she began, "if that be any excuse, and I loathed him, handsome and fascinating as he was. I never knew why my stepmother forced me to marry him—I suppose that there was a secret under—that he had power over her and exercised it in that way. She said I had compromised myself; he had been at our house in the country and she went away! It is no matter—I did marry him. Three months later he took me off to California. I had a good fortune; he managed, I don't know how, by my signing papers, to raise money, though I was not of age. I bore—I lived—two years—Hush!" (for her listener groaned,) "I bore it—you can! Two years! I was beaten—I was dragged through degradation to which that was nothing—But I need not go over all this! I ran away—back to Maryland. My stepmother was dead; the two children, Gerald and Isabel, in my uncle's house. That man followed me—forged my uncle's name to a large amount and escaped. Well, they wanted me to have a divorce—I could not—right or wrong I could not! My uncle told me to go and take the children and I did! He married, died and left us out of his will. Then I worked—sewed—taught! I had a gift for painting; an old artist taught me. We came to Europe, and I kept my own name. Ten years ago I read of his death in an Australian paper, so I said I may grow an old woman in peace! And to-day—you saw him—Morton Danforth has come to life again." She was going on, when Moore stopped her by springing to his feet and exclaiming:

"Who? Say that name again!"

"It is my husband," she said, with a sudden pathetic fretfulness in her voice, as if his lack of comprehension wearied her; "Morton Danforth."

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"And he is my relative," groaned Moore, "he ran away from England, when I was a boy, to escape the penalty of his crimes."

"It doesn't matter," she answered in the same tired, fretful way. "At eight o'clock to-night he is coming here! I have to think what I shall do—and I've tried and all I can think of is the wrong I have done you! Do forgive me—I didn't know—say that you forgive me!"

"Anne! Anne!"

He did not fall at her feet, as another man would have done—he did not so much as touch the folds of her dress—he only uttered her name in that cry of unutterable agony.

"I understand," she said, "and I thank you! Please to go—I can't bear any more—please to go."

He obeyed. He meant to come back—he would not leave her to meet that wretch alone. But he must not oppose her now; he was frightened lest any refusal should break up her stony composure into the partial madness which would be the most likely reaction from this apathy.

Moore stopped with a relative who had for many years made his home in Paris—a fractious old bachelor, who occupied his idle days by a mania for collecting rare china and the like rubbish. Into his sanctum Moore walked and said, abruptly:

"Tell me all you can about Morton Danforth."

Mr. Netly set down a priceless tea-cup (uglier than a lump of black clay) which he was wiping, uttered a resigned sigh, and said—just because a direct answer would the sooner set him free:

"He ran off about twenty-two years ago, after committing every crime in the calendar, forgery included—left his wife—"

"His wife!"

"Don't interrupt," quavered Mr. Netly, "you nearly made me smash Madame de Pompadour by your violence;" he meant a vase supposed to have belonged to that celebrated lady. "I hate telling things, but when anybody asks questions, I expect them to listen to the answer."

"Yes—I beg your pardon—go on! And his wife died—"

"I wish she had!" interrupted Mr. Netly, with all the venom of a weak, querulous man in his tone.

"What?"

"If your are deaf, Anatole, I can't talk to you—my chest won't stand it! I wish she had died—she would have been better off in heaven, and then she couldn't have bothered me as she did up to eight years ago! Why the money I have had to give her would have bought a collection as fine as—"

"Died only eight years ago? Impossible! Why—he—"

"Anatole, Anatole!" sighed his relative, "that French blood in your veins is a curse to everybody connected with you! If you don't believe me, open that escritoire—only be careful of the spring. You will find plenty of her letters—you can see the dates. Oh, don't jump about like that—you nearly knocked down Machiavelli!" Moore avoided the miniature statuette by a happy accident—plunged into the escritoire, regardless of the spring, and pulled out the bundles of papers till he found what he wanted; Mr. Netly, engrossed in admiration of his treasures, neither noticing what he did, or knowing when he left the room.

It was almost eight o'clock. Long before, the servant had brought lights—had warned his mistress that dinner waited—had given her tea when with a woman's ability to find excuses, she told him she had a headache and could not dine, and now she sat with her eyes fixed on the clock, counting the minutes which spread between her and the interview with her husband.

The door opened without warning—Moore was before her again.

"Anne," he cried, "you are free—that man had a wife living in England when he married you."

She did not understand at first. If he had brought her any fresh tidings of anguish she would have comprehended quickly enough, but words which promised relief had no meaning to her dulled senses.

While he was showing the letters, trying to render the matter plain to her, the servant appeared, saying:

"Madame, there is a person down stairs who says he came by appointment—"

"Let me see him," cried Moore, in English. "Stop here; I will be back soon."

He was hurrying away; her voice checked him; a sudden dread had struck her.

"No quarrel—you promise?" she half whispered.

"I promise."

The door closed—he was gone.

It might have been half an hour—it might have been half the night that Anne sat there—she could not have told. She was utterly worn out; she did not realize the significance of Moore's explanation; she could only entertain one collected thought—the dead man had come back to life to render existence loathsome by his shadow. The very putting her story into words, had so completely carried her into the past that its horror became such a living reality she could find no strength to resist its misery.

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Then she heard Moore's voice once more:

"Anne, Anne. He is gone—he will never trouble you again, let him be dead to you as he he has been during all these years."

Another man would have been led on to talk of his love—not so Moore; a woman, a mother could not have been kinder and gentler. He stayed with her for awhile; he enabled her at last to realize that the miserable creature she had believed her husband would never dare approach her, and must put the sea between him and Europe, through fear of punishment even yet overtaking his crimes. Then Moore went away, after making her promise to go at once to bed; she did, and slept that dismal, dead sleep which follows in the wake of mental prostration.

And the new day came, and Anne Morgeson rose with something of her customary strength restored. She had not reflected much—had been content to sit and remember that the black shadow which had drifted back over her life had been dissipated as suddenly as it came, and that this time it could never return. Her maid brought in a letter; she recognized Moore's writing. There she sat in the sunshine and read those pages—read them—fought out her battle and formed her resolve. Oh, my God, what men and women live through and can neither die or go mad!

When noon came, he appeared to receive his answer; he had written that he should so come and she was prepared to receive him. She walked into the room where he waited; she paused for no salutation; this was what she said:

"I cannot—maybe you will curse me, but I cannot! If I was his mistress I am a soiled, degraded creature, and not fit that you should take me. If I was his wife, and in God's eyes I was, because I believed myself so, while he lives I am his wife still, though his crimes were tenfold blacker than they are."

And he could not move her. Neither tenderness or rage were of avail. He could kill her and she told him that his misery would if he did not seek to spare himself and her—but swerve from her resolution she dared not. Had she dared relent she would—she told him that also; but to change was out of her power. Arguments were idle, though she admitted their justice. Another woman, under similar circumstances, she avowed would meet no blame from her if she married, but in her own case it could not be. Much as she loved him, and she acknowledged her love, it would have been no more possible for her to become his wife than to go back to the wretch who had cursed her girlhood by his sin.

And they parted—he to his home and his duties, to struggle, to upbraid, at times almost to hate, but always loving her still. And Anne, after a fortnight's illness, took up her old life apparently without a change, and when her brother and sister returned was so much her usual self, that they privately agreed between themselves that the servants in their account must have greatly magnified any little indisposition she might have endured during their absence.

Hard to end so? Ah, my friends, many a man and many a woman goes through sorrow just as black, and finds no lifting of the cloud save that which we call resignation can bring.

But it was not so with this pair, for two years later the man Danforth died, and in a few months Moore journeyed down to Italy where Anne was living.

I think Gerald and Isabel thought her very silly to marry at her age, but as each was on the eve of making a good match, they allowed her to be foolish without remonstrance.

It was only this last summer that I met Anatole Moore and his wife in one of the beautiful Pyrenean haunts I love. His hair was quite gray—it grew so within the first three months of that dreary waiting—but they are very happy.

Was Anne right or wrong to have forced such sorrow upon herself and him by her decision?

She believes that had she acted otherwise such complete happiness as is now her portion would never have been hers, and I believe so, too. As for Moore, I think he is so blest that he does not consider the matter at all, and if he did and could not decide, would content himself with looking in his wife's face and saying:

"The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life."

GOOD-NIGHT, MY LOVE.

BY M. A. CAPELL.

Good-night, my love! good-night to thee!
My heart is gay and light;
The moon is bright on land and sea,
The stars are forth to-night.
Good-night, my love! good-night to thee!

Good-night, my love! good-night to thee!
Until the morning bright
Shall wake the bird within the tree,
And flood the land with light!
Good-night, my love! good-night to thee!

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FOR FLOY'S SAKE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

An October afternoon is waning to its close. Many such, among other things, has the old Dean homestead beheld, from its commanding standpoint on the height yonder; with the village of Easting nestled snugly at its feet on one side, and a long, solitary valley, with close-crowding hills beyond it, on the other. To more than four generations, that stately mansion has been a familiar landmark. It stands there, before you now, in the pale, declining sunlight, firm and solid, built to endure long; yet, to-day, of all days, is the last on which it shall be seen by men's eyes; to-morrow, like all that has come and gone within its walls, it, too, will be but a name and a recollection.

No such foreboding troubles the three ladies, leisurely ascending the hill, along the narrow country road, which passes the old homestead on its way to the village. They are glad to see the shelter of their own roof and the promise of rest so near. The shadows from the western hills are lengthening visibly, and a chill suggestion of coming frost creeps into the still, clear air.

"Who would have believed it to be so late?" Mrs. Dean says, complainingly. "If I had known how far you girls were going, you should never have enticed me into joining your walk. I know I shall find that my husband has come home, without his dinner, and that Sarah has let the kitchen fire go out—it would be just like her. If I am absent an hour, something is sure to go wrong. I can never make the doctor understand it."

Poor Mrs. Dean! A life-time of small worries, carefully fostered, has impressed her with the belief that she is a martyr to duty; and she has never had any serious trouble to dispel her illusion. For the rest, she is stout and handsome, and so convinced of the correctness of her own opinions and example, that the conviction has helped to mould every line and feature of her face.

One of her two companions is evidently her daughter. You observe the likeness of feature between them, which promises to deepen into likeness of expression also, as Gertrude's years increase. The other is Floy Eldridge, Doctor Dean's niece: a pretty, piquant, candid maiden—"a little, wilful rosebud, set with thorns"—whom, if you belonged to the wooden and unrelenting portion of mankind, you might not approve of, but, nevertheless, would find it hard indeed not to like. There are people who prefer her even to her stately and confessedly perfect cousin Gertrude; though Gertrude herself is not one, and has been heard to lament that so much of Floy's character is still "latent," and her ideas on so many points still so unformed. Strange! —with the example before her!

"Don't you wish you had no house and no husband, aunt Julia?" Floy says, teasingly. "They do give you so much trouble!"

"I may feel my responsibilities, but I am not one to wish them less," answers the aunt, solemnly. "When I married the doctor, I knew very well what I was undertaking. The burdens of a doctor's wife are equal to those of any other two women. Very often, nothing but my sense of duty keeps me up. How do I feel, do you suppose, when the doctor is called to visit some horrid case of fever, or to go to some wretched place which one shudders even to think of?"

Floy does shudder.

"Don't, aunt Julia!" she says, deprecatingly. Then she adds, "but it must be a great deal harder for poor uncle, who has to see so much misery that he can do nothing to relieve."

"Oh, he is accustomed to that—it's his profession," says Mrs. Dean, complacently. "And the doctor never will worry about anything. The life he leads would kill *me*, with *my* nervous organization."

"We should not mind disagreeable things, when we can do good," observes Gertrude, mildly.

"I don't see how we can help 'minding' disagreeable things," cries Floy, the perverse. "Who would prefer a horrid hospital to these beautiful woods, and that lovely sky over them? The sight of misery makes me so miserable, that I always run away from it when I can. I hate to be miserable."

"Floy," says Mrs. Dean, in tones of reproof, "do you suppose it is pleasure to *me* to have the doctor, and Gertrude, and the servants, and the sewing society, and a thousand other things, perpetually on my mind? Where is your sense of duty, my child?"

"A real duty is always plain," subjoins Gertrude, encouragingly. "I made that so clear to my

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class in Sunday-school yesterday. The lesson was the story of the good Samaritan—oh-h! what's *that*?"

That is the figure of a woman, which rises among the wayside sumachs, with a suddenness indeed somewhat startling. It is a strange, ill-omened shape to meet at that hour and in that place—so near their own gate, and all the pleasant things it closes upon. Is this the personification of that human misery spoken of just now, thinks Floy? Youth—sadder to look upon in its ruin than any picture of age; beauty—there remains the ghastly suggestion of what has once been; womanhood—alas! fallen, hopeless, degraded. A shabby, shivering, unwholesome outcast stands before them, and stares at them with wild eyes, into which a look of recognition gradually creeps.

"It's Mrs. Dean, isn't it?" she says, stepping back, and speaking in the uncertain manner of one who has too good reason to dread a repulse. "I was going up to your house to ask if you wouldn't give me some supper; I'm tired out and sick. Grandmother is dead, they told me—I had come a long way to ask her to take me in—and I don't know where to go. I shan't trouble anybody long."

"Why, it is Neila Hunt?" cries Mrs. Dean, in sharp tones of surprise; and there follows a brief silence.

To see that group of womanly figures, standing there in the soft light of the departing day; three of them recoiling visibly from the fourth; that fourth shrinking back, as if the consciousness of her own degradation encompassed her like an impassable barrier; the bright autumnal foliage glowing above and around them in manifold beauty; the old homestead just beyond, symbol of comfort, safety, shelter; the bleak hills in the distance, homeless and pitiless: is to see a sight.

"If you are really in need, Neila Hunt," says Mrs. Dean, with cold decision, "you can apply to the poor-house. I don't feel that I can conscientiously assist you. There are too many deserving people, who require my help."

"But it's almost night, Mrs. Dean; I'm not able to walk far," answers Neila, faintly.

"We all reap as we sow," says Mrs. Dean, unmoved. "I am sorry your folly and sinfulness have brought you to this. Come, girls; I don't want you lingering here: we ought to be at home."

They turn away—the three safe, happy, well-provided women; after whom, the girl cries, in bitter accents: "So you leave me to die like a dog by the roadside, do you? I don't expect much of the next world, though I can't well see how it's to be worse than this; what do you suppose you will reap there for to-night's sowing, Mrs. Dean?"

"Isn't she awful?" whispers Gertrude, with an appalled shudder.

But Floy, looking over her shoulder, sees the girl stagger back to the great stone, from which she had arisen, among the faded golden rods, and lean her head against the roadside wall.

Floy grows pale.

"Asking for bread and receiving a stone! Oh, aunt, is not this something like it?" she exclaims, involuntarily. "The poor thing looks so ill. Suppose she should be dying?"

"She is probably intoxicated," says Mrs. Dean, sternly. "Don't waste your pity on that creature. She was one of the prettiest girls in Easting, a few years ago. You see what she is, now. To think of her daring to show herself, in this place again—to expect countenance from decent people. Don't speak of her, Floy. Here we are at home—and the doctor not in yet, thank goodness. My conscience is easier about the way I have spent this afternoon."

"Mine would not be easy, were I in your place," thinks Floy.

But what has she to say in her own behalf? Easy enough to criticise aunt Julia. But has she not also had the opportunity to do a kind deed, and let it pass?

Neila's wan face and hungry eyes pursue Floy with pertinacious appeal. Could she put down the curtain, and shut out, with the coming night, all thought of the miserable outcast, how gladly would she do it?

Floy is no model young woman, with model opinions, like Gertrude. She shrinks, in nervous dread, from any communication with poor Neila; it costs her a sharp struggle to decide upon following her better impulse; and even then, she doubts. Is not aunt Julia a pattern of good works and correct thinking? and did she think Neila worthy of aid?

Floy, in desperation, drops the debate with herself; rushes up stairs for her purse and a thick shawl; dives into the kitchen to make an unexplained raid upon the stores of the astonished cook; hurries out into the fast falling twilight, with a beating heart, and an awful consciousness that she will never be able to justify herself in the eyes of aunt Julia. But the silent appeal of that pathetic figure, cowering against the cold wall, draws her on with a power not to be withstood; and in the depths of her heart, a voice seems whispering: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these—"

"I cannot help it," says Floy to herself, half crying. "I had rather bear any punishment

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than the sight of that poor thing. But I must go, or I shall never have any peace of mind again. I could not say my prayers, to-night, and think of her wandering about, without food or shelter. Perhaps she is no longer here. She may have gone away to some of the neighbors. I—almost—hope so."

But the shabby figure is still there. It is there, with its knees drawn up, and its head laid upon them, half concealed by the old shawl it wears. There is absolutely something heroic in the effort Floy makes to conquer her repulsion, and feel only pure womanly pity and sympathy for the waif before her. She has even to touch Neila's shoulder to arouse her attention; for the girl does not move, as footsteps approach her.

"I have brought you something to eat, Neila, and a comfortable shawl. Won't you take them?" falters Floy, trembling a little, in spite of her brave resolutions.

The girl looks up, for a moment.

"If Mrs. Dean sent you, I don't want them," she answers, sullenly.

"They are not from her. Nobody sends them. I bring them," Floy gently tells her. "Come! I am sure you will take them from me. Let me show you what a nice lunch I have in this basket, for you."

Neila does not look at the basket, but wonderingly into Floy's face.

"We are just about the same age," she says, withdrawing her eyes, and letting her head sink upon her breast. Floy sees her tremble.

Then the girl starts up, with a wild cry.

"I wish you would go away," she says, vehemently. "I was miserable enough before—after coming back to poor old grandmother to die, and finding her gone before me, and not a door in the world open to receive me! And I might be like you to-day—a good girl—home—friends. I might! I might! Why do you come to make me think of such things? I don't want to think. I know I have to die soon—and I'm afraid to die."

She broke down, in a low, despairing wail.

A great throb of compassion swells Floy's heart. Oh, if she could only think of some wise words—something to say that would fan the flame of better feeling, surely not yet quite extinct in that darkened soul! In vain. No words, either wise or unwise, will shape themselves to speech upon Floy's quivering lips. But with a quick, tender impulse, she puts an arm caressingly about the neck of the outcast girl.

Floy does it. Floy, who says the sight of misery always makes her miserable, and that she runs away from it whenever she can; Floy, to whose pure young soul such dark experiences as Neila's belong to an unknown region of horrors.

There is a sound of sobbing. It is Neila, who shrinks away from Floy's gentle touch, and dries her tears first.

Floy mutely presses upon her the little store of food and money she has brought, and puts the warm shawl about Neila's shoulders.

"I wish I could do more for you," she says, feeling pitifully powerless to help, where so much help is needed.

Neila does not answer. Strange feelings are stirring in her frozen heart. She wishes to speak, but she has quite unlearned the language of gratitude.

After a moment's shy silence, Floy turns to go. She longs anew for some gift of eloquent speech to appeal effectively to her companion; she can not go without one effort, at least; but how tame and feeble it sounds to her!

"Won't you try to be good, Neila? God will know it if no one else does," says Floy, tremulously; and now she is really gone; and Neila is left again to the solitude of her own soul and the deepening night.

Refreshed by food, and feeling her feeble strength revive, she rises at last from her hard seat. The village is not far away, but she will not go thither to ask for shelter; if it were difficult before, she feels it now impossible to face the scorn, or curiosity, of those who have known her in happier days. At the foot of the hill stands a haystack, and beside it, an empty, open shed; to this place, Neila directs her steps, and there she makes her forlorn bed for the night.

There is one blessed respite for human pain. Wrapped in Floy's warm shawl, Neila at last sleeps, and forgets her aching limbs and heavy heart. It is a dim, starlit night, wonderously still; not even a light wind breaks the silence. It is not a sound that presently rouses Neila, nor is it the breaking of day.

She opens her eyes indeed with a vague idea that it must be morning: it grows so light around her; yet as she turns wearily on her comfortless bed, the stars glimmer in upon her. There is no moon; nor is it like moonlight, that red, unsteady glow. She dreamily watches it flare on the wall beside her, fade, then shine out brighter than before, wavering, reddening, and strengthening. With a thrill of more active curiosity and even alarm, Neila sits up, and looks out into the night, no longer dark.

What is that? Has a beacon been kindled on the hill, at this strange hour, or is it really the stout walls of the old Dean homestead, that are feeding that ruddy blaze? Already, it mounts to

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the roof of the nearest wing. Already it leaps merrily from its confinement to the touch of the welcoming air without.

Neila sits still and watches it. What is it to her? Were not food and shelter refused her, almost at that mansion's gate, that very night? She is even savagely exultant, over the swiftness of the retribution, with which fate has visited its mistress. "She'll be homeless herself now," mutters Neila, and she draws her shawl more closely about her, and is fain to lie down again and sleep. Sleep is sweeter even than revengeful triumph.

But the warm touch of the shawl brings with it a thought of the gentle giver.

Neila springs up. Why, Floy Eldridge is within that building; and, though the girl looks closely, she sees no movement around it—no sign that the inmates are aroused to their impending danger. The fire is bursting out on that side of the house farthest from the village; nay, were it not, at that hour, all Easting is asleep. Neila is the only human being who can render those within its walls the slightest assistance. Ah, Floy Eldridge, little did you dream of the fruit which your generous deed was so soon to bring forth!

Hasten, Neila! Your footsteps are fleet, but they cannot be too fleet. That black, ascending column, studded with glittering sparks, and springing from a fiery base, is the old mansion's pall. Swift as you may be, you cannot hinder its doom. But precious human lives are at stake. For their sake, for one's sake especially, hasten, Neila!

She has reached the door. She clamors with a violent hand. She cries aloud. But there is no reply. She rushes to the nearest window, and shatters the glass, heedless of her own bleeding fingers. She bursts open the carelessly fastened shutters, with desperate strength.

It is time, Neila! Volumes of black smoke roll toward you from blazing depths and heights. The half stupefied slumberers have but brief grace as you rouse them—they must literally fly for their lives, before the red tempest of fire that wraps wall and roof-tree, and sends its signal glare far out into the wide night.

The villagers, startled from their pillows, have seen it. Help is coming now, abundant and ready. But it comes too late. The burning walls crash together with a mighty roar. The old Dean homestead lies low, a fiery heap of ruin. Look at what might have been your fearful grave, and thank God, you who were so lately its inmates! Think of what your fate would have been, but for the doing of one kind deed.

Poor Neila! There is help and to spare offered you now; but for you also, it is too late. The first snow will fall white upon your grave. But though earthly aid be indeed vain, may not the good seed sown in a nature, not yet irrevocably lost, take root, and, growing, blossom into eternal beauty elsewhere? For you, even for you, there is a Father and a Home.

LOSS.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

If you were lying cold and dead to-night,
Beneath the winter skies so chill and gray,
I should not feel the loss and pain, my heart
Knows now, with you alive, and fair, and gay.

If I had kissed the snowy eyelids down
Into the rest that knows no break on earth,
I should not feel the bitterness, that now
Is mine, with those eyes filled with careless mirth.

If that red mouth was pale with death's dread frost,
And answerless to all my woe so bleak,
The pain were naught to what I suffer now,
With those warm, smiling lips upon my cheek.

Aye, kiss me! fair, false idol of my dreams.
What know you of a wound beyond relief?
My God! how hard love dies in some strong hearts,
With blinding agony, and wordless grief!

COMPENSATION.

BY MARION SINCLAIR.

The storm is laden deep with woes
That fills no waiting measure;
The wind is ever ill that blows
To none some hoped-for pleasure.

Our griefs are often only sent,
Our erring souls to chasten;
And cherished treasures from us rent,
Some greater good to hasten.

Each tempest beareth on its wings
For all its ills a healing;
Each blinding sorrow to us brings
Some good of God's revealing.

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MISS OLDHAM'S "UTOPIA."

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

It was a piercingly cold day—a heartless, cutting wind, a gray sky, and general discomfort.

Miss Oldham had hurried to catch the street car, and the conductor had waited in answer to her signals of distress. The young lady rather prided herself on thanking the conductor for his delay, as she entered the vehicle; but he merely gave her a sort of shove, by way of helping her in, and closed the sliding door with a bang, as though it had been a necessary wall of defense between himself and his passengers. Spying a vacant seat at the farther end of the car, the young lady made her way up to it, and sat contemplating the driver and the horses' tails, while her thoughts floated off into revery.

She had quite forgotten the conductor; but he had not forgotten her; and presently he gave her a tap on her shoulder saying, "Fare, please." She looked up indignantly, but there was a sort of hopelessness in his face that touched her inexpressibly. He was not a bad looking man, rather young than otherwise, with dark eyes and hair; but his clothes were thin, and he was evidently cold. How could he keep from freezing, she wondered, on that exposed little platform, on such a day as this?

Miss Oldham was tender-hearted, and she felt the tears coming into her eyes, as she handed him her ticket. Then she fell to pondering on the toil and exposure of a car conductor's life; while she involuntarily watched this particular conductor. Soon a big woman, with a still more capacious basket, from which turkey-claws and vegetables protruded, loomed up on the sidewalk; and the conductor sprang from his platform, seized the unwieldy hamper, and deposited it in the cars, and the woman after it. But not a word of thanks greeted him. When it came to paying her fare, the woman wanted an impossible exchange; and the conductor told her patiently enough, that no such exchanges were issued on that line. "Then," replied the virago, with a very red face, "you can just put me out again in double-quick time!"

The conductor pulled the strap, helped her again with the basket, and deposited the two hundred pounds of angry humanity on the sidewalk; while Miss Oldham felt very much like shaking the creature: but she would have been obliged to do it in instalments. The conductor, however, folded his arms and looked quite unmoved. But his face was blue with cold; and presently they came to a steam-car crossing, where it was his duty to leave his car and run on in advance to examine the track. He did this with wonderful speed.

The car went faster now to make up for lost time; and Miss Oldham soon reached her destination. But this car conductor interested her strangely; it seemed such a dreary, hopeless routine, that life of his, in cold and heat, and light and darkness; and she believed that he had a wife and children at home, because he lifted a little, golden-haired child so tenderly, with the nearest approach to a smile she had seen on his face yet. She could not ask him where he lived, just then, although she would have liked to do so; but she looked at the number of his car as a sort of clue, and walked off buoyantly, with various plans in her mind for the benefit of car conductors generally.

She had matters in hand that day, that occupied her fully; while other things filled up the week. Nearly a fortnight after, she went to the ——— Hospital, where she read for a couple of hours to the patients, every two weeks. The matron said, on her entering, "We had quite an unusual case brought in this morning—poor fellow! We thought, at first, that he was dead; but he was only insensible from being cut and bruised about the head. The surgeon has attended to him, and he appears to be comparatively comfortable now. It seems that he is a street-car conductor; and about midnight, he had a struggle with a couple of roughs who were annoying the two other passengers, a lady and gentleman—and as he put them forcibly out, one of the miscreants made a furious attack upon him, and left him insensible. Unfortunately, both of them escaped, as the policeman appeared just too late. Is it not too bad? I do think that street-car conductors have a very hard life of it: working as steadily as they do, without rest even on Sundays, and with such miserable pay for their hard work and exposure. What is two dollars a day, for fourteen or sixteen hour's work? and that is what I am told they receive. But here is his bed; he seems to be sleeping now."

All the circumstances of that car ride, with its thoughts and plans, came up afresh to Mary Old-

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ham, as she stood beside the narrow bed on which the sick man lay; and the next moment, she had exclaimed involuntarily: "Why, it is *my* conductor!"

The man opened his eyes, and stared at his visitor in great perplexity with an uneasy sense of having seen her before. Blushing at her own impetuosity, Miss Oldham said gently:

"I am *so* sorry to see you in this condition—and although you don't remember me, I took a long ride in your car, one cold day, and noticed you because you looked so uncomfortable."

A faint smile flitted over his face, as he replied: "Thank you, Miss—I thought I had seen your face somewhere."

"You shall see him again," said the nurse, directly, "but he is too weak to talk; he cannot bear much just now. I am glad that you happen to know something of him, however."

"But I don't," was the reply, "and I want you to tell me all about this man. Where does he live? and what sort of a home has he?"

"We do not know very much about him yet," said the lady, "but he has a very nice wife and three children, the youngest an infant in arms. His name is George Wardham. Mrs. Wardham was here, this morning, and seemed to feel badly that her husband was away from home. But she has a good, sensible face, and admitted at once that he was much better cared for here than he could be with her, with her three little ones to look after and her work to do. The doctor promises him his freedom in a month or so, if he is quiet and obedient. But the man does not seem to be at all eager about getting well; he has struck me, from the first, as having a sort of *hopelessness* about him that is inexpressibly touching. He really appears to be indifferent to everything."

Just what Miss Oldham had noticed in the car; and she now felt quite reproached that she had not taken some energetic measures sooner.

"I think," said she to her companion, with a beautiful blush, "that I can, perhaps, do something for this man, and for others of his class—at least, I can try."

The blush rather puzzled the older lady; but Mary Oldham did not disclose her little secret.

Having ascertained the conductor's residence, she first paid a visit to his wife; whom she found in a small brick house, one of an interminable row, but very clean and respectable looking, such as Philadelphia abounds in; and when a neat young woman, with a nice English face, opened the door, she took an immediate fancy to Mrs. Wardham. The woman had been crying, for her eyes were red; and she hastily tried to smooth off the traces of tears.

But under Miss Oldham's ready sympathy, she broke down afresh; and soon, the whole story came out.

"It was just the life of a dog," she said, "that George led, up late and early, for he seldom got home till midnight, and was off again before daylight; so that it seemed as if he never got a meal with his family, nor any at all that was worth having—for what were two kettles," asked Mrs. Wardham earnestly, "with a cold bite, when other people were taking their hot victuals comfortable? It made her sick to think of it. She remembered a lady, in a kind of fairy tale that she read once, who never saw her husband, because he was only with her in the dark, and didn't even know how he looked, till one night she took a lamp to get a glimpse of him."

Miss Oldham recognized the beautiful fable of Psyche.

"Of course," continued the wife, "she *had* seen George in the daytime, but it was a long time since; and this life was just wearing him out. He didn't even have his Sundays, but had to do just the same then as any other day; and she was afraid they were all getting to be heathens—for how could she leave the children to go to church?"

They were pretty little children, the eldest a splendid looking boy of five, who darted bright, laughing glances at the visitor from behind his mother's dress.

"The district ladies," she said, "sometimes came to see her, and left tracts and books; but they didn't like it that she never went to church, and could never show her husband; but she really didn't see how it was to be helped. And now, here was George sick and in the hospital; and it had all come of his being a car conductor and doing his duty, and being set upon by wicked rowdies. And instead of getting anything by it, his pay would be stopped, and she couldn't tell what was to become of them all."

"Why does not your husband get something else to do?" asked the young lady. "Something that would pay him at least as well, and not expose him so much. It would not, I should think, be hard to get."

"It would be for him," replied Mrs. Wardham, despondently, "and he seems to think it best to hold on to what he has. You see, Miss, George isn't fit for a great many things—he was only a boy when he went into the army, and that's kept him from having any regular kind of work."

"Has he really been in the army?" asked Miss Oldham, with fresh interest.

"Oh, yes, Miss—he was in ever so many great battles, and he never got a scratch. If he had,

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I suppose we'd have got a pension. But he's getting so now that he don't seem to care."

The poor woman sobbed; and Mary Oldham's cheek burned indignantly. Why was not a society instituted, she said to herself, for the prevention of cruelty to human beings? She would see the president of at least one city railway, before she was many days older, and tell him the story that had so moved her; and with many kind and encouraging words to poor Mrs. Wardham, she finally took her departure.

The next morning saw Miss Oldham on her way to a certain down-town office, inhabited by a very practical and obstinate-looking elderly gentleman, the president of the railway line to which George Wardham belonged; and this rather unpromising personage was Miss Oldham's prospective father-in-law. The young lady felt as brave and strong just then as Don Quixote himself, and ready to attack any amount of windmills; consequently, this desperate mission of bearding such a formidable lion in his den was bathed in a sort of roseate glow, that didn't belong to it at all.

Mr. Selwell, senior, was a lion and porcupine combined, who did not mind shooting his quills, when provoked, in the most promiscuous fashion; and although forced to admit that Mary Oldham was really a very nice girl, he considered that she had given him a chronic cause of complaint, by stealing the affections of his son, Hammond, for whom he had other views. For Miss Oldham's family, though perfectly unexceptionable, was not in the least distinguished; her father had failed in the latter years of his life, and been a clerk in the custom-house; and the young lady's means consisted of a moderate sum for dress and pin money: her brother provided her with a home. But it was not altogether a pleasant and congenial home; and she was rather looking forward to her marriage as a release.

Being far more ready to see the possible than the real in people, Miss Oldham entered buoyantly on her mission; and presented herself before the astonished eyes of the eminently respectable Mr. Selwell in his own private sanctum. It was quite a luxurious, parlor-like "office" in which the young lady found herself: there was a soft, rich-looking carpet on the floor, two or three luxurious lounging-chairs, a writing-table that would make correspondence a pleasure; and best of all, an open fire that glowed and sparkled like a huge gem in the heart of the room. Before this latter piece of furniture, the president of the——railway sat, toasting his slippered feet and bald head, and looking as though he had a very easy time of it indeed. He received his son's future wife politely, but not with the *empressement* that would have greeted a moneyed young lady; and Miss Oldham proceeded to unfold her errand with considerable fluency and evident expectation of success.

It took the wary and unenthusiastic business man some little time fully to understand the drift of this flow of eloquence; but when he had finally grasped the subject, it would be difficult to decide, whether the feeling of amazement, or of indignation preponderated. What, he should like to know, had Miss Oldham, or any one else, to do with the conductors on his line of railway? What business was it of her's how they were paid, or how they were worked? Her presumption fairly startled him. To think that this rather obscure young person, who was received, as it were, upon sufferance because of Hammond's silly infatuation, should actually take upon herself to come and lecture him (for it seemed nothing short of it) upon the miserable condition of car-conductors generally, and of this fool of a conductor in particular—whose claim to consideration seemed to consist in having got his head punched n some street fight—was a little too much to be borne.

But when the speaker, warming with her subject, represented that two dollars a day was a miserable pittance in exchange for sixteen hours of toil, and that frequent dishonesty was directly due to the niggardliness of the railway companies, Mr. Selwell burst forth with:

"My dear young lady!" (in a tone that said quite as plainly as words "you very impertinent girl!") "you have not the least idea what you are talking about. You are dreaming of Utopia."

It was now Miss Oldham's turn to feel indignant, and she did this quite thoroughly; only the thought of Hammond prevented her from giving this very self-sufficient old gentleman a piece of her mind; so that, in this interview, it really seemed as if the materials for an amicable understanding were altogether wanting.

Mr. Selwell pushed his spectacles up to the very top of his cranium, a sure sign of strong emotion with him; and then sat glaring at hi visitor.

Not willing to be easily repulsed in what she felt to be a good cause, Miss Oldham was about to prove that she did know what she was talking about, when she found herself fairly dismissed by her auditor's rising, and assuring her that, for every vacancy, there were at least twenty applications, which would scarcely be the case if the work of a car conductor were so very hard, and so poorly paid, as she seemed to think. This was no argument whatever, when work of any

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kind was scarce, and it was very difficult gracefully to accept defeat, where she had been almost certain of success; but there was no help for it, and she took her departure with what composure she could.

Perhaps Hammond's evening visit would make things smoother. When he came, looking so strong, and handsome, and satisfied with himself and the world generally, Mary Oldham's heart was beating with foolish haste—just as it did in the little, out-of-the-way country place where she had met him, the previous summer, and listened to his delightful nothings on a moonlit piazza, where the rough pillars were wreathed with scarlet runners.

Moonlight is very becoming, and so are rural adjuncts; and it had occurred to the lover once or twice that Miss Oldham did not appear to the same advantage in the city. Still, he was very reasonably in love; it was scarcely in his nature to be more than this; and it was quite natural, too, that when he heard continually at home that he had thrown himself away, he should come to think that the damsel of his choice rather owed him a debt of gratitude. His father had just poured forth his fresh displeasure on the subject; and a very charming young lady from Baltimore had arrived at the house on a visit, to whom Hammond was advised to turn his attentions. Thus Miss Oldham found him scarcely so responsive to her plans and grievances as could be desired.

"Do you not know, *ma belle*," said the gentleman, with a careless laugh, "that some people have to suffer in order that others may make money? And that very naturally the people who suffer object to it? For instance, if I were a car conductor, I should undoubtedly wish the president and directors of the company to raise my wages; whereas, if I were the president and directors, I should strongly object to it as a reduction of my own income. That is just how the case stands, you see."

But Mary Oldham did not see.

With a flushed cheek, she replied: "This is not a question of preference, but of right and justice."

And this persevering young lady actually discoursed of every individual's right to the pursuit of happiness—as though the Declaration of Independence had anything to do with the matter—and even asked what chance a car conductor had, under present circumstances, of elevating and improving himself.

Mr. Selwell, junior, seemed resolved to look upon it all in the light of a joke, and tried to turn her home thrusts off with a compliment—until Miss Oldham felt quite disenchanted with him, and almost ready to repudiate that moonlit piazza episode in her history.

Neither of them knew exactly how it came about; but, that very evening, Hammond Selwell walked home with the engagement ring in his pocket; and Mary Oldham wondered, in the solitude of her own room, why the foundations of earth seemed to be slipping from under her feet.

Her sister-in-law told her, the next morning, that she was a very silly girl; and she thought that possibly she might be, after all. She was beginning to realize that the way of reformers is hard, and that average human nature has a strong repugnance to doing its duty.

To do Mr. Selwell justice he did, on inquiry into the case, send the amount of a month's wages to George Wardham's wife, and promised to keep the place open for him; but this was as far as he chose to go; and he did not feel at all cordially disposed toward the young lady who had forced him to this concession.

On Miss Oldham's next visit to her protégé at the hospital, she found him quite improved; and actually talking to a plain, unobtrusive-looking gentleman, who vanished as she approached. The lady in charge of the ward gave quite an encouraging account of the patient; and there was even a prospect of his getting out sooner than had been expected.

"It's the best place I've been in for many a day," said the sick man to his visitor, "and if it wasn't for a fellow's family, I'd like nothing better than to lie by here for a while."

The poet, who found his warmest welcome in an inn, certainly had his parallel in the conductor, who enjoyed a season of rest in the hospital. Miss Oldham thought that possibly, with Margery, he appreciated "chicking," and other fleshly allurements.

"The Doctor is making a man of me," continued Mr. Wardham, who appeared to be in a confidential mood, "I didn't care for anything when I came here—but he seems to take such an interest in my getting out of old ways, that I can't bear to disappoint him. You see, Miss, it's such a hard kind of life, it makes a man hard, too."

Mary Oldham had seated herself beside him, and she encouraged him to tell her of his troubles; which he did by degrees, giving very much the same account his wife had given before. There was an empty sort of feeling, after all, as the girl listened. Her interest in the sick man lying there had certainly lost her her lover. He should never know it, however. As she said this to herself, Miss Oldham looked up to meet the eyes of the gentleman who had disappeared

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on her entrance, now talking earnestly with the nurse.

She was glad that her *protégé* seemed to make friends; and this one, grave and quiet as he evidently was, had the most sympathizing face she had ever seen. There was a look, too, of reserved power about him. She almost wished that she had him for a friend, herself, he seemed so wise and strong; and the young lady was wondering who this personage, who appeared entirely at home there, might be, when the nurse, quite unexpectedly introduced, at his own request, "Doctor Carlingford."

This was, indeed, a name of power, as the owner was known to be one of the most intellectual and benevolent men of the day, using his wealth for the good of others, and more apt to load his patients with benefits than to present them with bills. Mary Oldham felt herself blushing like a school girl under those clear, steady eyes; and she was so sure that she must be conducting herself like an idiot, that at the first plausible excuse, she retired. But her friend, the conductor, was quite eloquent in her praise; and his listener was not at all disposed to contradict his assertion that she was "the nicest young lady that ever lived." Doctor Carlingford was accustomed to being attacked and made much of by all the ladies whom he encountered; and it was quite refreshing to meet with one who seemed inclined to run away from him.

A few months from that time, Miss Oldham was present, one evening, with a very joyous, animated face, at a reading club for the benefit of the working people, that had not long been in operation, but was a decided success. It was not an ordinary reading club by any means; but a sort of informal reception, attended both by young men and young women, single and married people—in short any who chose to go. There were two or three delightful rooms, liberally warmed and lighted, and provided with abundant food for the mind as well as recreation for the body. There were admirable photographs on the walls of many of the best works of art; and the tables were supplied with all the best papers and periodicals. There were conveniences for writing, reading, and drawing; there were games of all kinds, from croquet to jack-straws; and there were several large-hearted ladies and gentlemen who devoted an evening every week to the entertainment and encouragement of those who had few social advantages.

This club had grown out of a long cherished plan of Dr. Carlingford's, indirectly aided and perfected by the untiring energy and perseverance of Mary Oldham, who fairly reveled in it, and considered the presence of her old protégé, George Wardham, an especial triumph of Dr. Carlingford's unbounded influence. Two or three other car conductors shared the privileges of the reading club.

It is very delightful to see one's Utopia in any measure accomplished; and Dr. Carlingford had proved to be a friend and coadjutor worth having, for he carried both the will and the power to execute, and was soon as much excited by the car conductor fever as Miss Oldham herself.

The brother's wife thought it a good thing that Mary had found something to interest her, poor girl; but the young lady did not look in the least like a stricken deer; and she was now holding a newspaper, and reading, with a half smile, the marriage of a certain Hammond Selwell to the beautiful Miss B—— of Baltimore.

Dr. Carlingford walked home with her that evening, and made some remarks that resulted in another marriage notice; while the Wardhams were made much of both by the doctor and Mrs. Carlingford; both declaring that, if it had not been for the car conductor, neither would have found the other.

"WE PARTED IN ANGER."

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

I look for the roseate dawn,
 And see but the storm-driven sky,
The trees swaying wild on the lawn,
 The rain slanting arrow-like by.
The weary night vigil is past,
 But day only deepens my gloom,
As if, weird across me, was cast
 The shadow and portent of doom.

We parted in anger and pain,
 I thought you would come with the morn,
I wait, and I watch; but in vain,
 Alas! that I ever was born.

In the cold, cold earth do you lie?
 Do you wander by land, or sea?
Oh! my love, could you hear my cry,
 Could you only come back to me.

I live; but I cannot forget.
 I sleep; 'tis of you I have dreamed.
If only we never had met,
 Life never so hopeless had seemed.
The long, weary nights come and go,
 The days they drag wearily by,
Break, heart, with your burden of woe.
 Would God that I only could die!

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Ossoli announced, the next morning, in her indolent way, that she must leave Oldham by an early train, and was persistent in her determination, though Lady Carew, and even his lordship, were urgent in pressing further hospitality upon her. Notwithstanding the careless grace of her manner, which the woman forced upon herself, an air of profound sadness fell upon her from time to time, even when a forced smile curved her lips. Faint, purple rings had settled beneath her superb eyes, during the night, while now and then a mist crept over them, just as follows the sweep of a storm.

Still these signs of inward disturbance were only discernable to a keen observer; and if they were noticed at all, the hostess accepted them as proofs of regret, that a visit which had been of advantage to herself, and, as she deemed it, an honor to the guest, was about to terminate. So with a profusion of compliments, and many protestations of thankfulness for her aid in the local charity, the lady was allowed to make her own arrangements, which she entered upon with her usual lassitude, so long as the presence of others controlled her; but the moment she was in her own room this seeming indifference dropped from her, and she astonished her attendant by a prompt superintendence of her duties.

"Be in haste," she said, snatching a garment the girl was folding, and crushing it into the trunk with her own hands, "give me that, and that. We have a long journey before us, and no time to spare. This loitering is a sin. I cannot breathe in this place."

"A long journey?" the girl ventured to inquire.

"Yes, one that may keep us moving for weeks. I am going home."

"Home?" the girl muttered under her breath, "but where is that? I did not know the *signora* ever had a home." But there was something so real and earnest in the singer's manner, that she dared not venture on another question, audibly.

"I did not expect," said Ossoli, rising from her knees, by the trunk that had been so hastily packed, "I did not expect to leave this place with a feeling of tenderness for any creature in it. But this girl, this angelic boy, my heart aches when I think of seeing them no more. It seems to me that they have brought back some lost power of feeling, here."

The woman moved to and fro in the room as she spoke, pressing both hands to her heart, while great tears gathered in her eyes. She was evidently forgetful that the maid had suspended her work, and was following her movements with open-eyed amazement. For once, nature had lifted this creature out of her superb selfishness. She could assume feeling, grandly, but that was nothing to the real emotion that stirred her from head to foot.

As she moved thus restlessly up and down, a faint knock came to the door. Ossoli started, and with a swift pass of the hand swept the tears from her eyes. It was Beatrice who stood, hesitating, on the threshold, anxious and startled: she had just heard that the singer was going.

"Come in," said Ossoli, reaching out both her hands, "I was thinking of you—wondering if I had done you good or evil, in coming to this place."

"You can have done me no evil," answered the girl, "only I am sad that you are going. It seems, while you stay, as if I had a friend."

"A friend! I wish it had been so. But I was not thinking of that when, when—"

"No," answered the girl, "how should you? It was only that you meant to be kind."

"Come here," broke in the woman, drawing Beatrice to a window, and searching her troubled face with earnest scrutiny, "tell me, has this man in word or deed sought to harm you?"

"Sought to harm me?" repeated the girl, meeting those great, dark eyes with a look of questioning astonishment. "How should any one do that?"

Ossoli dropped the hands she had firmly clasped and turned away, for her heart, worldly as it was, swelled with compassion for the young creature, whom she, in her wayward search for revenge, had insidiously urged into peril.

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"Tell me—I must ask it now, or go away with a heavy heart. Has the heir of this house spoken to you of love?"

A flood of hot crimson rushed over that young face, and, for a moment, the lids drooped heavily above a pair of eyes that refused to be questioned.

"Tell me, tell me in words. I will not go away racked with uncertainty. God may thrust the evil on me. Ah, my child, until now I did not think that you might suffer, and their accursed pride remain rampant as before. I meant to scourge that, not to harm you."

"Lady, I do not understand," said the girl, bewildered by this strange talk, "what have you done to me?"

Ossoli laughed, in self sarcasm.

"What have I done? Oh, nothing that any woman might not find excuses for. You were a stranger to me, but I really meant to advance you in the world—to lift you out of your low estate, and give you a rare opportunity to triumph over those who love to trample you in the dust, and make a charity of it. I do not know how it came about, but my heart yearns to make you happy. My arms open of themselves to protect you, even from myself."

"I know! I know! Since that night I have felt how kind you are. It seemed to me like rest in heaven, when you held me so close to your bosom. From that time I ceased to be afraid of you."

"Afraid of me!" cried Ossoli, and her sweet, musical laugh rang through the room; but it ended in great seriousness, after a moment. "But, perhaps, you had cause. I did not think—I did not care much about your part in my design."

"Your design, signora? I do not understand."

"How should you? I really did nothing, only stood by and watched the old, old story develop itself. No matter what had happened, no one could have said that I was to be blamed; but I—I should have felt it with a heartache all my life."

Beatrice was strangely bewildered by this speech. She knew that it related to her and Lord Heron; but how?

"If this young man has, or could, prove less than honorable, I shall bewail the day that brought me beneath this roof."

"But he cannot—you wrong him. The angels of heaven are not more nobly grand," cried the girl, her eyes sparkling, her face all aglow. "Dishonor! He would not understand what you mean by the word."

"Still he told you of his love, that night?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

The girl clasped her hands as she spoke, and her eyes were instantly flooded with exultant tenderness. Her soul was so tumultuously aroused, that all girlish shame was submerged in it.

"But his wife—has he asked you to become his wife?"

"Yes, even that."

"In spite of his mother, in defiance of all that surrounds him, has he the courage for that?"

Beatrice did not speak. It seemed like betraying her lover.

"I thought not—I thought not. Such trammels are hard to break."

"It would be wicked to break them—he has the strength for anything that is grand and noble; but such sacrifices are not for me, I will not hear of them."

"You will not hear of them—you refuse to be mistress of Oldham—girl, are you stark mad?"

"No, signora, only I, too, am a little honorable. Rufo and I have craved charity here and found it. We are not vipers to sting the hands that kept us from freezing to death. How should I ever look in Lady Carew's face again? How meet the eyes of Lady Jane, without cowering in horror of my own ingratitude? Signora, you once said I had a voice, you offered to take me away from Oldham. It was for this I came to you. Rufo and I must leave this house."

"Leave this house and such a prospect before you. So much love and splendor cast at your feet. Indeed, child, you are mad beyond anything I thought of. No, indeed, I will not take you with me. On the contrary, this young man is one in a thousand. I can trust in him."

"You will not help me to escape this great ingratitude?"

"Help you to cast off the greatest good fortune that ever befell a little wanderer? No—no. Besides, the boy you call Rufo, that angel child, the old wandering life would kill him outright. Have you thought of that?"

Beatrice dropped her clasped hands despondently, her head drooped, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, signora, I would be so kind to him. He should not get tired and go hungry because of my pride. I will sing at every door, the weather is warm now, and all the country full of sunshine like our own Italy. When he knows how hard it is for me to stay here, Rufo will be glad to go, even if we do suffer a little."

Ossoli gazed upon the girl with a smile on her beautiful lips. Her heart yearned toward the fair young creature, who could so resolutely flee from her own happiness; but not the more willing was she to aid in this effort of self-sacrifice.

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A double motive had actuated her from the first, and that grew stronger when she found that Heron was earnest in his love; and that the only temptation likely to reach the girl, was that of becoming the next mistress of Oldham. With all her impetuosity, Ossoli was not deficient in worldly wisdom. She saw that argument would have no effect upon a young creature resolved on self-abnegation; but she had great faith in the effect of delay by which the lover might plead his own cause.

"It is not in that way you must go," she said, and her words seemed the result of some favorable after-thought. "It would be cruel to force that gentle boy out of a comfortable home while he is so feeble. But they tell me that he is getting stronger. In a few days it may be safe to move him. Stay at Oldham till then."

This argument had force with Beatrice. She looked up wistfully, and Ossoli knew that she was prevailing.

"How could he tramp by your side, day by day, even if the weather is bland and pleasant? He would not complain, but drop down some day at your feet and perish there."

"No—no—he should not do that. The thought was killing me, it was that which drove me here. A little gold would save him from the toil of travel. Oh, signora, you have plenty—give me only a little for Rufo's sake."

The woman hastily opened a jewel box that stood on a table ready for packing, as if to take something from it; but checked herself, closed it and turned the key with emphasis, as if locking in some imprudent impulse.

"No," she thought, "I must not smoothe her way with money, or she will take wing before the young man has a chance to reason all this nonsense out of her mind. Let me ensure a little delay, and he will be certain to do that. Poor thing, if she waits for that gentle boy to get strong, the lover will have plenty of time, for the lad seems almost of heaven now."

"Promise me that you will rest content till your brother is able to be moved," she said, aloud, taking the girl in her arms with caressing tenderness. "I do not know why it should concern me so much, but some new feeling, solemn and sweet, such as I never dreamed of before, has come over me since I entered this house. I begin to know how dearly a mother may love her children. It may be compassion. It may be the sympathy of natures moulded alike. I can understand only that a great thirst and overwhelming desire has filled my heart with yearning."

"It is the pity that you feel for us," said Beatrice, softly, lifting her face that the woman might kiss it. "Ah, how kind you have been to Rufo and me."

"Then you must think of me as a friend, and rest content awhile. When Rufo is stronger you shall not need money."

"If I can—if I can!"

Ossoli held her close for a moment, kissed her on the forehead, then upon the mouth, and drawing her to the door put her out with gentle force, resolved to receive this as a promise. She stood holding the door in her hand, watching the girl as she went down the hall, with such tenderness in her great black eyes, as few human beings had ever seen in them; then she stole hurriedly along the hall and made her way to Rufo's chamber. The feeling she had spoken of seemed to fill her whole being, as she gave a hurried knock at the door, and bending her head to listen, heard a soft, low voice say:

"Come in!"

"Ah, is it you signora!"

The boy started up in bed and held out his arms. She returned his embrace, drew him gently back among the pillows, and looked down upon him with tears in her eyes. The conversation she had just held with Beatrice regarding his feeble state, saddened her.

The boy lifted up his arms with gentle imploring.

"They told me you were going away. Oh, signora—signora—shall I never—never see you again? I have been listening—listening all the morning, and now you come with tears in your eyes, and that makes my heart tremble. Oh, it is true—it is true."

"Rufo—Rufo—do you love me so much?" questioned the woman, holding his thin hands in hers.

The lad looked into her face with infinite tenderness.

"It makes me think of my mother, who is dead," he said.

The woman started from her seat, and threw her clasped hands upwards with a passionate gesture.

"Oh, my God—my God! what must the love of a child be, when that of a stranger is so sweet and holy!"

"Ah, signora, that is a love we left back in Italy, buried under the roses of Campo Santo, but it was God who took it from us. She never would have left us. One's mother could not do that."

Again the woman fell down to her seat on the bed, and covered her face with both hands.

"Hush, child, hush. How should you know? Mothers do sometimes turn monsters in their

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shame or fury, and cast their young, like wild beasts on the world, careless of what becomes of them—wicked, cruel mothers, who visit the rash acts of their own youth on the helpless little creatures that live to remind them of their sins or their insanity. Some die and some grow hardened. Your mother, my child, belonged to those who die, be thankful for that."

"She was good, like an angel," said the boy, with a sweet, sad smile. "We loved her so, Beatrice and I."

"And since then you have been little wanderers, with nothing to love—no one to care for you?" questioned the woman, turning her face, all flushed with tears upon him.

"Nothing to love? Ah, signora, you do not know."

A faint flush spread over the boy's face, as if roses had been wafted over him, leaving their shadows behind; his eyelids drooped, and it seemed as if the glitter of diamonds broke through the dark lashes.

The woman gazed on him in jealous amazement. She had dealt with human hearts, and portrayed wayward passions too long for these signs, so remarkable in a mere boy, to escape her.

"Then it is not your sister alone, or myself, that you have loved most," she said, with a tone of bitterness in her voice. "There is another?"

Rufo closed his eyes and folded both hands over his bosom, which rose and fell with a gentle sigh, but he made no other answer.

At another time, Ossoli might have smiled, but there was something so holy about all this, that it touched her better feelings, and she turned her eyes from that delicate blush, fearing to wound the tender soul of which it was a shadow.

It had been her intention to win a promise from the lad, that no entreaties of his sister should get him to leave Oldham; but all this was forgotten in the new interest his words had aroused. A strange feeling of jealousy possessed her, and it was with an effort that she spoke.

"And this makes you cease to regret that of your dead mother?" she questioned, with a sting of reproach in her voice.

The boy opened his eyes wide, and she saw that they were full of tears.

"No," he said. "It makes me think of her always. When I see her she will know that I bring hidden happiness with me. Something that I can whisper to her and not be ashamed, because it is about another angel."

"Ah, what a mother you must have lost!" cried the woman, sobbing bitterly, and rocking back and forth, till the ponderous bed shook under her. "Great heavens! what a world of happiness hate can trample under foot."

"Hate!" murmured the boy, "what is that?"

The woman threw her arms around him—sobbing.

"Ah, my gentle boy, how should you know."

Rufo smoothed the masses of dark hair back from her flushed and troubled face, and smiled as he looked into her eyes, though tears still trembled in his own.

"I know what it is to love you, though you will go away and leave me."

"Yes," answered the woman, gathering him close in her arms, "I must leave you. From this day I must go a long way back in search of blessings cast away, or to meet the retribution I am doomed to. You cannot understand me, Rufo—God forbid that you ever should. Now, farewell—farewell by this—and this remember, that wherever I am, you have a friend."

While her last kisses were on his face, Rufo saw this strange being pass from the room, and heard her rush like a storm up the corridor.

In less than an hour after, he heard the tramp of horses, and the grinding of wheels in front of the house. It was the carriage that bore Ossoli from Oldham.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

During some days Lord Heron saw nothing of Beatrice. She had left Ossoli's room in bitter disappointment, feeling the utter helplessness of her condition, more keenly than ever. All that she could do was to introduce herself in the apartments of Lady Jane, and avoid the family as much as possible, especially the young man, whose presence was at once the sunshine and terror of her life.

Thus days went by. The young man was perfectly conscious of the reason that kept the girl a prisoner; but, so long as she remained beneath the same roof with himself, he felt a certainty of persuading her at last, into the scheme of life which he had portrayed to her with so much eloquence, feeling all the time, how perilous and insecure it would prove.

It was no slight proof of his love that he even thought of giving up his high position in the country, the lavish wealth to which he was accustomed, and even the society of his parents, for the sake of a girl who might, with some justice, be termed a wandering minstrel, without home, name, or connection.

All unconscious that danger could lurk in an association so innocent, Lord Heron had entered into what was to be the romance of his life, without a thought of the entanglements of passion,

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that had enthralled him, and wrought greater misery for the girl, than all the harshness and insolence from which he had sought to protect her. It had been, indeed, a hard battle that the young man had fought with himself, before the avowal of his love; but once spoken, he ceased to resist, and was at once siezed by a brave impulse to break the matter, at once, to his parents, and, at least, emancipate himself from the serfdom of an engagement from which every noble feeling in his nature revolted.

There is no feeling that wounds the self-respect of a proud man so thoroughly as the remembrance of a love-dream, founded only in the vanity or venality of a transient passion. When Heron knew in his soul, how solemn and holy a thing love was, his engagement with Miss Norton became worse than a reproach to his conscience. Had Beatrice never existed, he could not, thus enlightened, have forced his honest tongue into an avowal of feelings, that had no existence in his heart; and as physical bravery urges warriors to seek the heat of battle, he, with finer moral courage, was impelled to go directly, proclaim his delinquency to the heiress, and throw himself upon her mercy; but the terror and shock which seized upon Beatrice, when he proposed this, checked the honorable purpose for a time, and after the ardor of the moment wore off, he accepted delay with a sensation of relief. With all his courage and strength, it required the enthusiasm of present excitement, to enter upon a scene like that which threatened him at Hazelhurst. Thus, while Beatrice was so evidently reluctant to release him from a promise made in compassion for her helpless position, all the outer current of life went on as usual at Oldham.

Ossoli had gone. Other guests came and went. Heron rode forth as usual, and Beatrice watched him with eager, tearful eyes, from behind the damask curtains, where she concealed herself and her suffering, wondering if his road lay near Hazelhurst, and if he did not, perhaps, repent of all that had given her such agony of pain and joy on that night of the concert.

The poor girl had resolutely avoided her lover; but so unreasonable is even the grandest passion of love, that obedience to its behests may sometimes be regarded with jealousy. In one brief interview, just after the departure of Ossoli, she had pleaded, with tears of pathetic entreaty in her eyes, that he would leave her, for a time, to the protection of entire solitude. But for this, he would have braved everything in her behalf; as it was, the irksome duty of acting a part was forced upon him.

Heron was not a man to shirk a position because it was against his inclinations. A less courageous man might have evaded the heiress, ceased to visit her by degrees, and thus, more easily to himself, prepared her for the explanation that, sooner or later, must follow. He would not force himself into this refinement of cruelty. That which he had to say should have no spirit of cowardly torture in it. Whatever pain there was to come of it, should be the result of perfect frankness, and until he was permitted to speak, no sign of neglect should appear, in his conduct. Thus it was that his visits to Hazelhurst—never those of a very ardent lover—had been continued, and so occupied was Miss Norton with anticipations of the power and eclat of a marriage with one of the best families in the country, that she completely overlooked such change, as must inevitably have taken place in the manners of a person who was to crown her ambition with a marriage ceremony.

Did the heiress love him? Sometimes he asked himself this question, in the vague hope that she might not suffer deeply, when the truth was known. Every day the hope grew stronger, as she appeared before him, bright, self-poised, and so proudly confident of her position, that she no longer cared to practice the pretty arts that, one fatal day, had been so effective in arousing the semblance of love that vanity so often deceives us with.

With Miss Norton, the triumphs of her conquest had been so great, and the details of courtship so absorbing, that she was disposed to enjoy each phase of her good fortune to the utmost, and was too thorough an epicure in selfishness, for any wish to crowd one event upon another, until each had yielded all its resources to her pleasure.

Thus it happened that no specific time had been appointed for the wedding, and Lady Carew began to consider this as a cause of dissatisfaction. She was not so confident of her son's devotion, as its object seemed to be, and was resolved to hasten the union by every means in her power: the future bride was disposed to give time and space for all the mangificence that could be crowded into the event. Between these two, rested the sympathy of selfishness in perfect accord, but the elder lady, seeing danger, resolved to hasten the ceremony, with as much as was compatable with the briefest time; but settlements were to be considered, a trousseau ordered from Paris; and such indispensables to a grand marriage were not to be obtained at a moment's notice.

Lord Heron was profoundly ignorant that such preparations were in progress at all, until

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his mother informed him, one day, that such preparations as lay under feminine control, were almost in a state of completion, and, as a matter of course, suggested a conference with Lord Carew, regarding the settlements.

The library at Oldham was a large, and rather gloomy apartment, which was seldom used, as such rooms sometimes are, by the family, except as a place of seclusion for study. The books had been the collection of generations, and among them many a rare, quaint volume was to be found that might interest an antiquarian, while considerable space was given to foreign authors, in the modern collection, which had been added mostly in the time of the late Lord Carew, who was a man of some prominence in the world of letters.

The walls of the room were high, and hung with stamped leather, wherever the space between the book-cases permitted them to be visible. The windows, tall and deep, were curtained with velvet of a subdued wine color, which revealed broad, cushioned seats of the same rich material, within the recess, when drawn aside. The subdued light, the grand repose of the room, must have been an allurement to the student, but possessed little to interest the gay visitors that usually thronged Lady Carew's drawing-room. Lord Carew was not a studious man, and his son, now in the first bloom of manhood, loved the hillside and the hunting field, and all the freshness of life, too well for much thought of seclusion, in this rich solitude of a room so walled in with books that the very titles were a study. Into this room Beatrice sometimes stole, quietly, when an impulse for perfect solitude came upon her. She had found, in one of the cases, a rare collection of Italian authors, and a thirst for her native tongue had here grown strong upon her, since she had begun to speak it again with Ossoli.

One day, when her heart was too heavy for companionship, even with Lady Jane, the sweetest friend that ever a girl had, she stole to the dim old library, and taking down a volume of Tasso, crept in among the cushions of a window recess, and began to read; for the woman who died at Sorrento, had made the girl familiar with the best literature of her own country, by a profound love and knowledge of it herself.

Beatrice did not venture to take any book out of the library, and, at this time, she loved the solitude too well for any desire of that kind. Sometimes reading—but oftener lost in thought—she sat behind the rich volume of draperies, with a soft, dreamy light falling over her, completely hidden in from the outer space of the room. All at once she started and listened. The door had opened, the footsteps of more than one person sounded on the dark, oaken floor, that lay exposed outside of the great Persian rug, that lay, like a mass of wild flowers, and moss, and dead leaves, trodden down in the centre of the room. Beatrice was startled. What right had she there? How could she escape?

To go out, unseen, was impossible. The persons from whom she longed to escape had approached a table that stood near the window in which she was concealed, and she could hear, by the movement of two ponderous chairs, that they were sitting down. With the first sound of their voices, she drew her limbs close together and shrunk back among the cushions, afraid to stir, lest the curtains should be disturbed and betray her.

"Your mother is right, Heron," said the earl. "When a man has made up his mind to marry, there should be no haggling about the matter. We Carews have never been laggards in love, or dastards in war, through all our generations."

"Well," answered the young man, with an uneasy laugh, "as I have had very limited experience in either field, give me the benefit of a doubt, that I shall ever be one or the other. At my age freedom has so many enjoyments that one is in no haste to throw it off."

"Men very much in love do not usually feel in that way," answered the earl, rather gravely.

"Men very much in love are apt to do rash things, unless some little wisdom is thrown in. But why is my Lady mother, why are you, so urgent?"

"We are anxious to see you settled, so many things may happen to disappoint us—"

"But I am young enough to marry ten years hence."

"Surely, but where will you find a match like this? Nothing is lacking but high birth. Your mother is willing to dispense with that, in consideration of the great wealth it will bring into the family."

"Great wealth! Why is that so important? Oldham has been enough for my ancestors, when its value was far less than it is now. I have always thought the estate unencumbered."

"So it is, but everything is uncertain in this world."

"There can be little uncertainty in an unencumbered estate, entailed, and with no younger children to provide for. I confess that the thirst for wealth we do not want, in a lady so proud as my mother, and a man so generous as my father, surprises me."

There was silence in the library for awhile,

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then Lord Carew spoke, slowly, and in a low voice:

"Heron," he said, "there is one thing in our family history that sometimes troubles me. You know that I was a younger son, and inherited from a brother only a few years older than myself."

"Yes, my lord, I have been told that."

"A brother who had lived much abroad, and only spent the last years of his life at Oldham."

Lord Heron bent his head.

"During those years, a young person, whom he brought from Italy, was an inmate of the house, and, to a certain extent, regarded as its mistress. It was even rumored that she was his wife."

"His wife?" repeated Lord Heron.

"Of course it was a slander, but the woman persisted in the truth of it after he was dead, and we had great trouble about her and the children."

"Children! Did the woman have children?"

"Two, both openly acknowledged by your uncle."

"Acknowledged as his heirs?"

"As his children, but he gave no proof beyond that. Still, the woman persisted in claiming that she had been legally married, to the very last. Had this been true it would have cut me out of the title, and given Oldham to a pack of foreigners."

"But it could not have been true," said Heron, now deeply interested.

"No. Not a scrap of paper could be found to confirm it, for we made diligent search when that fact was asserted. I made a liberal provision for her and her children."

"Which she accepted, of course."

"No, she fled from Oldham in the night, and from that day to this, I have been unable to obtain any information regarding her.

"This is a strange history," said Lord Heron. "I have heard something of it before—only in fragments though."

"I thought you ought to know all the facts, but, till now, have hesitated to speak of them," answered the earl. "Indeed, it is a subject that has been heavy on my mind ever since we settled in Oldham."

Lord Heron became very serious as he listened. Some vague idea of ill possessed him.

"Poor woman," he said. "So proud and so rash. She might have perished with her children."

"It is this that troubles me, Heron: they were at least of our blood."

"And innocent of the wrong that made them wanderers in the world. This is a sad history. Did you ever see this woman?"

"Only once, and in the dusk of this very room; but even then, she seemed to me strangely beautiful, and proud as a fallen queen. She spoke but few words of English, and even those were indistinct from the passion of proud grief that possessed her. It was difficult to make her comprehend that in depriving her of a home at Oldham, I acted under the necessities of the law. She claimed a right to remain. I could understand that, and proposed to settle the question of her future, when we could better understand each other; but she rushed out of the room in a passion of despair, and the next day was gone."

"And in all these years you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing. I have sent emissaries to Italy, where she might have gone, but we knew so little of her history that the search was useless."

"It seems to me," said Lord Heron, "that an adventuress would have found some way of claiming help from you."

"I have often thought of that, for though we were ignorant of her birth place and surname, she would have had no difficulty in finding Oldham in person or by letter."

"Did she go alone? Was no servant taken into her confidence?" inquired Heron.

"With the exception of a sort of companion, or governess, who came with her from the Continent, a woman somewhat older than herself, and apparently of the same grade in life, no one was missed from Oldham."

"Where could she have gone?" questioned Heron. "Poor soul, it was hard to be driven from her home. Strange, indeed, that no traces of her were found."

"I have sometimes feared," said the earl, in a low, hesitating voice, "that she went to her death. Never in my life did I see desperation like hers. It may have driven her to suicide."

"Heaven forbid," cried Lord Heron, "that would be terrible!"

"Still it seems most likely. If she had been an adventuress as you say, surely some effort would have been made to secure the independence I was ready to settle on her; or if she really believed herself married—"

"Believed herself married?"

"That was her pretence, urged with a sincerity of passion that seemed like conviction. Besides, she had more than once been heard to address your uncle as her husband, in the imperfect English she had learned, and he had not been remembered to repudiate the idea. This gave your mother some uneasiness for a time, and even now she has a horror of all foreigners."

"I know, I know," said Lord Heron, thinking

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of Beatrice and Rufo, "but it is an unreasonable prejudice. What harm had the woman done to her?"

While these two men had been conversing, the library door opened, and through a slight break in the curtain, Beatrice saw Lady Carew standing on the threshold. To the girl's surprise, she remained there some minutes, listening with keen anxiety, and slightly bending forward that no word should escape her. But when Heron uttered the last sentence, she strode haughtily forward.

"If it is me you are speaking of, in connection with the history of that vile woman, whose story my lord has thought fit to dwell upon, under the roof that covers his wife and the mother of his children, I can tell you what harm she has done. In every room of the house she has left the infamy of her presence, the curse of a miserable doubt, that haunts my husband as ghastly shadows pursue a murderer. At times he almost believes the brazen assertion that the woman was absolutely married. Even now, he is instilling the doubt into your mind, as if it were a fact; I am glad of that. It was I that insisted on it. When you know the possibility of losing Oldham, this other fortune, which lies at your feet, will no longer be left in peril. If your father's doubt should become a reality, you are still safe."

Lord Heron arose, pushed back his chair, and leaning one hand on the table, stood, looking sternly at his mother.

"Lady Carew, if a doubt of this kind really existed," he said, in a voice that trembled with feeling, "I should blush for my mother. What, perpetrate a fraud, that the fortune of a deceived woman may replace that which can possibly be taken from me? Oh, shame, mother, shame!"

For an instant, the lady stood before her son with burning eyes, and pallid in all her haughty features, for the force of his rebuke smote through all the insolence of her pride, bearing down like a burden of lead upon her shoulders.

A quiver of scarlet flew like lightning across her face, then all her powers of mind came back.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "What have I said that should give you a fresh habit of blushing? I did insist that the insane idea that possessed Lord Carew should be made known to you, because he seemed to make it a question of honor; what I said else was in scorn of the whole thing. Why he should permit the miserable intrigue of a former Carew to keep a place in his memory, I cannot imagine. The woman and her children are dead before now, or if alive, what is that to us?"

Lord Heron pushed back his chair, and began to walk up and down the room in great perturbation. His mother's adroit change had not pleased him, and he still writhed under the humiliation her words had inflicted. At last he paused by the table and took up his hat, pale still, but with a determined expression on his face.

"That which you have told me, I will explain at once to Miss Norton."

"No—no—I forbid it. Would you ruin everything? Do you hear, Heron, I forbid it!"

Lady Carew fairly stamped her feet on the floor, and clenched her hand, till the diamonds that flashed on it stung her with pain; but Lord Heron waited quietly until she had done, then turned to his father.

"It is but right that I should do this," he said, in a low, firm voice.

The earl bent his head, and with a grave bow to Lady Carew, the young man went out of the library, leaving the woman white with rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"AT REST."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

LAY the cross upon her breast;
Now the tired feet have rest.
The dear face so saint-like see,
After Death's Gethsemane!

Smooth the bands of silv'ry hair;
Pillow her on roses rare.
Fold the hands that, now so calm,
Well have earned their martyr's palm.

Yes, for her, her work is done;
She has fought her fight and won.
Only one, thus wearied, knows
Such ineffable repose!

Smile so rapt, and peace so deep,
Soft and sweet as infant's sleep.
As if heav'n's gates, op'ed a space,
Flashed its glory on her face.

As if in some vision fair,
Angels bore her through the air.
Chanting high o'er land and sea,
"Death, where is thy victory?"

Lay the cross upon her breast,
Mourn her not, she is at rest.
Never more for her shall be,
Death, or Death's Gethsemane!

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a simple and stylish house dress, particularly appropriate for the coming season. It is cut in the Princess form, with a demi-train. The material is a fancy woolen stuff of various colors, of the style called "bourette." The corsage is almost entirely



covered by a simulated jacket of otter-brown, velvet, velveteen or gros grain silk. The cuffs and turned down collar are to match. The width of the skirt is plaited in at the back, and confined by a band, pointed at the lower end, of the same material as the jacket. This model would be very effective in black silk and velvet. Ten yards of single width goods for the Princess

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dress, and two and a-half yards of velvet or plain silk, for jacket, cuffs and collar. Pattern, 50 cts.

Next, we have a mourning costume of cashmere and crêpe. Then is a demi-long skirt, bordered with a plaiting, edged at both sides with a nar-



row knife-plaiting, which is caught up at regular intervals, forming a spiral edge. This knife-plaiting is of the cashmere. The Princess tunic takes the form of a deep cuirass bodice in front, and of a puffed tunic at the back. Across the front, a tablier or apron is draped. The trimmings are all of cross bands of crêpe. The sleeves have triple cuffs, with three narrow knife-plaitings between. Turn down collar of crêpe. Fourteen to sixteen yards of cashmere, one and a-half yards of crêpe. Pattern, 50 cents.

Next, we have a short walking costume for a young lady. The under skirt is of silk or velveteen, and is trimmed with one deep flounce, gathered twice, forming a pouff and ruffle. An old silk skirt, with a velveteen trimming makes a very serviceable walking skirt for autumn and winter wear. The Princess tunic and basque are made of fancy woolen stuff in mixed colors. It is cut to simulate an opening on the left side, where it is trimmed with three rows of buttons. The back is looped to form a full pouff. The edge of the tunic and basque are corded with a thick cord of silk or velvet, to match the under



skirt. Three rows of buttons, ornament the front of the basque and cuffs. The cuffs are finished by a flat bow of ribbon, the same at the throat.

Next, we have the back and front view of a morning dress for an elderly lady. It is of

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cashmere, merino or flannel, and the trimmings are of silk and ribbons to match. The front is plaited, and the back likewise. A yoke pelerine of the material, corded with the silk, is added above, fastened by a waist band, pointed in front, and fastened at the side. The pockets and sleeves are trimmed with silk; narrow knife-plaitings of the silk finish the cuffs and collar. The front is ornamented by bows of ribbon, arranged the entire length. Similar bows ornament the pockets. Twelve yards of flannel, or eight yards of cashmere or merino, will be required; one piece of two inch wide gros grain ribbon, one yard of silk for cording and knife-plaitings. Pattern, 50 cents.

For a little girl of six to ten years, we have a



Princess dress of admiral or navy blue serge or merino, fastened with sky-blue silk buttons. The opening is finished with a silk binding to match. A ruching to correspond, trims the fronts, and is continued around the skirt, as a heading to the Vandyked flounce, on the edge. Plain cuffs, piped with the silk, and trimmed with buttons same as front. A deep Vandyke collar, over which falls a lace frill. Pattern, 25 cents.

For a boy of from three to five years, we have an out-door coat of light gray cloth, trimmed with galoon to match, and horn buttons. The double collar is square at the back. The coat fastens diagonally in front, and at the back of the skirt, there are two bands, from the side seams, buttoning at the back. The same kind of band ornaments the one pocket, which is upon the left side. Pattern, 25 cents.

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For a boy of three years, we have a jacket in oak-colored cloth, fastened with a double row of



bone buttons; turned down collar and square cuffs, bound with braid or galoon, in a darker



shade. Plaited kilt skirt, of coffee-colored velveteen or serge. Pattern, 25 cents.



We close with some of the new patterns for ladies' shoes.



PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp.

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FALL PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

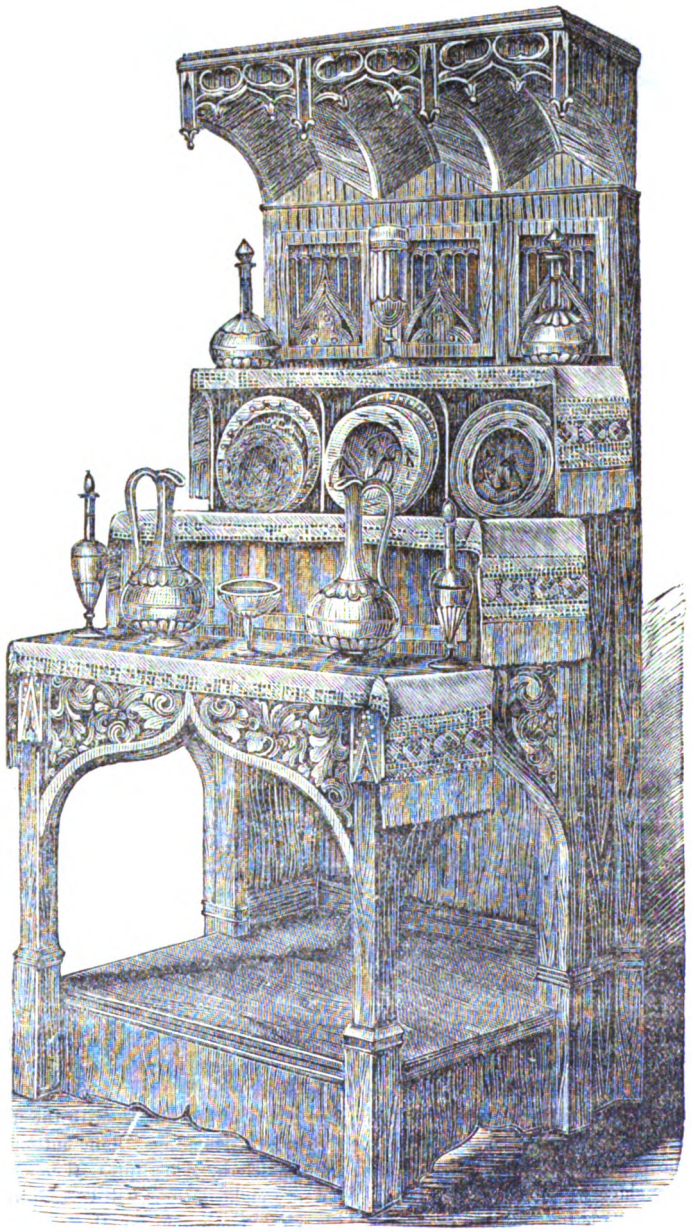


We give, as our "SUPPLEMENT" for this month, the full size pattern for a Paletot, to be made of light cloth, of which an engraving is given above. No. 1 is half of front. It is double-breasted, (see "Supplement.") The dotted line at the neck, shows where the front turns over. The notches around the neck show where the collar (No. 5,) is to be joined, and the letters indicate the places. The pockets are to be put on the inside, with only the tiny flaps showing on the outside, as may be seen by the dotted lines. These pockets are made and put in, as a tailor puts in the pocket of a vest or coat. No's. 2 and 3 are the pieces for the back. The notches and letters show where they are to be joined. No. 4 gives the upper and lower half of the sleeve, with the flaps indicated for the cuff trimming. Bone buttons, of the color of the cloth, constitutes the sole trimming. Twenty-eight buttons will be required. Of double-width cloth, one length will cut the Paletot, allowing enough extra for sleeves. Always cut out a pattern in some old muslin, and fit it to the person, making the necessary alterations, before cutting into the material.

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THE PARLOR "DRESSER."

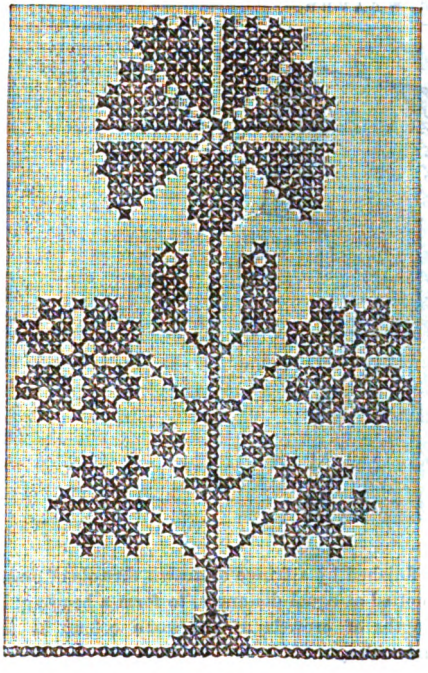
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



One of the latest novelties is the Parlor "Dresser," (derived from the French *dressoir*,) of which we give an engraving. It may be made of oak, richly carved, if expense is no object; but much cheaper ones may yet be very beautiful. It is a revival of a very old fashion, dating as far

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back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when closets were unknown in the huge dining-halls of the wealthy, and when increasing civilization made the display of gold and silver table appliances a matter of course. Before that time, all the utensils used for the table, were kept in huge chests, often with the garments worn by the lord and lady of the castle, as well as the tapestries and hangings that decorated the wall. On such a dresser, the wonderful *repoussé* vessels of gold, enriched often with gems, fashioned by Benvenuto Celeini, and others, were exhibited. It was a pretty fashion, the coverings of the shelves, generally, being enriched with the most beautiful embroidery.

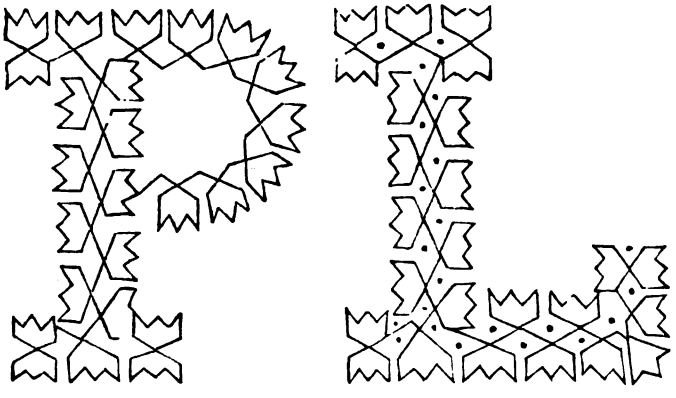


In the present day, the parlor dresser is used to hold precious bits of china and glass, now so much the fashion to collect. We are advocating no extravagance, when we say how much such an article would add to the beauty of many homes; for it can be made without the carving, if desired, and of any kind of wood: cherry, or pear wood, stained black, or "ebonized," as it is sometimes called, would make one of the most effective pieces of furniture possible; so would plain walnut, or even pine, varnished. There are many old homesteads, throughout our land, which have hordes of old china, that has been stored away in the attics as useless and old-fashioned, bits of "old blue" among them, for which collectors would give large sums, could they only obtain them. These should be put on a "Parlor Dresser."

The coverings of the shelves of the present day are towels, often made of very coarse sheeting linen, with the threads drawn, and knotted together for the fringe, and the embroidery on the ends done in cross-stitch, in blue or red cotton embroidery, patterns of which we have given, frequently, in this magazine. We give another now.

LETTERS FOR MARKING HOUSE LINEN, IN COLORED WORKING COTTONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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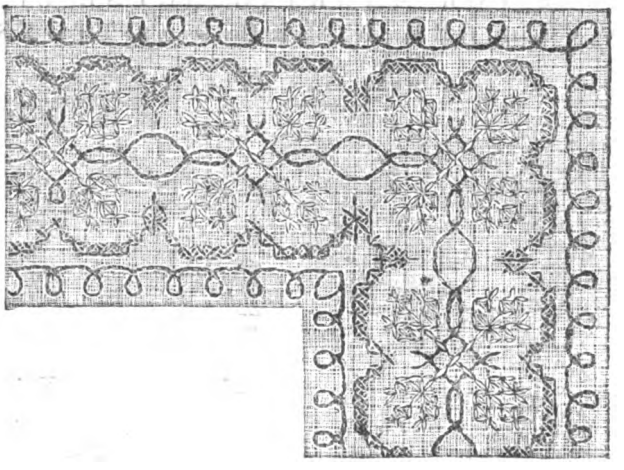
CHAIR BACK—ANTIMACCASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The chair-back is composed of crash and guipure netting. In this design, the embroidered crash forms the sides, a guipure insertion being placed down the centre and across one end. It is finished by a fringe of drawn threads of crash, knotted at equal distances, to form a heading, by lengths of crewels of the same colour as the embroidery.

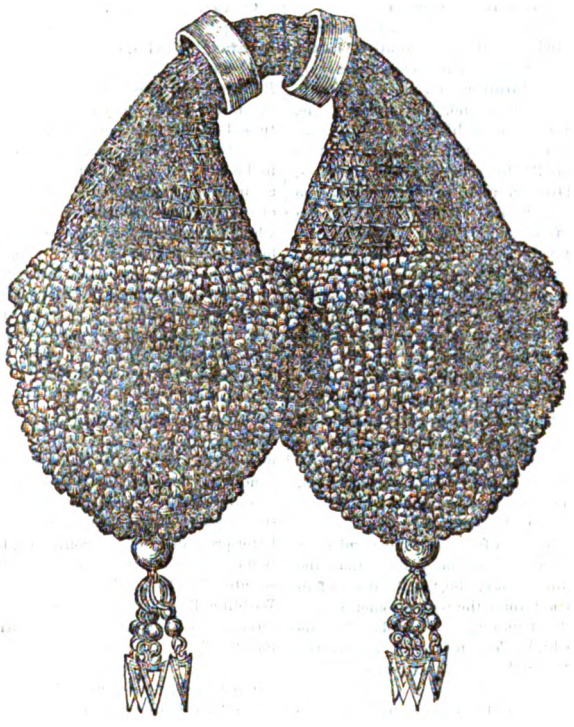
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HENRY II. PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Long purses are once more coming into use. Indeed, with silver money, they are almost a necessity. We give one here, called the Henry II. purse.

This purse is worked in plain crochet, with dark blue purse silk. Make a chain the width desired for the purse, join, and then work as many rows as required for the depth of one end; then work backward and forward enough for the slit; again join and do the other end; put on the rings and then draw up both ends. Begin at the bottom of the purse and thread nine beads on the purse silk, and ornament the entire end with loops of beads, as seen in the design, making seven rows of loops for each end. Arrange so that the rows may not overlap each other. Every lady will have to use her own judgment and taste in this matter, as no definite rule can be laid down. Use claire de lune, steel or gold beads. The rings and tassels are to match.

BUTTERFLY IN COLORED EMBROIDERY SILKS.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Word About Furnishing.—A subscriber has written to us in reference to the article on "House Decoration" in the August number, asking several questions, to which we reply in mass. As a general rule, furniture and costume show to better advantage on a dark back-ground, than on a light one, and hence dark paper has become fashionable for the walls. But dark paper requires a great deal of light, and is not so healthy, on the whole, as lighter colored paper. Pictures, too, look better on a light back-ground. In order to meet these opposite requirements, the "dado" on lower part of the walls, which is now so fashionable that it may almost be considered *de rigeur*, may be dark in color; the surface where the pictures or engravings are to be hung, of a neutral tint, while in the cornice and ceiling any number of bright hues may appear. In this way a harmonious gradation of colors is achieved. Such a disposition should be made the rule, we think, in decorating apartments. The heaviest and richest tints should be upon the floor, or near it, and the lightest and most brilliant either upon, or in the neighborhood of the ceiling. It is worth noting, also, that a dark color, when applied to a skirting or wainscot, gives the effect of strength, which it is of course desirable to suggest in parts bearing a superincumbent weight. The association, indeed, of color with solidity claims a larger part in decoration than is generally supposed. Thus any margin which appears to fulfil the function of a frame, such as cornices or architraves, should be of a color more pronounced than the wall, but not so dark as the surbase. So, too, the doors of an apartment should be darker than the walls—something in tone between them and the trimmings. The "dado," moreover, should not be too high. The height of the mantlepiece is, generally, the proper line for the top of a "dado."

Handsome Piano Tops, now so fashionable, may be made in serge and crash; they are embroidered only at the ends, finished with a fringe. The strip is cut the width of the piano top, and hangs over about six or seven inches down each side. It is very much the same kind of covering as the narrow, long-fringed and embroidered cloths now becoming so fashionable for laying on side-boards. There should be a handsome pattern at each end. One we saw the other day was braided in gold all along the edges and at the two ends. The material was soft white sheeting, which fell gracefully. Art-color serge is much used, embroidered in colored silks, or crewels. An Indian scarf makes a very handsome piano cloth; the color should correspond with the prevailing tone of the room.

Down to Gold Prices.—Specie payments are expected to be resumed next January. "*Peterson*," *however, has already resumed.* That is to say, its prices, to clubs as well as to single subscribers, *are now as low as they were before the suspension*, and in some clubs even lower. This, too, in spite of the expenses being greatly increased, for we now give a double-fashion plate, where we then gave only a single one. We also give a Supplement, with full-sized paper pattern, at a cost of thousands of dollars extra each year. We are down to, nay! even below, *gold prices.*

For Two Dollars and a Half we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1879, and also a copy of our new premium engraving, both post-paid.

Cigar Boxes, &c., &c.—Our fair subscriber, Ellen, can make pretty and ornamental boxes, such as she asks about, by arranging twigs, cones, acorns, and beechnuts on old cigar boxes, in a graceful pattern, and varnishing afterwards. Put the larger ones to the centre of the lid of the box. Line the inside with a fancy paper. An original way of utilising these boxes, is to fasten four together with nails, forming a cross, leaving a square space in the centre. Under this square nail a piece of board, so that it forms a square box in the centre of the four long ones. Nail little supports, in the form of short legs, to the bottom of the four boxes, so that the whole thing is raised from the ground. Paint all the boxes black, and add gold; then plant ferns or flowers in, one in the centre and others in the four cigar boxes, and you have a very pretty table ornament. No one looking at it would have an idea what composed the pretty floral receptacle. Painted dark brown and varnished, these boxes also look well. If black is used, get Japan varnish, for it is easy to work with.

"Thrillingly Interesting."—The Rockland, (Maine,) Opinion, says: "None of the magazines give so good an idea of the fashions for ladies and misses as is seen in the panorama double-page colored engraving, entitled, The Moonlight Row, in "Peterson's" for August. Every lady should see it. This, together with other engravings and the letter-press descriptions contained, impart all the information one can possibly desire. The literary department is not slighted in this giving so much space to fashion. The Wedding Ring, is a fine story, with an illustration. The serials now in course of publication are thrillingly interesting."

The Country was never Richer, in spite of all the talk about "hard times." The crops, generally, have been enormous. Never was there so much wheat, corn, hay, pork, etc., and these, after all, are the real wealth of the community. Gold and silver and bank notes are but their representatives. Mills are going again that were long closed. Here and there is suffering; here and there bankruptcies still; but the people, at large, are out of debt, and beginning to save again. We are on the threshold of an era of sound and lasting prosperity, such as the new generation has never seen.

A Powerful Novelet for 1879.—The novelet, by our new contributor, "The Mystery of Monk's Hollow," is attracting universal attention. We have an even more powerful one, however, on hand for next year, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin. This lady is already known to the older subscribers of this magazine for her thrilling tales and novelets. In every way, we shall excel, in 1879.

"What to Wear."—Says the Woburn, Mass.) Journal: "What to wear, and how to wear it, is a problem that many people go down to their graves without solving, but it appears to us that a simple solution of it may be found in Peterson's popular ladies magazine.

"Save Double."—The Marlborough, (S. C.) Planter, says: 'Why not all take Peterson? It will help you save in one year double subscriptions for four, and supply you with choice reading and the fashions besides."

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1879.—For next year, our premium engraving, for getting up clubs, will be, "Christ Blessing Little Children." It is no old plate, vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with most of those offered by other publishers, but has been engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers, from the celebrated picture by Overbeck. The impressions are such as would sell, at retail, for five dollars each. It is an engraving that, apart from its great artistic merits, ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land*. In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the second page of cover. It is unquestionably, by far, the best premium we have ever offered.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the Prospectus, on the last page of the number. It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for 1879. Send for a specimen of the Magazine to show. No other lady's book offers such inducements as "Peterson." In every respect—cheapness, merit, etc., etc.,—*it is the magazine for the times*.

THE COLORS OF CREWELS may be preserved by soaking them in cold water before using them. If this does not answer, a little alum is best mixed with the water for greens and blues; soda for mauves and violet; pearl-ash for purple. Ammonia is good for most colors, except for scarlet, which it turns to crimson and mauves; a teaspoonful in a basin of water is sufficient.

A STYLISH CURTAIN, to cover a large folding door, may be made of crimson woven tapestry, or of thick sheeting, covered with a cream-colored bold pattern, in crewels and appliqué, say of pomegranate, or palms, or on the lower part worked about three, or four feet high, in bulrushes or garden lilies.

"WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE," says the Ottawa (Canada,) Advertiser, speaking of this magazine. "Independent of the fashion cuts and supplements, the reading matter, alone, is worth more than double the price."

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Do not lose a day in securing your club for 1879. If you delay, some one else may get your subscribers. Everybody is taking "Peterson."

"ARE SIMPLY EXQUISITE." The Fairburn (Ga.) Star says that the colored fashions in "Peterson" are simply exquisite.

NEVER SPEAK ILL of any body. Charity in words, as well as in deeds, is the first of Christian virtues.

THESE ARE THE TIMES to get the full worth of your money. Subscribe for "Peterson," and *save a dollar*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Horse-Back Riding From A Medical Point of View. By G. Durant, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Cassell, Potter & Golpin.*—This is an excellent little treatise. The author is a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, and also of the American Medical Association, and therefore peculiarly fitted to speak of the physical and other benefits of horse-back riding. Our own personal experience, extending through quite a series of years, is that of all methods of exercise equestrianism is at once the most exhilirating and healthful. Dr. Durant discusses, in succession, the physiological, therapeutic and hygienic effects of horse-back riding; examines the question of medical gymnastics; and shows the influence which movement, as contrasted with rest, has upon the functions of life. What experience has convinced every habitual equestrian of, Dr. Durant gives the reason for, and so renders the position unassailable. We may add, that no species of exercise shows a lady to so much advantage, as riding on horse-back. A good figure looks even better in the saddle than in a ball-room. In addition to this, the inspiriting motion of a fine horse gives a color to the cheek and a brightness to the eye, that no cosmetics can rival.

Savéli's Expiation. By Henry Grevélle. Translated from the French. By Mary Neal Sherwood. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is conceded to be the most dramatic and powerful of this writer's many fictions. The plot turns on the evils of serfdom, as it existed in Russia, until quite recently. The subject gives great play to an author of real ability, such as is the lady who writes this book. The most thrilling situations, the most affecting occurrences may be brought on the scene, without taxing the credulity of the reader. We remember, years ago, to have heard the poet, Lowell, say that genius showed itself as much in the selection of a theme as in its treatment. The novel before us is an illustration of the profound truth of the remark. The story, so absorbing in itself, is told with originality and freshness! and a few bold, dramatic touches bring the characters before you, life-like beyond words.

Somebody Else. By G. P. Lathrop. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is one of those dainty, delicate looking volumes, for which this firm has become celebrated. The binding, instead of flaunting in gold, red and black, in the vulgar style now so much affected, is in cool gray, relieved with a simple stamped pattern. The volume is dedicated in a few well-chosen words, to the late Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore. The story itself is, critically speaking, less a novel, than a comedy. The plot turns on an improbability so glaring as to place it quite out of the pale of ordinary life, and hence out of the province of the novel.

A Heart Twice Won. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—There is plot enough in this story, for half a dozen ordinary fictions. The interest is never allowed to flag. In this respect, the author greatly excels her cotemporaries, generally. On the other hand, she writes as if new to the craft, and therefore, comparatively unpractised. In time, however, unless we mistake, she will make quite a successful novelist. Certainly, for a first attempt "A Heart Twice Won," is more than creditable.

The Rector's Wife. By the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is another of that cheap and popular "Dollar Series," which has distanced and out-lived all others of its kind. The scene of the story is laid in one of the iron and coal districts of Wales, and the principal characters are a clergyman, his wife, their daughters, and Lord and Lady Barnard, their neighbors. The character of the rector's wife is an exceptionally lovely one. The novel is one of the healthiest, morally, we have read, for a long time.

The Wreck of the "Grosvenor." 1 *vol.*, 8*vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Who is the author of this anonymous novel? His description of the sea, in all its various moods, is singularly perfect; more graphic and accurate it could not be. The incidents come rapidly, too, and are powerfully told. The character sketching is hardly inferior to the descriptions. We hope to see many fictions from the same graphic pen.

Molly Bawn. By the author of "Phyllis." 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The earlier novel by this author, "Phyllis," was a good one, but this a better. In fact, "Molly Bawn" is one of the most meritorious fictions of recent years, and that is saying a great deal. The character of "Molly," the heroine, is simply bewitching.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Opinions of The Press.—The newspapers continue to speak of this magazine, with one voice, as the cheapest and best. The York, (Pa.) Record, says: "It still holds its proud and eminent position for powerfully written, original stories; no lady's book has such writers." Says the Huntingburgh, (Ind.) Times: "The last number is brighter and fresher than ever; it is simply indispensable. No family should be without it." Says the Lyons, (N. Y.,) Press: "As a fashion magazine, it ranks among the first; while its reading matter shows that its high reputation is well deserved." The Marysville, (Cal.) Miner, says: "Our better half has received her 'Peterson,' and is more than delighted, for, as usual, it is *tip-top*." That excellent lady's paper, Woman's Words, published in Philadelphia, says: "We know of no magazine that excels 'Peterson' in cheapness and intrinsic value. Among its contributors are some of the best American authors. It has a hold on the affections of the present generation that few others have. We know of households where it has been regularly taken for many years, and where it is hardly less looked for than the sun, and scarcely less welcome."

Advertisements inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

We Call the Attention of our readers to Mr. Daniel F. Beatty's advertisement, on the third cover of this number. Mr. Beatty, we are assured, does just what he agrees to, and can be depended upon in all his offers.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[Medical Botany—Of the Garden, Field and Forest.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. X.—Garden Plants, continued.

XII.—Symphytum Officinale.—Comfrey, belonging to an order for the most part of rough, homely plants or hirsute shrubs, some of which by farmers are regarded as very obnoxious weeds, is derived from the Greek *Sumphuo*, to join, in reference to its supposed healing virtues.

It has a stem two to three feet hight, branched, grooved or angular, rough and hairy. Leaves very large, eight to twelve inches long, rugose and scabrous; flowers rather crowded on racemes, corolla generally yellowish white. Its root, which is the part used in medicine, is spindle-shaped, branched, smooth and blackish externally, but white, fleshy and juicy internally. By drying, however, it becomes wrinkled, of a hard, horny consistence, and of a darkish color within.

Formerly it was much cultivated in gardens, and highly esteemed and used in domestic practice by mothers half a century ago, when it was not the custom to call in a physician for every little ailment, especially colds and coughs. It was then highly prized as a vulnerary, soothing or healing agent; and as the root possesses mucilaginous properties, it was used largely as a pectoral in cough mixtures, with elecampane root, hoarhound, etc. Being decidedly demulcent, comfrey may be used still with advantage, alone or conjoined with other herbs or roots of kindred nature, made into a syrup, in chronic catarrhs, bronchial affections, tendency to consumption, etc.

XIII.—Marrubium Vulgare.—Hoarhound, the botanical name supposed to be derived from the Hebrew *Marrob*, signifying a bitter juice. A plant having numerous quadrangular, erect stems from the same root, hoary tomentose, twelve to eighteen inches high; leaves roundish, ovate and crenate, dentate two inches long; flowers white, small and in crowded axillary whorls.

This plant, too, is a native of Europe, but has been naturalized in this country very extensively, and though not strictly a *garden* plant, yet it receives attention from the heads of many families, and is cared for in or about gardens, for domestic medicinal purposes.

Like all bitter herbs of its class, it possesses some tonic properties, in large doses slightly laxative; but the therapeutic value once attributed to it as a deobstruent; as useful in chronic liver complaints; jaundice, amenorrhea, etc., is no longer held by intelligent physicians.

Of course a very good syrup, as before stated, for slight or chronic pectoral affections, can be made from this agent, in combination with comfrey, elecampane, hops, spikenard, marsh mallow, with the aid of tar water, better and safer perhaps, than some of those advertised extensively, holding in solution tartar emetic and morphine.

However mooted this may be, the "bitter stew," or fomentation of tansy, wormwood, hoarhound, hops, etc., already several times mentioned, is of decided advantage as a local application, in cases of inflammation of the bowels, dysentery, general tenderness or soreness of the abdomen, painful and swollen joints, etc., etc. Hoarhound candy is a popular remedy for colds, tickling coughs, and is a pleasant *placebo*, at least, till time and nature throw off the disease.

ETIQUETTE

Dinner Parties, Etc.—The small evening party is a much more general style of entertainment, than the dinner, or ball. Of course, no rules can be laid down for the refreshments to be offered, at such an entertainment, as so much depends upon the facilities of obtaining them, the sum of money that it is desirable to spend, and the size and character of the party. But a few other remarks can be made.

The rooms should be well lighted, but not glaringly so, and should not be too hot, as when several persons are assembled the closeness of an apartment becomes unbearable. If flowers can be obtained, put them where they can conveniently be placed; for they always give a refining influence to a room, and make dingy carpets, and worn out furniture look bright and gay.

If it is summer time, banks of ferns on the mantel-piece, or in the fire-place, give a cool appearance to an apartment. If a table is set, flowers should be placed on it, if possible; and care should be taken to arrange the dishes in the most tempting way.

Nothing should be left to do at the last minute; in entertainments of all kinds, the hostess should never be hurried, at the time of the guests' arrival; for she will seem pre-occupied, and will probably look flushed; and so, instead of seeming courteous and easy, will be thought to be anything but elegant in manner.

A room or chamber should be arranged, in which the ladies can remove their wraps, change their shoes, etc., etc., and if the party is a large one, a similar room should also be prepared for the gentlemen. If the company is quite small, the gentlemen can leave their hats and coats in the hall or library.

If a few friends are to spend a "sociable evening," the hostess need not stand till all have arrived; but she must rise from her chair and greet each cordially; but if the party is to be a larger one, it is necessary that both host and hostess should place themselves in the drawing-room, near the door of entrance, so as to greet each new comer; it is not necessary for them to stand together, but only to be ready to welcome all who arrive.

The guests should not linger long, in speaking to either host or hostess, when they enter a room, as it may keep

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some one else, who has entered immediately after them, from speaking to the hostess, and so place her in a most awkward position; they should say a few words, and then pass on, and mingle with the other guests.

When it is supposed that most of the company has arrived, both master and mistress of the house should mingle freely with the guests, saying a few pleasant words to each, but still not devoting too much time to any one person, least the others should feel neglected. But the poor guest, the sick or sad one, the bashful girl or shy man, are the ones to whom the most attention should be paid. They should be drawn out, to the best advantage; made to talk, if possible, on the subjects with which they are the most familiar, and so to feel that they, too, have something to give in society as well as to receive. The prosperous, healthy, happy people can always find enough to amuse them, for to them the good and pleasant things of the world naturally gravitate.

But the poor, sick, sad, bashful, shy people must remember, too, that, by accepting an invitation to any house, they have pledged themselves, as it were, to give their quota of pleasure, during the evening; they must remember that they are not the only persons in the room; that they must not occupy too much of the time of host and hostess, nor of any one person, but must make a real effort to do what they can to make the time pass pleasantly to others as well as to themselves. Neither should the happy guest forget that he or she has a duty to perform, also; in fact, all the pleasure of society depends on its *duties* being strictly fulfilled. Then let those who are gay and happy, remember that they should give what little lightness they can to the lives of those less fortunate; let the young girl give up her pleasant chat with an admirer, to say a few kind words to her poor, shy neighbor, that the latter may feel herself less neglected; or let her ask some intimate male friend to dance with a "wall-flower."

The matron, also, especially if she is a woman of much "standing," can do a great deal for the comfort and pleasure of those, whose position is not so acknowledged as her own, by her kind (*not patronizing*) manner. And let none fear that they compromise their position by this; true independence is always recognized, sooner or later: and beside having given a happy half hour to some one, you have established your own character for thinking and acting independently.

The hostess should introduce to each other, persons whose tastes she supposes are congenial, or who will be agreeable to each other; and if a stranger is present, particular attention should be paid in introducing others to her or him.

If the hostess is a person of cultivation, (and all aspire to be thought such now) she can do much for the entertainment of her guests, by the arrangement of her rooms. If the party is not so large as to oblige the furniture to be removed, sprinkle books on tables, photographs of good pictures, knick-knacks, etc., for they all start subjects of conversation; thus the lady of the house will not need, for the whole evening, to approach a group, who are intently discussing the last new book or engraving; they will take care of themselves.

The hostess can also often give pleasure, not only to all the guests assembled in general, but to one in particular, by asking some shy, but talented girl, to play or sing; the poor soul may not have the courage to talk much, but she may have such language, at her finger's ends, as will make the rest of the company almost envy her. It is the duty of the hostess, if she knows how to entertain, to bring out all the available talent that she can, and a woman who systematically does this, will be considered the "best party-giver" in her neighborhood.

When the supper is announced, that is if the party is so large, that the refreshments must be placed on a table, the host should take in the lady of the most distinction, the hostess following last, as is the usual way at dinner parties. Napkins should be placed, in small piles, here and there on the table, and one should be handed to each lady, in order that the creams, etc., may not spot her dress. Gentlemen should of course see that all ladies are served, before helping themselves; the plates should not be piled too full, nor too many kinds of things put on, at one time.

It is not polite to leave a house, immediately after the supper, and if the party is a large one, it is not necessary to find the hostess to say adieu; but when the company is so small that any individual will be missed from the room, the "good night" is obligatory.

KNITTING.

KNITTED OVERSHOES for men's wear, such as N. E. wishes for, may be made as follows:

Take four ounces double Berlin wool, a pair of No. 12 needles. Cast on fifteen stitches, knit a plain row; then knit fifty rows, increasing a stitch at the end of every row. This must be done by knitting two stitches in one; if this number of rows makes the toe too deep, knit a few less At the end of the fifty rows, cast off eleven stitches, knit to the end of the row; then knit on eleven only a piece sufficiently long to go round the foot; knit it to the eleven stitches cast off. Knit the remainder of the stitches, and take up a stitch on each row of the piece for the back of the foot. On these knit a looped fringe, to finish the shoe, thus: The needle into the next stitch, wind the wool three times round the first finger of the left hand, and over the needle; then knit it off in the usual way. Now take the stitch up again with the left needle and make another stitch. Every stitch is worked in this manner. Then knit two more rounds, and cast off. These shoes are prettier and warmer if knitted in two colors, in alternate stripes of two rows each. They may also be knitted in alternate stitches; the different colors are carried on, and worked in on one side of the work only. A sole is required for the shoe; these may be of fleecy or of cork covered with quilted satin to match the wool.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.—On first appearance, there does not seem very much difficulty in arranging a room and the table for a five o'clock tea. But a few hints may not come amiss with regard to the arrangement of the table. This should be either a round one, or a table made with an undershelf for cups and saucers. A table cloth, made either of crash, oatmeal cloth, or something similar, worked with a crewel work border, is usually laid on it. Sometimes a white damask cloth with a colored border is used; but this latter does not harmonize so well with the softer shades of coloring now seen in most drawing rooms, nor appear in quite such good taste as the écru tints usually used for art needlework. Then the tea tray, with the cups, teapot, cream and milk jugs, sugar basin, etc., is put on the table. The tea must be strong, if possible; it should not, however, stand too long, as that renders it unwholesome. It is better to make it in relays when guests are expected at different times. Black tea is best to use, and it must be of good quality. Cakes, biscuits, bread and butter cut in slices and neatly rolled, should be on the tea table, or on another close at hand. When in season, strawberries, raspberries, currants or cherries, may be placed ready; but these are by no means *de rigueur*, and of course entail tiny little china or glass plates, which are not otherwise requisite. The lady of the house, her daughter, or some young relative, pours out the tea, and hands it, with the cake, bread and butter, etc., to the friends assembled. If there are any gentlemen present, their services are put in requisition. There should be plenty of pretty occasional tables about the drawing room, on which

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cups, etc., may be put down; but they must be put in such positions that they will not easily be knocked over.

Where expense is no great object, much taste and refinement may be wisely displayed in the choice of the silver, and of the china used on these occasions. Real old china, too, cups and saucers of quaint shapes and patterns—when not too valuable to use—may with advantage, be utilized by way of variety. These afternoon teas, also, are first-rate opportunities for displaying dainty little silver cream jugs, strangely devised sugar basins, old-fashioned teaspoons, and sugar tongs and the like, which are too often "hidden under a bushel," or in a cabinet, but which, when thus used, add an air of finish and refinement to the otherwise commonplace appearance of the tea table. Of course, to a certain extent, most of these remarks apply to a tea when many guests are expected, but much the same applies to the cosiest of all cosy gatherings, an afternoon tea for some few—four at the outside—special friends. Then it is true fewer things are wanted, but not less taste, either in the display of china or plate. Small delicacies and choicer "brands"—if we may use the term for tea—may be introduced with advantage; such dainties as would, perhaps, be almost wasted in a large party, but which could not but be appreciated in choice little coteries. Usually, for smaller gatherings of this kind, a tiny little table is all that is necessary. In the winter coffee may occasionally be substituted for the tea; hot buttered toast for the thin bread and butter, or for the cakes.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Minced Veal and Eggs.—Take some remnants of roast or braised veal, trim off all browned parts, and mince it very finely; fry an onion, chopped small, in plenty of butter; when it is a light straw color, add a large pinch of flour and a little gravy, then the minced meat, with chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and a nutmeg to taste; mix well, add more if necessary, and let the mince gradually get hot by the side of the fire; lastly, add a few drops of lemon juice. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter round and the poached eggs on the top.

Veal Cheese.—Take a shoulder of veal, take out the bone, cut it in small pieces, with just water enough to cover it; stew until tender; take out all the pieces of gristle, mince it fine, and return to the liquor it was boiled in; then add one pound cold boiled pork chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of pepper and mace, some sweet herbs, and two well beaten eggs; put all into an earthen dish, with a plate on the top, and bake one hour; to be eaten cold.

Fricaseed Rabbit.—Cut your rabbit in pieces, wash it, and put it into a stewpan with three gills of water, season it with salt, and very highly with pepper, a little mace, and powdered cloves; let it stew very slowly, and, when nearly done, add three ounces of butter, rolled in flour. If you wish a brown fricasee, the flour should be browned before it is rolled with the butter; if it is to be a white fricasee, after you stir in the flour and butter, add a gill of cream.

Hashed Beef.—Fry some slices of onion in butter; when they begin to take color, put in cold boiled potatoes cut in slices, toss them on the fire for a few minutes, then add the meat, also in slices, with pepper and salt to taste, and a small quantity of minced parsley; add a little more butter, and keep on tossing the whole on the fire until thoroughly warm; moisten with a small quantity of stock and a little vinegar.

A Good Way to Prepare Veal left over from Dinner.—Cut in small, thin slices, peel and chop two medium-sized onions, fry in a small piece of butter to a light brown, add a dessertspoonful of flour, then the gravy—if there was any left from dinner—add the meat to this gravy, and just heat through. Serve immediately.

VEGETABLES.

Beetroot, Stewed.—Chop half an onion finely, put it into a saucepan with a piece of butter. When it begins to take color, add the beetroot (previously baked,) cut up into large dice, pepper and salt to taste, and two or three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. When quite hot serve.

Or put the pieces of beetroot into a saucepan with butter, pepper and salt. When quite hot stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up with plenty of lemon juice.

To Stew Celery.—Wash six heads and strip off the outer leaves; either halve or leave them whole, according to their size; cut into lengths of four inches; put them into a stewpan with a cup of broth or weak, white gravy; stew till tender; then add two spoonfuls of cream, and a little flour and butter, seasoned with pepper, salt and nutmeg, and simmer all together.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes in their skins, peel, and pass them through a coarse hair sieve. Put them into a saucepan with a good lump of butter and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as they get dry.

Baked Tomatoes.—Put into a baking dish some tomatoes, nicely skinned; put upon each a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, and bread crumbs. Let them bake slowly for one hour.

DESSERTS.

Philadelphia Apple Pudding.—Peel one dozen and a half of good apples; take out the cores, cut them small, put into a stewpan that will just hold them, with a little water, a little cinnamon, two cloves, and the peel of a lemon; stew over a a slow fire till quite soft, then sweeten with moist sugar, and pass it through a hair sieve; add to it the yolks of four eggs and one white, one quarter pound good butter, half a nutmeg, the peel of a lemon grated, and the juice of one lemon; beat all well together; line the inside of a pie-dish with good puff-paste; put in the pudding, and bake half an hour.

Sponge Pudding.—Butter a mould thickly, and fill it three-parts full with small sponge cakes, soaked through with wine; fill up the mould with a rich cold custard. Butter a paper and put on the mould; then tie a floured cloth over it quite close, and boil it an hour. Turn out the pudding carefully, and pour some cold custard over it. Or, bake it, and serve with wine-sauce instead of custard.

French Tapioca Pudding.—Take two ounces of tapioca, and boil it in half a pint of water until it begins to melt, then add half a pint of milk by degrees, and boil until the tapioca becomes very thick; add a well beaten egg, sugar, and flavoring to taste, and bake gently for three quarters of an hour. This preparation of tapioca is superior to any other, is nourishing, and suitable for delicate children.

Bread Pudding.—Soak the bread in cold water, then squeeze it very dry, take out the lumps, and add boiling milk, about half a pint to one pound soaked bread; beat up two eggs, sweeten, add a little nutmeg, and bake the pudding slowly until firm. If desired, a few raisins may be added to the pudding. This is a very cheap pudding, and a general favorite in the nursery.

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Take eight or ten good-flavored apples, pare and core, leaving them whole; place in a pudding-dish; fill the cores with sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Then make a custard, allowing five eggs to a quart of milk, and sweetened to taste. Pour this over the apples, and bake about half an hour.

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MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECIPES.

Home-Made Yeast.—Put four quarts of water into a pan with two ounces of hops; let them boil half an hour together. It must then stand till about the warmth of new milk; add one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, two ounces of salt. Let it work three days in a covered vessel by the fire, stirring it very frequently. On the fourth day add three pounds of finely mashed potatoes; let it stand till next day, then strain it through a sieve, and bottle in stone bottles, taking care not to cork it too tightly at first. It must be kept in a cool place, otherwise it will turn sour.

Or, put one half ounce of hops into a gallon of spring water; boil until reduced to half a gallon, strain, let it stand five minutes, then add one pound of flour and one tablespoonful of salt. For beginning, one large potato, boiled, mashed, and mixed with the above; fit for use in two days. One pint mixed with warm water to eight pounds of flour. To be set in sponge, and left to rise about two hours. One pint of the yeast to be used in place of the potato in making the next yeast. To be kept in a wide-mouthed jar, slightly corked, in a dry, cool place. It will keep any length of time.

Poached Eggs and Minced Chicken.—Take some remnants of fowl, free from skin, etc., mince them with an equal quantity of ham or tongue all finely minced; toss the whole in a saucepan with a good-sized piece of butter, mixed with a pinch of flour, add some white pepper, salt, and powdered spices to taste, and moisten with a little white stock; lastly, stir in, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and strained; serve within a border of bread sippets fried in butter, and dispose the poached eggs on the top.

Pears (To Keep for Winter Use).—Place the pears, stalks upwards, on a deal shelf, in a dry, but not warm place; do not let them touch one another, and give them plenty of air. In store houses on purpose for keeping fruit, the shelves are usually composed of a series of battens, so that the fruit rests on the edges of them, where they do not join, and so is surrounded by air, and scarcely touches the wood on which it stands. Where space is an object, apples and pears are frequently kept on layers of straw.

Apple Cheese.—Get some good cooking apples; peel, pare, core, and cut them into small pieces. Add an equal weight of sugar, and the juice of two lemons, and peel, cut very fine. Put them on the fire and keep moving them about to prevent their burning. Boil until the apples are quite mashed up, and look clear, and in stirring the bottom of the pan comes clean. Dip a mould in cold water, put in your cheese, and serve next day, cold, with a custard round it.

HANDY-WORK.

HANDKERCHIEF CASES.—If for a gentleman the size of the case would be eleven inches by eighteen inches, doubling down the centre; for a lady, fourteen inches square; it should be lined with silk, and lightly wadded, the wadding being scented. Cut a piece of satin, twenty-six inches long, and eleven inches broad, and line it with fine flannel, and a piece of satin quilted beforehand over it. Turn in the edges all round, and sew over neatly; fold the two ends in towards each other until they meet to within about an inch. Sew over the double edges at the sides, and fold up the case. The handkerchiefs slip in on either side, into the two pockets thus formed, the plain ones being arranged on one side, and the fancy ones on the other. These cases are convenient if they are scented, which is done by sprinkling sachet on to the flannel before the satin lining is added, and with a thin layer of cotton wool above. We may add that the satin should be quilted on to a thin piece of lining. We have given the dimensions to allow for turning in. There is another shape made like a large envelope. The size and shape must be similar to the other, only the upper part which forms the flap to the envelope is brought to a point in the centre, with each side turned in. A silk cord is sometimes added all round the sachet, and finished off at the point with a loop, which forms the button-hole, while the button is placed on the lower side of the case, and must be covered with satin to match the rest of the work. This way is quite as easy as the other.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK, trimmed with three plaited flounces. Long casaque of écru colored cloth, rather close-fitting, and trimmed around the bottom, and down the back with wide ribbon plaiting; pockets formed of the same ribbon, with small bows on them, and on the cuffs, and long loops and ends of the wider ribbon at the back. Hat of green velvet, with an écru feather.

FIG. II.—VISITING DRESS OF HEAVY BLACK SILK, combined with a black silk brocade; the under-skirt is of the plain silk, with two knife-plaited ruffles; the over-dress is edged and faced with the brocade; the long, close-fitting casaque is of the brocade, with cuffs of the plain silk; the front of the casaque is trimmed with heavy cord *passementrie*. Bonnet of black velvet, with a mastic-colored feather and face trimming.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF THIERS-COLORED SILK; this new color, which has received the name of the eminent French statesman, is darker and richer than the old cardinal color, and is one of the most fashionable in Paris: the upper part of the dress is of close-fitting princess style; the lower part is draped in front and is gathered into the long cuirass back, from whence it falls loosely; at the sides it is trimmed with several bows of the material; the bottom of the dress is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, over which falls a chenille fringe of the color of the dress. Bands of pheasant's feathers form the trimming where the body and skirt meet at the back, and of the collar and the cuffs. Bonnet of *Thiers*-colored velvet with long plume.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE CRÉPE AND BLUE SILK; the under-dress, which is of the silk, has one deep flounce; the over-dress of crêpe, is open from waist at the back, and entirely open down the front, and is trimmed with a full quilling of white lace; the over-dress is caught together low down at the sides, with a mother-of-pearl ornament; short sleeves and square collarette.

FIG. V.—EVENING DRESS OF LUSTRELESS WHITE SILK; the under-skirt is trimmed with four knife-plaited ruffles; the over-dress is trimmed around the bottom and up the back with a plaited ruffle, and with two rows of white watered ribbon, which cross in a diamond shape up the back; large, dolman-shaped opera cloak of peach-colored silk, trimmed with gimp of the same color and gray feather trimming; white lace mantilla worn over the head.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR DEEP MOURNING, OF BLACK CASHMERE; the skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the cashmere, and bands of black crêpe; the jacket is of the same material, nearly close-fitting, and also trimmed with crêpe; the large pockets are trimmed with crêpe and bows of gros grain ribbon. Bonnet of black crêpe, with a full white crêpe ruching on the inside, and long black crêpe veil.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR DEEP MOURNING OF HENRIETTA CLOTH; the dress is cut as a polonaise, and is trimmed down the front and around the skirt, with wide bands of crêpe; small Marie Stuart bonnet of crêpe, with crêpe veil.

FIG. VIII.—MOURNING DRESS OF BLACK SERGE FOR A LITTLE GIRL; it is cut in the Princess style, has three ruffles in front, and at the back four or five deep plaits are put in below the long waist; pocket on one side, trimmed with loop of black ribbon.

FIGS. IX AND X.—BACK AND FRONT OF WALKING DRESS OF

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CHESTNUT-BROWN CAMEL'S HAIR; the back of the round skirt is kilted, and attached to a deep band. The tunic is buttoned upon the basque of the bodice, and terminates with two points at the back, one end being drawn through a large silver buckle, which matches that on the waistband. Double collar, forming a square pelerine at the back; the upright collar is in the darker shade of camel's hair. Double cuffs. The apron front, which is plaited cross-wise, is fastened down with a "panel" on the left side; on this "panel" is a large pocket, ornamented with brown bone buttons; the bodice is slightly open at the throat, and opens diagonally, and is confined around the waist by a ribbon waistband.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE DRESS OF CREAM-COLORED BUNTING; the very deep jacket bodice is trimmed with myrtle green velvet and guipure lace, and has sleeves and pockets of the velvet; the collar and cuffs are made of guipure lace; the jacket buttons down the front with silver buttons, and silver tags ornament the sleeves in the Spanish fashion; the buttons and tops can be of those that are crocheted in cream-colored silk.

FIG. XII.—OUT-OF-DOOR WRAP OF HEAVY GRAY CLOTH, FLETCKED WITH BROWN; one of the three capes, the collar, the trimming of the cuffs, and the strap across the front are of brown, and the buttons are large, brown horn ones.

FIG. XIII.—MANTALET OF INDIENNE CASHMERE OF LIGHT GRAY COLOR; it is stole-shaped in front, and trimmed with dark gray silk, and light gray buttons and cord; three plaitings of dark gray silk encircle the mantalet, and in the centre of the back there is a pointed piece of dark gray silk.

FIGS. XIV AND XV.—INVALID'S MORNING JACKET; the material can be either of some pretty colored opera flannel or cashmere. The edge is cut out in vandykes, and worked in button-hole stitch with silk to match; a plaiting of nainsook, edged with lace, is sewn beneath the scollops. The bows are satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give an unusual number of models this month, of the newest things out, and they form only a small part of what is called the last styles, for as we have often remarked before, fashion is so generous now, that all tastes and styles can be accommodated, and yet be quite in the fashion; as in the case of the Roman head-dress for instance, it is much worn by young ladies, or those who are older, with very regular features, in England, is in fact the rage there just now, while it is but seldom seen in Paris, where puffs and braids and rouleaus reign; but everywhere less false hair is worn than was seen a few years ago, and the natural shape of the head is retained as much as possible. Our model does not need description; the bandelettes are gilt studded with jet.

The first collar for mourning is of black gauze, trimmed with pipings of the same, and the second one is of black lace, with a narrow plaiting of white *crêpe lisse* around the edge. The bonnet is of myrtle-green velvet, trimmed in front with a loose roll of velvet and cut steel buckles; short green plumes fall over the front. The hats, which are sometimes called the Watteau, are of black felt, and are the back and front of the same model; a wide, loose band of black velvet, with short, curled ostrich tips, trim the outside, and the brim is faced with black velvet, and has a sprig of dark red roses on one side We also give models for sleeves, one long, for ordinary home or out-of-door wear, the other, an elbow sleeve, trimmed with plaitings of tulle, for more full-dress wear. The fichu can be made of a foulard silk handkerchief, of which so many are imported now, and trimmed with lace. The boy's Scotch cap is of dark blue cloth, and the gray felt hat has a blue wing at the side.

We have described the new *Thiers red*, which is very popular for trimming bonnets, for bows, etc., as well as for dressy toilets. The autumn colors are still delicate, but more decided and not so faded looking as those of the past few years, and in many of the new winter goods many decided colors are blended so well that, at a little distance, they have the appearance of a rich-hued brown, or olive green, but on closer inspection, four or five distinct colors are visible. The new winter goods are therefore indescribable as to color, name and texture. What has been so long known as camel's hair, is now called India cashmere, but it is the same thing, only often more loosely woven. Then camel's hair or cashmere are of every color and of all qualities; then the ordinary cashmeres are still popular, as well as merinos, etc. Plaids, it is said, will be worn again, but it is doubtful whether whole dresses will be made of them, though it is likely that they will be a good deal used for trimming, as yokes, facing, pockets, cuffs, etc.; of course the plaid should be small, and will be very pretty for young or slender people. Silks are of all the new colors; white silk is preferred without lustre.

The make of dresses still continues a matter of individual taste, but the short dress, for walking, is almost universally adopted. Trains are still popular for the house, but they do not have the tight, tied-back appearance they have lately had. Long, coat basques at the back, and belts on the front are popular with some, whilst the very deep bodice, that looks almost like a long jacket, is the favorite with others. Worth is endeavoring to revive the *panniers* of some years ago, but of course modified a good deal; the long jackets that he now makes, are looped up and puffed on the hips. The polonaise is as fashionable as the over-skirt and jacket, and an ingenious dressmaker can easily add the *pannier*, if it is desired. Mixed materials are much used for dresses, as satin and silk, brocade and silk, cashmere and velvet, etc., etc. Lace is much used for evening dresses, also the torchon and Russian laces for morning dresses, but very little is worn on the street. The long, close sleeve will be worn during the winter, except for full-dress occasion, when the short, and half long sleeves will be adopted. Nothing can be prettier or richer, as a trimming, than the knife-plaited flounces, but they take a great deal of material, are very heavy, and are not new; the latest novelty is the shirred flounce or ruffle; this is bias and looks pretty with several rows of gathers.

Jackets will take the place of mantles, as the cold weather advances, and then will be made principally of rough and figured cloth, the smooth, black cloth will not be fashionable, except for mourning; these jackets will be made long and rather close-fitting, and will be made in brown, dark gray, olive, etc.

Bonnets and Hats are in as great a variety as dresses, and the individual taste may always be consulted, but the inclination seems to be for larger bonnets, though the hats are not as large as the Gainsboro' hat worn a year ago; the trimming is usually in front.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S WRAP OF ALMOND-COLORED, SNOW FLAKE CLOTH; it is nearly close-fitting, finished at the bottom with several rows of machine stitching, and ornamented down the front by two rows of bone buttons; the three Garrick capes are also finished with machine stitching; the collar and cuffs are of dark brown velvet; gray felt hat with band of brown velvet, and small cock's plume.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF NAVY BLUE BUNTING; the short skirt is bordered with wide box-plaits; polonaise fastened in front, piped with blue silk, and ornamented with a blue silk bow; it is draped at the sides. Triple collar, piped with blue silk. The back of the bodice is kilted in the centre. Leather belt, mounted with silver.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF DARK BLUE DRAP D'ETE.; the trousers are close-fitting, and come below the knee; the jacket is cut away in front, has a rolling collar, and is made rather long.

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"FOR MAMMA'S FIRE."

SEE THE STORY

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THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

[*See the Novelet, "The Mystery of Monk's Hollow."*

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THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

[*See the Novelet,* "*The Mystery of Monk's Hollow.*"

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GOING TO MARKET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

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MORNING VISITING DRESS. AFTERNOON VISITING DRESS.

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HOUSE DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.

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RECEPTION DRESS. CASHMERE BODICE.

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WATERPROOF WRAP. BLACK VELVET CUIRASS BODICE.

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DON JUAN PALETOT: BACK AND FRONT. NEW STYLE HATS.

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THE MASANIELLO CLOAK. NEW STYLE BONNETS

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CARNIVAL POLKA.

Four Hands.

L. STREABBOG.



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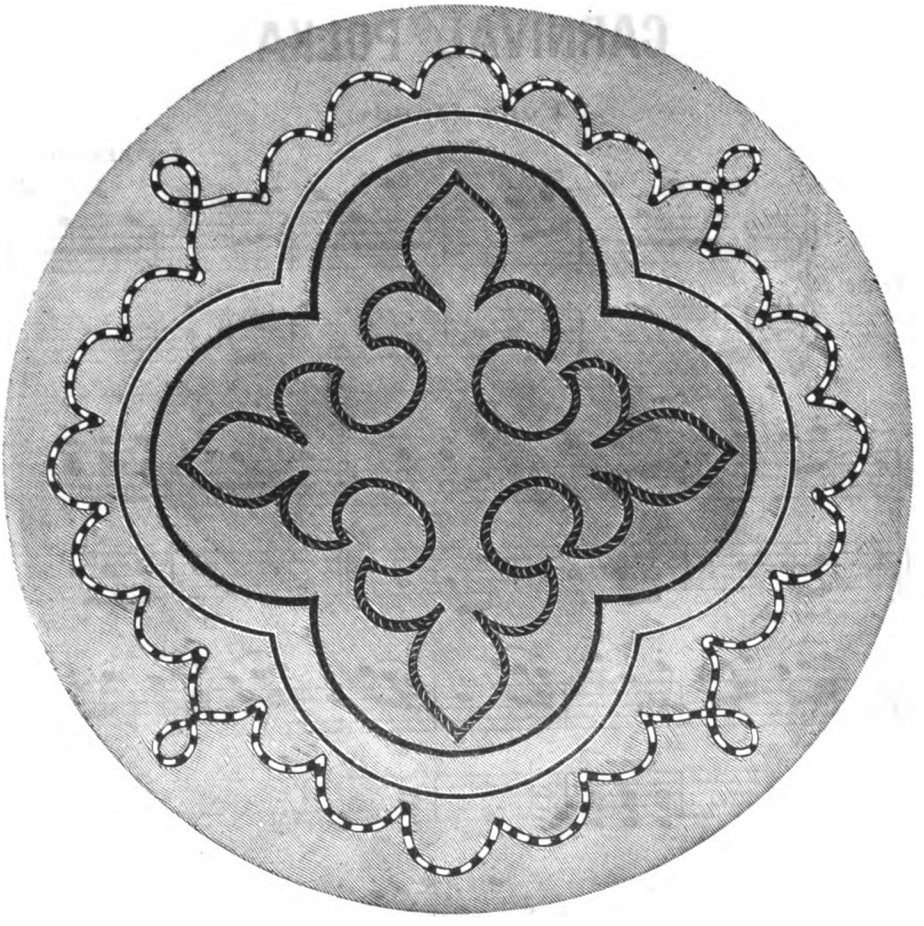
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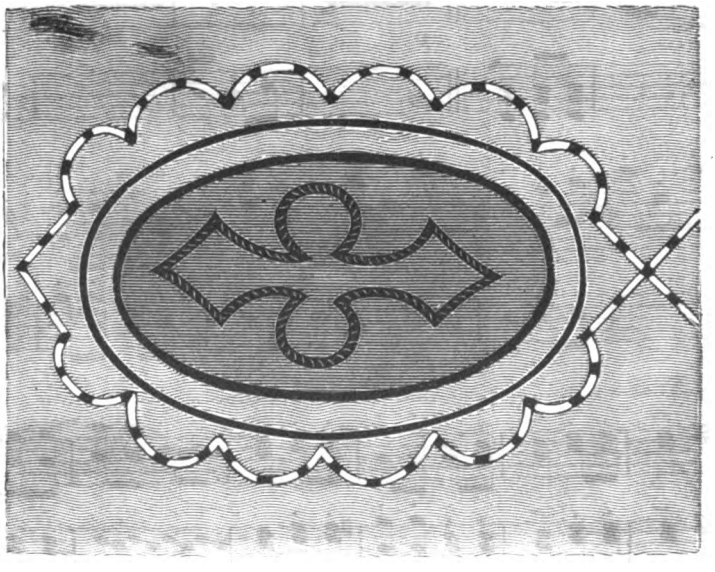
Four Hands.

L. STREABBOG.



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PATTERN FOR SMOKING CAP: BRAIDED.

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"FOR MAMMA'S FIRE."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"My dears," cried Mrs. Chidleigh, hurrying into the morning parlor, where Berenice and I sat, busy over blue and pink tarltan candy-bags, for the charity fair, "I've news for you, the very best of news."

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the fair was to be held, that evening, at my aunt's house.

"What is it?" demanded Berenice, scattering her candies, "Has Mr. Everleigh spoken at last?"

My aunt flushed, and bit her lip.

"My dear Berenice," she said, "you should not be so out-spoken! To hear you, one would fancy we were exceedingly anxious about Mr. Everleigh."

"Well, aren't we?" interrupted Berry, saucily, tossing her blonde hair. "I'm sure we've been expecting him to speak for the last month, and hoping for it, too. Where's the harm in saying what we feel?"

Aunt was silent. I laughed, as I filled a blue bag with pink bon-bons.

"You seem to take it for granted, Berry," I said, "that when Mr. Everleigh does speak, it will be to propose for you. Now, you forget me. Who can tell, which he may choose?"

Berenice curled her red lip.

"He'll not be likely to choose you, Meg, at any rate," she said, with a sneer.

Now, I knew this to be quite true. I was a poor orphan, my father having died, penniless, a few years before. We lived in a small cottage, with only four rooms, that had once been the gardener's cottage, and which had been granted to us, rent free, by aunt Mary. In fact, we were, more or less, dependents on her bounty. Mother eked out our scanty living by taking in plain sewing, and I earned a little by fine embroidery, but I had not much time of my own for this kind of work, for my aunt was sending for me, continually, to do this and that: and I did not dare to refuse. I was, in short, a kind of maid-of-all-work, up at the "great house," as we called aunt Mary's residence. Sometimes, I thought, with a sigh, of the difference between mamma's lot and aunt Mary's. Then I remembered that the latter had sold herself for money, marrying an old man, who was twice her age, and both jealous and exacting. Fortunately, he had died, at last. But aunt Mary had, long since, paid the penalty, by growing harder-hearted and more selfish daily, when my own dear parent, who had married for love, had been supremely happy; at least, while father lived. I was not sure, recalling all this, that, in spite of our privations, we ought to complain. Yet Berenice was correct, of course. What right had I, a dependant, even to think of Mr. Everleigh, who was rich, fashionable, and a favorite everywhere?

But I was human, after all, and this taunt roused me.

"I can't see why he shouldn't marry even me, if he loved me," I retorted. "He's a free agent, at any rate."

Berenice tossed her head, till her ringlets were in a shimmer.

"What a little fool you are," she said, "for goodness sake hold your tongue. Mamma, love," and she turned her back on me, "don't you mean to tell us your good news?"

"Assuredly, when you are polite enough to hear it. I've been waiting now, some ten minutes. Are you and Meg quite done with your absurd discussion?"

"Quite, mamma! It was Meg who started it; she's always chattering nonsense. But let us hear the news."

Aunt drew a letter from her pocket.

"A letter," cried Berenice: "then it does not concern Mr. Everleigh, after all."

"My dear, no. No one mentioned Mr. Everlegh's name, but yourself. I really wish you would try and be a little more guarded. The

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letter is from your uncle in Shanghai. He is coming home."

Berenice and I gave a simultaneous exclamation. Since the earliest years of our childhood, "our uncle in China" had been the centre about which all our romance had revolved. He was mamma's brother, and aunt Mary's also. Years before, when I was a mere baby, he had gone abroad, become soldier and sailor by turns, and finally, had amassed, we had heard, a great fortune. Once in a long while, a battered box, that smelled of camphor and foreign spices, came over seas, a reminder that uncle Hal had not quite forgotten either mamma, or aunt Mary. But generally the gifts were to my aunt. "Those on whom success shines," says the old homily, "are successful in all things."

"When your uncle comes home from China, Berenice dear, we will do thus and so," was always on my aunt's tongue; for, rich as she was, at least, comparatively, she was always wanting more.

And now he was coming! Berry screamed with delight.

"I shall tell Everleigh," she said, almost instantly, and a little spitefully, "I dare say he'll speak *now*."

"It doesn't at all matter, whether he speaks or not, my daughter," said my aunt, loftily, "When your uncle arrives, and we may look for him any day next week, you will feel, my dear, that your position in life is doubly secured. Even Mr. Everleigh would hardly be a match for you! So now you and Maggie go on with your work. I'm glad our charity fair comes off to-night; we shall be busy hereafter preparing for your uncle. What a pity he couldn't be here for Thanksgiving."

Having said this, my aunt sat down to write out invitations and directions for the charity fair. A devout church member, and something of a philanthropist, was aunt.

"Mamma, mamma, I say," called Jack, Berenice's hopeful brother, a lad some dozen summers old, thrusting his curly head in at the door. "Have you got any stale victuals, or old clothes, or anything to give away?"

My aunt put down her gold pen, and threw back the point-lace lappets of her breakfast-cap, with an air of annoyance. Jack was such a torment!

"Why, Jack?" demanded Berenice.

"'Cause there's a beggar out here. He looks awful hungry; and ain't got no overcoat. I say, mamma, can I give him that cold turkey in the larder?"

Mamma leaped to her feet.

"No, I want that turkey to make sandwiches for the fair; don't dare to touch it. Send the beggar away; you know I won't have tramps about the place. Send him away, this minute; and go straight up to the library, and write out your Latin exercises."

Jack turned from the door, a cloud on his sunny face. Looking out of the window, I saw an old man, insufficiently clad. Our big dog, Carlo, was snarling at his heels. The beggar was so close to the window, that he must have heard every word my aunt said; and he looked crestfallen enough in consequence.

"It doesn't seem quite consistent," I remarked, for once letting my indignation get the better of my love of peace, "to have the house about one's ears, getting ready for a charity fair, and a starving beggar walking from the door unfed."

"A thieving tramp," cried my aunt, hotly. "Keep silent, Meg, and don't interfere. It's none of your business, anyhow."

I was prudent enough to make no reply, but my blood boiled nevertheless. Had I remained much longer, I should have lost my self-control, I fear; so I got up directly, and saying that I had promised to go home soon, left my aunt's.

Our cottage was at the edge of the wood, just outside of the great gates; but the avenue was half a mile long, and before I reached the gates, I had almost overtaken the beggar. He seemed, not only old, but feeble, and walked with difficulty; he was probably deaf also, as he did not seem to hear my footsteps. Just outside the gates, he met my little sister, Kitty, who was returning from the wood, where she had been to pick up sticks for our fire.

"My dear," said the old man, addressing her, "can you tell me where I can get a bit of supper and a night's lodging? I am old and poor, and haven't the money to go to a tavern. You look as if you had a kind heart, God bless it! I've just been turned away from the big house here; but perhaps you are not so hard-hearted as the mistress there."

Kitty's honest little face showed the pity that she felt. But she was only a child, and shrank from responsibility.

"I don't know, sir," she said, diffidently. "I think mamma will give you something to eat: and maybe we can find a bed for you; that is, if sister Margaret and I sleep on the settee; for you see our house is small. But, oh, here comes sister herself," she cried, as she discovered me, "and she'll tell you all about it."

My heart was still hot with indignation at the brutality, with which my aunt and Berenice had treated the old man, and I hastened to reply, warmly:

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"Yes, I will undertake that you shall have supper and bed, although neither may be as good as what they could have given you, up at the great house. But what little we have, you shall share. Stay, let me carry your pack for you." He had a small one, strapped on his back. "Indeed, indeed, I am fitter to do it than you."

"Thank you," he said, slowly taking a long look at my face, and then scrutinizing that of Kitty's. "You seem, both of you, as if you were good children; and your offer to take my pack proves as much. But I'll carry it, myself, still. Little one," and he turned to Kitty, "what have you got those sticks for?"

"For mother's fire, please," she said, dropping a little curtesy. "I have just been getting them in the woods."

"My aunt," I interposed, "who lives in the great house here, kindly allows us to pick up loose bits from under the trees. We are poor, as sister says, and so every little helps."

"And you are duly thankful, I suppose," said the old man, sarcastically. "Beggars must not be choosers, you know, as I heard, just now, myself."

I blushed scarlet, with shame for my aunt. "Indeed, indeed," I cried, "you must not judge aunt Mary too harshly, for I see, from what you say, that you overheard her. She must have been out of sorts, this morning—"

"And I suppose that a voice, which answered her, and which I think I recognize," he interrupted, looking at me, keenly, again, "belonged to some one who was not out of sorts, eh?"

Before I could answer, I heard the quick gallop of a horse, and my poor, weak heart gave a great bound; for I recognized in that elastic footfall the step of the thorough-bred that young Mr. Everleigh rode. In my embarrassment I stepped quickly aside, though, of course, there was no danger; and in stepping aside, my foot slipped on a stone, my ankle turned, and with an unconscious cry of pain, I sank to the earth.

The rider was off his horse, and at my side, and had lifted me in his arms, even before the old beggar, who stood so close to me, could stoop to assist me. "It is only a sprain," I stammered, trying to free myself, yet feeling, oh! so happy, in those strong arms. "I am sure I can walk."

"But I know you can't," said Mr. Everleigh, impetuously. "How shall I ever forgive myself? It was my rapid gallop that made you start."

"No, no," I cried, "I was talking to this poor old man, and it came on me so suddenly—you are not a bit to blame—only I have been foolish. But do let me try to walk."

My earnestness, joined to my struggles, induced him to yield. He released me from his arms. But the instant I put my foot to the ground, the agony was such that I almost shrieked. I bit my lip till the blood came, however, and kept silence.

Mr. Everleigh snatched me again into his arms. "I knew it would be so," he cried, "and now you must let me carry you. John," and he called to a groom, who had been following him, "ride, at once, to Dr. Landor's. We must, my dear Miss Chidleigh, have this foot bandaged, without delay."

"And I will lead your horse to the cottage," interposed the old beggar, "and tie him there. Come on, little Kitty, you and I will follow."

When we got home, the house was filled with the smell of crullers, which mamma was baking for the feast, that was to be given, up at aunt Mary's, after the fair. Poor mamma, she looked tired to death; and when she saw me, she fairly gave up, for a moment; but Mr. Everleigh, in a few, kind words, put her fears to rest; and long before the physician came, my injured foot was swathed and bandaged, so that Dr. Landor declared he had been "regularly taken in."

When evening came, my foot was ever so much better, so much so, that, when Mr. Everleigh returned with a carriage, and insisted that we should all go up to my aunt's, to the fair, as we had promised, I was only too willing to consent. For the first time, in our acquaintance, there was something in Mr. Everleigh's manner, that made even me, humble as I was, think that I was not without a charm for him.

The beggar had crept, unobtrusively, into a corner, while my foot was being bandaged, but Kitty, remembering him, left me when she found the hurt was not serious. "Poor old man," she said, "we had nearly forgotten you. You must be hungry. Here, eat some of these crullers, and when mamma has finished with Maggie, she will make you a cup of tea."

The cup of tea was made, in due time, and a substantial supper set before the mendicant; in fact, all the cold meat we had in the house. When Mr. Everleigh returned, and we proposed to go, the old beggar rose to his feet.

"I am a stranger to you, ma'am," he said, addressing mamma, "and naturally you will not wish to leave me here, in your house. I will wait outside till you come back."

"Wait outside?" cried mamma, "and in the cold? No, your face is an honest face, if there ever was one. Sit down again, here by the fire, and stay; and sleep here, to-night, and take dinner with us to-morrow. It will be a homely meal, for a Thanksgiving one, but such as it is, you will be welcome to it."

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"God bless you, ma'am," said the old man, with a shaky voice, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes. I am sure I heard him murmur, as he turned away to hide his emotion: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The charity fair, as the reader, by this time, has understood, was to be held in my aunt's spacious apartments. Everybody was to be there. The Governor even, who was on a visit to his brother, a near neighbor, was expected to attend. One of the Senators for our State was also to be present. It was to be a most brilliant affair.

So, when the dining-room was all a-glitter with lights, and echoed with gay voices, and shone with handsome dresses, and beheld the presence of the most distinguished society of the county; and was filled with stalls of pretty things, the big, chintz-covered chair was wheeled into the hall, and I, my sprained foot resting on a cushion, sat in it, with a table of pretty knick-knacks before me; and Mr. Everleigh by me.

My aunt did not look in a good humor, however, though her fair could not have been more of a success, and though everybody praised her philanthropy. Berenice, too, wore a scowl, that spoiled all her blonde beauty.

Somewhere, about ten o'clock, when business was at its briskest, there came a roll of wheels on the drive, and a bustle at the door. Presently, Jack, who had gone to see what was the matter, rushed back, his gray eyes dancing.

"Oh! Berry, I *say*," he cried out, stifling a burst of laughter, "You know the beggar? The old man we turned off, this morning. Well, he's back again; here at the door, and, oh! my buttons, but he's *our uncle from China*."

My aunt, in her black silk and point lace, stood behind a stall of cakes and ices. She turned sharply at Jack's words. He saw her look of consternation, and screamed with laughter again.

"I say now, mamma, it's true. Don't you wish you'd let me give him the cold turkey, instead of making it into sandwiches?"

My aunt did not utter a word. But she hurried to the door, and Berenice followed.

There he stood, our long expected uncle from China, a little, weather-beaten old man, with a pinched, pale face. A wicked twinkle lit his eyes. My aunt rushed up to him at once, and would have smothered him with kisses. But he merely gave her the tips of his yellow fingers.

"I made acquaintance with your neice, this morning," he said, with a dry, chuckling laugh, turning to me, as he came in, "and the little girl there, too," indicating Kitty. "She is poor Marian's child, eh? She's got her mother's fair face, and good heart. She gave the beggar a welcome, which some others, I know of, didn't. Ah, well, I suppose its human nature. But I'll make it up to her, all the same. Never turn a needy man from your door, Mrs. Chidleigh. You know what the good Book says about entertaining angels unawares?"

Poor aunt! The look on her face was too ludicrous! In spite of our relationship, I laughed till my sides ached. But Berenice went to her room and cried herself to sleep.

Well, there is little more to tell. It really was our uncle from China, who had chosen to come to us, wearing the guise of a beggar; and if only my aunt had been consistent in her charity, her long cherished expectations might have been realized.

As it was, the great China fortune went to me, and Kitty, and Jack; and Berenice got never a penny. And, moreover, when Horace Everleigh did speak, (he had spoken that evening, before our uncle declared himself) it was me he asked to be his wife.

Berenice takes it all bitterly to heart, and my aunt is inconsolable; but I, beleiving that, in this life, and in the life which is to come, we get only our just deserts, have nothing to say.

"Yes," remarks my uncle, "Maggie, and Kitty, and Jack, shall inherit all I have. They were kind to me, when they did not know who I was; that's the sort of people I believe in."

REGRET.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

The day is dark and cold and drear;
Without the raindrops, falling,
Keep time to sadder thoughts within,
My unkind words recalling.

I'd take them back, aye, every one;
They robbed my life of gladness,
And left for me in every cup,
The bitter dregs of sadness.

My eyes are full of bitter tears—
Forgive my willful blindness,
My lack of faith—when thy true heart
Held only thoughts of kindness.

If I could clasp thy hand once more,
Forgiveness full, divining,
The clouds would break, and all my world
Be like the noonday shining.

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DAVID POGUE'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"You are quite willing to go so soon, mother? There is another boat in the evening."

"Oh, quite ready, David. I am a little home-sick, indeed. I have not had such an outing for ten years. Not since your father died."

"We'll have many more, please God," said David, cheerfully. He brought an easy chair out on deck, and settled her in it, comfortably, thinking that he had not filled his father's place, to her, as he should have done, or been careful to give her little pleasures that he might have given her. He had been working so hard, for the last eight years, and had his mind so full of—of other things. He had nothing else to think of or work for now, than his old mother. There never would be anything more for him in the world.

"Long headed fellow, that Pogue," the captain muttered to old Dan Plimsoll, who was on board. "But he has a soft heart, and he's had trouble, I hear."

The last barrel was on board. The gangway was up, the little stern wheeler began to puff and pant her way out of the mass of sooty steamboats, into the current of the slimy river, shining green and yellow here with patches of rank oil. The air was only compacted, oil-smelling smoke, which took shape in showers of soot, with every wind; up on the shelving wharves, the grimy draymen struggled with steaming horses through the mud; on the bare hillsides, yawned the mouths of black coal pits, where pale and sooty children played, while from the gaps between the hills, the great iron mills belched forth red flames and volumes of smoke.

As the boat emerged from the thick smoke into purer air, and green fields and sunshine began to assert themselves, the men on deck lighted their pipes, fell into easy positions, astraddle of barrels or wool bags, and took up their usual interminable line of gossip.

"Hey, Dave!" called Plimsoll to Pogue, who stood apart, with some younger men, "so ye wouldn't buy any ile stock, heh? Ther's where ye missed yer chance. Tredenick, here, and me, we cud clear ten thousand, to-morrow, ef we chuz to realize."

But Pogue only shrugged his broad shoulders and laughed; saying, before he turned away:

"I'll stick to raising cattle. Legitimate farming for me. It pays best in the long run."

"He's a keen one, he is!" said the other, dropping his voice. "Ther's no risinger young man than Dave Pogue."

The captain nodded ponderously.

"No, sir. But he got a terrible backset two years ago."

"Yes. That darter of Heffley's? What was the rights of that? I never could hear."

"Warn't no rights in it. That girl acted like the —— well, most unhuman; though I'm not, so to speak, sentimental. Dave he'd been countin' on marryin' her since they were children, and worked day and night, as you may say, for a start. Old Pogue he'd left nothing, you know—a lazy dog—prime mizzabul. But Dave he'd got everything fore-handed, house and stock, and furniture; and the day was set, and the ring bought, when she fell in with this young doctor Nally, and turned her back on Pogue. He was the laughing stock of the county. Well, it had a remarkable effect on Dave," shaking his head ominously, as he pushed the ashes into his pipe.

"Did he take to drink?"

"No; no, sir. He first dropped all interest in livin', went about as if he was stunned or half witted. Why, sir, I bought a heifer off of him that summer, for three cents on the hoof, worth fifteen, easy. I tell you, my heart ached for that feller! One day, says he, with an oath—an' he's not a swearing man—says he, 'I'll be revenged on Nally. I'll pay him back, bit by bit, the wrong he's done me.' After that he pirked up, got back his appetite, looked after his stock hisself, an'—here he comes!" nodding to the other side of the boat. "But I often wonder what would happen if he met Nally face to face."

"By George!" cried Tredenick, slapping his knee, "he's aboard! Rose Heffley, too. I forgot that. She's bin' up at Pittsburgh, buyin' her weddin' fixin's, no doubt. She an' the doctor came aboard just before the plank was lifted. They're in the cabin."

"Pogue hasn't seen them? There'll be mischief before long, mark my words."

"There's no fightin' aboard the Eagle. I'm a peaceable, law-abidin' citizen."

"I wish I could say the same of David Pogue." Both men shook their heads solemnly, their eyes lighting at the prospect of a fight.

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The Ohio was low. The boat made her way with stertorous breaths, which shook her from bow to wheel. But the river stretched, like a lake, on either side, dimpling and clear to the hills, and the hills rose straight from the river, lifting the silent forests to the sky, which was a cloudless arch of dark, translucent blue.

"Such blue as we never see east of the mountains," a lady, standing near, said to Mrs. Pogue. "Our skies are thinned and chilled by the river air. Look at that underbrush dipping into the water, a royal purple, and the blaze of scarlet here and there among the trees. Nature is prodigal here."

"It sounds kind o' heathenish to me, to talk about natur," said Mrs. Pogue, severely. "It was Providence as made them iron weeds and gums, though what for, *I* don't know."

The woman looked at her and smiled a little. "Look in the valleys," she said, in the same queer, high key. "There is a pallid, golden mist rising from them."

"There's mostly fogs in September. Means ague in them bottoms, sure."

She sat more erect, and smoothed her skirt. The crisp rustle of the silk was comforting, but she was uneasy. This woman was like nobody in Brooke county. She was lean and dark, her black eyes wandered restlessly. She wore a yellow bonnet, and her fingers were covered with rings.

Mrs. Pogue was quite relieved when David came up and took her to the other side of the boat.

"That's a theatre actress, mother," he whispered, with a little trepidation in his tone.

"Oh, David! and I was talking to her!"

"I saw you were. 'Squire Plimsoll told me who she was, and said, 'you'd better go to your mother at once. There'd be no use in talking to her, I suppose,' gravely. 'You could do her no good.'"

"No." She was in a flutter of nervous excitement, but looked round to note more accurately the sallow face in the yellow bonnet. There was an adventure to tell at the sewing circle, to-morrow. What mysteries came in our way when we went out into the world! and how the heathen were brought to our very doors!

She was so engrossed with this startling disclosure, that she did not observe David, until looking up suddenly, she saw that the big, ruddy fellow had lost his color, and stood motionless, looking to the other side of the deck.

"What is it? Oh, what has happened? Has the actress—?"

He raised his hand. "Hush-h. Mother, it —it is Rosy."

"Rosy, indeed!" The gentle little woman burned with sudden wrath. "And can Rosy make your face look in that fashion, David, now, *now?*"

But Dave, who, when women were concerned, was only a big boy, after all, only shivered. "Hush, mother! Let us go away. I do not want to see her." He did not hear her energetic whispers, found her a seat, and then stood apart, looking gravely down into the water.

"To think that any woman could slight my boy!" thought Mrs. Pogue, her wrinkled hands shaking, as she straightened her black mitts, and crossed them on her lap. There was some reason in fact, for her wonder, for young Pogue was a fine type of the American-born Saxon; big, broad shouldered, manly, with blue eyes, that looked direct into your own, and a friendly, honest smile. His rival, Nally, on the contrary, was black, and spare, and tall, with a shifting look in his evasive eyes, in his too polite bearing, even in his dress. Dave had not seen Nally, who came that moment out of the cabin. He did not even think of him. It was the first time that he had met Rose Heffley since they had parted, two years ago; and the world held nothing but Rose for him just now. Her face had never seemed so sweet or delicate to him before. Even her dress was changed. Nally was from New York, and doubtless she was dressed to please his taste, David remembered with a jealous throb. But he could not deny that the clinging gray drapery, with here and there a touch of pale blue, was more womanly than the flowered gowns, and pink flowered hats, in which Rosy, like other country girls, used to delight. He could not help giving another furtive glance at the motionless, bewitching figure, though the blood in his veins literally sickened at the sight.

Rose blushed all over her pretty, dimpling body, at the first sight of her old lover. She had her mild little pain, too, to bear; but the blood of the two was of a very different quality. Rose's beauty was of a type which is by no means rare. She was shy and pinky, and tender, like a wayside flower; she had soft, brown eyes, and a soft voice. The most that had ever been said in her praise, was that she was good-humored and the best butter maker in Brooke county. Yet every man in the county, married or single, was half in love with her.

The boat entered a bend where the river widened suddenly, one or two little islands, rising in the midst, crowned with plumy willows. Rose wondered if David remembered the day when they came up here on a picnic, and she persisted in going out alone in a bateau, until it upset, and she had a thorough ducking. She laughed as she remembered how he plunged in, and fished

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her out, and she sobbed and clung to his neck, and kissed him before them all. He did not scold her for her obstinate folly; none of her whims or tantrums had ever provoked an angry word, since they were children. "There was his mistake!" she said now, tears dribbling on her little short nose. "If he had conquered me like a spoiled child, I never would have—have come to this wretched end!"

Which, in the main, was quite true. David, in the humility of his love, had grovelled so long at the feet of his little neighbor, that she began to think he was only fit to tread on, and chose to flirt, outrageously, with the new comer, Nally, up, as one might say, to the very steps of the altar. When Pogue asserted himself, (as he certainly would have done, when the honeymoon was over,) she was stunned with surprise and rage. She threw him from her as she might a shoe which no longer fitted her.

If he had only borne with her a few weeks longer, she would have been making his butter, to-day, the best tempered, dutifullest wife in Brooke county! A wedding ring clears the nature of most women of megrims and folly, just as an almond shell sweetens muddy water.

Rosy pulled her gauzy bit of a veil down, and cried behind it. David did not turn, nor look at the island, where she had given him that first kiss.

"He has forgotten. I am nothing to him now! Oh, he'll be married, soon! There's plenty of girls ready to snatch at him, and he'll not see through their tricks. He's such a fool—such a dear, dear d-dunce!" looking fondly at the broad back sturdily turned to her. "And Mrs. Pogue has a new silk, and I never knew it! She never used to buy a pair of shoes without consulting Rosy. Her bonnet's new, too. That's not her old Leghorn." Somehow, nothing had made Rosy realize how far off and forlorn she was, as this little trifle. It made real, to her, the warm, happy home from which she was forever shut out—shut out in the cold, with George Nally! The girl stopped crying, as she thought of him: her face fell into an utterly cowed, defeated look. Nally, in fact, had begun to tame his future wife, months ago, and had succeeded. They had been buying furniture, to-day. He had snubbed and thwarted her at every turn, and ground into her soul the ignominy of being country-bred.

"And David al–always thought my taste so good!" she half sobbed now.

Doctor Nally came up to her, carrying himself jauntily, sucking the head of his cane.

"I see that drover Pogue is aboard?" he said.

Rose smiled at him, and looked about with languid unconcern. "Ah, indeed! I have not seen him."

"I don't know whether you have or not. But I do know I'll have no ogling such as you used to give me when you were going to marry him. Let him keep to his beeves. Mrs. Nally is a different person from Rose Heffley."

"I am Rose Heffley still," she said, with a feeble little chirp of defiance, and then trembled and put her hand on his arm. What if he should leave her to die an old maid. Any fate would be less terrible than that.

"Come, Rose, we will promenade the deck."

She rose, sick at heart. She knew Nally wished to flaunt his triumph before Pogue. But how could she meet David's eyes leaning on this man's arm! She loathed to touch him, but she slipped her hand into his offered arm, with a smile.

The boat stopped to wood at that moment, shoving in close to shore with a snort and shriek. The heavy forest growth came down to the bank, with a thick underbrush of paw-paw and laurel bushes; the ground was bedded with long ferns, dipping into the rippling water, and topped with golden red and wild sweetbriar.

"We'll be here an hour or more," said the Captain. The passengers accordingly strolled ashore, and scattered about through the forest.

Nally, with Rose clinging to him, strutted across the plank, passing Pogue, who had found his mother a seat under an old oak, and stood beside her. Rose did not look up, but David saw how blanched and worn her pretty face was.

"If I thought he treated her cruelly," he thought, clinching his hands in his pockets, "I'd tramp the life out of him!"

Pogue always relished fighting, and this was the one man in the country that he hated. But the doctor was such a puny creature, that the big fellow could not bring his mind to touch him. He would have been glad enough of an excuse to do it, to tell the truth.

Doctor Nally left Rose seated by a hill-spring, and went down to the men 'o light his cigar. The woman with the diamond rings and yellow bonnet, had followed them from the boat with an amused glitter in her eyes.

"Who is that lady with Doctor Nally?" she asked 'Squire Plimsoll.

"That's Miss Heffley," eyeing the actress askance.

"Going to marry her?"

"Folks say so," cautiously.

"Ah-a!" She lingered on the bank until she saw that Rose was alone, and then came quickly up to her, seating herself without a word beside her on the log.

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"Miss Heffley?"

"That is my name," not without alarm.

Rose fancied there was a vindictive gleam in the curious glance with which the new comer surveyed her. Her black eyes dropped presently, and she flicked away a bit of wood which had fallen on her dress.

"I hear," she said, speaking deliberately, "that you are soon to be Doctor Nally's wife. I thought my experience in that situation might be useful to you."

"Your experience? As a wife? I—I don't understand."

"As the wife of Doctor Nally. He never told you that he had been married before?"

"Married? Oh, George! George! who is this woman?" She started to her feet as Nally came in sight, and cried, vehemently.

"You here?" said Nally. "Be quiet, Rose. What are you dogging me for, Sylvia?"

"I am not dogging you," coolly. "It is quite accidental—our meeting. I am on my way to New Orleans. Tell this—this person who I am. She does not believe me."

"She was my wife. We have been divorced for four years."

"Divorced? I cannot marry a divorced man."

Rose tried to walk away from him, but she staggered, and sat down. According to her religious training, it was as criminal for her to marry Nally, as if the law had never set him free. What was to become of her? David would never come back to her—never. And to be an old maid like Miss Simms—

"The girl is ill," said the former Mrs. Nally, "you had better see to her, I'll go back to the boat. I did not mean to interfere. But the temptation to worry you, George, was irresistible."

She sauntered down the glen, swinging her parasol, and humming a song.

Nally came up to Rose and put his hand on her shoulder. "Well," he said, roughly, "what is it, now? I'm the same man I was ten minutes ago, I reckon."

"I—suppose so, George," meekly. She must live with this man, with this black, unclean past behind him, a man, cruel, cowardly—and David—why, she knew every day of David's honest, friendly life! And she loved him—she knew, now, how she loved him. "I will go back, I'm not well." She spoke feebly.

"You don't mean to make any talk about this thing? You're not going to break with me?"

"Oh, no, George."

David would never come back to her. No need to hope for that. Her steps grew more feeble, her eyes, smaller.

"Sit down, Rose, on this stone. I want to explain this matter to you," peremptorily. It would never do for her to go back to the boat, and expose the whole story to all the gossips of Brooke county. It would, probably, put an end to his wedding, and certainly to his practice.

But the story was known already. The actress mentioned it, herself, in a casual way, to Captain Tredenick on her return. It spread as swiftly as an ill odor. In ten minutes, every one of the men, on board the boat, knew that Rose Heffly was going to marry a man with another wife.

When it came to David Pogue's ears, he got up, slowly.

"Where is Nally?" he said.

The other men told him, eagerly, and then followed him up the glen, professedly to "hinder any mischief."

"No wonder Pogue takes it as he does. Nally deserves punishin' for trickin' a girl like that. It's ruin to her whatever way it ends, that's what it is," said Plimsoll.

"Ther's murder in Dave's eye," muttered Tredenick. "They both go armed, an' ther's bin bad blood between them for two years."

Pogue was conscious of little else than that here was his excuse. The bad blood, between him and Nally, was black and deadly enough, on his side, for murder.

He pushed through the under-brush, straight to the little glen to which Nally and Rose had gone. His heavy boots crunched through last year's branches. As he reached the entrance to the glen, a wild shriek from Rose rent the air.

"Oh, God! Help! Help!"

Pogue dashed through the bushes. Was that devil maltreating her? But Rose ran towards him. "Save him! Save him, David!" she cried.

Save him? David looked about for the man that he came to kill. Nally was seated on the log, stiff and motionless with terror. His bloodless face was bent, his staring eyes fixed on a thick, dull, red-colored snake, that had crept from the wet grass, up his arm. It's flattened head was close to his shoulder, its eye glittered, the fangs protruded. Nally had tramped on it and provoked its attack.

A man reasons in such a case, as the lightning flashes. "A red viper! Certain death. And serves him right," thought Pogue. But if he had seen Satan himself in a hard strait, David would have helped him out. He made one step to Nally, put out his hand.

"Stop! For God's sake!" shouted Tredenick, who had followed Pogue.

David knew that if he touched the snake, it

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would turn and dart its ready fangs into his arm. There was but one chance, and in that chance the danger was the greatest. If he could catch the viper close enough behind the jaws to prevent its bending its head!

His finger and thumb were nerved like steel; for an instant they quivered behind its head, then snapped together like a trap. The horrid, slimy length dangled for a moment, then with a sudden whirl, coiled itself about his arm; the head turned in his hold; even David's stout heart sickened.

"Unwind it!" yelled Tredenick, springing forward. But before he could reach it, Rose's little fingers had caught hold of the body of the snake, and loosened it; she tore it off with the force of a man; and Pogue dashed it from him to the ground, where, being stunned, it was easily killed.

"Did it—it hurt you?" said Rose, and then, without waiting for a reply, slipped to the ground and lay there as if she were dead.

David knelt down beside her, and took her in his arms. She was such a little, soft thing? The big man trembled like a woman, and everything about him grew dim.

Nally stood beside him; his fright had left him but little reason or voice.

"Give her to me! She is my wife," he stammered.

"Stand back! She cares nothing for you," cried David, sternly, and brushed past him, carrying her to the little spring. "Rosy," bathing her face. "It is I. It is David!"

She opened her eyes, and when she saw the two men before her, the hot blood dyed her face and throat, and she tried to rise.

"She is my promised wife," blustered Nally, in a feeble squeak. He was at heart afraid of Pogue, and wished himself well out of the whole affair. There was no knowing what a six foot clodhopper, who handled copperheads like whip cords, might see fit to do next.

"Wood up!" shouted Tredenick. "All aboard, gentlemen."

David placed Rosy on a mossy bank.

"Rosy," he said, "Rosy, choose between us."

His mother twitched him by the sleeve.

"The boat, David. Come, we shall be left." The tears were running down her cheeks. She would not see her son disgraced. Rose was a miserable little hypocrite! Yet her heart secretly warmed to her; she had been very fond of the child.

David put her aside gently. He held out his hands to Rose, without a word, but his big, honest eyes were steadily fixed on her face.

The girl sobbed and wrung her hands, and then she went fluttering up to the old woman, and threw her arms about her neck.

"Ask David to forgive me, and take me back again," she whispered, humbly.

But the old lady had her share of worldly wisdom. She stood a little more erect.

"Miss Heffley," she said, aloud, "wishes to break her engagement with Doctor Nally, and come back to my son. David is very generous, I have no doubt he will forgive all that is past."

"Mother!" David took Rose's little pink hand and drew it in his arm. She passed Nally with a cool, little nod.

"She has the falseness of a dozen bad men," muttered the doctor, as he followed them.

But he was wrong. She really loved Pogue, sincerely, and is now one of the most faithful of wives, and the best tempered of mothers. Even her mother-in-law can find no fault with Rosy, who humors her every whim. We, who knew Rose in her salad days, may suspect that, as Mrs. Nally, she would have been equally fond and faithful. But what would you have? Vines must cling, whether it be an oak or a rotten log that is nearest them.

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

BY T. GRAY ASHTON.

A SINGLE strand of golden hair,
How comes it here upon my shoulder?
Blown from the head of lady fair—
Where did I meet or last behold her?
I'm certain that she must be young.
And pretty? Yes! But then I wonder
What pain it was her heart that wrung,
And made her tear her locks asunder.

"Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift,
Form words so tender and so bitter,
In each light breath to sway and drift,
And in each passing ray to glitter.
Slight tendrils of most sacred vines—
O, think upon it, ye who bind them,
These little threads, these slender lines,
Will drag the whole wide world behind them.

It isn't yours, O, lady mine,
Down from the wall serenely gazing,
While in my heart "that look of thine"
The ghost of buried hope is raising.
There may be one would prize this hair
As I the look from those soft lashes;
There may be one. I can't tell where,
And so—I'll throw it in the ashes.

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THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S HOLLOW.

BY J. KEITH.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

CHAPTER VII.

It was, perhaps, half an hour before Braithwaite returned. To Edith, however, it seemed an age. She had staggered back to the lounge, meantime, and lay there, more dead than alive, haunted by the most terrible forebodings. Was what she had heard some unearthly, uncanny cry? Was it a mad woman's wild shriek? In either case it was horrible. She put her hands before her eyes, to shut out some possible phantom that might appear. In the fearful loneliness she almost shrieked herself.

At last her husband came back. He was pale as death, but strove to look composed.

"What was it?" cried Edith, eagerly starting up. "Oh! this is too terrible."

Braithwaite put his arm about her waist, drew her down to the couch, and knelt beside her.

"It is nothing," he said, "or nothing that is serious," seeing her look of incredulity. "Come, dear, throw it off. Trust me. I assure you there is no cause for alarm."

"But that shriek? And I have heard it before. Oh! my love," and she flung her arms about his neck, and burst into violent sobbing, "It is some dreadful mystery, that you are keeping from *me*. Tell me the truth."

He tried to soothe her, but still evaded a direct answer.

"I repeat," he said, "it is nothing serious. You will never hear it again. You are, as I said before, nervous to-night," stooping, and tenderly kissing her, "I don't wonder at it, either. We live too much alone here, and the dank atmosphere oppresses you, and your imagination gets the upper hand. You see evil, when there is no evil. You dream of dangers that do not exist. I have been too selfish, I have wanted to keep you all to myself. You are not used to it. You have been accustomed to society, to bright and cheerful rooms, to gay companions; and here I have been immersing you, as in a prison, God forgive me! But, to-morrow, we will begin a new life. We will go and see Sir James—"

"I want nobody but you, dearest," whispered Edith, clinging close to him.

He drew her, passionately, to his heart. "No evil can, or shall, come near you," he said, earnestly and solemnly. "I would defy a thousand fiends for you—"

"I fear no fiends. I have been foolish: there, I am strong again." She rose from the couch, determined to show fear no more.

"Come, then, and sing for me," he said. "My lark brings her music from the skies."

"Flatterer! You know you don't mean what you say," she said, with something of her old, girlish gayety. But, at the same time, the admiring eyes, contradicting her words, spoke a language lovers never mistook.

She sat down by the piano, to which he had led her, while he threw himself on the sofa, near the fire, at a short distance from her.

There was no light in the room, save that given by the flickering flame of the burning wood on the hearth, which cast a ruddy glow on all things near, including the couch on which Braithwaite reclined, and also on the end of the piano, and a portion of Edith's graceful figure, as she bent over the instrument.

After a minute's pause, she touched the keys, gently and sadly. The low, minor chords, mingled with the sighing of the rising wind, as it swept round the house. Without other prelude, she began to sing, in a simple strain, made wonderfully pathetic by the peculiar quality of her voice, a rude ballad she had learned, years and years before, and had, until this instant, entirely forgotten.

"My love came forth, on a summer's day:
Ah, well!
He smiled, and said he would take me away:
Ah, well!
I went with him on that summer day;
Together we rode, and we went away.
Ah, well! Ah, well!
Oh, smiling, we rode so gay!

His ring of gold he gave to me:
Ah, well!
His heart, he said, all mine should be:
Ah, well!
For him I would die, ay! die, I know;
What recked I for others, for friend or foe?
Ah, well! Ah, well!
Oh, loving we rode, so gay!

What is it, so icily comes between?
Farewell!

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Whose touch is so chill, as upon him I lean?
Farewell!
It is Death, it is Death, with whom I must ride!
It is Death, it is Death, I find by my side!
Farewell! Farewell!
Oh, weeping, he bears me away!"

The song seemed the utterance of a heart, riven with the anguish of parting. Her sympathetic voice, at last, broke into a sob. The words died away to the accompaniment of the storm without. The dread silence that followed, was broken by Braithwaite starting to his feet, and springing to her side.

"Edith! tears?" he cried, his voice trembling with pain. "What do they mean? Nay, nay, my love, why this sadness? I thought you said you were yourself again. Why this dirge, instead of a carol? I feel that I have caused these tears. Will you not tell me, dearest, what ails you?"

She had covered her face with her hands. The beautiful head was bent low as he leaned over her. Now she raised it, and placing one hand in his, looked up at him, with a whole heart's tenderness in her glance.

"Oh, Edmund, my love," she said, "*I* should grieve, indeed, if these tears—these foolish tears—should seem to accuse you! Ah, do not blame me so—that were too hard!"

"But you are not happy, dearest. For surely these tears would not start unbidden. How can I be blameless? I am responsible for all that may befall you, my wife?"

Seeing that he still avoided explaining the mystery, she nerved herself to assume bravery.

"Don't mind me, I repeat. I am not myself, to-night," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it the storm that impelled you to choose that doleful ditty?" he said, after a pause, still avoiding what, as Edith felt, he must have known to be the real cause of her distress. "Indeed, one could hardly sing, on a night like this, without tears."

This disingenuousness was so unlike her husband, that it convinced Edith that something very serious was to be concealed. Was the castle, therefore, really haunted by a disembodied spirit? If so, she could understand Braithwaite's reticence, even to her. But how horrible to have to live on amidst such surroundings! Was the other solution the true one? And the shriek that of some madwoman, imprisoned here, and watched over by Mrs. Kirle? But, if so, why did not Braithwaite confide in her? Was some terrible crime behind it all, in which, perhaps, he was involved? But this solution she dismissed at once. The loyalty of her heart, to say nothing of her love, forbade it.

Yet a restraint fell upon her nevertheless. Conscious that something was kept back from her, secretly terrified at what that something might be, she could, with her frank nature, only half respond to the caresses with which Braithwaite sought to soothe her.

"We are both excited and nervous, to-night," said Braithwaite, at last. "To-morrow, I hope, will see a clear sky. We will, then, have a gallop over the hills, and that will restore us to our true selves. It is the electric condition of the atmosphere that is at fault."

It was on Edith's lips to say, "That does not explain the shriek," but she refrained. If her husband saw fit not to explain further, she was too proud to insist on his confidence.

"I hope to-morrow will be clear. I really do feel," she replied, trying to smile, "as if, somehow, I was almost hysterical—a thing I never was before—and that a quick gallop would brace me."

But all through that night, while feigning sleep, she lay and thought of the occurrences of the evening. How could she explain them? The mystery grew more insolvable, the more she reflected. Her strong common sense, however, in spite of all, gravitated again towards the conviction that there was nothing supernatural in what she had heard. "It must be a madwoman," she said. But then, again, she asked herself, "Why is she here?"

When day broke, the storm was still raging, and the morning ride had to be abandoned.

"I regret this the more, my dear," said Braithwaite, at breakfast, "because, as you know, I have an engagement for this afternoon, about those lands I think of purchasing, that march with this property, and so cannot take you out, even if it clears off. Will you be much disappointed, darling?"

Edith, with all of a true woman's self-abnegation, assured him she would not, and later in the day, saw him ride off, kissing her hand to him, with a smile on her face.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDITH remained awhile down stairs, then wanting a book from a room above, she turned to ascend the stairway, when suddenly, she heard a quick step in the hall overhead. The next moment, Mrs. Kirle's voice demanded, sharply:

"Who's that? Where are you?"

"It is I," answered Mrs. Braithwaite. "Is anything the matter?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kirle, "I beg your pardon, I—I heard some one, and did not think of its

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being you. I hope I did not frighten you, madam; this is always such a dark place."

Edith, by this time, had reached the upper hall.

"Yes, Mrs. Kirle, it is dark, and I suppose I frightened you, did I not?" she said.

"No, madam, you did not—my nerves are harder than that?" with a short laugh to herself.

Mrs. Kirle passed on, descending the stairs. Edith, having secured her volume, returned with it to a room on the lower floor, where she sat occasionally, though not often. What induced her to seek this room now, she could not have told. Placing herself by the window, she tried to read. But the meeting with Mrs. Kirle had discomposed her thoughts, strangely. To whom was Mrs. Kirle speaking, when she said, "Where are you?" Could it be to Alice Braithwaite? Or was it merely that she wished to distinguish the whereabouts of whoever might be near her in the dimness of the gloomy hall?

Putting her book aside, Edith rose and walked to the western window, partly to shake off these suspicions, partly to seek for signs of clearing weather. As she stood and watched the clouds, driving in slowly before the wind, she started to to see, in the distance, the dense, woody growth surrounding the Black Pool. She had never before, strange to say, stood at that window, and seen this ominous part of the outlook. Down there was the grave of Alice Braithwaite, the true Alice, who, taken from the watery pit, was now finding her resting-place low by its margin. "Poor thing! poor thing!" said Edith, to herself. "And what a destiny for her descendant, if, indeed, there is a madwoman here, and she is a descendant, to prolong, in her own person, by the force of a diseased imagination, that tortured existence, with the added horror of believing herself driven even from the grave; that lonely grave." Perhaps utterly uncared for—covered with weeds. She did not know—she had never seen it. Just then, a pale light shone over the sky, in which appeared some spots of blue; and the erewhile obdurate clouds were seen, in detachments, scudding away to the south-east, before a brisk north-west breeze which had suddenly sprung up.

Edith did not wait for a more assured cessation of the storm, but, pining for fresh air, hastened to her room, and prepared to go out. She felt tense with excitement, and driven, as were the clouds above her, by an invisible power. The old castle stifled her—she could not remain shut in there. She thought, for a moment, of ordering her horse; but no! she would not go without Edmund; it was late; he would soon be there; and in the meantime she would walk.

She set out accordingly. As she crossed the little stone bridge, some thirty yards in front of the great entrance, she turned to look at the old castle. Dark and grim it rose against the evening sky, the square donjon, the machicolated wall, the antique, round towers, standing out, sharp and distinct, like black silhouettes. A gleam of light, shining through the two opposite windows of the round tower, to the left, where Mrs. Kirle led her secluded life, and where Edith had never been able to penetrate, glimmered, pale and spectral, as if the chamber in them might be haunted by tenants from the unseen world. The little brook, in front of her, shone, weird, under the fading sunset. The thunder-riven old oak, beneath which she had first seen Braithwaite, rose, white and ghost-like, beyond the bridge, stretching out its long arms like a skeleton. Behind, extended the wood, dark and ominous, with gleams of ghostly light breaking through it, here and there, as if, at any moment, phantoms from the dead might glide forth from its dim recesses.

Instead of following the arena, in the direction of the high-road, Edith turned short here, and took a sombre path, that led straight into the wood. After advancing a considerable distance, she reached a dense thicket, through which she had almost to force her way. This effected, she saw before her, at the bottom of a wild slope, the fatal sheet of water, the Black Pool! Its dreary surroundings, its suggestive gloom, fascinated, while it awed her. For a moment she hesitated. Then, as if urged forward by some unseen power, some irresistible Fate, she hurried on. Yet, even as she went, she shuddered. A strange terror made her blood run cold.

The path was wet, after the rain, and from the overhanging trees, at intervals, little showers still fell, as the evening breeze stirred the leaves. Once or twice, too, she slipped, so treacherous was the ground, and would have fallen, if she had not reached out her hand and caught by a bough. The twilight, meanwhile, darkened rapidly. Almost any other person would have turned back. But Edith heeded naught but her purpose. She would see, for herself, she said, what she could of this mystery; and so she pressed onward.

She perceived, as she drew near, a path leading through the underbrush, down to the edge of the Pool. This path she took, and soon found herself looking into the dark waters below. The Pool, she now saw, was circular, with a diameter of about thirty feet, the bank rising considerably above the level of the water, and giving it the appearance of a well. Shivering at the sight, and the recollection of what had happened there, she

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turned to search for the grave. She soon found it, to the left, in among the trees, back of where she had been standing. She pushed aside some bushes and drew nearer to it.

Suddenly she heard a noise, and looking back at the Pool, saw Alice Braithwaite, or the apparition that had before appeared to her. Which was it? a flesh and blood maniac, or a phantom from the dead? For an instant she scarcely moved. But the fresh air, the brisk walk, had strengthened her nerves. She rallied, recovered herself, and determined to speak, as she had done before. Only she resolved to be more persistent than then. Now and here she would learn definitely, she said to herself, what she might of this mysterious being, whom chance, this afternoon, had put in her way.

"We have met before," she said, bravely. "Tell me who you are."

Alice Braithwaite—if that were her name—had not moved since Edith had first seen her, but had remained crouched against a tree, with a shawl drawn closely about her, and covering all her person except her head. Now, when Edith spoke, she rose, and casting a wild, weird look at her interrogator, walked quickly towards the water, down to the very edge of the Pool.

Edith, resolving that the woman—for she was sure now it was a woman—should not escape her, followed. They met on the very brink of the Pool, within a few feet of each other.

"I ask you, again, to tell me who you are," said Edith, firmly, though her heart beat very fast. The woman gave no sign of recognition, but answered, as at the previous interview.

"I am Alice Braithwaite, whom they murdered." She spoke, in a hollow, almost unearthly voice.

"Your name may be Alice Braithwaite," replied Edith, stoutly, "but do not think to pass any such deceit upon me, as is implied in the rest of what you say. I have seen you in the castle, and now I meet you here. You live within these precincts. If you cannot answer me reasonably, at least do not seek to play upon my fancied, superstitious fears, for I have none. What are you doing here now?"

As she spoke, she advanced close to the woman. The latter receded along the bank, her eyes fixed on Edith, with a wild glare, but ceasing to move when Edith stopped advancing.

"I am Alice Braithwaite," she said, still in that half sepulchral voice, that, in spite of Edith's conviction that it was no phantom that was before her, made her blood run cold. "I would enter my grave. Go away."

"Stop!" sounded Edith's clear, decisive tones, "let this cease. Do not think to fool me, or frighten me."

As she spoke, she took hold of the woman's shawl.

With a scream, the latter let the garment go, and sprang up the bank, with a mocking laugh, and bounded away into the woods.

Edith, too late, tried to check her downward impetus, but the bank was steep and slippery, and covered with a damp, green growth of moss, and when the shawl was thus left in her hands, there was nothing to check her, nothing that offered resistance, no support of twig or bough to arrest her.

Down, down she slipped, and in a moment the dark waters had closed above her. The fair face was seen, an instant after, as it rose to the surface, the small, white, struggling hands, reaching in vain, in vain, for help. The sweet voice, now wild with horror, was heard crying aloud to God and man for rescue.

Alas! it was in vain. The wind bore the cry far away; the face disappeared; the white hands sank out of sight. A deeper gloom fell over the spot, as the circling eddies ceased, the bubbles broke and died, and an awful silence, a silence as of death, came down and settled on the Black Pool.

CHAPTER IX.

The hour was growing late, when Braithwaite, who had been delayed long past the time he had expected, set forth on his return. Giving his willing horse his head, he cantered on at a pace, which, if continued, would soon bring them home. He thought of Edith, waiting and watching for him; and he could feel the tenderness of her glance even now; could see, in imagination, the wistfulness her beauty had gained of late; and he murmured, thinking of the touch of her soft arms about his neck when they had parted that morning, "Yes, my darling, I will soon be there."

But she was not at the window, nor the door, as he galloped up the avenue, for his eagerness had now given spurs to his horse, who rushed on, faster and faster. In vain he gazed, and strained his eyes for some signal of her presence.

No! she was not there. No open door or casement showed her welcome. She did not even hear his approach. With quickened pulses, he flung himself from the saddle, and rushed up the steps, calling on her by name. Surely she would appear now. She had, perhaps, grown tired of waiting, and had left the window for a moment. He entered. The old stone hall rang with his impatient steps. The walls echoed to his now

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anxious voice. But no answer came. She was not in the morning-room, nor in her own room. A vague feeling, at first of wonder, then of disappointment, then of half anger, grew upon him. But this changed to a sickening dread, as he went through the house, room after room, chamber after chamber, on all the lower floors, up stairs, everywhere, calling on her, seeking in vain for any sign of her presence.

The servants, on entering, said they had not seen her. One of them had gone, at the usual time, to light the lamps, but Mrs. Braithwaite was not, even then, in any of the apartments which he had visited. Braithwaite said not a word, when he heard this, but turned, and went up the stairs again. After the lapse of about ten minutes, he came down, and inquired hurriedly for Mrs. Kirle. "Mrs. Kirle had gone out," one of the women said; "she had seen her from an upper window."

"How long since—and which way did she go?" demanded the master of the house.

"It was soon after it stopped raining, sir. I saw her at the front of the castle, with her bonnet and shawl on; she crossed the bridge and went over towards the woods where the road is; and I thought, sir, she must be going to the village; and I said to myself, it was a queer time to start off there, just at dark, on such an evening, for it looked as if it might rain any moment again."

"Very well—no matter," said the master, "Mrs. Braithwaite must have gone for a walk, too, when the rain ceased. I will go to meet her," and he dashed out of the castle.

It was now between five and six o'clock, and night and darkness on that late autumn day, were fast setting in. Mechanically, Braithwaite's feet followed, at first, in Edith's tracks, though he knew it not. But he did not turn where she had turned. A sudden thought, fraught with inexpressible relief to his agonized heart and brain, caused him to hasten on in the direction he had first taken, and not to go, as she had gone, in the direction of the Pool. She might have walked out to meet him, it had occurred to him, all at once; and finding he was delayed, and the hour was growing late, she had continued on to the Hall. "I shall surely find her there," he cried.

This thought gave him fresh hope, and he sped on towards Wynton Hall, whose lights, before long, were seen glimmering in the distance.

"Oh, Edith! God be thanked, if indeed you be there!" he said, as he entered the park, and hastened up the avenue.

Mrs. Latham and Sir James were just sitting down to dinner, when he entered, flushed and eager, before the servant had time even to announce him.

"Why, Braithwaite, my dear fellow, this is fortunate—no one ever was more welcome," exclaimed Sir James. "I thought, at first, it might be Vaughn, who half promised to come to-night. Sit down. Where is Edith?"

"Where is Edith?" echoed Braithwaite, looking blankly around.

The words had sounded as a knell in his ears. He had come to ask about her, and they mocked him with the question.

"I have come for her," he said. "Great God! is she not here?"

"Come for her? Here? What can you mean?" asked Sir James, in startled tones, rising from his chair.

"Come for Edith here?" cried Mrs. Latham. "What is it? Speak. Speak." For Braithwaite had sunk into a chair, and looked the picture of death.

"Oh!" he said, "I left her. I had business in Brisworth, and I left her; and now she is not at the castle; and I thought—I hoped—I was sure she must be here."

He looked about him, as if, though they had not perceived her, he might.

Then he rose wildly to his feet.

"Come," he said. "Come and help me to find her. She is lost, outside, in the darkness. Come—come!"

He rushed out, like a madman, followed by Sir James, who had only time to say to Mrs. Latham: "He is unnecessarily alarmed. She may be out, but nothing can have happened to her. I will send you good news very soon. Do not let this distress you."

Braithwaite was already far on his way, through the grounds to the high road, when Sir James, obliged to hasten his steps to a run, overtook him.

"Why do you think she is lost?" he asked. "Has the castle been thoroughly searched?"

"Yes. I went over it myself. The weather, as you know, partly cleared; and as I was later than I had told her I would be in returning, I thought she must have come this way for a walk, perhaps to meet me, and had gone on to the Hall."

"Oh, she is surely at home by this time," said Sir James, cheerfully, "and we shall find her there. Or, at the worst, it can but be that she has lost her way in the darkness. Cheer up, we shall soon discover her. Perhaps she is even now at home."

Braithwaite did not speak. They hurried on, saying nothing more till the grim old castle was reached, looking now more uncanny than ever in the spectral twilight.

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The servants were watching for them. The great hall door was opened long before Braithwaite and Sir James reached it.

"Is she come yet?" cried their master.

"No, sir," said Haines, the butler, in answer. "No, sir, she has not returned."

"Then let the horses be saddled," said Sir James, taking the command, for Braithwaite had answered by a groan, and had sunk down on a seat in the hall, "and tell the men about the stable to mount, some of them, and scour the roads, while the others search the woods. Bring horses for Mr. Braithwaite and myself."

"No!" interrupted Braithwaite, rising, and steadying himself by the wall, like a drunken man, but speaking intelligibly, "the horses will be in our way, Wynton. I mean to search about here. She has spoken of wanting to know the Hollow better—she may have started out for that purpose—it is a treacherous place in some parts—perhaps she has fallen, and is hurt, and unable to get back. We can best find her on foot. But let the others do as you said." He went towards the open door, as he spoke, moving feebly, as one in a dream.

"We must have lanterns. Haines, bring lanterns," said Sir James, following his brother-in-law, who was now walking in front of the castle, like one insane, backward and forward.

The lanterns were brought, and they started off, Braithwaite now leading. Sir James, at last seriously alarmed, followed close behind him. They took their way in the direction of the Black Pool, skirting the outer edge of its encircling border of shade, and passing on down into a narrow gorge which lay beyond it. They had come thus far in silence.

"Let us call," said Sir James, and proceeded to give a prolonged, shrill whistle, followed by two short notes, a sound which he knew to be familiar to Edith's ears, as one by which he had often let her know his whereabouts, when they had wandered apart in their forest rambles together.

Again and again the peculiar call was repeated, but without reply, though their sharpened senses, as Braithwaite and Sir James listened, caught the lowest, softest sound of a falling leaf, or the plash made in the Pool, by the faintest motion of some creature native to it. They pushed their way through the underbrush, where it was almost impassable; they clambered up steep and stony ascents; but their search was fruitless. Every now and then, they thought for a moment, they saw, in some reclining stump, or moss-covered boulder, the form they sought. But on a nearer approach, the illusion became apparent. All this while, Sir James persisted in his calls.

At length he stopped, and said:

"Let us go back, Braithwaite. We have come as far as she could possibly have gone, in this direction. She must be nearer home, if in the Hollow at all."

Accordingly, they retraced their steps. An hour had been consumed in their fruitless search. Their way home brought them again within the precincts of the Pool.

"What is that?" suddenly exclaimed Braithwaite, in hoarse tones, "see, Wynton—there!"

The light of many lanterns, gleaming red against the trunks of the trees, was what had attracted Braithwaite's attention.

"The rest seem to have stopped there," said Sir James. "What can it mean?"

Braithwaite had dashed forward, and was the first to reach the lights. A group of the servants, the old butler prominent among them, had collected around some object, lying on the ground.

He rushed forward, then stopped, and stood still, trembling in every limb. A sudden, overwhelming fear had seized him. He stepped back against Sir James, gasping for breath.

"Bear up, Braithwaite," cried the latter, "bear up." But even as he spoke, Sir James' husky tones belied his words.

Braithwaite's powerful frame shook and shivered convulsively. He did not attempt to speak, but with a strong effort, recovered himself, and pushed forward again, with Sir James by his side.

The group, assembled by the Pool, broke into smothered exclamations of horror, woe and pity, as they saw Braithwaite advancing, and drew closer together, as if to hide something from his observation.

Before either Sir James or his brother-in-law could speak, Louis Vaughn came out from the group, with both hands outstretched.

"Keep him back, for God's sake," he cried. "Keep him back." And he pointed to Braithwaite.

A hoarse groan broke from the latter. He would have rushed forward, but Sir James threw his arms about him.

"What do you mean," whispered the latter. "She is not—she—is not *dead?*"

"Dead? dead, did you say," shrieked Braithwaite, breaking from Sir James. "Dead?"

The scene was thrilling. Down by the water's edge, were ten or twelve persons, closely grouped together, over whom the glare of several torches flashed a strong, uncertain light, that, falling here and there among them, showed, for a moment, their saddened, awe-struck countenances, and then, left them, and all around, in comparatively total darkness. The steely surface of

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the Pool, mirrored in one long line the glancing lights, which everywhere, outside, where their radiance fell, made more intense the blackness. The wind had gone down, and did not, by the slightest breeze, stir these deadly shades. No sound was heard, save the weeping of the servants, and the long-drawn breaths of Sir James and Vaughn.

"Is she—there?" said Sir James, in a hushed voice, pointing where the others were.

"In the Pool? Yes! for they have found her hat, which has floated to the surface," answered Vaughn, in a whisper. "They have gone for drags, in order to drag the waters."

"God help him," answered Sir James, looking toward Braithwaite. "How can it be kept from him? But no! it is useless to try; he will know all in a minute."

For Braithwaite, as if divining the truth, had broken away from Sir James again, and rushed towards the Pool. The awe-struck crowd had parted before the unhappy husband, and the first object Braithwaite saw, was his wife's hat, which he had bought for her himself, lying on the brink of the insatiate depths, wet and discolored.

At the sight of this terrible token, he threw up his hands, as if a bullet had struck him in the heart, and with one, wild, prolonged shriek, fell senseless to the earth.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

GOING BERRYING.

BY HARRIET MABEL SPALDING.

Long years ago, on a golden day
When the ripe, red berries lay fast asleep,
Down where the roses were wrapt away
In the tangled leaves of the meadow deep.
They roamed together, the maiden fair,
And he with his ringlets of sunny hair,
And their laughter rang out on the air so still,
As they went berrying over the hill.

Oh! sly, brown ringlets that floated gay,
Oh! little maiden, so sweet and fair
Did you dream of his thoughts as you roamed that day,
Enshrined in those tresses of golden hair?
For the eyes of the lover saw only you,
With your cheeks that rivaled the rose in hue,
As he carried the basket you helped to fill
With the berries that waited over the hill.

What wonder that hands so small and brown,
Would meet his own in the tangled vines!
What wonder the hours would pass so soon,
That the sky with the western sunset shines!
But what, little maid, were the words he said
That turned your lips and your cheeks to red,
That left the basket as empty still,
As when you went berrying over the hill?

Though years have fled and the blushing glow
Of the crimson berries has passed away,
Yet summer comes and her loving hands,
Bring others as rosy and bright, to-day.
And thro' the bloom of the woodland ways,
With laughter and song as in other days,
The youths and maidens are roaming still,
To gather the berries over the hill.

But he, with his eyes of deepest blue,
His ringing voice and conscious grace,
Lies low where the willows above him wave,
And the daisies cover his laughing face.
And an aged woman with tear-filled eye,
Stands watching the happy throng go by,
And the scene is as sweet to her memory still,
As when she went berrying over the hill.

Her merry eyes that were laughing then,
Are dimmed with time, while the hand of care
Has silvered the locks on the aged brow,
And furrowed the cheeks that were once so fair.
Though youth's sweet visions have flown away,
And under the willows he sleeps to-day,
Yet her heart is as true and as loyal still,
As when they went berrying over the hill.

FREEZING UP.

BY HELEN M. WARNER.

A CHILL trembling shiver glideth,
From the northland 'mong the snows;
Where the noisy storm-king rideth,
With a breath that freezing grows;
Sweeping through the wood's deep shadow.
Where the midnight fairies sup—
Every flower in vale and meadow,
Is freezing up.

Dappled are the clouds at day dawn,
Dappled are the clouds at eve;
And the lambkins on the brown lawn,
For the sunshine bleat and grieve;
Butterflies with wings a-quiver,
Hide in each sere shrinking cup—
Every petal with a shiver,
Is freezing up.

Gathered 'round the glowing hearthstone,
Eyes are sparkling with delight,
While the cadence of the wind's moan,
Breaks the stillness of the night.
Is the spirit ever stealing,
Where the sons of misery sup;
Are our stores of kindly feeling,
Freezing up?

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AS A KIDNAPPER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I SAT in the station waiting-room, in a corner of one of the most uncomfortable benches it was ever my lot to alight upon, in the most uncomfortable attitude, too, that I could possibly have assumed, but so tired and oppressed by sleep, that I was incapable of moving, though sufficiently conscious to wonder why I did not try, and all the while dozing and dreaming, unable either to slumber or really wake up.

I had been travelling for several days and nights, on my way back from one of the South Western territories, and between the long stage-coach journey, over a road that was a perfect Slough of Despond, with which my pilgrimage began, and the incessant jolting since, on a railway still more diabolical, had reached that jumbled, unreasoning state of mind and body, when my legs seemed to belong to some one else, my arms to be made of wood, when every thought was a nightmare, and any effort to control my fancies utterly unavailing, except to give me, physically and mentally, a sort of electric shock, that left me more dazed and astray than ever.

So now I had reached the junction, where I was to take a train for the Eastern city, to which I was bound. I think somebody told me I had an hour to wait there, but I was past keeping any count of time; it seemed endless years since I had dropped down upon that bench, yet all the while I was whirling on, either by coach or train, and longing to be allowed to get out and die in peace.

Suddenly, in my ear, a voice said, softly, in a questioning tone:

"You ain't my uncle Jack?"

Of course I was dreaming; I knew that. I would not, or could not, open my eyes, but when the interrogation was repeated, I answered, sleepily:

"I don't think I'm any one's uncle Jack."

"Do be my uncle Jack!" said the voice.

"I will," said I, waking up in earnest now, "and your aunt, and your grandfather, and all your fore mothers, and your little sister Jacob, into the bargain. But who are you?" And I rubbed my eyes, and looked around.

By my side stood a mite, perhaps six years old, with such wonderful dark eyes, such a heavenly, wistful smile on the little mouth, such a halo of golden curls framing in the face, that I might have believed myself still dreaming, and blessed by a vision of one of Sasso Ferrato's baby-angels, had it not been for the creature's modern-cut and prosaic little jacket and trousers.

I must confess, inhuman as it sounds, that, in general, I am given to saying, with the amiable Miss Murdstone, "As a rule I don't like boys," —but here it was different. My heart went out to this little waif at once.

Once more, the questioning, troubled little voice said, with an indescribable mingling of hope and doubt:

"You ain't my uncle Jack?"

"No, my boy, I think not; but really I wish I were," I answered. And for a moment, I meant what I said. "Did you expect to find your uncle Jack here?"

"Oh, yes," returned the mite, "I said I wanted my uncle Jack, and they put me on—then we 'topped, and I told him I want my uncle Jack, and he put me off."

The creature looked so perfectly satisfied with his own explanation, so certain it must be clear to the dullest intellect, that, for an instant, I had not the courage to ask the smallest scrap of a question. To add to my confusion, the little fellow frowned, to the darkest extent that his silky, arched eyebrows could manage, and added firmly:

"I want my uncle Jack!"

It seemed as if he were inclined to believe I had that personage secreted somewhere, and was unwilling to give him up to rightful proprietorship; and I stared helplessly at the speaker. It had never before occurred to anybody to accuse me of secreting or making away with an uncle Jack! If it had been an aunt Jack, and she had been pretty, there might have been some sense in it. As the case stood I was overwhelmed, and I am certain I looked so guilty, under the searching glance of those brown eyes, that a policeman would have unhesitatingly decided me culpable beyond a shadow of doubt.

I felt that only one loop-hole remained, which was to make a compromise of some sort, with those inquisitorial eyes. I rose and shook my strong legs a little, to render them capable of locomotion, or rather to induce them to obey my will, for they appeared disposed to walk in the opposite direction to that I wished to take, and as

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going their way would have led me plump into a long mirror, I was obliged to assert myself.

I took the mite's hand in mine, and said:

"Come on, my little judge—we'll go and look for uncle Jack."

"Yes," said the child, and accompanied me unhesitatingly.

We walked the length of the room, and out upon the long platform, encumbered by luggage, porters, and scores of people waiting for nearly half that number of trains. This junction was an important one, the meeting-place of railways to all points of the compass; and night and day a confusion reigned there sufficient to daze the brain even of a man wholly wide-awake. To me, in my odd sort of sleep-walking condition, the tumult was maddening. Even while doing my best to avoid the people and trucks, and to take care of my companion, I had several times a rapid dream of being the clapper of a huge iron bell, and groaned dismally over my uncongenial destiny.

"Are you keeping a good lookout?" I asked the mite.

"Yes," said he, and gave one of those long yawns, which always make a child's face so comically like a monkey's.

I believe I dozed again, walking on all the while, conscious that I got in people's way, and that people muttered unpleasantly, avoiding the trucks by a miracle; then, presently, I discovered that we had reached the end of the platform, and I woke up fully again.

"Haven't seen uncle Jack yet?" I asked.

"You said you'd take me to him," exclaimed the mite, and dropped my hand for the purpose of pinching my right leg, which he did so severely, that I cried out.

"You horrible little human lobster," I cried. "I mean inhuman. What the deuce—I mean why do you stick your claws into me like that? Let go, you small, steel-pincher-fingered young rebel. Don't you know that boys, who pinch, never find their uncle Jacks?"

"You said you'd take me to him," repeated the child, releasing his hold, while his voice changed from its judicial severity to a piteous entreaty, so portentous of tears, that it alarmed me.

"Of course I will," returned I, briskly; "let's go back—we shall find him at the other end of the platform."

"Sure?" he asked.

"Not a doubt of it," said I, and hurried the creature on, anxious to restore him to the person he belonged to, if that person could be found.

So again we walked the whole length of the platform, but met no one whom the child recognized, or who showed the slightest inclination to relieve me of my charge, now rapidly becoming a burthen.

"Don't you see him yet?" I inquired.

The boy shook his head, and his face worked ominously.

"He must be a sweet style of uncle Jack—a nice young man for having the care of his small relations," I muttered. Then I added, aloud: "We'll go inside—he is certainly there—come on, my brave little soldier."

The boy cheered up somewhat, at this praise, clasped my fingers again, and marched beside me.

"Will you know him, when we see him?" he asked, suddenly.

"Who? Your uncle Jack? I imagine not, my little man. But you will, and that's the important point."

"No," said the child.

"No, what?" I asked in wonder.

"No—mister," returned he, evidently thinking I had intended to reprove his lack of politeness.

"I didn't mean that," cried I, growing suddenly nervous, under some odd, undefined fear. "You will recognize your uncle Jack—"

"What's recognize?" interrupted my unconscious tormentor.

"To remember—to know a person. Good heavens, child, you must know your uncle!"

"I don't," retorted he, in a tone half a whimper, half a reproach. "You said you'd take me to my uncle Jack—why don't you do it?"

He let go my hand. I was suspicious of his intentions, and stepped hastily back, indeed I think I waved my right leg in the air, in a somewhat crazy-seeming fashion, so fearful was I of his digits.

"In the name of goodness, what does the boy mean?" I faltered, half to him, half to myself. "Not know his uncle!"

"He wrote—but I don't 'member him. He's been coming—coming—so he put me on to look for him—then we 'topped and he put me off—I told you so," said the child, driving me frantic, by this impossible explanation, and adding, with a return of severity: "You said you'd take me to my uncle Jack. Hurry up, I want to go home."

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"Why, there," said he, pointing vaguely to the horizon.

"You mean in that village?" said I, pointing towards the town.

"No—no! It ain't my home—you shan't say it is," he sobbed. "Oh, my uncle Jack—he'd take me back—oh, oh!"

What did it all mean? Was I the unfortunate

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finder of a lost child? It must be a hideous dream. I should wake presently, and find myself seated on the stony-hearted bench, where I had been asleep. Of course it was a dream.

The boy seized his opportunity, and caught the calf of my leg, between his fingers, with such surprising force, that it was impossible for me to cling to that delusion of being asleep. The pinch was real—the boy was real—the whistle of my train was sounding—and, good Lord, what was I to do?

I looked wildly about for a station master, a porter—anybody. Not a soul, to whom I could appeal—scores of people about—all rushing to the right, or left—for another whistle sounded—a second train was near.

I may as well admit the truth. My first impulse was to run away, and leave the little waif to shift for himself. But just as I was thinking I would do it, he snatched my hand again, and said, pleadingly:

"Take me, please take me! Do be my uncle Jack."

I suppose there are few men, with less elements of the Good Samaritan, in their nature, than myself, especially when I am tired, or in a hurry; but I could not withstand that appeal! On the other hand, I could not be idiot enough to miss my train; I must reach Buffalo by a certain time, or lose a larger sum of money than I could afford; I must do it, if all the small nephews, in the world, were left waifs and strays by the roadside, in default of finding their uncle Jacks.

How I cursed this particular uncle! All the time I was hastening on, and pulling the boy with me, and trying to believe that I was asleep, and my weary head ringing like a muffled drum, and my wretched legs doing their utmost to go any way, except the direction in which I desired to propel them.

Then I saw a man standing idle. I rushed up to him.

"What's to be done?" cried I. "Here's a child, looking for an uncle—seems to have come by some train—could you take him? I want to go on by the express."

The stranger looked doubtfully at me, then addressed the child.

"What's your name, little fellow?"

"Filtrip," said the boy.

"Family by that name at Lausaune," said the stranger to me. "Are you going towards Buffalo?"

"Yes! Heavens, there comes the train."

"You'll be at Lausaune in a couple of hours. You stop there, forty minutes—better take him. Why, now I think of it, the child came up in the train with me—must have got on board there! Take him back—by all means, take him back."

Away rushed the stranger, to escape any share of responsibility, I suppose. I have often thought since, what a clear-headed, quick-thinking fellow he must have been!

I had just time to rush into the waiting-room, seize my portmanteau, take the child in my other arm, and get on to the cars, when we were off. I sank into the nearest seat, put the boy beside me, and stared about vacantly. I noticed a man, with gingerbread and apples to sell. I beckoned to him, bought a goodly store, and bade the child eat. "I'm so hungry!" he said, rapturously, and began to devour. By the time he had bolted several pounds of the cake, he found leisure to say, "We're going to uncle Jack!"

He was so perfectly calm and composed, that he rendered me more desperate and frantic than ever, and to make matters worse, that horrible, sleepy sensation returned. Keep my eyes open I could not, sit up I could not! I had just sense enough to place the boy on the seat opposite, stretched myself out, and in a second was sound asleep—no nightmare—no dream—as insensible and dead as if I had been a log of wood.

I slept soundly for at least half an hour, and when I opened my eyes again, the lids no longer seemed two iron weights; and my legs appeared to have changed back to the substance of which the limbs of humanity are usually formed; but I felt that I could, for the first time, understand what that unfortunate prince, (well known to all youthful readers of Arabian history) who was doomed to be half marble, during a certain portion of each day, must have suffered, when one of his stony attacks had the better of him.

But a wailing voice brought me suddenly back, from vague speculations, to a realizing sense of the present and its cares—

"Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack!"

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about. There were not more than a dozen people in the car now. Of this number, six or seven were women, gathered together, a few seats off. The whole party were absorbed in the little waif, whom I had brought into the train. The boy stood on one of the seats, not crying, though every now and then a deep sob shook his little frame, as he turned his pale tired face, from one to another of the group, plying him with questions.

I called:

"Filtrip! Filtrip!"

The child looked at, me in a frightened way, and moaned:

"I want my uncle Jack!"

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"Is that he, my son?" I heard a fat man ask, pointing towards me.

The child shook his head.

All the women turned round, and glared at me in concert, and then they all groaned, and shook their heads at the same moment.

"Filtrip, come here," I repeated.

The child hesitated. One of the women called out:

"The poor dear is afraid of you—he says so."

"And no wonder," added another, the sternest and most appalling of the party. They all belonged to the cast-iron order of females, but she surpassed the others. She looked like a metal nightmare.

I rose and approached the group. "Come here, Filtrip," I said.

The little fellow obediently held out his arms. I leaned over among the females, and lifted him off the seat, saying: "Excuse me, ladies."

"You shan't have him," snapped the woman, who looked like a metal nightmare; but one of the others whispered something in her ear, and she sat down again.

I carried the boy back to my place, and stood him by the open window.

"We are going to uncle Jack," I said, in a low voice, but he only shivered and shrank away from me. "Don't you want an apple?" I asked. He shook his little head in reply. "See this—would you like to play with it?" I urged, drawing a bunch of fanciful charms from my watch chain. But another shake of the head was the only response. The great, brown eyes stared in my face, with an expression of benumbed terror, which alarmed me. I was trying to think of some comforting words, with which to soothe him, when I perceived that the knot of women had followed, and were gathered about us, the fat man hovering in their rear. The other inmates of the car stared curiously, but did not move.

"This little boy says he does not know you," said the metal woman, ferociously. "What are you doing with him — where are you taking him?"

"Ah, where!" echoed the fat man.

Now a moment before, I should have been glad to tell the story to any human being, and be thankful for advice; but these caricatures of their sex so exasperated me, that I would have been broken on the wheel, sooner than give a scrap of information.

"Ladies," said I, "you seem to be making a mistake—I do not belong to your party—there is your Mormon elder."

"Calls Brother Scratcher a Mormon!" cried one of the women.

"Thinks because we are unprotected females, that he can insult us," boomed the cast-iron lady.

"I want my uncle Jack," moaned the boy.

The train slackened its speed a little. We were passing a station. The boy leaned out of the window. I half rose, and put my arm about him, afraid lest he might fall. I could see, through the dusk, a number of people on the platform. Suddenly, above the noise of the train, sounded a woman's shriek:

"My boy, my boy!"

There was a sudden rush forward of the people on the platform. The little waif by my side shrieked, "Mamma!" Then I saw the lady, who had cried out, fall on the ground; then we dashed round a curve, and the station was out of sight.

The boy threw himself upon me, and hid his face in my coat. I wanted to question him, but those women were hovering about like vultures—the child shaking so that I dreaded a convulsion, or some similar calamity. In my despair, I shouted to the group:

"Get out of the way, you lunatics!" But they only hemmed me in more closely. Six feminine mouths opened simultaneously. Before a word could be uttered, however, we heard—

"Tickets, if you please."

It was the conductor. The women began to hunt for their pasteboards.

The fat man and the metal woman began to whisper to the conductor. He glanced towards me suspiciously. Then shrugged his shoulders, helplessly, and I heard him say:

"Well, anyhow I can't do anything."

Then he was beside me. I held out my ticket for him to look at.

"Little fellow doesn't pay?" he asked, regarding the child, who still had his face hidden in my coat.

"Under six," said I.

"What makes him sob so?" was the next question.

"Do you remember when you were his age?" I asked.

"Well—yes—guess so."

"Then probably you remember sobbing, now and then," said I, and I fancy that my manner was not pleasant.

The conductor tried to laugh, hesitated, then walked on. The fat man and the iron woman followed him to the door, evidently expostulating with him, but he hurried out of the car.

I was bending over the child, trying to soothe him, to persuade him to look up, when the woman and fat man returned, and joined the other vultures.

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"Give me that boy!" exclaimed the woman. "You shan't murder him before *my* eyes at least. Where are you taking him—where did you steal him?"

The word struck me like a blow! Positively, it had not occurred to me, that anybody could dream of accusing me of having stolen the little waif.

"Steal!" I repeated stupidly.

"We *know* you stole him!" cried she.

"Sure of it!" sniffed the fat man.

"Looks a kidnapper, every inch of him," added another female, and rendered the judgment more terrible, by adding, emphatically, "and worse, forty times—yes, from head to foot!"

The very mystery of this last clause, the wonder as to what it *could* be of which I looked capable, so overwhelmed me, added to the horrible idea of being considered a kidnapper, that I had not life enough left even to be angry.

"Uncle Jack—want uncle Jack!" moaned the child, lifting his white face for an instant.

"Poor little dear!" said the woman, who had spoken last, and she began to cry, and all the other women joined her, and that made the child howl frantically.

By this time the other travellers had gathered around. The fat man seemed to be encouraged by this, for he turned upon me, and exclaimed—

"You vile wretch!"

"If you speak again, I'll open the door and pitch you out of it," I shouted, springing to my feet, and unable longer to control myself. The fellow retreated, the women shrieked in chorus, the poor, frightened waif sobbed,

"Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack!"

I was as nearly out of my senses as a human creature could be. I have slight recollection of what passed, during the next few minutes. I know I sat perfectly stupified. Some of the women tried to take the child. But I kept my arm about him; and the child kicked ungratefully at his deliverers, now more afraid of them than of me.

On rushed the train—I growing more and more horror-stricken over my position—the child sobbing on my knee—the people glaring at me—everything and everybody looking strange and unreal to my eyes, by the uncertain light of the lamps, which shone now from the roof of the car. Then a dash round a curve, a plunge through a deep cutting, a shriek from the steam demon, a rattle, a clatter; we had stopped, and from the platform came the cry:

"Lausanne! Forty minutes for refreshments."

To get out of the car was my only thought. I was speaking to the boy, trying to induce him to go with me, when I heard the fat man, shouting triumphantly:

"Here he is, here he is!"

"Hold him—don't let him escape!" boomed the iron woman.

Then the group separated. Up the aisle came two policemen, and in another instant they were leading me out of the car, somebody else following with the child, who rent the air with his shrieks.

There was a great crowd in the station, who, from their gestures and words were prepared to make short work of me, if any bold spirit would set the idea afloat. Two other policemen appeared. I was placed between them, hurried into the depot, up the stairs, into a small room, and the door shut behind me.

In a few seconds, a couple of the officers came back, bringing the child with them.

"Here, keep him," said one of the men, "he insists on coming in."

The boy stopped crying, and let me take him on my knee.

"And now," said I, with a composure which astonished myself, "will you explain what all this means?"

"It means that you're nabbed," said the second officer. "Accused of stealing this child."

"Just so," said the other.

"Will you listen for a minute?" I asked.

The men looked at each other. Curiosity to hear what I could say was visible in their faces.

"Stave ahead," said the first speaker.

I related, in as few words as possible, where and how I had found the child, and what I had meant to do with him. When the policemen began to question the boy, he answered more intelligibly than I had expected, making it plain that, at least, he had been set off some train at the Junction, and that I had discovered him there.

"Well," said one of the men, "if you can clear it up so much, the better for you, mister. You won't have to wait long—the mother was on the platform at Loring when you passed—"

"'Oring—home!" broke in the boy.

"He knows!" cried the man. "Well, they telegraphed us to stop you—the owners of that small chap are a comin' on as fast as No. 10 can bring 'em! Cheer up, my little man, mammy'll be here in a few minutes. Can you tell me your name?"

"Filtrip," said the boy.

"And more," said the policeman; "it was in the telegram—Philip Tripp—"

"Yes—Filtrip," amended the child.

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"And the rest of it?—Howlinson!"

"Papa's name!" cried the poor litle beggar.

"What?" I shouted. "Policeman, say that again."

"Howlinson. Ain't that clear enough?" he asked, rather gruffly.

At this instant a whistle sounded.

"Here comes No. 10!" exclaimed the second officer.

Then I heard the rush of iron wheels, a bell rang, the engine had arrived. A fresh confusion surged up from the crowd below. Then there was a pause. Then the door opened. Several people hurried into the room, a lady in advance. The child, at seeing her, cried, "Mamma! Mamma!" and was safe in his mother's arms, in an instant. The rest of the group turned furiously upon me. I had never seen the foremost gentleman, but I recognized him, from a portrait in my possession.

"Howlinson!" I exclaimed.

A young lady, who was bending over the mother and child, started up at the sound of my voice, hastened forward, stared at me, tried to speak, then looked as if, between wonder and other emotions, she were inclined to faint.

"Maria," she cried, "it's Charley Marston—it's your brother."

"And I do believe you're little Barbara," said I.

And before Howlinson, or the other gentlemen, could make even an approach at understanding, Barbara was holding my two hands, and the lady she called Maria, was hanging about my neck, for she was no less a person than my own sister, whom I had not seen for seven years, during which she had had time to be married, and watch this boy of her's grow up to five years of age.

This was the explanation as well as we could ever get at the rights of the matter.

Little Phil had been in the habit, for some reason best known to himself, of speaking of me as uncle Jack, and had talked a great deal about a visit I was expected to make. I supposed my relatives to be living in Buffalo; they had removed to Lausaune only a fortnight before; and the letter they had written to inform me of the change, I had never received. Phil had escaped from home, and wandered down to the station. A conductor set him on the platform of the car, because the child pointed to a gentleman, who had just mounted, and whom he called his uncle Jack. At the Junction he was set off, supposed to be with some grown person.

So it ended well enough. We were very happy to meet, after seven years of separation. And little Barbara Graham, that I had left a child of fifteen—what a lovely creature she had grown.

Well, I was married to her, within six months. I think that is the whole story. But for me, after all, I *was* uncle Jack.

LINES.

BY A. SOUTHRON.

Some struggle on through life with aching brain,
And feet that stumble so in rock-bound ways;
Their hands are pierced and torn, and many a pain
Their poor hearts know, through all the darksome days.

For them no summer comes with glory crowned,
And ample recompense for all their care;
But only dark and wintry days, around
Them throw their hoar-frost and their chilling air.

But some there are, a happy favored few,
Who pass o'er roses bright, to sunny bowers,
And hope and joy, with pleasures ever new,
Make bright the passage of the fleeting hours.

Peace takes their hands to lead through flowery plains,
And wood-crowned summits rising green and fair;
And plenty spreads the board with lavish hands,
And Love and its attendants lead them there.

Cans't thou the riddle read, why some should toil,
While others gain the fruit, their store to swell?
I cannot answer this, but oh! my friend,
I know the dear Lord doeth all things well.

LINES.

BY W. E. PABOR.

The summer came, as in the years
Forgotten now. Her smiles and tears
Alternating like hopes and fears.

We knew, although amid the flowers,
Her feet oft trod, yet in the bowers
Were thorns to pierce her tender hours.

And there have been such years before,
Whose shadow on Time's lengthening shore,
Have reached and touched Love's open door.

And we, who waited for the May,
Saw some sweet pleasure steal away,
Some bright hope passing with each day.

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THE LITTLE OLD LADY.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

The turnkey stepped into the superintendent's room.

"It's the little, old lady, sir," said he; "shall I let her into the cell where Mag Mitchell is?"

The superintendent mused awhile.

"Well, yes, John, I guess you may; for I hardly think anybody could be rude to *her*."

The man bowed and withdrew, and then Superintendent Green turned to his visitor, the Reverend Samuel Carlyle, the great philanthropist, known everywhere for his good works, and said:

"It's a little old lady, who visits all the prisons, going amongst the prisoners, and doing a great deal of good even to us. She has permission, somehow or other, to come here; and she really has made progress in her work."

The minister smiled.

"How does she go about it?" he asked.

"Why, she always has a little basket with her, and what do you suppose is in it? Combs, and brushes, and perfume!"

"Perfume?"

"Yes. The old lady says that a woman is never so bad, but she may be made better by the present of a clean handkerchief, nicely scented, and she really is not far from wrong, if you could see how all the women treat her. There she goes with John, sir. See her?"

And the minister came to the door, but he only saw the back of the old lady, as she went up the passage, beside the turnkey, who stopped at a cell, unlocked the door, threw it open, admitted his companion, and locked her in. This is what the lookers-on saw. But this is what the old creature experienced:

"What do you want?" asked the angry voice of the inmate of the cell.

"My dear, I've come to see you," said the visitor.

"I don't want you. Go somewhere else; I want to rest."

"That's right. Rest awhile. I'm in no hurry, and I'll sit here and rest, too," said the old lady.

Out of sheer amazement the prisoner turned, and looked at the speaker. She saw the neat little figure, the pleasant old face, with its kind eyes, and the little basket on her arm.

"Who are you?" she asked, gruffly.

"Oh, I'm only the old woman, who comes to see poor people. Who are you?"

"I'm Mag Shepherd. What do you want with me?"

"First, I'll call you Maggie, because maybe there was someone, you once liked, who used to call you that."

"Don't try to convert me in that way, old woman," was the angry reply. "Out with your Sunday school tracts, and go."

"These are my Sunday school tracts, Maggie," was the mild reply, "a brush and a comb: and see, here's a new handkerchief; and they're for you. Now, may I stay?"

"Oh, I don't care; I don't want the things. What is it to me, if my hair is over my eyes, or if I'm an object to look at. Nobody would like to see me different. Do you know why I'm here? Well, they say I'm a thief."

"They once said I was, too, Maggie," said the old lady, quietly.

"You!" repeated the woman, looking at her.

"Yes, Maggie, long, long ago. But I was as innocent as you are."

"As I am? How do you know I'm innocent? Who'll prove that I'm innocent? Where can I get a lawyer to plead for *me*?"

The old lady came up to her, put the hair from her wild face, held on to both her arms, and spoke sadly:

"You've been a pretty girl, Maggie. You've been good, and loving, and true; but there have been those who have deceived you. Don't you mind how harsh the world seems, for it is only harsh to those who make it so. I've found that out, but it took me a long while. Try to remember the old times, my dear; the old times, when you were a happy, careless girl, and dearly loved by somebody."

It was remarkable how the old voice and words affected the woman. The head of the latter fell on her breast, and she looked dreary enough, till all at once she sprung up, cast the old lady off, and stood defiantly confronting her.

"I am as I am," she cried. "You come too late, with all this. What do I care, if you were called a thief? It can't interest me."

The visitor sat down on the bench, folded her hands across the basket, and was quiet; and the woman looked down at her, from where she was standing, by the grating, and saw that the old cheeks were wet with tears.

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"What are you crying for?" she asked, mockingly.

"For you, Maggie," said the old lady, rising and going to her. "My dear, I'm very old; and I've been amongst the poor people, within these walls, for many years, till they've quite got to liking me; and some of them, when they left, under happier circumstances, have cried while they shook hands with me, for they said mine was the only smile they had seen, while they were here. But I can't give you a smile, Maggie, but only tears."

"Why do you bother me then?" asked the woman, pettishly. "God knows I've had enough of tears? and your's, though meant in kindness, can do little good."

But the old lady had been used to these ways, for a long while, so she just put down the articles she had brought with her, and was going away.

"Won't you shake hands, and be friendly?" she turned and asked, however.

The woman, half laughing, put out her hand; but when she felt it smoothed by the old lady, she burst into tears, and let it remain clasped in the old one.

Then the old arms urged her to the little seat; forced her down; and rested her head on the motherly breast of the visitor. The woman, at this, burst into tears, crying as she had not cried for many a day. The old lady, still holding her hand, let her weep.

John, the turnkey, put his head in.

"Time's up, ma'am," he called. And then the old lady rose, and still holding the hand, said:

"Good-bye, my dear. Expect me to-morrow at this time."

With these words she went out, and the woman was alone.

Outside the gates, the little old lady turned, and nodded to the gate-keeper.

"Pleasant day, David, isn't it?" she said, and the man smiled as he greeted her.

The quaint figure next took its way down the sunny streets, filled with the spring air, that bathed country and city alike; down to the business portion of the town, down among the law offices; and into one of these she popped.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Malin," said the lawyer. "Another case, Mrs. Malin?"

"Another case, sir."

"Murder, arson, theft, or what?"

"Theft, sir," she said, gravely.

"Acknowledged?"

"Denied."

"Think the party's innocent?"

"Yes!"

"Male or female?"

"Female."

"Name?"

"Margaret Shepherd."

"When does the case come up?"

"I'll find out, and tell you, to-morrow, all about it," she replied. "And now I've prepared you, I'll go. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Malin," he replied, and handed her out.

Then she goes through the business portion of the street again, looked at and greeted with many a smile at her old-fashioned, kind-looking little figure, and so to her lodging.

The next day, at the same hour, she presents herself at the prison gate; is admitted, and goes to the superintendent's room, with a bunch of flowers.

"I've brought you some of these, sir, for you really are so very kind to me," she said, separating the flowers.

He speaks to her, thanks her, and asks who the other flowers are for.

"Maggie Shepherd," she replied.

Then the superintendent speaks:

"I was telling a gentleman, yesterday, about the wonders you do here, Mrs. Malin, and he himself is a philanthropist."

"Oh, thank you, sir," she says. "I'm not that indeed, but you are very kind to say so."

She bows and goes to the cell. This time the prisoner is almost glad to see her, though she is abashed. But the old lady puts her at her ease in a moment.

"Now you must tell me every bit of your story," she says, "and we'll see what can be done."

Little by little, she draws out the weary recital, so stale in the annals of the court, so fresh to thousands of sorrowful ones in the city. She hears the tale of the downfall of a girl, beguiled from a good and loving home; deceived; and so on, for years, till every vestige of the pure, innocent child is lost in the guilty woman, who is now accused of theft by the miserable creatures with whom she has lived. Often broken by shame, often interrupted by the little old lady, at last the story is done. Then the woman says:

"I have told you this, but I don't think it will help me any."

"Maggie, I go from here to my lawyer's. Do you know I keep a lawyer, on purpose to defend my children?"

"Your children?"

"Yes. I call all within these walls my children. When a new one is borne here, heavy with sorrow and shame, and maybe guilt, I go to that one; I ask the story of the sorrow, or shame, and if, like you, they are friendless, I go to my

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lawyer, (a fine man, my dear,) and I lay the case before him. I say to him, 'You learned your profession in order to straighten out the tangles of society. Now here's a snarl at the extreme end of the pretty thread. Get it out, and show me it, smooth and straight.' Rather poetical isn't it? But Mr. Johnson isn't at all poetical. Why he's been married four times; and there's not much poetry in a man when he has four graves in a row, and four white tombstones all reading the same—'wife of Alexander Johnson;' is there? However, he's a fine man. He laughed at me the first time I went to him, and he said I was wasting my income; but I stood up before him. 'Mr. Johnson,' I said, 'I'm an old woman; but years and years ago I had sorrow, and shame; and there was no one to help me; so now that I have had a little money left me by my old aunt, thousands of miles away, I have made up my mind to spend it, to the very last cent, on those who are as wrongfully accused, as I was then, and who are quite as friendless.' My dear, the man actually jumped up and shook my hands, and I really thought he had a notion to propose; but I guess he thought that five tombstones would be a little too much. So he only told me I was admirable—yes, that's it, admirable—and ever since that, he has done just as I wish him to do, and his prices are *very* reasonable, and he's high in his profession. So now I go to him from here. I tell him all this you have told me; and you'll have some one to defend you, after all."

Then the woman's trembling lips said, "May God bless you!"

Again the old lady went tirelessly down the passage way, stopping once in a while to ask about a prisoner, tapping at the wicket of a cell to say something to the inmate, looking in at the workshops to smile and call "good-morning," and to tell the workers that she was in a hurry to-day; and so off she goes to her lawyer.

Prison discipline has attracted much attention of late, from the culture of society, so that philanthropists spring up in every corner. There are lengthy and erudite articles written, and then printed in papers; there are meetings for and against any change in the mode of carrying on incarceration for crime; and the prisoners have the benefit of seeing many strangers, who come to look into things, while the things themselves go on as usual.

The Reverend Samuel Carlyle, the best of his kind, was noted for the interest which he took in the management of convicts. He was sensible enough to hate the idea of cutting off the women's hair, thus giving them their greatest shame. He talked with the prisoners, as a man to men, as a good man to women.

That same day he also goes the rounds of the prison; sees the women picking oakum, or knitting, or washing; and permission granted him, he speaks with them.

He also asks to be admitted to the cells, where those awaiting trial are confined. He sees and speaks to many, and at last he comes to the cell of Margaret Shepherd; has it opened to him; but a fearful cry meets him as he enters; and the woman crouches in a corner, hiding her face in her hands. He touches her pityingly on the shoulder, but she writhes away from him. He says kind words to her, but she cries aloud for him to leave her; and the turnkey thinks it best; so the minister, sighing, goes out. That night, they said, the woman sobbed for hours; that she beat against the iron of her cell, screaming that she must be taken away from there. So when the little old lady comes, the next morning, the superintendent tells her how unruly her new protegé had been, and advises her to be careful; that these women are not to be trusted. With a sorrowful face, the little old lady hears him, but goes to the cell. There she sees the woman, white and weak, lying down.

"Maggie, are you sick?" she asks.

"Oh, no, no!" she bursts out crying, "but take me away, take me away."

"There, there! Only a little longer, for Mr. Johnson thinks he can clear you, Maggie; and your story proves your innocence; and he is busy hunting up evidence."

"But I cannot stay here; I shall die," moans the woman.

The old lady kneels down beside her.

"Tell me what has made this change in you, since yesterday," she says, "for I left you, calm and hopeful."

The woman only moans, and will not speak.

"Has anything happened?"

No answer.

"Has any one been here to alarm you?"

"Oh, yes, yes! You know I told you, in the poor story of my life, that I had a pure, good home, once. You can imagine that, in such a case, I should change my name, after I had left it."

"Then you are not Maggie Shepherd?"

"No. And my father is a minister, and he was here yesterday; and I shall die, I shall die, for he spoke to me kindly, not knowing who I was; he spoke to me, and touched me, when, if he knew all, he would have spurned and cursed me." And in a paroxysm of grief, she flung up her hands.

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The old lady, still kneeling beside her, looked at her, long and fixedly.

"Did your father turn you from home?" she asked.

"Oh, no, no. He sought me out; but I hid away from him, and when he was nearly finding me, one cold winter's night, rather than meet him, I fled through the streets like a terror. I fled through the blinding snow, to the churchyard, and hid myself behind my mother's gravestone. I did—I did—for I knew, of all places in the world, they would not seek me there."

"Poor child, poor child!" whispered the old lady, but had no other words to say. She could see the wild grief of the woman, and her repulsion for the crime, which she had lived in, all these years. She could see, that, when the awfulness of her guilt had burst on Maggie, when she was new to it, she fled from the kind father, who sought her, not because she feared his anger, but his forgiveness, and stricken with terror, even then, at the magnitude of her fall, the old feeling had come to her now, when she was no longer young, and when years of downfall could not obliterate the terrible whiteness of her father's forgiving heart.

There in the narrow prison cell, the little old lady listened to the woman, listened to the self-accusations, to the words of revengeful memory, that came now from the glorious heights down to the depths of despair; listened to, and saw a new phase in the life, that she had undertaken to make better.

The turnkey came to warn the little old lady, that it was time for her to go. But she motioned him away; and he left, and told the superintendent. "Let her remain," said that official, "for another half hour." And when that half hour was up, the little old lady walked quietly out, wiping her eyes.

"John," she said to the turnkey, "you are very kind to me, so you'll excuse me for giving you extra trouble. How are your wife and twins, John?"

And John, good-natured, instantly answered her, and thought her, as usual, a fine old woman.

And she—she walked into the superintendent's room.

"Mrs. Malin, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Sir, will you be good enough to look in the book where you register the names of prisoners, and tell me something?"

"Certainly, ma'am, what year?"

"Look for 1830. That's long before your time, December 24th, the day before Christmas."

Reaching down a dusty volume, he goes over its index, gets the page, reads several names, and at last says:

"Martha Jordan—theft. Sentenced to two years. Afterward proved innocent and liberated, after being confined six months."

"That's it!" she says, "Let me see it! Martha Jordan, 1830. That's a long time ago, sir."

"Yes, indeed, she must be an old woman now, if she's living."

"Yes, she must be an old woman now."

"Anything else, Mrs. Malin?"

"Eh?—Oh, dear, no. Thank you, sir. I forgot myself—I was thinking. Ah, yes, there is something else, and important, too. Margaret Shepherd is to be tried to-morrow. May I come here a little early so that I can fix her up a trifle? You know I think she's innocent, and I should like her to impress the jury with her neat looks."

"Oh, yes, you can come early," he said, smiling.

Early the next morning, accordingly, she was at the prison, and when Maggie came out, she was by her side, her arm in the girl's.

"Maggie," she said, "I shan't be able to get *very* near you, but look directly opposite you in the court-room, and you'll be sure to see me. And after its over, I'll be with you. Good bye till then."

"But they may not find me innocent."

"Pshaw, child! Alexander Johnson is to be trusted, and he says they will acquit you."

The little old lady gained the spectators' seats and looked around. There was Margaret Shepherd, cowed and frightened, but neat and womanly, and there was the redoubtable Johnson, green bag in hand, talking to her with a confident air.

At last the trial of "Margaret Shepherd for larceny," was called, and then the little old lady stood up and watched. She saw the jury and devoured them with her looks; one of them seemed tired, and she vowed that man was a cross husband. She looked at her lawyer and was satisfied, till an array of witnesses, low-looking people enough, stood up and swore to the woman's guilt; and the main witness, the woman with whom Margaret Shepherd had lodged, in the most shameless manner, swore to falsehoods till the little old lady was beside herself with indignation and fear for her lawyer's powers. But that learned man posed the principal witness; he asked her such out-of-the-way questions; he confused her, angered her, proved her tale to be quite the opposite to the way she had told it, and then he called witnesses for the defence, argued long and noisily, but acutely; gained the attention of the court, roused the jury by a witti-

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cism, and at last, at last, Margaret Shepherd was declared innocent, and had swooned, with her head leaning on the railing of the box.

"Remove that woman!" said the court.

And somebody cried:

"There's two of her." For the little old lady had, somehow or other, during the confusion, forced herself in among the attorneys, and was over in the box holding around the waist of the unconscious woman.

Both her and her charge were led into a back room, and while she held a glass of water to Margaret Shepherd's lips, she shook Johnson by the hand so that the freed woman was deluged.

Then she took the woman's arm in her's.

"Come," she said.

"Where?" asked the woman. "I have no place to go to."

"No place to go to? You're to go to my home right away."

Tears were falling from the woman's eyes, and weak as a child, they led her forth.

Had any one looked in at the window of the little old lady's room, that night, they would have seen this—

The woman, proved guiltless only that morning, lay in the bed, not sleeping, but sadly weary, utterly changed from the woman of all these years; weak and despondent, but sad and repentant; and they would have seen the little old lady, her bonnet on, stoop down and kiss the woman's lips.

"And now, Maggie, I'm going out for a little while," she said, "and I'll lock you in. The last time you'll ever be locked in, in the world, eh? Yes, now smile and go to sleep, and I'll return soon." And they would have seen her lower the gas, and come out of the house, and go rapidly up the street. They would have seen her stand before the door of the house, where the Reverend Samuel Carlyle lived, and ring the bell and go in.

Then she passes into the pleasantly lit parlor, where the minister is sitting. He rises as she advances, and says:

"Good evening, madam. Do you wish to see me?"

The little old lady, weak for once in her life, holds on to the back of a chair, and looks at him so strangely, and does not say a word.

He repeats his question; and then she abruptly goes to him, falls in front of him on her knees, raises her face toward him, and cries out:

"Oh, don't you know me, don't you know me? Have all these years made such a change in me? Look closer, look closer, and past these wrinkles and the signs of toil see me as I was so long ago."

He starts from her.

"Do you come from the grave, Martha Jordan!"

"No, not from the grave," she cries, still kneeling; "but from the dead past. I am the woman who went from you years ago, accused of crime, but innocent as you know I was. I am the woman who was to have married you, but that my disgrace turned you from me. Oh, believe me that I do not come here to tell you this on my own account; believe me that I have buried those old times; believe me that I never meant to act in this way to-night: but the sight of you after all these years, strangely moved me. But I came for a better purpose than to speak of myself."

He went to her.

"Whatever you came for, Martha, your place is not on the ground. You have raised me up to the position I occupy. The knowledge of your disgrace, though it veiled *you*, made me aspire to be a good man, to go everywhere where temptation was strong; for at that time I thought you guilty. I, a poor boy in the book-store, knowing you, a poor girl also employed there, learning to love you for all the little goodnesses, the kindnesses you ever did me, hear that you are accused of theft by our employers. Crazed and wild, I would willingly share your disgrace, and impulsively lie, swear that I helped you to steal, thereby not only accusing myself, but making you guilty though you may be innocent. But my frenzied talk is not believed, and I see you dragged away from me. I am ill for a long time and awake to be told that you had been convicted. Weak and changed, I know what a terrible crime you are accused of; how weak I am to afford you any help; that you will never see me again, for I know your spirit so well, and that it will not bear disgrace. So, I go away to foreign countries, study, and become a minister of God's Gospel, all through you; for in those times you were so much to me!" And he stood there, old and shaken.

"Yes, I know," she spoke, "and I thought of everything; so we must put all that time out of our lives, Samuel, for I am an old woman, you are an old man, and we have now to live only for the good we can do to others. I came from Margaret Shepherd, the woman whom you tried to see in the prison: you must recollect her."

"What! Are you the little old woman, who was with her so much?" he asked, quickly.

"I am the little old woman," she replied, "and Margaret Shepherd was declared innocent, this morning."

"And through you, I know," he said, gently, "for I have heard much."

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"No; through Alexander Johnson," she said.

"And you came here to me about this, Martha? It is kind, and I would do anything in the world for the poor woman. Has she no friends?"

"What friends could a woman have, who has been in prison?" she asked.

"You answer me cruelly, Martha," he said, sadly.

"Not cruelly, and not quite truthfully; for I am her friend."

"That is a good answer."

"And if you are willing to help me, you will come to my house, where she is staying."

"Did you take her to your house?"

"Would you have me take her to yours?" Then noticing that he looked strangely at her, she added, "Forgive me. I forget that I am talking to you. I forget that I am Martha Jordan, for I am better known as Mrs. Malin."

"Are you married?"

"You should have known me better than to ask that."

"You are not?"

"No. I am Mrs. Malin, self-named. Now if you will come with me, get ready; for I am so excited, so nervous and weak, that I don't know how I shall get through this trying day and night."

He put on his hat and gloves, and giving her his arm, they went out.

What may have been her thoughts, as she once more paced the streets, with her hand resting on his arm, his old, well known presence shielding her, no one knew; but neither of them spoke; neither noticed that the other was quiet; and so they came to her house.

She ushered him into the homely little parlor, then took off her bonnet, and he looked around him.

"Where is the woman? You said she was here," he said.

"She is up stairs, in my bed," she answered.

"In your bed?"

"Yes," she said, and then, asking him to be seated, she took a chair in front of him, held up her hand, and said:

"Samuel, I want you to tell me of your married life. Had you a happy one?"

"Yes. Thank God, a happy one!" he said.

"And your wife left you a child?"

"How do you know that?" he asked, startled.

"You must answer me, Samuel. I have a purpose."

"I will answer you."

"You have not seen her for a long time."

"God help her! You do know my story, Martha, and it is not like you to grieve me so. You know that my poor girl was betrayed; that I hunted everywhere for her; that I was willing and yearning to take her back, to lead her erring footsteps into newer paths, to pity her for never having known the care of a mother, for my wife died when our child was a baby; and, oh, I believe that child to be dead."

"No, you must not believe that, Samuel," said the little old lady.

"What! you know she is alive? Tell me!"

"First tell me, if you should find her, would you still show her tenderness and love, and more than usual, for she has been without them so long?"

"God knows I would."

"Would you say no word of old times, of her guilt, her sorrow and her shame, no word that should ever make her think that you remembered the time, when you could not find her?"

"Do you know my calling, Martha? Can you ask me that, while my eyes are wet with tears of loving compassion?"

She wiped her own eyes, and went on:

"Would you take her away from this place, to a place where she is unknown, and where she may never be known, but as a good, pure woman?"

"Oh, I will, for I sail in a week, as missionary; and she shall accompany me."

"Then, Samuel, Margaret Shepherd is your daughter."

"Martha!" he cried, and pressed his hand to his head.

She went to him, and spoke lowly:

"Samuel, she told me this, one day, in her cell. She told me that you had come to her, in the prison; that you spoke to her, touched her kindly; but that she shrunk from you, and you did not see her face."

"Take me to her," he said, calmly.

"Not that way," she said; "not that way. You must go to her as I love to think Christ came to the Magdalen."

"How?"

"With tears in your eyes, so that she may see them, and know that they wash out everything, but love, and trust, and pity."

Then he took her hand.

"Martha, God bless you! You teach me in the lovely ways of true womanhood." And she looked at him, and motioned him to follow her.

Up the little stairs they went, into the dim chamber, and there, on the bed, lay the daughter. He tottered across the room, and kneeling beside the bed, put one arm over her breast. She awoke and saw the little old lady.

"Where am I?" she asked, frightened.

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"With those who love you," answered the pleasant voice.

She started up, crying.

"What is this that is around me?"

"Your father's arm," said the little old lady, and she heard a glad, startled cry; she saw the poor, deluded one in the clasp of her father; and she fell on her knees, and raised her hands above her, crying out:

"Oh, Father in heaven, oh, Father in heaven, our lives are not in vain."

As she spoke, the first streak of the morning light struggled in at the window.

Then, when it was late in the day, and the father and daughter were still there, she put breakfast things out for them, got on her bonnet, and when they looked at her questioningly, she said:

"I am going to the prison, to my children. They must not think I have neglected them," and took up her little basket and went out.

A week later, she stood on board the ship, that took the minister and his daughter away. The woman hung around her neck, blessing and kissing her; and when the father said "Farewell" to her, he added:

"I have so much to remember, Martha, and will hope to meet you again, when all is over."

"Yes," she said, gently, "Samuel, all will be well some day. You go many miles away, take care of Maggie, love her, teach her about her mother in heaven; and sometimes pray for me."

"Martha, my *life* has been one prayer for you. And now where do you go?"

She pointed in the direction of the prison.

The whistle blew, the bell rang, and she stood on the wharf, watching the stately ship sail far, far away; and she saw the minister holding his daughter with one arm, and waving the other toward the shore: and that daughter, weeping, pointed up to heaven. And with her hands clasped over her little basket, her quaint figure, lonely among the many there, the watcher followed, with her eyes, the foam the ship made in going away, and some one suddenly asked:

"Who was that sobbed so?"

And another answered:

"It was the little old lady," and watched her as she went up the path; for the ship was out of sight.

THE JILT.

BY JENNIE M. THURSTON.

I saw her, to-night, in her splendor,
Her beauty, so faultless and rare,
Her smiles, seeming truthful and tender,
Entrancing the throng gathered there.
But, alas! for the now hopeful lovers
Who think her affections to gain,
She will dupe you, at last, like the others,
That have followed, ere now, in her train.

'Twas only last month, I was numbered,
'Mong those that were tranced by her smiles,
Far better my heart still had slumbered,
Untouched and unheeding her wiles!

She smiled on me, sweetly as ever,
While sending me forth to despair,
And mocked, in her heart, thus to sever
The hopes that made life appear fair.

False syren, your triumphs are fleeting,
And, maybe, you'll find in the end,
One true heart is better worth keeping,
Than the victory for which you contend.
When wrinkles and age are upon you,
Deserted, uncared for, alone,
Then remorse and regrets will assail you,
But you'll find it too late to atone.

DEAD LEAVES.

BY EDYTH KIRKWOOD.

'Tis autumn now; the last pale flowers are dying;
The wind and I, the wind and I are sighing;
The leaves are dead, and at my feet are lying,
Whirled swiftly backward by each restless breeze.

Where are they borne, these leaves that lie and wither?
Some few are carried by the flowing river;
And some remain to rustle and to shiver,
In the cold branches of the lifeless trees.

And some, yes, some float back to happy places,
Where still in memory live some long lost faces,
Where joy and sorrow met and left their traces,
In the sad heart that sees the leaves go by.

Around some happy days they wave and shiver;
Around some faded hopes they cling forever;
Around two hearts that fate alone could sever,
In withered wreaths of early dreams they lie.

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"FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

BY AGNES JAMES.

I DON'T know what chance it was that led Allan Remsen through Fulton market on that sunny June morning; but suddenly he caught a glimpse of something that brought him to a stand-still.

It was only a fruit and vegetable stall, more tastefully arranged than most of them; but Allan was something of an artist, and the picture pleased him. The tender green peas, and heaps of curly lettuce, contrasted prettily with the glowing crimson of raspberries, piled in open baskets. There was the emerald of gooseberries, the clear scarlet of currants, the paly, greenish-gold of June apples. Red and white radishes reposed amidst the crisp leaves of spicy cress, that looked as if it had that moment been gathered from the cool waters of some meadow brook. Clusters of silvery onions gleamed like great pearls amidst the crinkly green heads of York Savoy cabbage. And in the centre of the stall, rose a pyramid of red and yellow and black cherries, crowned with a great cluster of fragrant, pure "day-lilies."

An old woman, with a rosy, wrinkled face, and neat dark dress, sat behind the stall, quietly knitting. A younger one, whose rough straw hat hid her face, was pouring raspberries into the basket of a pale, little woman, in rusty black.

Allan Remsen stood looking at the pretty scene, with an approving gleam in his dark eyes.

"Thank you. Oh, thank you! My poor, sick boy will enjoy them so much," said a low, quivering voice.

The old woman looked up, and nodded with a kindly smile.

"You are very welcome, Mrs. Martin," she said, in such a cordial, motherly tone. "And I hope they will help to make him well," said the young girl. Then she turned, reached over to the bunch of lilies, and drew out a long stalk of blooms. "Is he fond of flowers?" she asked, as she held the lilies in her hand.

"Very fond of them," the little woman said.

The girl smiled, and laid the lilies in the basket.

"You must give him these, and tell him he will soon be well enough to come out in the country, and see the flowers growing," she said.

"Oh, my dear! How kind you are," and the poor woman put her hand over her eyes, and burst out suddenly into sobs.

During all this little episode, Allan's eyes had never left the girl's face. Such a sweet, fresh, girlish face, with eyes as blue as forget-me-nots: and tender little dimples, coming and going on the cheeks, that were so softly tinged with rose-color. What did it matter, that the fair head was covered by a coarse, straw hat, with dull brown ribbons, and that the slender figure was clothed in a dress of dark print, and a prosaic white apron? The girl was beautiful for all that—and good as an angel.

And *this* was why Allan forgot the jostling crowd around him, and stood staring at the pretty market girl.

"Do you wish anything, sir?" said a voice, at his elbow.

Allan started, and looked around. The rosy old woman had risen, and was leaning over the stall, and transfixing him with a pair of keen, black eyes.

"No—yes—I beg your pardon," he half stammered. Then recovering himself, he laughed.

"Yes, I want some cherries, and a bunch of lilies, if you please," he said, politely.

"We didn't bring the lilies to sell, sir, only to set off the fruit."

"Ah, you are quite an artist, I see," Allan ventured to say. "I never saw a stall so prettily arranged. Was it your work, or your—daughter's?"

The black eyes suddenly transfixed him again, with a gleam of suspicion, as she answered:

"My—*she* did it. How many cherries, sir?"

"A—quart, I suppose. And you will not sell your lilies?"

"Oh, yes, I don't care. You may have them."

Then while the old woman was adroitly twisting up a cornucopia of brown paper, and filling it with cherries, Allan turned again to look at the girl. Mrs. Martin was gone, and the young girl sat in the old woman's chair. She had turned her back, and was knitting away as tranquilly as if no dark-eyed artist was lingering and watching for a sight of her fair young face.

"Here are your cherries, sir, and the lilies."

The old woman's dry, cool tone was equivalent to a quiet "now go about your business," and there was nothing for it, but to pay and go.

So at five o'clock in the morning, Allan Remsen found himself leaving Fulton market, and straying homeward, with a "brown paper parcel,"

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and a spike of white lilies in his hand. The cherries—in a cut glass dish, with lumps of ice on them—appeared on his breakfast table.

After breakfast, in the apartment he called his studio, he proceeded to arrange easel and canvas, and to sketch the outlines of a picture, to represent what he had seen in the market.

A most distractingly charming apartment, the said "studio" was. A room, rich with costly treasures of art, with pictures and statues—with antique furniture, cumbrous, carved chairs and tables, ebony cabinets inlaid with ivory—with bric-a-brac of all sorts—"ceramic" treasures, from "Cypriote" jars, to the thinnest, airy marvel of Serves porcelain—with rare Venetian glass, suits of armour—Turkey rugs—in short, with a thousand and one things lovely and rare enough to drive a collector crazy. And there, in a carved crystal goblet, the silvery lilies gleamed white and stately, against the background of a crimson curtain, and the whole room was filled with their perfume. Allan made wonderful progress with his picture that day, but of course it was only natural that he should wish to have another look at his "models," so the next morning's sunrise found him threading the crowd in the market, on his way to the rosy old woman's stall. But, alas! no blue-eyed maiden was there.

Allan bought cherries again, and entered into conversation with the old woman. Her name was Mrs. Atkins—she had a market garden on Long Island. No, she had no daughter—she had no children—or grand-children. The girl who was with her yesterday? (Here the keen, black eyes regarded him with suspicion, and almost dislike). The girl was the daughter of a friend. She would not come again. Sit for her picture! (A flash of the black eyes and an indignant quiver in her voice). "*Indeed* she would not let her if she wanted to!"

There was nothing to be made of this brusque old person. Allan could only "beg pardon," and beat a retreat. The picture, however, continued for some time to progress rapidly. The glowing fruits, the cool freshness of the vegetables, the white gleam of the lilies, the quaint, rosy old woman, and the pallid, black-robed one, with the grateful, pathetic face, all were there, as he had seen them in the early sunlight. But the young girl's face! He could not get that somehow. He painted the rounded, slender form, in its simple, daily dress, the little hand, with its sceptre of lilies, the fair hair, half hidden under the straw hat; but he could get no further. He had not *forgotten* the face, surely! Two or three times he painted in a pair of blue eyes, and dimpled, rosy cheeks, but his little market girl was not there! At last, out of patience with himself, he threw down his brush, covered up his canvas, locked the studio, and dashed off up the river, to a country house, whose mistress had been entreating for his presence for weeks.

There were half a dozen pretty girls in the house, and Allan flirted idly with two or three of them. Perhaps the favorite was Gertrude Pierpont, a sparkling brunette, who played off her very prettiest airs and graces for Allan's benefit, and soon felt confident that she had made a captive of the rich and handsome artist.

People were always coming and going at Mrs. Mortimer's, and one day arrived Mrs. Winslow Freeland, and her niece, Lillis Devries.

Miss Pierpont pointed them out to Allan, in the drawing-room, before dinner—a stately, fashionable dame, with piles of grey hair—and a slender young lady, blonde, fair-haired, and fashionably dressed.

"Lil Devries is an odd girl," said Miss Pierpont, carelessly. "She is a little 'fast' I am afraid."

Allan glanced carelessly at the young lady. She was leaning back in a cushioned chair, listening, quietly, to Charlie Mortimer's chatter. She looked just a little bored, to tell the truth. Perhaps she was tired, for she was pale, and her eyes were cast down. Allan could see no special beauty in her face, except a pair of perfect, brown eyebrows and very long lashes.

"She looks very quiet now. Not at all dangerous," he said, smiling.

Miss Pierpont laughed, significantly.

"Oh, you don't know Lil Devries!" she said.

"What do *you* know of her, Miss Pierpont?" asked Allan, who heartily disliked insinuations.

"Oh, of course, I know no harm of her," she said. "One can't blame *her* for what she does. You know Mrs. Freeland is so—so worldly, and —well, manœuvering. She dresses Lil exquisitely, but she can't do any more for her, and Lil knows she *must* marry well. So, of course, one can't blame her for wishing to attract admiration. I confess *I* don't admire her manner much, but gentlemen do. And really I didn't mean to prejudice you against her, for Lil and I are quite friends, you know."

Later in the evening, when he was introduced to Mrs. Freeland's niece, he found her the centre of quite a circle of admirers, and changed his mind a little as to her being "not at all dangerous." She was prettier than he had imagined. She had a fair, "spirituelle" face, and she looked like a sea-nymph, in her dress of pale, silvery-green silk, her saffron lace, and exquisite pink coral. No doubt Miss Pierpont, in her favorite colors of

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"cream and cardinal," with her gorgeous dark eyes and splendid brunette complexion, was a more radiant beauty, but she had none of the piquant charm of Miss Devries. For she *was* charming, in her own careless, whimsical way. She said such pretty, odd things. She had such a *refreshing* air of indifference, as if she did not care who came or went, and yet, every now and then, she gave each of her admirers some little gracious word, or smile, that made it very hard indeed to *go*.

And while Allan was thinking, with a smile, that she *was* a very "dangerous" young lady, indeed, he suddenly made a discovery. They were talking of pictures, and Allan mentioned Church's "Twilight in the Wilderness." Miss Devries looked up at him, with animation, and a lovely color came into her cheeks.

"I do *love* that picture dearly," she cried, with enthusiasm.

Then he saw that her eyes were blue as forget-me-nots, and that, with that soft color and smile, came little, quickly vanishing dimples in her cheek and chin.

Yes, she was very pretty, and—he had seen her before. But where? He knew he had never met Miss Devries. Where had he seen a face like hers? In a dream, or in a picture perhaps, but he had surely seen it somewhere.

The fancy attracted him more strangely to the girl, and in the weeks that followed, he allowed himself to be enrolled amongst the number of Miss Devries' constant attendants. Not that he was *in love* with her. He would not have admitted that. She was not the sort of woman he meant to fall in love with. He had his ideal, a fresh, tender, gracious, little damsel, "good as an angel," very different from this cool, piquant "society girl." But she puzzled, amused and interested him, and so the days stole by, and Allan had forgotten that Lillis Devries was "dangerous."

But at last he found out where he had seen her before. It happened in this way: One morning, between day dawn and sunrise, a party of young people left Mrs. Mortimer's house, to go and see the sun rise from a neighboring hill, from which there was a beautiful and extended view. The quiet meadows echoed with gay voices and laughter. Dainty morning-dresses brushed the dew from the clover. Fair cheeks freshened in the pure, balm air. And Miss Pierpont, in her clear, full voice, began to sing:

> "The old, old story, was told again
> At five o'clock in the morning!"

The summit of the hill was reached just as the view was loveliest. The mountain tops were touched with gold—the sky flushed crimson—the hue of the river changed from pearly white to rose-color. Exclamations of delight burst from the group of ladies and gentlemen.

But Allan, whose artist's soul was thrilled by the beauty of the spectacle, was silent. Allan, and one other—a girl, who stood with her eyes fixed on the glowing east—its crimson tinting her cheeks, and turning her white dress to rose-color.

"You never saw the sun rise before, did you, Miss Lillis?" said young Mortimer, laughing.

"Yes, many a time," she said, smiling. "I saw it often, this summer, when I was in the country, with my old nurse."

"Why, Lil!" cried Miss Pierpont, in astonishment. "Do you really go to see that old creature?"

"Indeed I do," Miss Devries said, quietly. "I love to stay with her."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"My old nurse, Mrs. Atkins. She has a market garden, and a stall in the market. She is a dear, old soul. Auntie sends me there to keep me out of mischief."

There was a quiver of laughter in the girl's voice as she ended, as if the idea of keeping her out of mischief there, were specially amusing.

And Allan! What a flood of enlightenment this speech poured into his mind! He had found his pretty market girl! Found her and *lost her*, for she was not real. She was only the fashionable, worldly Miss Devries, masquerading.

But after all, he thought, directly, might not his sweet, warm-hearted, kindly, rural maiden, be the reality, and this fine lady in rustling silks and fluted muslins, with her coolness, her waywardness, her sarcasms, the assumed disguise?

Two resolves he made, instantly: to keep the secret he had discovered; and to find out which of these two was the real Lillis Devries.

In the pursuit of this last resolve, he followed Mrs. Freeland and her niece to Newport, and was much with them there. Mrs. Freeland was charmed with his attentions to her niece; but Lillis kept on her way, quietly, giving no sign that she was conscious of his interest in her.

"They say Allan Remsen is in love with Miss Devries," said Mrs. Mortimer to Miss Pierpont, when fall had come, and they were back in town.

"Is he?" said that young lady, rather coldly.

"Yes. And that she is as cool to him as she is to her other admirers. But that is Lil's charm with men, I believe—her apparent indifference."

"Oh, yes, but you may be sure it is only *apparent*," Miss Pierpont responded, with a toss of her head. "That is her way. She'll not let Mr. Remsen escape her. You know she is entirely dependent on Mrs. Freeland's charity, and it is

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absolutely necessary for her to marry a rich man."

The fall and winter passed, and with the spring came the Academy exhibition. It was rumored that Allan Remsen had a picture there, and people were very anxious to see it. When Lillis questioned him about it, he refused to tell her what it was, but exacted a promise from her to go with him on the opening day, to see it. They were such good friends, now, that she readily granted the request. So, in the soft spring sunshine, they went together, up the steps of the Academy.

Allan and Lillis sauntered slowly round the rooms, commenting leisurely on the pictures, neither of them conscious, apparently, that many eyes were fixed upon them, and many whispers circulating in regard to them. Even strangers were attracted by their appearance, for Allan's handsome, dark face, and air of ease and distinction, would have made him remarkable anywhere, and as for Lillis, it is probable she had never looked as pretty in her life as she did that morning, in her faultless spring costume of pearl-color and pale blue, with a soft flush on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkling with animation.

"But where is your picture? I am impatient to see that," she said, once or twice.

"Presently. We are coming to it," Allan answered.

Then the crowd seemed to thicken a little. There was evidently some picture of more than usual interest near them. Allan skilfully made a way for Lillis through the crowd, until she could see what it was.

A scene in a market-place—a fruit and vegetable stall—a rosy old woman behind it, and a young girl, with a cluster of white lilies in her hand, looking with a kindly smile at a pale, black-robed woman, with a sad, grateful face. A flood of morning sunshine lit up the whole pretty scene, and, in black letters on the frame appeared the title, "FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

A very simple, innocent picture, surely, yet when Lillis saw it, she started, flushed crimson, and glanced eagerly up at her companion.

"What does it mean? Is—is this your picture?" she inquired, in a hurried tone, very different from her usual cool composure.

Allan nodded, with a smile of intense but quiet amusement.

"It is my picture," he said, "and it means—that I know your secret, Miss Devries, and you are in my power."

Then Miss Devries haughtily turned her face from him, and walked away from the picture.

"You needn't try to escape me," he whispered, laughing, as he followed her. But she would not look at him. She did not stop till she had crossed the room, and stood before the "portrait of a gentleman," a stout individual, with staring eyes, and apoplectic appearance.

She stood gazing, silently, up at the rubicund countenance of the "gentleman," until Allan's laughing voice reached her ears again.

"So you prefer that old party up there to my picture. I am very sorry you don't like my work," he said.

"I *don't* like it," she said, at last, emphatically. "I don't know how you found it out, but it was not generous in you to betray me in this way. Now every one will discover about my absurd freak, and—"

"No, I think not," broke in Allan, eagerly. "They will not find out *that*, but I will tell you what they will see plainly!"

"What?" asked Lillis, still gazing at the portrait of a gentleman, and looking very pale now.

Allan bent his head to answer her.

"They will see that I love you, with all my heart, or I never could have painted you as I have done," he said, in a passionate under-tone.

Absolute silence followed this announcement.

Perhaps the stout gentleman, who was staring into Miss Devries' blue eyes, knew whether she was pleased or angry, but Allan did not.

Presently he spoke again.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said, anxiously, trying to see her averted face.

"You have not asked me any question," Miss Devries replied, cooly—but he could just see her cheek turning a faint pink.

Allan started, and laughed.

"So I haven't!" he cried. Then very quietly he said, "Miss Devries, will you be my wife?" and the lady answered as calmly, "Mr. Remsen, I—will think about it."

"Very well!" he said. "I will give you five minutes to consider. At the end of that time, if you agree, you will please drop that glove you hold." He drew out his watch, and glanced at it, put it up, and stood silently beside her. Lillis did not look at him at all. She was apparently still absorbed in the artistic merits of the portrait before her. Presently Allan looked at his watch again.

"Three minutes gone," he murmured, softly.

Then Miss Devries turned restless. She walked away from the portrait, leaving Allan before it. She sauntered three yards away, and then sauntered back. She looked at Allan's quiet, dark face, and her fingers closed tightly on the little, pearl-colored glove she held.

"Four minutes," said Allan, and then he looked straight down into her eyes. His very soul was

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in those dark, earnest eyes of his, and Lillis saw it. She turned away from him again, and neither spoke, until Allan said, gently, "Five minutes!" and slipped his watch back into his pocket.

Then Lillis raised her hand, held the glove softly to her lips for an instant, and dropped it to the floor. Mr. Remsen stooped to pick it up, and kept it in his hand. To the crowd that jostled them, it looked like the most accidental transaction in the world. Even Miss Pierpont, who was watching them at a distance, had no suspicion of what was passing.

"How I envied that blessed old party, with the goggle eyes, this morning," said Allan, when the time was two hours later, and the scene Mrs. Freeland's parlor.

"Who?" said Lillis, with a puzzled look.

"The portrait of a gentleman that you persisted in looking at so long," explained Allan.

"Why did you envy him?" Lillis asked, innocently.

"Because he was staring straight at my darling's face, when I would have given anything to see it," was Allan's answer.

"I don't think you would have liked the expression there, if you had seen it," Lillis said, shaking her head. "I was very angry with you, even after— But oh, Allan, you must take *your* picture away from the Academy."

"And burn it?" asked Allan, with a laugh.

"N—no," hesitated Lillis, smiling. "You may keep it."

"I *will* keep it, love, in memory of that blessed morning, when I first saw *my* Lily—my good little Lil, who loves her old nurse, and gives her pocket-money away in charity. You see I know all about you, dear. Mrs. Atkins has told me."

Allan stopped to laugh at Lillis' astonished face.

"Yes, I have been to see Mrs. Atkins, and more than once. We are great friends now, though she did think me very impertinent once, because I stared at you. By the way, Lil, did you see me?' he asked.

"No, I did not see you at all," Lillis said. "But dear old Margie told me about you afterwards. And Allan!" she cried, going off into sudden laughter, "Nurse said you had a 'villanous countenance,' and that she knew you were a 'scamp.'"

"I hope you are not of her opinion with regard to my countenance, Miss Devries?" said Allan, with mock gravity.

Lillis raised her "forget-me-not" eyes to his, and looked at him, with the dimpling smile and blush, which she had worn the first instant he saw her. She looked so *very* lovely then, that Allan quietly took her in his arms, and kissed her. It could not have been the first time either, for the young lady was neither surprised, nor shocked.

This ceremony being over, Lillis gravely made a remark.

"I want to know"—she began. But Allan interrupted her with:

"My dear, you are not a Bostonian!"

She laughed, and shook her head.

"No nonsense, if you please, sir. But tell me which you love the best—your 'pretty market girl,' or Miss Devries?"

"I love 'my wife,' who is all that was charming in both those personages. But I shall always be glad that I first met her at 'FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.'"

THE SHADOW OF THE SPIRE

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

We laid our lost ones side by side
Within their churchyard bed;
The one-day babe, the one-year bride,
With prayers and tears we laid.

We chose the loveliest spot of all,
Beside the tall pine trees,
Where sunlight comes and soft dews fall,
But never winter's breeze.

Where birds sing happy all day long
Through all the seasons round,
Till winter brings the sparrow's song
When snow is on the ground.

We planted rose-trees all around,
Fair flowers above we laid,
With wreaths of everlasting wound,
Whose bloom will never fade.

'Twas eventide ere all was done
That loving hands could do,
And far away the western sun
The golden clouds broke through.

Then, as around the grave we stood,
To breathe a parting prayer,
The shadow of the steeple-rood
Fell on the green sward there.

Oh, peaceful be their sleep and sweet,
Safe 'neath the rood their rest;
The mother at the Saviour's feet,
The babe upon His breast!

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Lord Heron went to Hazelhurst, as he had proposed, perhaps with some vague hopes that the story he had just heard, coupled, as it was, with some remote danger to his future inheritance, might influence the heiress to hesitate in completing her engagement, or possibly give it up altogether.

Certainly his visit broke into an hour of the most perfect enjoyment, that the engagement had yet given to the lady. A portion of the trousseau had arrived from Paris, in which was the all-important wedding-dress. She had invested herself in this sumptuous robe, in order to judge of its perfections, in time for such alterations as her taste or caprice might dictate, and was standing before a tall mirror, lost in self-admiration, when her lover rode up to the house.

With a flutter of vanity, thrilling in its self-absorption, she flung the long satin train far out on the carpet, and turning her head, like a bird pluming its feathers, took a proud survey of the frost-work of Brussels point, that gleamed over it—the spray of white lilacs, that trembled, with feathery lightness, among the soft festoons gathered up, from the richly plaited flounces, in one place, or drooped over them, like dashes of snow crystals, in another.

The lady had a Juno-like figure, and her fair, blonde beauty was almost subdued into loveliness through the soft mist of her bridal veil. No wonder that she was flushed with pleasure, while reviewing herself in the mirror; for a queen could scarcely have arrayed her person with more magnificence. She was afraid to disturb the perfect arrangement of her dress, though her hands fairly trembled to seize upon the snowy folds, again and again, that new combinations of splendor might be given to the portrait that seemed to embody, that moment, all the ambition of her life. Every minute she changed her position, and this gave new life to the picture in that tall glass. She moved sideways, backward, folded her arms, meekly, beneath the veil, then lifted her head, like a goddess, and swept half across the room, admiring the soft undulations of her train, as it rustled after her in sumptuous waves of lace, flowers and shining satin.

"It is fit for an empress," said the maid, who had been watching these movements with clasped hands and admiring eyes.

"It is fit for a countess," answered the lady, drawing herself up, as if no higher title than that need to exist. "The eighth countess of Carew. Remember that, girl, every one of them mistress of Oldham."

"If it could only be at once," said the maid, who was so adroit in her flattery, that great liberty was sometimes allowed to her.

A cloud came upon the fair forehead of the heiress, under its faint shadows of lace.

"Ah, that is the worst of it. The hateful woman may live for centuries; but for that, I would not change places with the queen," rejoined the young mistress, dashing the flow of her train aside, with an impatient movement of the foot.

"Ah, here comes the young gentleman!" exclaimed the girl, looking out of the window. "What a grand figure he makes on horseback!"

Edna Norton ran to the window and looked out. That moment Heron lifted his eyes, saw her, framed there in all the white glory of her bridal garments, and the very heart turned faint in his bosom.

Edna caught the look and darted away, ashamed of having thus revealed herself, yet half tempted to go down and challenge the admiration of her betrothed.

"No!" said the maid, reading her thoughts, "That would destroy the effect. The wedding-dress should be seen first on the wedding-day; especially such a dress as that."

"Take them off," cried the lady, suddenly remembering that no wedding-day had been, as yet, urged upon her. "He must not be kept waiting."

Directly the wedding garments were packed away in their boxes, and Edna Norton glided down to her pretty sitting-room, in a dainty white muslin, fluttering with blue ribbons. Perhaps he would not have noticed that she had worn anything more sumptuous at the window.

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The young man gave no sign of the perturbation that had seized him, with that one glimpse of her bridal array, but he looked grave and anxious when she came in, receiving her with a smile indeed, but without the warmth of devotion she had a right to expect.

"I have been expecting you," she said, seating herself among the silken cushions of the couch, where space for two could easily be made. "One has so many things to say, especially after your dear mother has been here. Her heart is full of our affairs."

"Yes, I know. I have had an interview with her and my father, this morning."

"Indeed!" Edna's eyes sparkled under their drooping lashes. She guessed what that interview had been, but resolved to give no other sign.

"They told me something, this morning, that I only knew of vaguely before. Something that you have a right to understand, though it is hardly a pleasant subject." The young lady drew a deep breath. What was coming that he should speak so seriously?

"Something connected with my uncle, the late Lord Carew, and—and—"

The girl looked up, infinitely relieved.

"Oh, it is about the foreign woman. Why should you make that of consequence?—a dead scandal which hurt nobody."

The young man looked at his betrothed in blank amazement. That which he had hesitated to say in reverence to the delicacy of her sex, she spoke of, with something harder than indifference. Where had she obtained this knowledge?

"I think you scarcely understand," he said. "Certainly there was harm—great harm done to the poor lady."

Edna Norton laughed. That hard laugh that comes, so revoltingly, from the lips of a maiden, when she mocks at the fall of a sister woman.

"The evil that came was of her own choosing. What could she expect but degradation?"

"But her children? She had children, you know."

"That is the worst of it. I wonder such creatures can look their children in the face, when they get old enough to know."

Lord Heron arose, and walked about the room, restless and repulsed.

"Why do you speak to me of this? It can make no difference," she said.

"Perhaps you have not heard everything. This poor stranger, introduced so cruelly under the roof of Oldham, persisted, to the last, that she had been married to my uncle."

"Married to him!"

Edna Norton turned a shade paler, as she uttered these words, but recovered herself, with a short laugh.

"Married to him? She has taken plenty of time to search for the proof, I should say. Nothing was easier than a claim like this, when the only man who could positively deny it is dead."

"But if she spoke the truth, my father is no longer Lord Carew, nor am I the heir of Oldham."

"Ah?"

"It is this possibility that I wish to impress upon you."

"But it is not a possibility!"

"It is not a probability. Still her solemn assertion of the fact should not be concealed."

"But, Lord Heron, what was the assertion of such a woman without proofs? Surely, surely, no secret things have been found."

The girl spoke with a thrill of apprehension; in her eagerness she grasped the cushions of her seat, and crushed the silk in her hand.

"You have found no proof of this?" she continued.

"Not a particle!"

"Nothing but the old story—a woman who had disgraced a noble mansion—turned away with her children, before an honorable lady could make it her home. I wonder you can give the scandal so much importance."

"Nothing is unimportant to me that relates to the honor of my house, Edna; or that might hereafter lead to misunderstanding. But in one thing you are wrongly informed. This poor lady went away of her own accord. She was not driven from Oldham that my mother might come there. Lord Carew is too kind a man for that."

"Well, she went—in what way is of little importance after all these years. Now have you nothing more pleasant to talk about?"

The girl spoke lightly, as if glad to get rid of a subject that had annoyed her. He answered her with more gravity than she liked.

"Hardly—one cannot go from a painful subject at a moment's notice. This unhappy episode in our family history, wounds me deeply."

The lady gave her head a disdainful toss.

"Why will you dwell on it then?"

"Edna, will you answer one question?"

"A dozen, if you will not look so grave."

"If my uncle had proved to be an honorable man, as most men thought him, and this unfortunate lady could have been proved a lawful wife, when I first heard her true story yesterday, would that have made no difference in our relations? Remember, I should be without title or fortune then."

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Edna Norton sat regarding him with wide open eyes, and a curve of unbelieving scorn on her lips.

"Lord Heron, you speak as if the thing could be possible!"

"Possible! Yes, strange things sometimes do come to pass; but I do not speak of this as among them. It was a wild question; but will you answer it?"

There was pleading in his voice—an earnestness that flattered her own active vanity, and stimulated the actress within her.

"A difference in our relations!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands—as if anything on earth could do that. "Can you suppose, for a moment, that your rank and wealth have the smallest part in the love I have confessed for you? Indeed, indeed, you must not judge me by common women. If you could only read my heart!"

In her eagerness the girl leaned toward him, her eyes half veiled but full of fire. Then, in her growing enthusiasm, her hands fell apart; her white arms were thrown about his neck, and her red lips were close to his. She did not feel the shrinking of revolt that held him back for a moment, the instantaneous thrill of self-reproach that followed it, or she must have rejected the kiss her own lips had provokingly challenged.

"Now—now, can you ever doubt me again? By this, and this—I promise, I swear to you that my love would be the same, though you were beggared to-morrow."

There had been a time when Heron, in the mere warmth and ardor of his youth, might have been grateful for the caresses she lavished on him; but now, they had killed his last hope. If she loved him with such passionate devotion, how could he find strength enough to break his engagement? Gently, but with the feeling of traitor, he unclasped her hands from his neck, and held them close in his own.

"I did not think you loved me so," he said, with a thrill of pain in his voice, that she misunderstood for a lingering doubt.

"But I do—I do! If there has been delay, I am not to blame."

"No," he said, rising and touching her hands with his lips. "You are all that is generous." Then he went away with a heart of lead in his bosom.

CHAPTER XXX.

Beatrice had remained in the embrasure of the library window, listening against her will, to the story of shame that had been discussed so earnestly among the Carews. At first, she shrunk back in the window seat, and held both hands to her ears; but the trembling of all her limbs seized upon her hands also, and drew them helplessly down to her lap. What was this story that sounded so like a dream; forgotten, but dawning upon her, thought by thought, like an actual memory? Had she ever heard of it before—or, stranger still, taken a part in it? Had she really seen a proud, tall man like Lord Carew—only grander and younger, standing in that great, dim library, with looks and stature and features enriching the gloom all around him—talking to a lady, to whose garments a little girl clung in terror, hiding her eyes because the man seemed to be an enemy who wanted to drive them into the darkness that was growing deeper and deeper outside?

The girl held her breath, and, forgetting where she was, listened intently, her eyes growing wilder, and her lips paler all the time. That voice—why had she never recognized it before? Surely, it had pierced her through and through, in that other life which was a dream and not a dream.

As the story unfolded itself, things grew more distinct before her. She knew that the lady was her own mother—young, beautiful, loving. Her passionate protest, her tears, her despairing gesture, when it became impossible to make herself understood, became real as any picture in the gallery outside.

Yes, this woman was her mother, not so sadly gentle as she had known her in that dear, Italian home, but proud, passionate, beautiful. No wonder she had changed so, driven out from the home love had given her—disgraced in some vague way that she could not understand, but that must have been terrible to have called forth such bitter sneers from the lips of a sister woman.

If this lady was her mother, then the Lord Carew they spoke of must have been her father. The letters she had found in her mother's desk had been dated at Oldham, and they bore English post-marks; but some were signed in initials, and some by a single name, which gave no trace of the family it might belong to. These letters had aroused certain haunting dreams in her mind, that no reasoning could dispel. They had driven her from Sorrento, in the first days of her orphanage, across the vast waters that seemed carrying her and Rufo into another world, and at last the wings of that awful storm swept them under the very roof of Oldham. That name, and another in the same handwriting of the letters, which she found in an old music book, were all the guides she had; yet, the girl knew that it was her mother's history she was hearing, and that some burden of disgrace lay upon it.

Long after Lord Carew had followed his wife

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from the library, and everything there was still, Beatrice came out from the embrasure, where she had learned so much, a changed creature. Hour after hour, she had remained in one position, straining her memory, taxing her thoughts, and weaving events together, that she might thoroughly understand their relations to herself and Rufo. Had they in their very being brought sorrow and disgrace to the family on whose charity they were living? Was it a wrong to that family, and a stain on their pride, that she and Rufo existed at all? Had their stay at Oldham been a fraud on its charity? Who was she? —who was Rufo?

This question stung her like an asp. She sprang up from her seat, mad with the pain of it, and came out into the dim light of the library; for a few gleams of the red sunset hovered about the topmost carvings of the high book cases, but all the rest of the apartment was in gloom.

Thus it was that the girl remembered it. Every object came out clear and distinct, the turbaned figures in Eastern bronze, guarding the entrance, which was lifted from the hall by three broad steps. The stamped leather between the book cases, sending out gleams of gold, and above all, the antique chimney-piece, marvelous in its carving, through which the grand head of a first Lord Carew looked forth, beautifully sculptured from some rare wood, almost as hard as granite. The silver seances, on each side of the chimney-piece, crowded with wax lights, ready for burning. All these things seemed familiar to her now, as if a great volume of mist had been swept away from them, for in this atmosphere, where the daylight was crowded out by purple shadows, she had seen them, years before, when a cruel, domestic romance was being enacted.

Lost in thought, overwhelmed with dismay, the girl went up to her room; for, just then, she could endure to see no one, least of all, Rufo, or the Lady Jane. Once alone, she locked and relocked the door. Then began to pace up and down, up and down, not passionately, but with a slow, thoughtful step, striving to find some way out of the mystery that surrounded her.

Who was she? How could she learn the truth? What were the proofs, that Lord Carew had spoken of, as likely to bring calamity on his house, if they were ever found? Did they mean to say that her mother, who had ever been as good as an angel, devout as a nun, had done anything of which her children should be ashamed, or was it that this man who wrote her letters full of loving adoration, had been, in some way, unworthy? To whom could she go for information or help? In what way relieve this great strain upon her mind? Beatrice knew very little of law, even in her own country, but she understood well, that marriage was a holy sacrament of the Church, and without that, a household would be disgraced, even down to the children. Those three persons, in the library, had spoken of her mother, as if there had been no marriage between her and the man who had written those letters. How could it be? In all her wandering life, the girl had kept this little package of letters with her. There was very few of them, but enough to arouse dreams into an active desire. When she read them, in that pretty hill cottage, at Sorrento, a passionate desire seized upon her to find the writer; for they contained no proof that her father was not living, and in England.

The word Oldham, had the charm of fascination for her; it seemed as if it had been always sleeping in her brain. What was it, a city, a town or a home? How could she tell? England was far away, and Oldham was in England. That was all she knew, when that power of unrest seized upon her, and her wandering life began

It seemed like a miracle, that she and Rufo should, in the very commencement of their vagrant life, have drifted into the very place she was seeking. But what was the result? Vague remembrances of the old house startled her at times, but that was all. No trace of the writer of those letters presented itself. There was nothing in the history of Lord Carew, that made his identity with that person possible, and he had been married before the letters were written; both Lord Heron and Lady Jane were older than herself. True, she had found a name in an old music book, written by a similar hand—a name that made her breath come quickly, as she read it; but it was not that by which she had known her mother. But now all this was explained. Her father had once been master of Oldham, and its fine estates; her mother had been driven from under its roof like a vagrant, with Rufo in her arms, and a little wailing creature, whom she recognized as herself, clinging to her garments. If she had been married, could a Lord of Carew have done that?

This awful disgrace, or measureless wrong, had fallen upon her mother, and she had brought the disgrace back, under the roof from which that mother had been expelled. The heir of Oldham loved her, the one disgrace of his name, the creature who had been a fraud upon his mother's bounty. Even then, he was, perhaps, sundering a solemn engagement in the mad hope of making her his wife.

The thought drove her wild. A choking sensation came to her throat, which she clasped

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with both hands, as if pressure could deaden this new pain. Then she took some outer garment from a chair, across which it had been thrown, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As a wild bird flies, with strained neck, and ruffled plumage, through a storm, Beatrice betook herself to the moor, unconsciously beating down the tumult of her thoughts, with rapid motions of the body. On she went, through the bracken and coarse grasses, stopping, now and then, to tear her garments from a thorny gorse bush, or sweep a bramble from her path; but keeping on and on, without object or aim, until she paused in sight of the birch tree, towards which she made her way, feeling need of rest, as the unnatural strength of her passion was giving way. The very sight of the birch, under whose drooping branches she had stood, with Heron, pleading against herself, sufficed to turn the current of her thoughts, and leave her with scarcely force enough to reach the shelter it offered.

With her arm around the slender trunk of the birch, and the bright colors of her shawl gleaming through the drooping leaves, she was seen by Lord Heron, as he came, slowly riding, across the moor, after his visit to Hazlehurst. Downhearted and sorely harassed, by his interview there, he had lingered on the way, almost hating the sight of a home, which he might, perhaps, be compelled to share with the girl, for whom he began to feel absolute repulsion. But the first glimpse of that slender form, under the birch, sent the blood so swiftly through his veins, that the bridle shook in his hand, and his horse leaped forward as if he, too, had been aroused by the beautiful picture she made, standing there, with her head uncovered, and the warm hues of her shawl but faintly subdued by the purplish twilight, gathering around her.

"Beatrice, Beatrice, are you here?" he cried, leaping from the horse and drawing close to her. "I did not hope to meet you—almost despaired of ever seeing you alone; but now—now that I have you here with nothing but the sleepy birds to listen, and the soft moon, just coming up yonder, to look upon us, I will not part from you without some new assurance of love—without a promise that you will be my wife. That once made, with your whole heart, I will brave everything, break through all entanglements, announce this determination to my father, and end the misery of our false position."

"No—no—it would be madness, misery, disgrace! Do not come near me, I will not hear it!"

The girl flung out her arms, with a swift effort to stop his approach. Her eyes, wide open and startled, were bright as stars; her cheeks red with burning flushes. The many colored shawl, which had fallen back from her head and shoulders, lay in a gorgeous heap around her feet, having left her hair in wild wave disorder. The young man stepped back in obedience to her impetuous gesture, and stood looking at her in blank amazement.

At last he spoke:

"Beatrice—Beatrice—what does this mean?"

"It means—it means—" she was trying to tell him the truth, but the Italian blood in her veins was all on fire with shame, her young voice broke, sobs rose to her throat, and drops of pain burned in her eyes.

"In heaven's name, speak to me—child, child—who has driven you to this state of desperation?"

He reached out his hand, but she avoided it and fled across the moor. He stood a moment, overwhelmed with astonishment, then mounted his horse and followed her through the dusky twilight, which was just silvered by the rising of a new moon.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!"

As this cry reached the girl she halted, and gathering up all the force of her courage, stood waiting for him.

"Beatrice, speak to me, am I not your friend, do I not love you?"

The face that she turned upon him in the light of that young moon, was like marble, all the flush was gone even from the set mouth.

"Lord Heron, I was in the embrasure of a window this morning, when you heard the story of an Italian lady who was driven from Oldham, that your mother's garments might not be contaminated by her presence—driven forth with two children, of your own blood, clinging to her. That lady was my mother. The children, Rufo and myself."

The young man sat upon his horse for half a minute, as if petrified there. At last he spoke, but his voice was hoarse—his look that of a man stunned.

"Is this thing true—great heavens, can it be true!"

"It is true," she answered, with mournful gentleness, in strong contrast with her recent passionate struggles. "For this reason you must never speak to me of love again. I can understand the shame of it."

"Shame!" answered the young man. "Oh, girl, how little you know of the love I have given you. Having resolved to yield up so much, can you doubt me now? Shame! Yes, I do feel it deeply, and with bitter humiliation; but it is

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that any man of my blood should have so wronged a trusting woman."

"Lord Heron!"

The girl drew close to his stirrup and lifted her face to his. It was pale yet, as the moonlight lay full upon it, but he saw that her lips were quivering, that her eyes were full of wounding tears.

"You believe me, darling?" he said, thrilled with a generous rush of loving compassion. "You believe me?"

He stooped from the saddle to kiss her forehead; but she lifted her arms, drew down his head, and pressed her quivering lips to his.

"Yes, I believe you, and I love you, oh, how much better than my life; for your sake, I forgive my father!"

"That is my own brave love!"

"Not now," she answered, lifting her hand to prevent him leaving the saddle. "Ride on, Oldham is close by."

"So it is," he answered, "and I have something to say there, before my father goes to rest."

"Not to-night. Oh, not to-night, Lord Heron. For a day or two, this must be a secret."

They were close to the old mansion now, and parted before Heron could give the promise her words suggested.

For some hours Beatrice wandered up and down the grounds, so exhausted by successive waves of emotion, that she could hardly realize either the shame of her secret, or the triumph of love that had half obliterated it. A glow of triumph lay all the time in the bottom of her heart, but she could not put it into form just then; the sweet tumult of love, under which it was buried, turned all her resolves into dreams.

When she went into the room where Lady Jane was sitting, Rufo was there, looking stronger and more cheerful than she had seen him in weeks. He had found an old lute among the curious antiques in his wing of the building, and, having restrung it, was playing a quaint accompaniment to a plaintive little song that had interested the lady.

How happy he looked, half kneeling there upon the purple velvet cushion, like some gentle troubadour of the olden times. The drooping whiteness of his eyelids scarcely concealing the love-light underneath; born alike of the music and that precocious passsion that illuminated his whole face, though he only dared to express in sounds, sweet as love itself.

The lady sat in her easy chair, leaning softly toward him, as a lily might bend itself for the dew and the sunshine that feeds it with whiteness and perfume. Her gentle heart thrilled to the music, and something far more subtle than that which beamed upon her, when the boy lifted his eyes from the shelter of those long, shadowy lashes, or chanced, in a careless movement, to touch her hand.

Made wise by her own passionate experience, Beatrice saw all this, and resolved, for the sake of those two child-like lovers, that his secret shame and joy should be alike concealed. Why should she degrade the memory of her dead mother, only to destroy all happiness in the life of that gentle boy—drop him from a companionship with that fair creature, and cast him once more a vagrant upon the world?

Great temptations were struggling in the girl's heart, that evening. Why should she reject the love that would make her happy? Why reject the position which should have belonged to her mother? Under a bitter consciousness of the wrong that had been done that mother, she was in danger of forgetting the kindness heaped upon herself, and in this forgetfulness, felt but little sense of ingratitude.

Until now, she had honorably refused the love her soul thirsted for; because of the shelter and care that had been given her and Rufo. Now she could not feel that charity, so bestowed, should be counted against the life-long sufferings of a woman who seemed little less than angelic, when she remembered how pure and good that life had been.

In the first impulse of her suffering, she had told Heron of the disgrace that rendered mere humble worth a thing to be proud of in comparison. She had accepted that, grandly, as offering the best means of atonement for a great wrong. Was she to reject this, and wander forth upon the world again, to suffer—perhaps starve—when some day she might take the place of that proud woman, who, after driving her mother forth, had bestowed her charity half in scorn?

Reasoning in this way, Beatrice went to her room, half yielding herself to the temptation that took its strength from both love and resentment, with some little degree of revenge; for there was warm, passionate blood in the girl's veins, and the pride of two classes swelled in it, then, with antagonistic force.

When Beatrice reached her room, she sat down, completely worn out, with this fierce battle of thought and feelings. She could decide on nothing, then; right and wrong seemed to pass through her brain, confusing each other. As she sat, with both elbows supported on a little writing-table, gazing, vaguely, before her, as gleams of gold and crimson velvet drew her attention, lying near the window. She arose, wearily, to see

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what it was, and, to her surprise, found the volume of Tasso, that she had taken down from among the Italian poets, that morning, and held in her hand, unopened, when Lord Carew and his son came into the library. In the wild commotion of her thoughts, when she flew from the room, this book had been brought with her, and dropped upon the floor, where it lay, gleaming, now.

At another time, she would have been greatly shocked, for it was a rare, manuscript edition, exquisitely wrought, and richly emblazoned in most of its vellum pages—a volume that she would not have dared to remove from the library. Yet, there it was, throwing out its red and gold, on the floor, where she had flung or dropped it, in a madness of sudden passion.

She lifted the book, carefully, from the floor, and laid it on the table, where a bronze lamp was burning. It had been unclasped, under her former rough handling, and fell open, there, in the lamp light, just under her eyes. As she folded her arms on the table again, the clasp of intricate, filigree gold, set with a glitter of small rubies, around a central emerald, that heightened the red stones with glowing green, seemed to fascinate her, dreamily, awhile, then sting her memory into vivid action. Somewhere, she had seen that clasp, or the mate to it, before—somewhere. In the cottage at Sorrento, in the desk, whence she had taken the Scarabic chain—yes, it was there she had seen the same binding, and a clasp of exactly such workmanship.

This was sufficient to arouse her interest again. She opened the book, turned over the pages, and examined the emblazonment of a picture here and there. Weary of that, she closed the book, then, growing restless, with fresh curiosity, opened it. This time, her eyes were riveted on a loose paper, that lay between the leaves, unfolded and pressed smooth, as if it had been unmolested, there, a long time. At first it had little meaning for her, partly in print, and partly in writing, it might have been some cast away document, left, carelessly, as a mark, by some former owner of the book.

At last her eye was caught by a name, written in faded ink—another—then she went blind, and must have been near fainting. Certain it is, she sat there for some minutes, pale as snow, and with her eyes closed; then the lids began to quiver, and great tears came, drop by drop, from under them. She had found the certificate of her parents' marriage.

At first it was incredible, then, as I have said, conviction came upon her, by slow degrees, and she grew faint under it. To what did this paper, so long lost, among the emblazoned pictures of a book that had once belonged to her mother, portend? It would redeem the honor of her parents, that she understood, clearly. What then? Great heavens! What would be its effect upon the master of Oldham—on the man she loved?

She knew enough of English law, to comprehend that the eldest son of a nobleman was the heir of his titles, and entailed estates.

Rufo was that son. Oldham and all its possessions was entailed, and went with the title.

No wonder the girl grew faint, and that her limbs began to tremble. Still, she was capable of reasoning. One by one, the strong points of her brother's case forced themselves upon her, then came the other side. An honorable and not unkindly man, cast down from his high estate, loaded with debts he had been unconscious of forming. That haughty woman, stripped of her grandeur, and driven forth from Oldham as her mother had been. The girl was human, and many a sting to her own sensitive pride came back to her memory when she thought of Lady Carew. Why should the fate threatening this woman appeal to her sympathy? Had she given one thought of pity when the true mistress of Oldham was driven from under her husband's roof. Still, there had been some kindness, and the lady was Lord Heron's mother.

Lord Heron, the man who would have shared his rank and everything that he possessed, so generously with her, was no longer Heron—that title, with all pertaining to it, would be swept away from him and merged into the inheritance of her brother, Rufo.

As she thought of this, the paper in her hand grew hateful as a serpent. She looked at it, askance, as if it had indeed been one, and she feared to hold it or throw it down. What was all that it could bring her or her's, compared to the destruction of so many hopes, the overthrow of that one dear life?

With a swift impulse of destruction, she lifted the paper, and was about to thrust it into the flame of the lamp; but, instantly, the thought came upon her, that it was not her's to destroy. The paper fluttered from her fingers, and with a gesture of utter despair, she flung her arms across the table and buried her face upon them.

When the girl looked up again she was more composed, but deadly white. With the certificate grasped in her hand, she went down in search of Rufo.

The lad was just coming from the little sitting-room, where she had left him with Lady Jane. He carried the antique lute in his hand, and softly touched its strings as he went along.

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Beatrice stopped in the shadows and looked after him, struck by the wonderful beauty that happiness had lent to his face. Never had she seen more vivid coloring than the blue of his eyes and the bright crimson of his cheeks.

As if haunted by some loving thought, a smile hovered about his mouth, as sunshine trembles on the redness of ripe cherries. The best idea that an artist ever had of the love-god, was embodied in that perfect face and graceful figure.

And this was the Earl of Carew.

A conflict of pride and revolt arose in the girl's heart, which yearned toward the boy, yet shrunk from him as the instrument whereby her lover was to be brought to the dust. With the paper in her hand she followed him into the gloom of that vast chamber, and closed the door.

"Rufo, Rufo, you seem happy."

"Yes, I am happy," he said, turning his bright eyes upon her, with that smile still on his lips. "She was in pain. I could see it by the shadows on her forehead, and my music lulled her to rest. I have been looking at her as she slept. Oh, Beatrice, can the angels be more lovely?"

Beatrice did not heed this sweet appeal. Her mind was bent on other thoughts.

"Come here," she said, holding the paper close to a lamp that burned on the table where he was placing the lute.

"This paper I have just found, it will make you an Earl, and give you great riches."

"An Earl?" questioned the boy, turning upon her, in amazement. "How could I ever be that?"

"It is easily done," she answered. "You have only to order Lord Carew, his wife and son, from the house, and declare yourself its master."

"Are you crazy, Beatrice?"

"I do not know. This day has been crowded with things that seem impossible. Perhaps I am insane—still, this paper is here, and that seems real."

"What is the paper?"

"It is one that proves the marriage of our father and mother."

"What then? Of course they were married. It needs no paper to tell us that."

Beatrice grew impatient.

"Rufo, I need not tell you more than this. Our father was the Lord Carew who died when we were children. That he was married, and had children, no one believed, or will believe, until this paper is placed before the world."

"And then?"

"You will be master here."

"And the others, Lord Carew, who has been kind to us—the proud lady?"

"They will be nothing."

"Ah, and Lord Heron, he who has—ah, I cannot say what he has not done for us—what of him?"

"Oh, Rufo, Rufo! Like the rest, he must give up everything, even the name we know him by."

"And the Lady Jane?"

The boy spoke almost in a whisper.

"She, too, must fall under the general misfortune. It is only you and I who will gain rank and riches, you and I, to whom they gave shelter and food, when we were perishing with cold and hunger."

"Who is it that expects me to do this?"

"The law—I think it is the law."

"Can the law warm me into a serpent?" said the boy, drawing his slender figure up to its proudest height.

"Oh, my brother, my dear, dear Rufo, you will not do it!"

"May the walls of this grand old house tumble down and crush me, if I ever claim it against them!"

Beatrice threw her arms around the boy, and rewarded him with a passionate outburst of tears and kisses. Then she pushed him into the great armed chair, and crowded herself by his side.

"Rufo, I have been told that these laws of England are strong as iron. That great men here cannot give up what it alots to them, even if they wish it. If we let anyone know of this paper we must bring ruin on our friends. It is only because it was hidden so long that they came here."

"Give me the paper—I will burn it," said Rufo. "Give it me."

Then Beatrice remembered what she could not force herself to tell Rufo, the cruel disgrace from which the paper might save the memory of her parents, and she could not force herself to part with it.

"No," she said, "I dare not burn it. To us the paper is better than all the rank or gold it can bring."

"But the law, the cruel law, that can make traitors of us," said the boy, anxiously. "How are we to escape that!"

"Rufo, we must go away!"

"Go away?" faltered the boy.

"To Italy, our own Italy. In our own cottage at Sorrento, the laws of England cannot reach us."

"What, leave Oldham?"

"We must, Rufo. Let us start now, to-night."

"Oh, Beatrice!"

"It must be at once, or we shall never have the courage to go."

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"The courage! Oh, Beatrice, you do not know!"

"Know!" said the girl, kissing him on the forehead. "Rufo, *mea*, how can I help knowing, when I love some one here, as you love the sweet lily yonder!"

"And you have the courage to go, without a word, a look—oh, Beatrice?"

"I have the courage to save a family from ruin, and my brother from eternal regrets."

"So have I!"

Rufo arose from the chair.

Then Beatrice remembered her penniless condition, and fell back, with clasped hands.

"Oh, me, I have no money!"

Rufo opened a drawer of the table, and took out a purse, heavy with gold.

"The Lady thrust it under my pillow one night. It was to buy anything I might want she said. I have not touched it till now."

Beatrice took the purse reluctantly; her courage was beginning to fail, for she felt that this was an eternal separation from all she loved at Oldham.

"They will think us ingrates," she said.

"No, something in their hearts will tell them how ours ache in going," answered the boy. "When you come down again, I shall be ready."

Beatrice went to her room. Then Rufo stole out into the corridor, and sought the little boudoir, where he had left Lady Jane sleeping.

Softly and sadly as the progress of a death angel, he crossed the floor and knelt down on the cushion, still lying at the feet of that gentle girl, soft as the fall of rose leaves, his kisses fell on her hands, her garments, and the tresses o golden hair that fell upon her shoulder. She did not awake, but a soft, sweet smile, such as turn sleeping children into cherubs, dawned upon her lips.

The boy saw this through the tears that stole to his eyes, but hushed the sobs crowding to his throat, and gazed upon her till her pure, white face seemed to float in a sea of mist. Then he went out, heart-broken and wavering in his walk, how weak—how brave!

Beatrice found him ready when she opened the door of his room.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I know the way, two miles of slow walking will bring us to the midnight train. You are not strong, but we have plenty of time."

Rufo had the violin he had brought to Oldham in his hand, but even that seemed too heavy for his strength, and Beatrice took it from him. In doing this her hand touched his; it was hot with fever.

"Oh, Rufo, you are ill again. Am I killing you?"

"No—no—I am strong—come!"

Thus, the orphans of Oldham went out into the darkness of the moor again.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ONE YEAR AGO.

BY FAITH LINCOLN.

This spring's arbutus buds grew pink
Beneath the winter's snow;
But they could never seem to me
Like those I used to know;
The violets were not so sweet,
As those we crushed beneath our feet,
One little year ago.

June's roses were not half so red,
As those that used to grow
And bud and bloom beside your door,
One little year ago.
These pure white lillies passing fair,
Seem not like those you loved to wear,
Only one year ago.

But pansies in their garden-bed,
Sweet pansies nodding low,
Look up with just the same sweet smile
They wore one year ago.
"These are for thoughts"—what thoughts they bring—
What messages—remembering
One happy year ago.

And I still keep some withered ones,
You gave me long ago.
A knot of blue that matched your eyes,
A little note—or so—
These are my treasures—stained with tears—
All I have left of hopes and fears
That died one year ago.

I loved you well, sweetheart, sweetheart,
How well you cannot know—
But think you partly guessed the truth
One little year ago.
The knowledge would have brought you pain,
The telling only been in vain
One short, sad, year ago.

And time and tide will bear us on,
With never-ceasing flow;
And some day we shall come to speak
Of long—long years ago.
But never until death shall part,
Can you and I forget, sweetheart,
One little year ago.

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ELLA'S "THANKSGIVING."

BY HELEN J. MACKINTOSH.

"Oh! how I wish we were rich," said pretty Ella Stanhope, looking up, wearily, from her sewing. "To-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and Gerty Manorville is to have a party; while we can hardly afford a turkey for dinner. It seems to me that money can buy everything."

"My dear," replied her widowed mother, "you should not have said that."

"What? That money can't buy everything! But I'm sure it can, mamma. Pretty dresses, fine houses, horses, a trip in summer, plenty of servants—oh! there isn't anything, worth having, that money will not buy."

Mrs. Stanhope smoothed out, on her lap, the garment she was working at; and looked up at her daughter, with mild pity.

"On the contrary, my child," she said, "the things, most worth having, money can't buy."

"Oh! mamma."

"It cannot buy health," continued Mrs. Stanhope, not heeding the interruption. "There is our rich neighbor, Miss Maffit, who has spinal disease. She is worth half a million, and is confined to her sofa for life. There is Mr. Barlow, who owns more than a dozen farms, and is bent double with rheumatism, though still a young man. Think, too, of Josephine Grange, fatally ill of consumption, at nineteen; she has been to Nassau, Nice and Colorado, but all in vain; and has come home to die. Each of them would give all their money for health, or life."

"I didn't mean that, exactly," said Ella, stammering and blushing.

"What else then, dear? There are many of our acquaintances, who have but little money, who possess what is better, and what money can't buy, intellectual culture. In truth, large fortunes, instead of favoring mental development, too often work in the opposite direction. You have only to look around, among the very rich, to see this for yourself. You have only to think of it, a moment, to know the reason. The temptations of a fine house, elegant carriages, and a luxurious table are too much for most people; they become materialized under it; they read but little; their talk is mere gossip; they come, at last, to be almost entirely of the earth, earthy. Great riches tend, too, to make the possessor imperious, impatient of contradiction, intensely selfish. These are qualities that, in the end, bring their own retribution, for they sow a fertile crop of unhappiness."

"But, mamma, how can intellectual culture affect the question?"

"In this way, dear. It is a solace for us in pain, a refuge in trouble, a stimulus to occupation, and therefore a protection against ennui. How often do I see you forgetting your trials, and you have a good many, I know, in some new book or picture. Do you think Gerty Manorville, whom you envy, sometimes, for her riches, could find such a refuge in distress? You know she could not. Think of the thousands of confirmed invalids, that have had life made tolerable by this delight in literature. Through their imagination they forget pain. A new poem carries them away to green fields, cool woods and rippling streams, and they are happy, even on their sick-bed. But money cannot buy this."

Ella made no reply. Her mother's words opened up a new world of thought to her. She bent her head low over her work, already ashamed of her querulousness.

"There is another thing that money cannot purchase," said Mrs. Stanhope, "and that is affection. When you fell sick of scarlet fever, and our two servants got frightened and left us, what would I have done, if it hadn't been for kind neighbors, who came and helped me, without a thought of money! It is not for money that a child is loved, or a parent, or brothers and sisters, or husbands and wives. True affection shrinks from the bribe of money."

"But people marry for money?"

"Yes, and are not happy, or, if happy, happy in spite of it. Even the rare cases, where such unions are not miserable failures, do not take away from their baseness. That a young girl should sell herself for money is both revolting and degrading. Unless marriage is sanctified by real affection, it is a sin against God, as well as ourselves. Rich old men often marry poor young girls; but, oh! how rarely do they get love in return. No, my child, the most precious thing in life, love, is not a merchantable article; it can not be bought or sold."

Mrs. Stanhope paused, awhile, and then added:

"And there is another thing, that money can't buy, and that is peace of mind, and faith in an-

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other world, where we shall meet the loved and lost."

Her eyes were looking vaguely before her, her thoughts were with her dead husband.

"Riches cannot help us, in this matter. They tend to materialize us, as I have said, and not to spiritualize us. That is what was meant, when it was pointed out how hard it was for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven? Oh! how often, when death draws nigh, a rich man wishes he had lived a better life. How he shrinks from the dread future. How he envies the simple faith of his poorer neighbor, who looks upon death as a welcome release, and views the grave, not with horror, but as the means of regaining long departed friends. I do not say there are not sincere believers among the rich. I only repeat that riches, so far as they influence this question, are apt to influence it the other way."

Ella pondered awhile, and then said:

"But, mamma, it is not wrong to have money, is it? You surely don't mean that."

"No, my love. Money, in itself, is neither good, nor bad. It is an instrument for evil, or the reverse, just as we employ it. But its tendency, on the whole, is to make its owner self-indulgent; and self-indulgence, I need not tell you, does not ennoble character. It is a money-worshipping age we live in," continued Mrs. Stanhope, with a sigh. "In what you first said, dear, you only echoed the fallacy of the day; and, therefore, I do not blame you as much I would otherwise. But reflect a moment. Of all the great names in history, not one owes its greatness to money. It was not money that made Homer immortal, or Socrates, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or Milton. Money did not place Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci, where they are. The great money-kings of Greece, and Rome, are forgotten, or remembered, like Lucullus, only to be despised; but Leonidas, and the Horatii, and all the heroes of the past, live on, and will live on, forever, in men's memories."

Mrs. Stanhope's cheeks glowed, and her eyes lit up, with strange fire, as she went on.

"I remember, dear, reading a sermon, a few months ago, that an eminent divine preached on this very subject: and to his honor, be it said, it was preached in one of the richest and most fashionable churches in New York, a place, where, of all others, money might be supposed to be worshipped most, and where it took the most courage to speak the truth. Nearly all that I have said is but a feeble reproduction of his ideas. Towards the close, he warmed into an eloquence so lofty, that his words are indelibly impressed on my memory. 'I wonder,' he said, 'that it has not oftener occurred to us to think how utterly and absolutely Christ triumphed without the aid of money. Nowadays there is no enterprise, however worthy its aims, that must not rest upon a pecuniary basis. And yet there has lived in the world one being, who, from first to last, was absolutely and utterly penniless. Since He came and went away, what colossal fortunes have been heaped up; what imperial wealth has been ravished from conquered people and hoarded in the palaces of kings; what mighty combinations of capital have ruled the credit of the civilized world, and made even princes and sultans to fawn obsequiously on their possessors. What has become of them? Who remembers them? But, all the while, the story of that friendless Galilean, who, when he was in the world, had not where to lay his head, broadens and deepens and advances.'"

Mrs. Stanhope stopped, choked by emotion. Ella was in tears. After a few minutes, the latter rose, and going to her mother, kissed her.

"Forgive me, mamma," she said, and in a hushed whisper: "I will never repine again because we are not rich. I know better now."

For she had learned that there are some things, and they the best in life, that money cannot buy. And it was in this better frame of mind that she welcomed in "THANKSGIVING."

IN ABSENCE.

BY HORACE J. BEEKMAN.

THE moon you see at Nevasink,
I see across the bay.
I turn from beauty's smiles, and think
Of you—and bless its ray!

Alone I pace the shining strand.
I look, and out at sea,
The sister sirens, hand in hand,
Seem beckoning to me.

The measured fall of dancing feet,
To dreamy music rare,
In fitful cadence, soft and sweet,
Swells out upon the air.

But beauty, sirens—vain they woo!
For lo! across the sea,
A silver pathway, o'er to you,
The moonlight makes for me.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, an out-door dress, of olive-green cashmere, and silk of a darker shade. Long, cuirass bodice, fastened with silk buttons. The skirt is made in the Princess form, and the drapery fastened upon it. First, it is cut with a demi-train, and down the front there



is a puffed plastron of the silk. Three narrow plaitings of the silk border this front piece, and correspond with the box-plaiting on the edge of the skirt. The tunic is draped full up both sides of the front, and in large folds at the back, as may be seen. It is not necessary to make the entire under-skirt of silk; make rather of Silesia, on to which put a wide facing, then the box-plaited trimming, then the front plastron, and now add the cashmere tunic, being careful to tack securely all the drapery, that the under lining may not be seen. Eight yards of cash-

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mere, and six to eight yards of silk will be required. This style would be very handsome, carried out in black cashmere, with black satin for the trimming, and plastron. Satin with linen back, is entirely used for trimming, and can be bought, in good quality, for $1.50 per yard.



Next, we give (preceding page) dinner toilette for young lady, made of pale, pink cashmere and silk combined. It is cut in the Princess form, and is buttoned midway down the front, the lower half of the skirt being trimmed with alternate rows of the cashmere and silk, pinked out on the edge. These ruffles are put on in small box-plaits. A frayed-out ruche of silk borders the plaitings. The sides and back of the robe are draped and trimmed with alternate rows of box-plaiting to



match the front. Demi-long sleeves, terminating with silk and cashmere ruffles. The bodice is cut heart-shape, and edge with a ruche like that



on the skirt. Crêpe lisse is added at the neck and for the sleeves. Ten yards of cashmere and six to eight yards of silk will be required. A partly worn evening-dress, of pink silk, may be

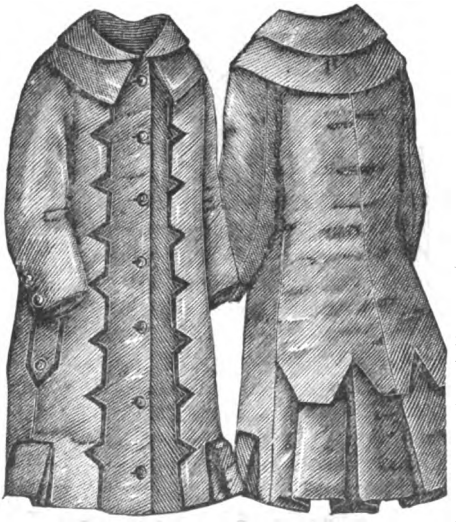
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utilized for the trimming, and with new cashmere will make this pretty costume.

Next (see preceding page), we have a new design, for a short walking-costume. Twelve to fourteen yards of material; two and a-half yards silk. It is made of soft, camel's hair cloth, of a very dark shade of olive green, almost black. The front plastron, the piece simulating a vest, and the revers are of silk the same shade, or black, if preferred. The skirt is cut short, and the front breadth laid in irregular folds, turning upwards. The back is arranged in long kilt-plaits, the whole bordered by a box-plaited trimming of the material, with the silk arranged between the plaits. The long, cuirass bodice fastens in front, under the fulness of the skirt, and the sides are turned back with a button. The back is longer and laid in plaits from an elongated waist. Coat sleeves with plaited ruffles.

For a little boy (see preceding page also) we have a black velveteen costume, trimmed with silk braid and buttons. The costume is ornamented in front so as to simulate an open Paletot. The back has a postillion basque, with a plaited skirt beneath. Coat sleeve with turned back cuff, trimmed to match.

Also, for a boy (preceding page), we give an autumn Paletot of tweed or navy blue cloth. It is cut in the ulster shape, with the piece put on the front, which is trimmed with mohair braid,



and a narrow braid; put on round and round, to simulate buttons, graduating in size from top to bottom. The sailor collar, pockets, cuffs, belt, etc., all trimmed to match.

For either girl or boy of four to five years, we have a gray merino walking-costume, piped with navy blue, either velvet, silk or satin, or for real serviceable wear, we should use blue cashmere. It is fastened down the front with blue buttons to match the trimming, and the over-fronts are cut out in dents, also the basque at the back, and piped with the blue. A box-plaited skirt falls from under the basque at the back, and smaller plaits are let in across the fronts; double collar, one pointed, the other round; plain coat sleeve.



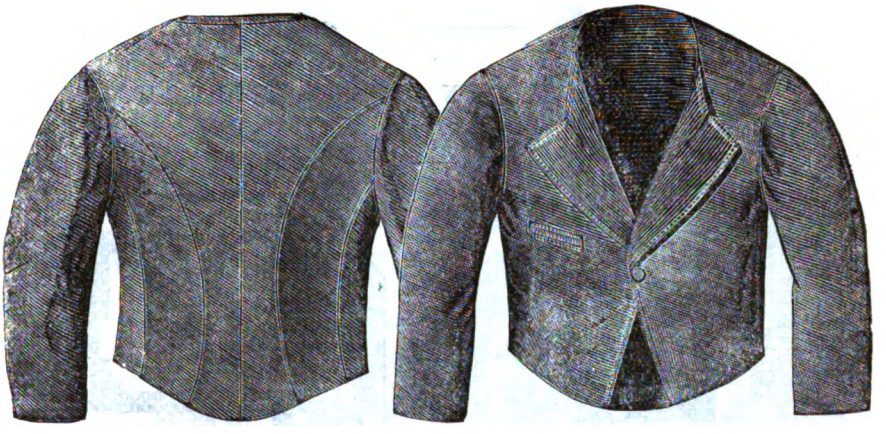
We add a new style plaited basque for a young lady of slight figure. It is plaited, back and front, on to a tight lining. The front cut pointed, and the back coat shape. A square collar, edged with a fine knife-plaited ruffle, headed by a silk piping. Cuff to match. Edge of basque also piped with silk.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1118 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

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JACKET AND VEST FOR BOY OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.





We give—on the SUPPLEMENT sent out with this number—the full sized pattern (one half of it,) of both jacket and vest. Above is front and back view of the jacket when made, showing how the revers are turned over. These should be faced with either velvet or serge silk. The edge of the jacket, vest, and sleeves are to be bound with silk galoon. Make the jacket and vest of cloth—navy blue or black Knickerbocker pants—or long ones may be worn with this jacket. The parts of the jacket and vest are marked by letters, showing where to join. In the jacket be particular to make the notches opposite in joining the seams on the back.

JAPANESE HAND SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

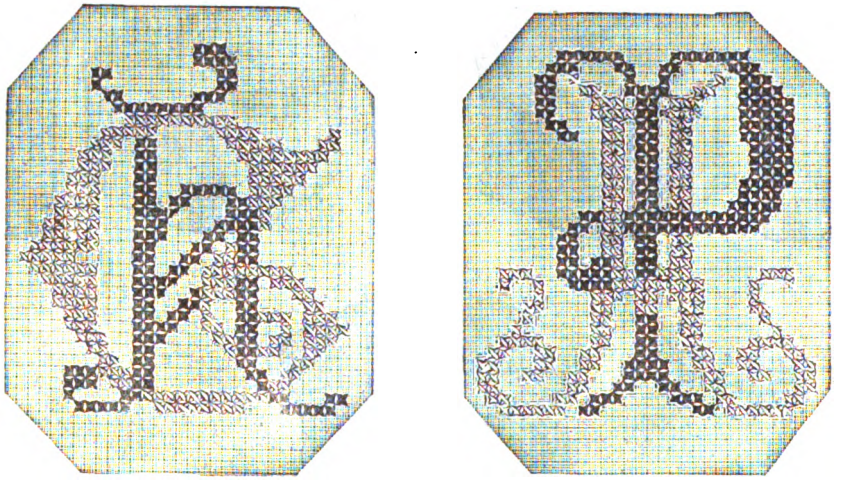
In the front of the number, we give a design for a Japanese hand-screen, very fashionable just now. The screen may be worked either upon satin, cashmere, cloth, or brown borette.

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It is to be done in either silks or crewels. The silks are preferable for working on satin or cashmere; the crewels upon cloth or borette. The flowers, birds, and leaves are done in the ordinary crewel stitch, which is very plainly shown in the design; but in making these long stitches, always work the thread towards you, putting the stitch from the outer edge down. The stems are done by taking one long stitch, holding it in place and then sew it down with one or more different colors as called for in the design. This design would be equally suitable for foot stool, sofa cushion, or table mat. It is the very latest thing out, in fancy work.

MONOGRAMS IN CROSS-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These monograms which are worked with two colors, ingrain cotton, such as black and red, or red and blue, are suitable for marking towels, bed linen, etc.

SAILOR COLLAR FOR CHILD: POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

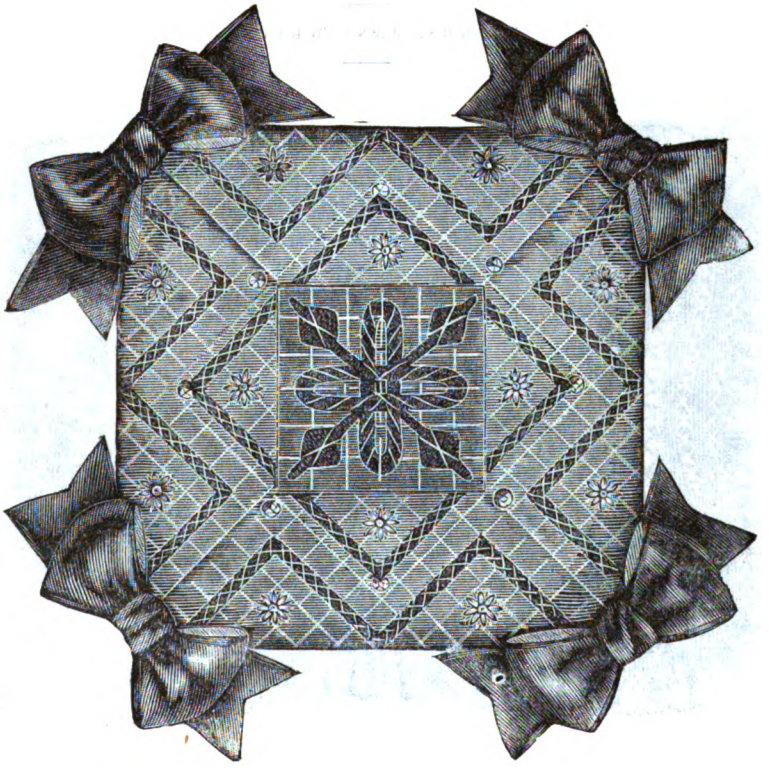


This collar is worked with a wide linen braid, and point lace stitches. Pattern of collar traced on muslin, can be had of Madam Gurney, 717 Broadway, New York.

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SOFA CUSHION: APPLIQUE AND QUILTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The groundwork of the cushion is pale blue satin, and is quilted in diamonds with silk of the same color. Crimson ribbon velvet is appliqué in large vandykes, and these are sewn down with herringbone stitches in gold silk. The stars in the centre of each vandyke are also put in with gold silk. The middle of the cushion is ornamented with an appliqué of crimson velvet, worked over with gold silk. The bows at the corners are crimson satin. This cushion is only given in miniature, but the design can be carried out to any size required.

SMOKING CAP: BRAIDED.

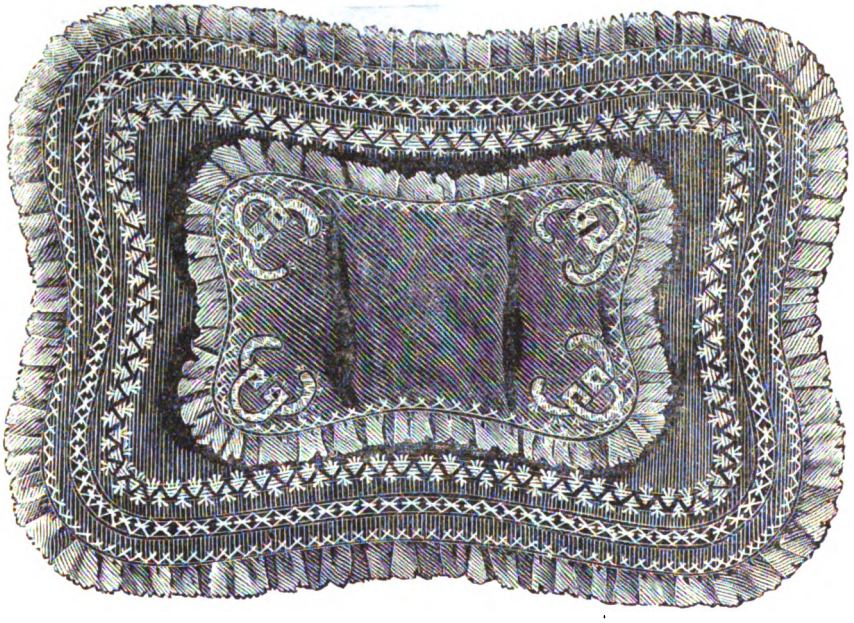
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a smoking cap; which would be very suitable for a Christmas, or New Year's gift, to a gentleman. The material is dark blue cloth. The border may be made wider, if necessary, than in the engraving; but this is a matter of choice. The medallions are in a blue lighter than the body, and are surrounded with black silk braid; the motifs in the centre are in twisted braid of two shades of blue. The second black line round the medallions is reproduced in point ruse with black silk. Lastly the pattern that forms the zigzag is in pale blue soutache, and is barred with black silk.

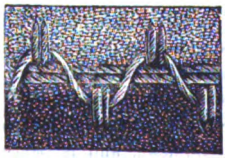
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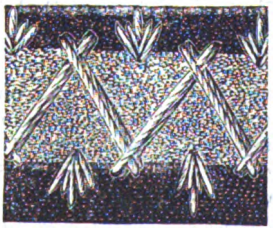
SMALL TABLE OR PIANO RUG.

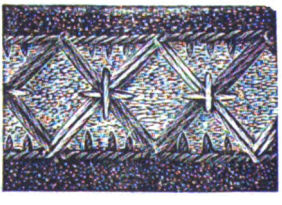
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty rug has in its centre a sort of foot warmer, as the inner piece is lined with fur, and one side is left open, so that the feet can be slipped in, and, if need be, an india rubber water bag, such as is now used, placed in it. For an office, or for practising at a musical instrument, or for a writing table, this sort of rug is most comfortable for any one who suffers from cold feet. The rug can be made of any warm material, and strips of bright cloth can be utilized for it. Our model is made of dark brown woollen plush, the frill is scarlet cloth, pinked out at the edge, and strips of scarlet cloth are sewn upon it with blue and orange silks, the stitches being illustrated full working size in detail, as shown in the engravings below.





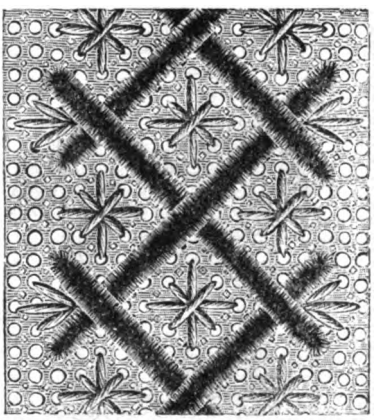


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WALL BASKET, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

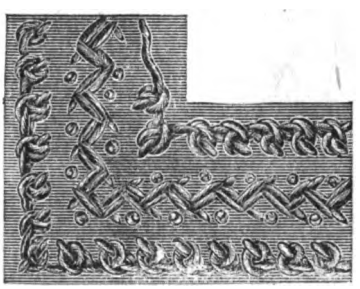


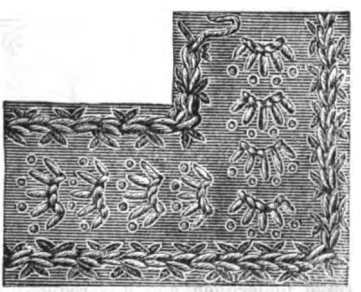


The foundation of our model is of bamboo, but it can be made of strong paste-board. The panels are of silver canvas, embroidered with claret-colored chenille and blue silk, as seen in the design, full size. The basket is lined with claret-colored cashmere and ornamented with bows of blue satin ribbon. It would make an exceedingly pretty Christmas or New Year's gift.

CORNER FANCY STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These designs compose pretty rivieres borders and corners for dresses, paletots, etc., and they will also serve for lingerie. By examining attentively the engravings it is easy to copy the different stitches, and also to put in, after your own taste, the combination of colors.

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SHAVING TIDY: OPEN AND CLOSED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



OPEN.



CLOSED.

This useful article may be easily made, and will form a nice present for a gentleman. The outside of the case may be either of velvet or cloth, measuring sixteen inches long and six inches wide, embroidered with silk of two shades, in a pretty design round the edge, and a monogram in the centre of one side. The case is lined with silk, and has two pieces of soft linen, edged with fringe; small squares of silk paper are tacked to the centre, so that they may be easily pulled out after the razor has been wiped. The case is folded in half, and a silk cord and tassels is sewn to the centre of each side. Instead of embroidering the edge, narrow lace may be sewn on, if preferred. Very few things are so pretty, yet useful, as this.

TRIMMING FOR UNDERLINEN.







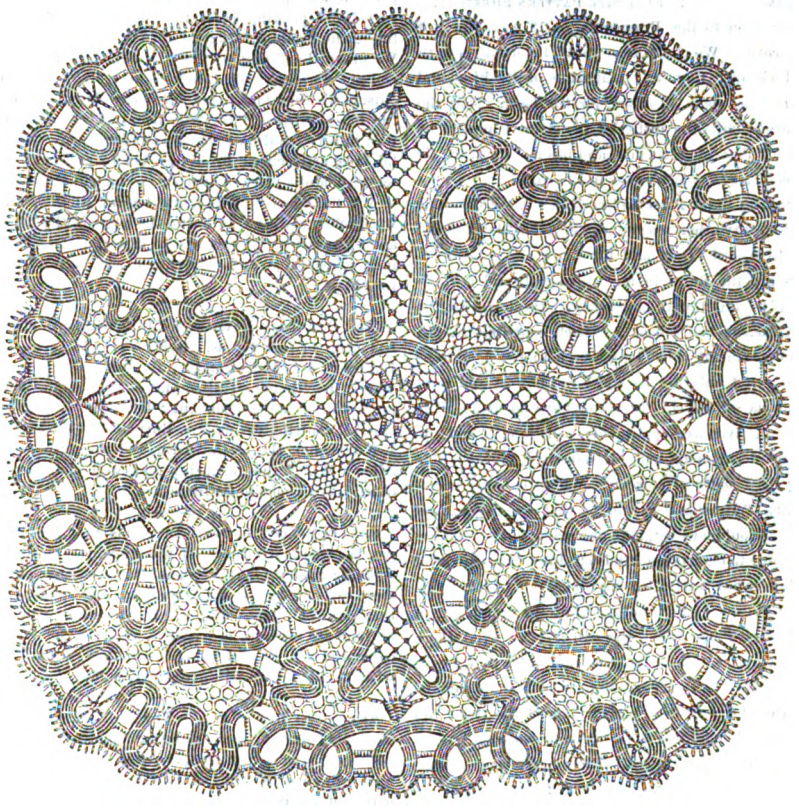


Although there is a radical transformation in the form of underlinen, and it is reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, it is quite as lavishly ornamented with lace and tucks and fancy stitching as when it was larger. These engravings illustrate different styles of trimming the various articles of underwear, and may be further embellished, if desired, with fancy stitches in colored cotton, for which, also, examples will be found among our illustrations.

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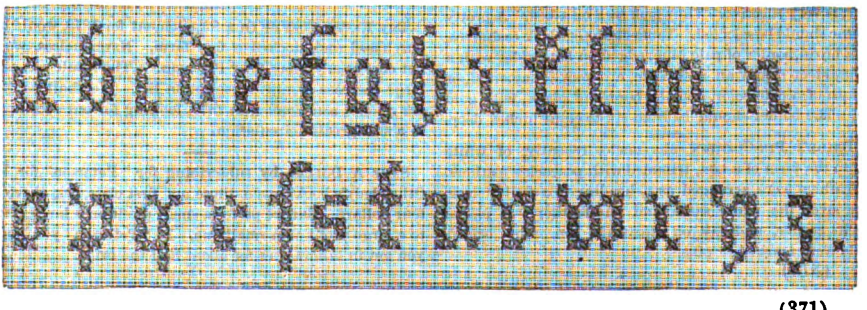
CRAVAT END: POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, a very beautiful design for a cravat end in point lace. Materials for this, and other lace designs, may be had from Madame Gurney & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1879! FULL-SIZE PATTERN SHEETS!!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1879 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. For it is devoted, not only to fashion, but to art and literature also. Its steel-engravings are the finest in any periodical, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: not only are its styles the newest and most elegant, but its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family should, at least, take one magazine.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Christ Blessing Little Children." For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1879. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Still further to meet the requirements of the times, *we have made liberal deductions in the prices of our clubs.* Compare them with those of others! There never was so cheap a magazine, never one giving so much for the money, as "Peterson" will be for 1879.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

QUILTS, TABLE-CLOTHS, ETC.—Pretty quilts of cretonne can be made with a light centre and a broad border of black all round. A pale blue centre, or a pink, with a black flowered border, is very effective. They look well on a bed. A pretty cretonne should be selected. Table-cloths of black cashmere, with a broad border of pale blue, edged on both sides with a gold braid of nearly an inch wide, are very ornamental, or the cloth of a pale color, and the border of black, with gold braid. The border should be from six to eight inches deep.

A BRIDE'S PIN-CUSHION was made, recently, of white satin, in the form of a box, trimmed with peacock's feathers. The feathers were arranged as a heading to a frill of lace, falling over the white satin, and one feather was placed at each corner, and lay on the satin top. The bride's initials were marked in pins.

ECONOMICAL OTTOMANS.—In answer to our fair correspondent, Julia, we would say that we have frequently converted old packing cases into ottomans. We begin by lining the inside, getting the correct size, etc., from outside. We make the lining so that the seams go next the wood, and put a nail in each corner to keep it in its place. The outside we then make, and when completed, sew it on, but the top requires stuffing with flock, which must be pressed well in between the wood and an under cover. Of course the lid must be secured by hinges before any covering is attempted, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid, to prevent it going too far back. Finish your work off by sewing cord round the edges of the lid, etc., and adding tassels at the corner. In case of footstools this is almost a necessity, and cord should also be festooned along the sides.

MRS. BURNETT'S NOVELET, for 1879, will be the longest she has ever written for us. Her love-stories, such as "Miss Dufarge" are, incontestably, the best that appear anywhere, in either the United States or England. She writes for no other lady's book but "Peterson." With such unrivalled contributors as Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. J. G. Austin, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," this magazine may well claim to excel all other lady's books in its literature.

GAS AND VENTILATION.—In rooms that are lighted by gas, the frequent renewal of the air is of great importance. A single gas-burner will consume more oxygen, and produce more carbonic acid to deteriorate the atmosphere of a room, than six or eight candles. If, therefore, when several burners are used, no provision is made for the escape of the corrupted air, and for the introduction of pure air from without, the health will necessarily suffer.

"OUGHT TO REACH ALL."—The Raleigh, (N. C.) Register, says of "Peterson," that its fashion plates, reading matter, household receipts, etc., etc., are specially selected and made up for the women of this country: nothing appears which may not be read by every member of the family: "its circulation ought to reach every household throughout the land."

A PRETTY DECORATION for a dinner, or supper-table, is to lay leaves, in a pattern, in and out among the dishes. Lay the leaves one upon the other, and have them of various colors, those with rich autumn tints being the most effective. Of course, this ornamentation must be kept in the middle of the table, and out of the way of the guests.

THE EXTRA COST OF OUR Supplement for 1878, would have purchased and stocked a fine farm. Nevertheless, we did not charge any more for "Peterson." The result was a very large increase in our subscription list. We shall continue *this popular new feature,* in 1879, looking for our recompense in a still greater circulation.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson" for 1879. Other lady's books, even those not first class, ask three and four dollars. But we prefer a small profit on a large edition to a large profit on a small one. In "Peterson" you get all you get in others, and for about half the price.

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1879.—For next year, our premium engraving, for getting up clubs, will be, "Christ Blessing Little Children," *the most beautiful, unquestionably*, that we have ever issued. It is no old plate, vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with those offered by other publishers, but has been engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers, from the celebrated picture by Overbeck, the great German artist. The impressions are such as would sell, at retail, for five dollars each. It is an engraving that, apart from its great artistic merits, ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land*. It appeals, especially, to every mother's heart. In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the Prospectus, on the last page of cover. *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1879. Send for a specimen of the Magazine to show. No other lady's book offers such inducements as "Peterson." In every respect—cheapness, merit, etc., etc.,—*it is the magazine for the times.*

GOTHIC BORDERS for table-cloths, etc., done in cross-stitch of colored cotton, are very effective, and are just now all the rage. They are made, by tacking canvas on to the material, and pulling the threads away as the work is completed. We have given several such patterns this year.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—A simple, various diet; pure air; proper exercise; regular habits; constant occupation; cleanliness; temperance in all things: these contribute most to produce beauty, and are, in fact, the best cosmetics.

"AT ALL APPROACHES IT."—The New London (O.) Record says of this magazine: "No lady's book at all approaches it in its powerful stories and novelets. Every family ought to take it."

A HANDSOME TOILET COVER is a white cotton quilted one, the quilting done in large diamonds; a small spray worked in each diamond with white or colored cotton: a lace border round.

THE BEST CURE FOR GOSSIP is to be well informed. People who are fond of reading, never talk so much of their neighbors, as the ignorant and illiterate.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Lawrence (Mass.) American says: "Peterson's is *the cheapest and best* of the lady's books."

A GOOD MAGAZINE, on the centre-table, is a proof that the home is one of intelligence and refinement.

COMPARE THIS magazine with any one of the same price, or anything like the price.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Francesca of Rimini. A Poem. By A. S. H. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—It is not often that a volume of anonymous verses has any claim to merit. The present one, however is an exception. "Francesca of Rimini" is distinguished by true poetic feeling, a delicate fancy, and very considerable mastery of language. It has freshness, too, with some quaintness. The author has an especially keen eye for the picturesque. There are passages in it that seem to carry us back to earlier days, when Spenser wandered with Una, or the Elizabethan dramatists sang lyrics of Arcadia. On the other hand, we miss the passion and pathos that would seem to be required by the story. The poem has nothing of that intensity, which we see in Ary Scheffer's great picture. It is to that, indeed, what the purl of a forest brook is to the roar and crash of a hurricane. Nevertheless, within certain limits, the poetry is true and good. The opening stanzas, with their picture of the ruined city by the sea—her once "happy songs dead upon her gray, still lips"—belong to the best kind of descriptive verse. We do not often quote, but read this: it would not have been unworthy of Keats.

> "And dreaming still, till all the mellow flood
> Of color touched and vanished as a cry
> Beyond the vineyard-terraced hills, she stood
> As in a vision; and across the sky
> The white moon, stately as a princess, high
> Amid a thousand stars, moved silently,
> Her silver trailing dress upon the sea."

There are numerous passages, equally good of their kind, scattered through the volume. Hence, though the poem, as a story, is disappointing, the reader will be more than rewarded for perusing it; the pages, to use one of its own similes, are full of "blossoms strewn as by the sower's hand."

Deterioration and Race Education. With Practical Application to the Condition of the People and Industry. By Samuel Royce. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The text of this treatise is that industrial education is the true panacea for the evils of the times. "Honest labor is the need of the hour," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the well known Philanthropist, to whom the book is dedicated, "alike demanded by the physical, mental, moral, and financial condition of the nation." This opinion is elaborated, by the author, in a volume of nearly six hundred pages, full of statistics bearing on the point at issue. If this be the correct view of the subject, then the idea, which popularly prevails, that to work with the hands is less noble than to labor with the brain, in other words, that the professions and kindred pursuits are the most honorable, is an error. Our author maintains, and we think truly, that industrial education, by joining, with labor, skill, dignity and honor, is an advance on the old system of a merely intellectual training. The Hon. Mr. Gladstone, recently prime minister of England, takes substantially the same view, in a late remarkable speech. We commend the treatise to the study of all who are interested in the progress of humanity. Even persons, who may not subscribe to all its views, will find it full of instruction.

The Days of Madame Pompadour. From the French. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is so good a translation, is so entirely free from all traces of French idioms, that one might be excused for thinking it had been originally written in English. The novel itself is very far above the average. The principal characters are Louis XV., Madame Pompadour, various personages about the court, and the hero and heroine. Apart from its merits as a story, the book is valuable, historically; for its pictures of the social life of France, a hundred years ago, are as vivid as they are accurate. The volume is handsomely printed in large, legible type, and on fine paper.

Sonia. By Henry Gréville. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have, here, another of those powerful stories, for which this author has become celebrated. She is a great artist. Not only does she select her themes with rare tact, but she developes the action of the tale with consummate skill. Her books are among the very few that could not be curtailed with advantage. Of the sin of "padding," the favorite sin of most English novelists, she is entirely guiltless. From the first chapter to the last, the attention is so absorbed, that not a word can be lost.

How to be Plump: or, Talks on Physiological Feeding. By T. C. Duncan, M. D. 1 vol., 16mo. Chicago: Duncan Brothers.—While some ladies think themselves too fat, others think themselves too lean, and each kind desires, not unnaturally, a remedy. In this little treatise, we have the wants of those of the latter class provided for, not empirically, but with remedies that go back to first principles, and which, therefore, are reliable. The author, a physician, fortifies his advice with abundant statistics.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—There is no verdict so reliable as that of the newspapers. They see all the magazines, can compare them, and thus are able impartially to decide which is to be preferred. If there is one thing editors agree on, it is that "Peterson's is the cheapest and best." We have on our table hundreds of notices to this effect. The Colfax, (Ind.) Enterprise, says, "Peterson is a necessity in every household; as a medium of fashion it is without a rival." The St. Louis, (Mo.) Baptist, says, "for the price, we regard 'Peterson's' as the best ladies magazine we receive." The Dresden, (Tenn.) Democrat, says, "the cheapest magazine published, and there is nothing better." The Des Moines, (Iowa) Plain Talk, says, "all of the stories are above those found in other magazines." The Abingdon, (Ill.) Express, says, "undoubtedly the cheapest and best of the ladies' books." The Lansing, (Iowa) Mirror, says, "the queen of the ladies magazines." The Everett, (Mass.) Free Press, says, "the cheapest magazine in the country; undoubtedly the most popular of the lady's books." The Le Roy, (N. Y.) Gazette, says, "every taste is satisfied by it." The Lebanon, (Pa.) News, says, "its stories are better than ever." The Rock Island, (Ill.) Union, says, "it gets better every year." But if we were to go on quoting, we might fill pages. Show some of these notices to persons whom you may ask to subscribe.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.—Every lady desires to be considered beautiful. The most important adjunct to beauty is clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. To remove all blemishes use Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It can be had at druggists everywhere.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XIV.—*Capsicum*, from the Greek, Kapto, to bite, in allusion to its hot or biting qualities,—*C. Annuum*, red or cayenne pepper, a native of the East Indies and Tropical America, is cultivated in almost all parts of the world for its fruit-pods which are a powerful stimulant, and much used as a condiment. Dr. Thompson and his disciples—the Thompsonians—gave this article great prominence in their treatment of disease.

The stem of this annud is one to two feet high, angular, branching above; corolla white, berry or fruit hollow, terete, slender, ovoid-oblong, red when mature. Of the several varieties cultivated in the gardens, the most abundant is that with a large, irregular ovate fruit, bull-nose—truncated and depressed at the extremity, and used principally in the green state for pickling. The medicinal variety is long, conical, pointed and recurved, not thicker than the finger at its largest part.

Capsicum when recently powdered, is of a more or less bright red color, which gradually fades upon exposure to light. Powdered cayenne, like all other powdered articles, is liable to adulteration; in this case colored saw-dust is the innocent agent. Hot as the powder or pods of the Capsicum are, still the one or the other is not unfrequently attacked by insects.

MEDICINAL USES—"Heat is life, and cold is death," was one of the aphorisms of Dr. Thompson, and hence it was only necessary to apply *heat* (cayenne) internally, and steam externally to a patient to ward off death. The practical uses of Capsicum and lobelia were largely extended by him and his followers, and the true physician should seize upon TRUTH where'er it may be found, and practice medicine without prejudice. He will find good in all systems, and in trying cases, he will learn that he cannot have too many arrows in his pouch. Taken internally, cayenne pepper diffuses a sense of heat in the stomach, and a general glow over the body, with no strongly marked influence over the circulation. Hence, after being exposed to cold, damp or wet, it is far preferable to alcoholic stimulus in any form. It is one of the best condiments also from the same cause, and is very useful in correcting the flatulent tendency of many vegetables, besides aiding in their digestion. Cayenne or red pepper restores or increases secretory action; black pepper arrests, or diminishes the secretions. Those who live therefore chiefly on vegetable food, will find this article specially useful. Possessing these properties, it is apparent that it may be used to advantage in cases of enfeebled stomachs with languid digestion, and by persons of intemperate habits, whose stomachs are deadened in sensibility, so as not to feel the stimulus of ordinary food. In old intermittents, two to five grains of cayenne with each dose of quinine, will add much to its efficacy. By the way, quinine should never be given (save in pernicious fever) when the stomach is much deranged and constipation exists. The following formula, originating in the West Indies, holds a high place in the treatment of malignant sore throat (diphtheria) and scarlet fever: Infuse for one hour, two tablespoonfuls of cayenne and one tablespoonful of salt in one pint of boiling vinegar and water (equal parts), strain, and give in doses of a tablespoonful every hour or two. The same preparation makes a good gargle. Capsicum in teaspoonful doses, in pills, honey, cream or syrup has been found to relieve or prevent sea-sickness when given on the first occurrence of nausea. Mania-a-potu can often be arrested in the beginning by a few teaspoonful doses of cayenne.

Externally, Capsicum is a powerful rubefacient, and is very useful especially in *cold* rheumatism, and in low forms of disease generally. A tablespoonful, simmered in half pint vinegar, forms a very good, cheap bathe for the poor, in cases of cold in the face, pain in back or breast, abdomen, etc. In these cases a piece of flannel may be wrung out of the hot liquid and applied—renew frequently till relieved. In cases of relaxed uvula—when "the palate is down"—the powder of cayenne or a strong tincture applied by means of a swab or mop, will act very beneficially in restoring it. Chilblain or frosted feet are benefitted by this tincture or acetous infusion. Cayenne enters largely into all our best liniments, and with gum myrrh tinctured in alcohol, in the proportion of one ounce to eight in one gallon of spirit, it makes the celebrated and useful compound known as hot drops, or "No. 6,"—useful internally for colds, cramps, colics, diarrhœa, etc., and externally in mangled cuts, contusions, injuries, etc. Want of space will not admit more to be said of this useful article.

FLORICULTURE.

ROSES IN THE HOUSE.—A subscriber asks us for some hints as to the culture of roses in pots, of course for the house. The ever-blooming roses are decidedly the best for house culture in pots—because they bloom quicker and more continuously than any of the others, and beside this, their style and habit of growth is more bushy and better adapted to the purpose. They can be kept nicely with other growing plants, and with proper attention to their requirements will

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bloom freely. 1. Do not use too large pots—if possible, not more than three or four inches. The rule is, one size larger than the plants have been grown in. The smaller the pot—provided of course, it is large enough to contain the plant—the quicker and stronger the plant will start. It is very difficult to get a small plant to live and grow in a large pot. A rose will not bloom much till the pot is well filled with roots; therefore small pots facilitate quick bloom. If the pots are old, they should first be thoroughly washed. If new they should be soaked in water, otherwise they will absorb the moisture from the plant. 2. Have good, rich soil—mellow and friable. That made from old decomposed sods is best. If manure is used, it should be old and thoroughly composted; fresh manure is injurious. 3. Put some bits of broken crockery, charcoal, or other similar material, in the bottom of each pot, to facilitate drainage, then enough fine earth to raise the plant to a proper height. It should not be much deeper than it was before. Next put in the plant and spread out its roots as near their natural position as possible; then fill in fine earth and press firmly down with the hand. When done, the pot should not be quite full; a little space is needed for water. 4. When first potted, water thoroughly, and if the sun is strong, shade for a few days; then give full light and air. Though the plant should not be allowed to wither for want of water, the earth should get moderately dry before watering again. Too much water is worse than not enough. Very little water is needed until the plant starts to grow. These hints, we think, will be sufficient for our fair inquirer.

ETIQUETTE.

Large Parties, Balls, Etc.—When an evening party is composed of over one hundred people, it is often called a ball, that is, if there is dancing; there may be a small evening party with dancing, that is not called a ball; but at a ball proper there must be dancing.

Invitations to a ball may be sent out two or three weeks beforehand. A "ball" is generally supposed to include all one's acquaintances, and people feel neglected if not asked. Hence, many persons prefer to give two or three smaller parties, during the season, as a general party, or ball, crowds the rooms, so that dancing is impossible. Comparatively few houses have rooms sufficiently large, in which to give balls comfortably; plenty of dancing room is absolutely necessary for the success of a ball; sufficient good music is also necessary; and a good, smooth floor, without a carpet, or if the carpet is left down, it should be entirely covered with a smooth, linen, floor-cloth, tightly nailed, so that no wrinkle may interfere with the dancing. Plenty of light is indispensable, and as many flowers as can be placed in the room, so as not to interfere with the space, for flowers add greatly to the gaiety of the scene.

The ball supper is usually served about twelve o'clock, and consists of all the luxuries that the purse of the giver can afford; but the refreshments should be placed on the table, in such a way that they will require no cutting with a knife, as this is impossible in a crowded room, when all have to stand to eat. Light refreshments, such as lemonade, cake, ice cream and water-ices, tea and coffee, may be placed in some small room, to which the dancers can go conveniently, after each dance. In very great houses in London, supper is served on little tables, that accommodate four or six, and everybody is seated.

Dressing-rooms are, of course, to be provided for both ladies and gentlemen; the latter should conduct the ladies, with whom they go to the ball, to the door of the dressing-room for the ladies, and after having taken off their own wraps in the gentlemen's room, they should return to the door of the ladies' room, wait till the lady, whom they have escorted, is ready, and leaves the dressing-room, and then conduct her to the ball-room, near the door of which the hostess should be standing to receive her guests. The hostess is the first person who should be addressed on entering the ball-room; but her time and attention should be occupied but for a moment, as so many others will be waiting to pay their respects to her.

Invitations to a ball are usually given for eight o'clock, though no one is expected to go till nine o'clock at the earliest, and ten is the more usual hour for going.

A young lady should always go to a ball with a married lady, if she has no father, brother or near male relative to escort her; but she can enter the ball-room with any gentleman with whom she is acquainted; and she usually dances the first dance with such an escort.

During the earlier part of the evening, while the host and hostess are standing near the door, receiving their guests, it is almost impossible for them to give much attention to those who have already arrived, though occasionally an introduction may be given, but it is the duty of both host and hostess, as soon as they are able to mingle freely with their guests, to see that those who dance, of either sex, are provided with partners. No wall-flower should be left without a partner, if she can dance, and no bashful man should be passed over, without introducing him to some one who will take pity on his awkwardness.

A gentleman should always be ready to lead his partner to her place, whom he has engaged, as soon as the music strikes up for that especial dance. A lady, having refused to dance any particular dance with one gentleman, cannot dance it with another; she must sit quietly till that dance is over; but she is at liberty to make a new engagement for another dance.

After a dance is over, the lady is conducted to her seat, near her chaperone or some friends, or, she walks around the room once or twice, if so disposed; but she should not detain her partner too long, as he may have another engagement. He may be one whose attention she is anxious to parade before her friends; but let her remember that, whilst polite to her, he may also wish to be equally polite to others, and that she will sink in his esteem, if she monopolizes him, and will lose her dignity of character.

Of course there are many persons who go to balls, who do not dance; the older, married ladies, etc., etc.; but they also should be attended to; introduced to each other, if not acquainted; and be made to pass as pleasant an evening as possible.

If there are young sons and daughters, or sisters, or any relatives of the family, who are quite at home, it is their place to do all they can to promote the pleasure and gaiety of the evening, by seeing that all are provided with partners, and that none are neglected. This will not be quite as pleasant, perhaps, as dancing, but the ball will be considered much the greater success. The host or hostess, or some of the family, should also see that all ladies are accommodated with escorts to the supper-room, and that all are well served; this need not be done in a fussy manner, but to those really anxious for the comfort of their guests; the quick eye will soon detect any neglect, and the hint to some gentleman, or quiet word to a servant, will soon make the neglected one feel at ease. It is from the kind heart that the best breeding comes; and unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others is absolutely indispensable to all who aim to entertain well.

A ball supper is usually so late that many persons, who do not dance, are obliged to leave as soon as it is over. It is not necessary to take leave of the hostess, as we said, last month, though if she is near, it will be only polite to make your adieu, and to say how pleasant you have thought the evening, for this shows your appreciation of the effort made to please you. A card should be left, on host and hostess, during the week following.

A Kettle-drum, or Reception, for the terms are synonymous

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now, usually takes place from two to three o'clock to six in the afternoon, on short winter days, or from four to seven or eight, on longer days. One or several receptions can take place, according to the size of the lady's visiting list, and of her rooms, for *all* your acquaintances must be invited to these informal parties. Flowers here add to the beauty of the room as they do at all times. The hostess receives near the door, as on other occasions: the visitors go in handsome street, or carriage-dress, and mingle freely with each other without restraint. The refreshments are of the simplest kind, consisting of tea, coffee, chocolate, cake, lemonade, or any other light, inexpensive thing; they should be nicely placed on a table, in the dining-room, with one of the servants to serve them. Frequently, some members of the household, or some intimate friend, or friends, take their place at the waiter, pour out tea, coffee, etc., and see that all who enter the room are provided for.

Gentlemen, as well as ladies, are invited to receptions; but as these entertainments take place in the day time, comparatively few gentlemen can attend. But if a gentleman is invited, and cannot go, he should either send a card, on the day of the reception, or leave it during the week that follows. The same rule holds good with ladies.

A hostess can do less, toward the special entertainment of her guests, at a reception, than at any other kind of gathering, as she is obliged to be near the door, during the whole time for which the invitation extends. Guests can come and go at pleasure, remaining the whole time, or only for a few moments, as they wish; for of all entertainments this is the most informal. It is not at all necessary to say adieu to the hostess, without it is quite convenient, or particularly desired.

The evening reception is more like a ball. Generally, in fact, it differs from a ball, only in name; and is so called that it may appear more informal; evening-dress is obligatory, dancing is usual, and the supper is like that of a ball, though that is not necessary, as simpler refreshments can be given.

ART-DECORATION.

PAINTINGS ON SATIN OR SILK FOR WALL DECORATIONS, ETC.—Groups of flowers or fruit and Japanese designs, painted in water or oil colors, on silk or satin, have been introduced lately for wall decorations, as well as for panels of fire screens and cabinets, etc. Those paintings, properly executed, have an excellenl effect, involve less labor than embroideries, and are less liable to be spoiled by dust and exposure. The material to be painted upon is prepared in the following manner: First line the piece with two thicknesses of white paper cambric, as darker shades will sometimes show through the texture of the silk. Cut the lining a little narrower than the silk, and sew up the two opposite long edges, beginning them so that the seams will be inside, and leaving the top and bottom edges unfinished. Then stretch and fix the material upon a drawing board or small table to be painted upon. Then trace the outlines of the design with faint pencil marks upon the silk, and if oil colors are to be used, brush over the silk inside the tracings with a weak solution of oxgall in water. This will prevent the oil running out of the paint into the silk. Water colors are, however, preferable for painting on silk or satin.

The finished painting is taken from the stretching board, and framed by sewing a strip of plush or velvet of about an eighth of a yard in depth upon the top and bottom edges, while the sides are left plain. The decoration is then completed, and ready to be hung upon the wall.

For silk painted fire screens a strip of silk, of a color which will harmonise with the furniture or wall paper of the room, is first painted with a desirable pattern, Japanese designs being particularly effective. This strip is then lined with silk of the same, or a contrasting color, and mounted upon a willow, black walnut, or ebony standard. The most practical size is about five-eighths of a yard wide and one yard in length, and the legs should be visible below the standard.

Of floral groups, cats' tails and Japan lilies upon a blue or olive ground look very well; likewise daisies upon old gold, wild roses upon black, or thistles, wheat, clover, and grasses upon any of their complementary ground colors. Generally silk or satin of old gold, rich blue, olive-green color are chosen for the ground, but maroon, black and pale yellow go equally well with certain flowers, the selection of which must be left to the taste of the artist. The frame ought to be of a contrasting color, dull olive-green plush being very effective on light blue, and brown on old gold; or a darker shade of the same color may be used.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Shin of Beef Soup.—Break a shin of beef into three or four pieces; first put a little butter in the pot, and then the shin; let fry a minute or so, and then pour on it four gallons of cold water. Let it boil slowly for five hours. When the soup is done, let it be boiled to one and a-half gallons. Let the shin boil for two hours, adding only one tea-spoon of salt. Then add four good sized turnips cut up, two carrots grated, and four Irish potatoes previously boiled; cut up very fine one-half of a cabbage; as the soup boils remove the scum. Season with a little red pepper. When the soup is done strain off the meat and vegetables and serve. This will make enough soup for two days.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up a chicken into small pieces; put bones and all into a small pot of water. Three carrots cut up, one pint of tomatoes, one tea-cup of lima beans, and salt to taste, a little cayenne pepper. One hour before serving, add a pint of rich milk; thicken with flour; cook for four hours.

Oyster Soup.—Take two quarts of oysters; wash them in their liquor, and strain the liquor. Put on the liquor with pepper, salt and parsley. Let it come to a boil; then put in the oysters and let them stew for twenty minutes. Just before taking it off, stir in a pint of milk.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Fricassee of Chicken.—Cut up a large chicken into neat joints. Throw then into boiling salted water for two or three minutes. Take them out, and rub each piece with a lemon cut in half. Melt one ounce butter in a saucepan, add a table-spoonful of flour, white pepper, salt, powdered nutmeg to taste, and half a pint of white stock, with an onion, a bunch of parsley; stir the sauce till it boils, then put in the pieces of fowl, and let them stew gently. When done, remove the onion and parsley, lay the pieces of fowl neatly on a dish, stir into the sauce, off the fire a couple of yolks of eggs, strained and beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and pour it over the pieces of fowl.

Stewed Beef-steak.—Dissolve some butter in a stew pan, and brown the steak on both sides, moving it often, that it may not burn; then shake in a little flour, and when it is colored, pour in gradually sufficient water to cover well the meat. As soon as it boils, season with salt, remove the scum, slice in onion, carrot, and turnip; add a bunch of sweet herbs, and stew the steak very gently for about three hours. A quarter of an hour before you serve, stir into the gravy two or three tea-spoonfuls of rice-flour, mixed with cayenne, half a wine-glassful of mushroom ketchup, and a little seasoning of spice.

Veal Dressed like Terrapins.—Take cold roast veal fillet, or

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loin; cut into pieces one inch square; put into a skillet; mix and pour over the veal a dressing made of six hard-boiled eggs, minced fine, one small teaspoon of vinegar, mustard, one salt-spoon of salt, and one of red pepper, one-half pint of cream, two glasses of Madeira or Sherry wine. Mix all well together; cover and let stew ten minutes.

Codfish Cakes.—Boil a piece of salt cod; take out all the bones, and mash with it equal quantities of potatoes. Season it with pepper and salt to your taste; then add as much beaten egg as will form it into paste. Make it into thin cakes, flour them, and fry them of a light brown.

Beefsteak with Onions.—Melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan, and in it fry to a golden color an onion sliced very finely, or a couple of shalots minced; add a sprinkling of pepper, and pour over the steak.

VEGETABLES.

Baked Potatoes in Haste.—Well wash some medium-sized potatoes, but do not peel them; put them into plenty of boiling water, boil them quickly for a quarter of an hour, drain them, and put them into a pretty hot oven till their skins are perfectly well browned; if the oven be of the right heat, five minutes' baking will be enough; press them a little so as to make them as mealy as possible inside, envelop them in a damask napkin, and serve hot. When baked potatoes are ordered upon a short notice for supper, this expeditious manner of doing them may be resorted to, and the result be a dish of potatoes, dressed in one third of the time required in the usual way.

Winter Salad.—Cut one pound red cabbage in thin shreds, blanch it in boiling water for fifteen minutes; cool, drain, and put in a basin with one ounce of salt, and let it pickle for four hours; then pour off the water, add half a gill of vinegar, mix, and let it remain for two hours; trim one pound celery, cut it in small dice, and blanch it in boiling water for ten minutes and drain it; cut an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes in the same way. A quarter of an hour before serving, drain the cabbage, and mix the whole in a salad bowl, adding three tablespoonfuls of oil, one table-spoonful of chopped tarragon, and two small pinches of pepper, and serve.

Cold Slaw.—Cut the cabbage very fine; put into a bowl, and sprinkle a little salt over it; bruise the cabbage with a potatoe-masher. Then mix three table-spoons of sugar, and four of vinegar, with half pint of nice sweet cream, and mix it through the cabbage. The cabbage should not be too green.

DESSERTS.

Pumpkin Pie.—Cut the pumpkin up and pare it, and put it in an enamelled saucepan with a little water to stew till quite tender. Put it through a sieve, and set what is not wanted aside for future use; it will keep a week in cool weather, but the frost must not be allowed to reach it. Take a large tablespoonful and a-half for each pie, thin it with milk a little thicker than custard, and add two eggs well beaten, sugar to taste, and a little nutmeg and ground cinnamon, or any seasoning preferred. Put it in a pie dish lined with paste and bake it.

Fritters.—To a pint of milk add the yolks of six eggs well beaten and half a teaspoonful of salt; then mix in as much flour as will make it of a proper thickness to drop easily from a spoon, beat well, and at the last add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Do not mix much, or stir to destroy the froth, but draw the spoon lightly across two or three times. Have ready a pan of boiling lard and drop in a spoonful at a time, and fry a light brown.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.—Cut thin slices of bread and butter according to the size of the dish the pudding is to be made in. Lay a layer of bread and butter, and then strew some currants over it, and some strips of candied peel, and so on alternately, till the dish is full. Beat up four eggs, and one and a-half pint of milk, with sugar and nutmeg to taste; pour over the bread and butter, and bake one hour.

Sponge Cake Pudding.—Butter a mould well, and ornament it with dried cherries or sultanas, then three-parts fill with sponge cake, and fill up with custard. Four sponge cakes, half a pint of milk, and two or three eggs, sweetened with loaf sugar, make a nice small pudding. Boil or steam it for half an hour, and serve with sweet or wine sauce.

Apple Pudding.—Take three large baking apples, pare them, and cut the cores square out, and fill the holes with butter and sugar, and a little of any seasoning preferred. Butter a deep dish, lay the apples in it, and cover them with batter, such as the fritters are made of, and bake in a quick oven about half an hour.

Baked Apple Pudding.—One pound of apples, a quarter of a pound respectively of sugar, butter, and bread crumbs or biscuits, the yolks of four eggs, the white of one, the peel and half the juice of a lemon; mix all well together, bake three quarters of an hour, and turn out on a dish.

Children's Plum Pudding.—Six ounces finely-grated bread, six ounces sugar, six eggs, six apples, some lemon-peel and nutmeg; let it boil three hours. Eat with sweet sauce.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF OLIVE-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR, made short; the over-dress is drawn back and fastened with a large bow; the dress is trimmed with a band of olive-green silk, with raised velvet figures of a darker shade. The wrap is of the same material as the dress, plaited back and front into a large yoke; the sleeves are wide and long; gray felt bonnet, trimmed with olive-green velvet and rich, red ostrich tips.

FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN VELVET; it is of the Princess shape, made without trimming on the skirt, and the train is laid in full plaits beneath a band of a lighter shade of satin, which is confined at the side by a large buckle. The front and sleeves are trimmed with gold-colored hanging buttons. Large collar and cuffs of guipure lace.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS OF GRAY SILK, TRIMMED WITH NARROW GARNET VELVET; the lower-skirt has one deep plaited flounce, the upper-skirt is long, edged in front with a narrow plaited ruffle, and falls fan-shaped at the back; the waist is high and open in front; the sleeves reach to the elbow; mantilla of black lace.

FIG. IV.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF YELLOW SILK, PRINCESS SHAPE; worn under a dress or black Spanish net which is woven to fit the figure.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF SLATE-GRAY SILK; made rather long, without trimming on the back, and with a chenille fringe on the front. The cloak is of blue-black velvet, trimmed with a band of fur. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with gray velvet, and a long, curling, ostrich plume at the back.

FIG. VI.—MORNING VISITING-DRESS OF BRONZE-COLORED SILK AND HABIT CLOTH; the skirt is long, terminating with two plaitings, headed with a silk crossband. The tunic is folded in front and draped at the back. The waistcoat is of basket cloth, likewise the cuffs and the pockets. The jacket turns back with revers, and is buttoned as far as the waist, where it opens to discover the waistcoat.

FIG. VII.—AFTERNOON VISITING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, made short; the under-skirt is trimmed with two plaited flounces, the upper-skirt is hemmed and fastened on the left side with large crochet buttons; the long paletot and vest are of black silk, with a wide trimming of black embossed silk and velvet; the collar and cuffs are of the same material; black velvet bonnet with pale pink feathers.

FIGS. VIII AND IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, BACK AND FRONT, made of myrtle-green India cashmere and silk of a lighter shade;

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the cashmere skirt is trimmed with a plaited flounce, the plaits being turned back at regular intervals with small revers, lined with silk; at the sides and back the flounce is headed with a silk ruche. The cashmere polonaise opens at the left side and turns back with revers, which are also covered with silk. The opening displays a succession of tucks. The back has an elongated waist, from which falls a full square tunic. It is bordered with a wide band of silk on the right side, and on the left side with a revers. A plaiting of silk is attached to the elongated waist by means of bows. The coat-shaped sleeves terminate with revers, edged at both sides with plaiting.

FIG. X.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK SATIN AND EMBOSSED BLACK VELVET; the trailed satin skirt, bordered with a narrow flounce. Tablier of embossed velvet; at the back there are two long sash ends, terminating with fringe. French bodice, with embossed velvet plastron; sleeves of the two materials. Satin waistband, fastened in front with a buckle, and on the left side ornamented with loops and ends of satin ribbon.

FIG. XI.—CASHMERE BODICE OF BRONZE-COLOR, AND SILK OF THE SAME COLOR; this bodice, which fastens diagonally, has a round and close-fitting basque. A faille-plaiting headed with two rouleaux follows the diagonal line, and is curved round the top. In the inside there is a double plaiting of tarlatan with Valenciennes lace. At the edge of the basque there is a brocaded galon. The sleeve terminates with two kiltings, headed with a galon. A bow at the side.

FIG. XII.—WATER-PROOF WRAP OF GRAY ULSTER CLOTH, it is made rather loose back and front, belted around the waist; it has three Garrick capes, and is trimmed with large buttons.

FIG. XIII.—BLACK VELVET CUIRASS BODICE, with round, close-fitting basque. The heart-shaped opening is ornamented with a guipure collar, and guipure is added down the bodice and round the basque. The sleeves terminate with guipure ruffles, headed with a combined lace and silk bow.

FIGS. XIV AND XV.—DUN GREEN PALETOT OF BLACK REVERSIBLE CLOTH, trimmed with black braid. The triple collar is bordered with braid, and similar trimming is repeated on the sleeves and pockets; the pattes at the back are ornamented with four large buttons.

FIG. XVI.—THE MASANIELLO CLOAK OF BÈGE COLORED CLOTH; trimmed with Balkan fox fur; appliqués of gimp, studded with bège; colored beads fasten the cloak across the chest. The form is in the dolman style, and the points of the collar are turned over the fur in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, two each, of the newest style hats and bonnets. The first hat is of black velvet, turned up at the side, and trimmed with only bows of velvet; the other hat is of gray felt, trimmed with a band of black velvet and a stiff wing; around the turned up brim is a band of gray fur. The first bonnet is of brown felt, with strings and trimmings of brown velvet; row of gold braid around the brim and gold colored feathers.

A few ladies still seem to prefer the demi-train for walking, thinking it more graceful, but all the new imported dresses are made so short that it is quite unnecessary to hold them up, they just escape the ground; the fronts still fall close to the figure, and the backs are draped in various ways to suit the fancy of the wearer; sometimes the apron front is turned up from the bottom, washerwoman fashion; sometimes the under-dress has kilt plaitings the whole length of the front, or may be plain, with a ruffle at the bottom, and the over-dress is cut open half way up the front, and is turned back at the sides. This is called the milk-maid skirt.

Nearly all the over-skirts have the back breadths perfectly plain, and are caught up in two or three soft folds, giving the panniers effect, which will soon, most probably, end in decided panniers.

Trained dresses have more elabrate drapery than the short dresses, frequently, too, the same general styles are used for both.

For young or slender people, the basque, plaited its whole length, back and front, will be worn, though except for young girls, this is not considered very dressy. Then the coat basque, either with or without a vest, will be much worn; sometimes this is doubled breasted, with a rolling collar, sometimes to the throat, and sometimes it is fastened with two or three buttons over the vest. There are many modifications of these coat basques and vests, and any figure may be made to look well in them. We cannot too often reiterate that any woman may follow a fashion of her own, and that none need be unbecomingly dressed. The present fashion is economical, too, for in nearly all costumes two different colors are used, so two old dresses can easily be remodeled to make one stylish new one. Plush is again coming in fashion after a long banishment, and plush basques of different colors, to be worn with white or black skirts are both pretty and economical. For evening-dresses, white is very much used, berége, muslin, albatross cloth, French bunting, etc. An old black silk may be remodeled for an evening-dress, by flouncing it with white knife-plaited ruffles, either wide or narrow, though the narrow ones are the richest; this is another old fashion revived. A great deal of red, of various shades is worn, we do not mean that much is worn at a time, but that it forms part of the trimming of many costumes and bonnets. Garnet, maroon, claret, and even much brighter colors are much used.

Nearly all Wrappings for Winter are long, and sufficiently loose to have a comfortable look; the coat-shaped and Louis XV. sacque are as fashionable as any, but anything that is liked is worn, except, perhaps, a very short garment, which is not now seen.

Bonnets have a decided inclination to larger crowns and brims, yet some of the very newest are very small, though these are the exception, rather than the rule. Felt, velvet, satin, and plush are all used, and nearly all the ribbons are of two materials, or of two or more colors. For gray, black, or brown felt bonnets and hats, no prettier trimming can be found than the soft, gay plaid ribbon, or one of the many embroidered ribbons so fashionable this season. Few flowers are seen, ribbons and feathers being more used; but little face trimming is seen, and the bonnets are nearly all tied under the chin, in many cases the ribbon crossing over the crown and down the side.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S WALKING-DRESS OF TEA-COLORED CASHMERE AND BLACK VELVETEEN; the under-skirt is of velveteen, with a deep plaited flounce; the collar, the *plastron* in front, cuffs, bows, etc., are also of the black velveteen. The long Princess front of the over-dress is opened at the side, underneath the Louis XV. vest, which fits rather closely in the back and is trimmed with large buttons; the skirt is simply hemmed and caught up at the back. Black velvet hat with tea-colored plumes, and a quilling of *Thiers* red velvet in the front.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF DARK BLUE CAMEL'S HAIR, FOR A LITTLE G ; the under-dress is plain in front, and is laid in three large plaits at the back; the paletot, which fastens diagonally, the bottom of the dress and the blue velvet cap are all trimmed with chinchilla fur.

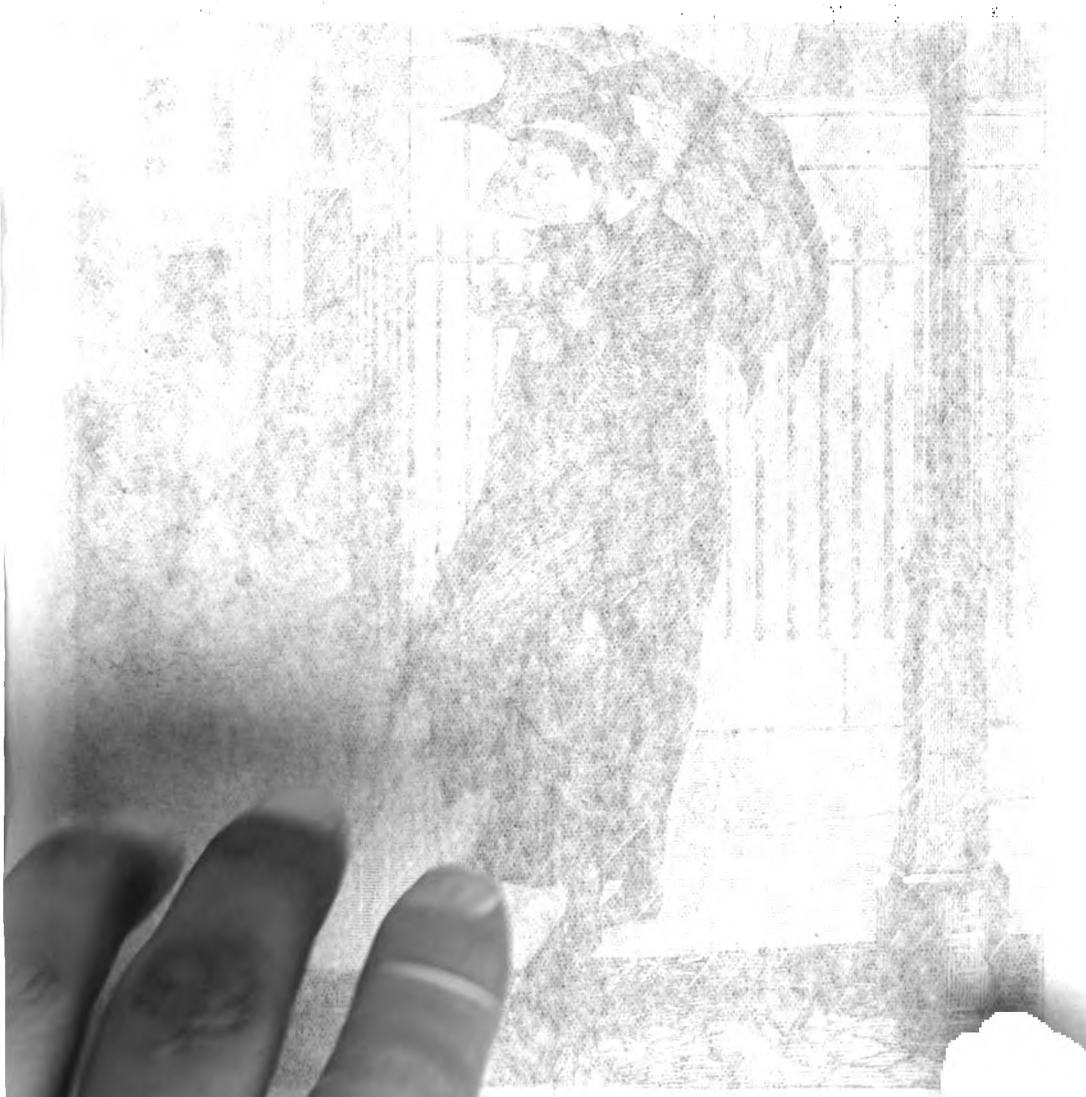
FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S COAT OF MULBERRY-COLORED CLOTH, double-breasted and cut with pockets in front for the hands, collar and cuffs of black Astrakan fur; the mulberry colored velvet toque is also trimmed with black Astrakan.

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HE WOUNDED BIRD. [*See the Story,* "*Mrs.*

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AT THE HAWTHORN BUSH.

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THE WOUNDED BIRD. [*See the Story*, "*Mrs. Million.*"]

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AT THE HAWTHORN BUSH.

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THE WOUNDED BIRD. [*See the Story, "Mrs. Million."*]

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THE WOUNDED BIRD. [See the Story, "Mrs. Million."]

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AT THE HAWTHORN BUSH.

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THE WOUNDED BIRD. [*See the Story, "Mrs. Million."*]

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THE WOUNDED BIRD. [See the Story, "Mrs. Million."]

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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SKATING COSTUME: BACK AND FRONT.

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NEW STYLES FOR WINTER COSTUMES.

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EVENING TOILET. FRONT. VELVET HAT.

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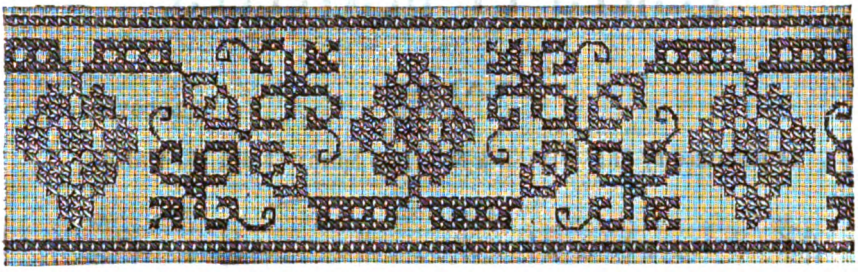
EVENING TOILET: BACK. NEW WINTER BONNET.

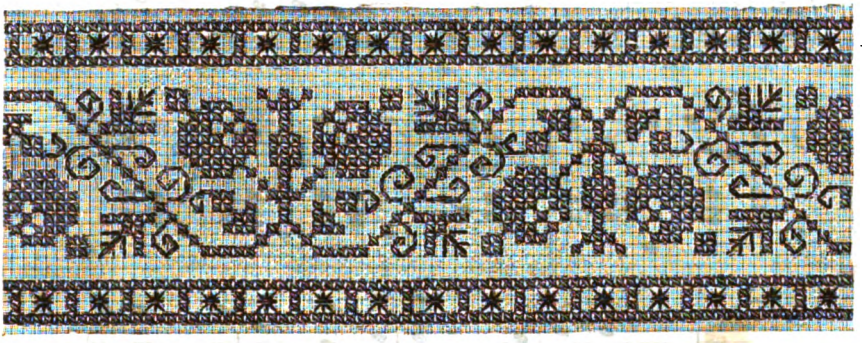
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BORDER FOR CURTAINS: IN APPLIQUÉ.

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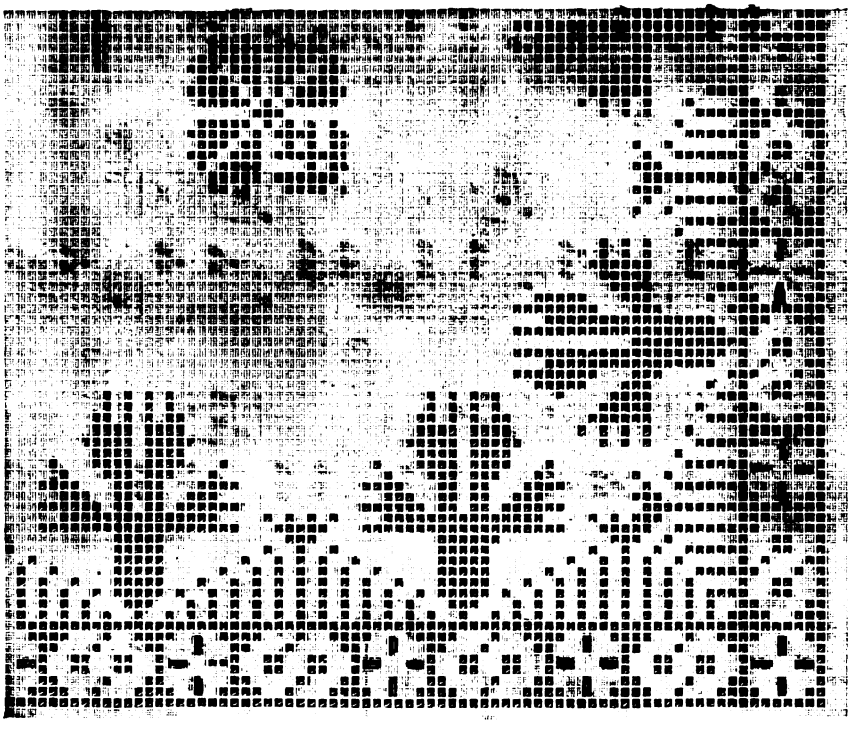


TABLE CLOTH: BORDERS, Etc: IN CROSS-STITCH.

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PERLES ET DENTELLES.

(PEARLS AND LACES.)

VALSE.

G. LUDOVIC. Op. 50.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philada.



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NEW STYLE PALETOT: FRONT AND BACK. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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"MRS. MILLION."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY WIFE'S BRIC-A-BRAC," ETC., ETC.

I HAVE spoken, once before, I think, of my wife's friend, Mrs. Million. That "leader of fashion," as she likes to see herself called in the papers, is the spouse of a distinguished operator in Wall street, who made a great fortune, some years ago, by a successful "corner in stocks." Perhaps some of my readers do not know what a "corner in stocks" is. I have not the space, unfortunately, to enlighten them on this question, in all points; but it is enough to say that it is a proceeding, ethically considered, like putting a pistol, on a dark night, to the head of a defenceless traveller, with the words "stand and deliver." Mrs. Million's husband, having made his grand *coup*, settled a million of dollars on his wife, and ever after that, he and she went by the nick-names of Mr. and Mrs. Million. He is a big, burly man, with a bull-neck. I have noticed that most successful stock-brokers have bull-necks: their brains—I refer this to Darwin to explain—seem to lie entirely in the neck.

As for Mrs. Million, she is a tall, heavily-built, rather vulgar-looking woman, with an expression on her face of habitual worry. She had been, originally, poor. But since her husband had made his fortune, she had been tormented with a desire to "get into society." For this she had spent large sums in entertaining, and had submitted to innumerable slights. Hence, perhaps, her worn and haggard look. "She would probably have been more successful," as old Major Snarl said at the club, "if she had showed her hand less plainly." After years of persistent pushing, however, she managed to achieve a kind of footing in the "upper ten." People went to her receptions and balls, and then laughed at her behind her back. Somehow she never acquired the ease that distinguishes the true lady. If she was giving a dinner, and anything went wrong, you could detect it by her worried manner. At her receptions, even while replying to your salutations, she was looking over your shoulder, with an anxious look, to see if Count This, or my Lord That, or whoever it was that happened to be the "lion" of the day, had come. For she was an insatiable hunter up of social celebrites. She was never so happy in her life, as when the Grand Duke Tommoddy, of the Ducal kingdom, Tommoddy, a German principality, ten miles by twenty, had dined at her table. Ever since then she had dated events from it, saying, "When the Grand Duke dined with me," etc.

With all her ostentation, however, Mrs. Million was said to be quite "nigh." Very circumstantial stories were afloat in society as to her meanness. "She had to pinch and pare so much when she was poor," said old Major Snarl, "that it has become a second nature with her. They say she haggles with the florist about the flowers he supplies for her grand dinners. I know that she has a new caterer at every ball. I suppose it's because she has quarreled with the old one over his bill."

I said to Jemima, one day: "Why do you allow that woman to be so intimate with you, my dear? To me she seems the impersonation of vulgar wealth."

"She has always been kind to me," replied Jemima, "I don't like to throw her over."

"Her very voice is enough," I said. "It is as shrill as a huckster's, too. Did you ever remark her eye? It is as hard as steel."

The truth about my wife and Mrs. Million was that Jemima has a tender heart, and cannot bring herself to break with anybody, who has once been on her visiting list. Jemima always had a tender heart. I remember, when we were younger, and comparatively poor, she took into the house a waif of a boy whom she had found crying in the streets, and who imposed on her by a tale of orphanage and the impossibility of getting work. She kept him for a week, and would have kept him longer, only he took himself off, one morning, carrying with him a dozen of

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our best silver spoons. During the war, a "contraband," as we used to call them then, enlisted her sympathies, by saying that he had run the lines, and was starving. She coaxed me to engage him as assistant groom, though there was really nothing for him to do; bought him an entirely new suit of clothes; and fitted him out with a dozen shirts, handkerchiefs, collars, etc. In about a fortnight, when he had grown quite fat—never having had such good eating before, or been able to live so lazy a life—he ran away, taking of course his new suit and his shirts, and leaving word, impudently, that he found "the work too hard."

It was, however, through this very good heart of hers, that my wife came, at last, to decline Mrs. Million's further acquaintance, as I shall now proceed to tell.

I had been expostulating with her one evening, about going to a ball at that personage's house.

"Really, my dear, if I was you," I said, "I would stay away. The woman doesn't care a straw for you. If we became poor to-morrow, she'd cut you dead, the day after. She's selfish to the very marrow. It's only wealth, or rank, that she's after. You haven't forgotten Culverden, that agreeable young fellow, who came here from Boston to practice law, have you? She used to meet him, at your Saturday evening receptions, and I've seen her snub him, a dozen times there. Well, when his uncle in the Indies died, and left him that enormous fortune, she fairly hunted him down with invitations, which, I am glad to say, he had too much self-respect to accept. I wonder what has become of him?"

"He went to Europe, you know. Mr. Somerset met him, up the Nile, last year."

The very next day, when I came home, I found Jemima Jane in quite a flutter of excitement. "Wicked, cruel, stingy, oh, how I hate her," she was exclaiming, incoherently.

After awhile, I discovered the cause of this excitement; it was Mrs. Million; and I must say the epithets were not undeserved.

It had been a bleak, windy day, but as my wife was behind with her calls, she had gone out in the carriage to return the most indispensable of them. Finally it turned to rain, and Jemima, coming out of Mrs. Cent-per-Cent's door, was about to order the coachman to drive home, when she saw, a little way off, a wounded sparrow limping painfully along. Her kind heart went out to it, at once, as it does to any phase of suffering, human, or otherwise; and she was telling the footman to hold the umbrella over her, while she went to pick up the poor bird, when she was anticipated by a thinly clad woman in mourning. This modern good Samaritan had scarcely taken the sparrow in her hand, however, when she staggard, flung out her arms as if to catch at support somewhere, and sank helpless on the pavement.

Jemima Jane rushed up to her, and found that she was a young girl of about twenty, whose dress, though neat and clean, betrayed extreme poverty. The girl must have been very beautiful, when in health, but she was now emaciated to the last degree. A policeman, coming up at this juncture, said: "She's drunk, ma'am; I'll take her to the station." Jemima Jane looked up, her eyes blazing. "You'll do no such thing," she cried: adding, "you brute," under her breath. "She has fainted for want of food. James," addressing her footman, "carry the poor thing to the carriage, and have us driven home as fast as you can." The policeman, awed by the glittering equipage, the stately coachman, the footman, and the rich dress of my wife, drew back. If Jemima had been some poor creature, like the girl she succored, he would have seized her roughly by the arm, and haled her off to prison; and if she had resisted, would have clubbed her; you know such things are done every day. Wealth has its advantages, after all, therefore, when a brutal policeman has to be dealt with. Do not let us be too cynical.

The poor waif of a girl recovered just as she was being carried into our house. She started when she saw the spacious hall, the thick carpets, the rich furniture. "Where am I?" she whispered faintly, putting her hand to her head, as if dazed. Jemima kindly re-assured her, had some tea and lunch brought, and sat by her till she had recovered her strength. Then the poor child, with many thanks, would have left. But Jemima would not hear of this. "You are still weak," she said, "rest awhile longer, my dear," and kissed her. At this the girl burst into tears. Little by little her story was won from her. It was the old, old one of orphanage and destitution. The girl's father had been a rich merchant, and she an only child, petted, indulged in everything. Suddenly the father died, and was found to be insolvent. There were no near relatives, so the daughter had to earn her own livelihood. Too proud to remain where she was known, she had come, as so many do, in similar circumstances, to New York. Here she had managed, for awhile, to support herself by fine sewing. But at last her rent fell in arrears, and her landlady had threatened to turn her into the street, if she did not pay. "I begged for a week," said the poor child, "and at last she gave it to me. Most of that time I have spent in trying to get a bill paid, that

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was owing to me; but every day I was turned from the doors, on the pretence that the lady was engaged. Meantime, I had only money enough for one meal a day, and that was a little bread and milk at breakfast. This morning, my landlady told me that if I came back without the money, the door would be shut in my face; and I knew she would keep her word. Desperate with hunger, wild with the fear of having to spend the night in the streets, I went to Mrs. Million's—"

"Mrs. Million's!" ejaculated my wife.

"Oh! I did not intend to tell who it was," cried the girl, wringing her hands, "much less to use the nick-name; but it slipped out before I knew it—"

"Never mind, dear," said my wife, soothingly. "Go on, and tell me what happened."

"I was determined to get it to-day, for everything depended on it. But the footman at the door said the lady was out. So I watched on the pavement, till she came home, and then followed into the hall, before the door could be shut against me. I told, hurriedly, in what a terrible strait I was; but she would not listen; and when I took hold of her dress, she jerked it away. I followed her to the foot of the stairs. 'If I don't get the money you owe me,' I cried, 'I shall have no place to sleep in, to-night; oh! for the love of heaven, give me even part of the bill.' At this she turned on me, purple with rage, and catching me by the shoulder, pushed me to the hall door. 'I would have you know,' she said, 'that I don't allow myself to be dunned; when I'm ready I pay, and not before; as for your work, I shan't keep it now, but shall send it back to-morrow, and I hope it will be a lesson to you. Patrick,' and she turned to the footman, 'put this impudent minx out into the street.' That's all, I believe. I had gone but a few blocks, when I saw the wounded bird, and I couldn't help pitying it, in spite of my own despair. So I stooped to pick it up. But all of a sudden my head began to whirl, and the next thing I remember, I was waking up, down stairs. Oh! how shall I ever thank you?" And she stooped her head, and kissed Jemima's hand, the tears falling on it as she spoke. "Perhaps you can get me something to do; you seem kind and good. I've tried writing for the literary papers, but they are all over-stocked, the editors tell me; I tried to get a situation as a governess, but I had no recommendations; and so, at last, I took in fine sewing; but even that has failed me." And again her voice was choked with sobs.

Jemima Jane promised to help her in getting employment, her own tears falling fast as she talked; and thus soothed, the poor girl had fallen asleep, in which condition my wife had left her.

"Of course she can't leave here, at least till she gets stronger," said Jemima. "I want a nursery governess for little Joan," (I had never heard of this need before,) "and she will just suit. I believe every word she says. But I'll write to Boston to make sure. She says she lived there once. Somebody there must know of Mr. Penington, the great sugar merchant, who was, it seems, her father.

"Penington!" I cried. "Why, I knew him, myself; in fact, dear, he was once a client of mine. I remember, too, that he had an only child, though I never saw her. I heard of his death, last year; and that he had died insolvent. Dear me, to think of it! When I was a boy, and went up to Boston, Mr. Penington was one of the great nabobs that lived on Beacon street, close by the Hancock mansion; and now his daughter hasn't a roof over her head, you say."

I will not weary my readers with a long story. Jemima wrote to a friend in Boston, and discovered that everything Miss Penington had said was true. "There were some of us, though not relatives, she has none, poor thing," replied the lady, "who would have been glad to assist her, if we had known of her need; but we never suspected things were so bad; and then she went away, and we lost all trace of her. It wasn't altogether mere pride about money that drove her into exile, however," continued the writer, "at least I have good reason for thinking it was not. In her hey-day of prosperity, it seems, she refused a most excellent young man, whose only fault was that he was poor. As far as I can learn, she was not, herself, to blame; her father insisted on it; and she obeyed him like a dutiful child. But it nearly broke her heart. And so, when she found herself orphaned and poor, she went away, too high-spirited to risk meeting her old lover, now that their positions were changed; for by one of those strange freaks of fortune that sometimes happen, he had, meantime, quite unexpectedly, fallen heir to an enormous estate."

When I heard this letter read, I asked my wife if her guest had ever hinted at such a thing as a disappointment in love; for the two were now on terms of the closest intimacy.

"No," said Jemima, "she is very proud, and therefore very reticent. But evidently something preys on her mind. She often sighs. She often sinks into a revery, from which she wakes with a start. Poor girl, she is one to love forever, if she has loved once. I wonder who the lover could have been. Perhaps by this time, however, he is married."

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Miss Penington soon grew to be an indispensable part of the household. Jemima Jane and she were like sisters. As for myself, cynic as I am, I saw more to admire in her daily.

One evening, while reading the afternoon paper, I looked up and said, "Don't you remember, my dear, talking of young Culverden, a couple of months back, and wondering where he was? Well, his name is reported here, as having arrived by the Scythia, to-day. I must hunt him up, to-morrow. How glad I shall be to see him."

I happened, at that moment, to look toward Miss Penington, and was surprised to see her turn pale. I rose hastily.

"Are you ill?" I said.

In a moment Jemima was at her friend's side.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said the girl, faintly, putting her hand to her side. "Only a stitch that I have here, sometimes. I was very foolish. It is all gone now," smiling. But I noticed that she remained as pale as a corpse.

It was about a quarter of an hour later, and we had all settled down into quiet again, I to my newspaper, and the ladies to their fancy-work, when the door was flung open.

"Mr. Culverden!" said the footman.

I rose, with both hands extended, as my young friend, sun-burned with travel, but handsomer than ever, entered the room.

"I have just landed," he said, also extending both hands, "and the first house I come to is yours, for I can never forget how kind you and Mrs. Jones were to me in the old days. Indeed, I shall never—"

He stopped, suddenly, as if he had seen an apparition. His face became ashen gray; then the blood rushed to the very temples. All this time, his eyes were fixed on some object behind me. Wonder, incredulity, joy succeeded each other rapidly in his face.

I turned. Miss Penington had risen, and was standing by the table, supporting herself, by leaning one hand, heavily, on it. She was trembling violently. Her eyes were fixed, in turn, on our new guest, with the same varying expressions on her countenance as on his.

"Ida?" cried the young man.

"Harry!"

He went past me like a shot, taking no notice of my outstretched hands. He had clasped those of Miss Penington, the next instant, instead.

The whole beautiful idyl flashed on me at once. Culverden was the hero of the romantic story about which we had heard. Jemima Jane saw it also. She gave me a smile and a nod, and we slipped quietly out of the room.

"Yes," said Culverden, an hour later, as he sat, holding Ida's hand in his own, after we had been called in to congratulate them, "it was an old affair. I was very angry at the time, and came off to New York, vowing to shake the dust of my native city from my feet forever, and all on account of this dear girl, to whom you have been so kind. I wanted her to marry me, whether or no; but she would not disobey her parent: she would never marry anybody else but me, however, she said. I have learned to know that she was right, and that I was wrong." Here I am pretty certain I saw the delicate little fingers close in a tighter pressure on his hand. "When fortune smiled on me, I went abroad, principally to try and forget her. But I did not succeed. I travelled all over Europe; up the Nile; around the isthmus to Calcutta; and from there pushed on to Japan. Everywhere her dear face followed me." A look of ineffable content at the sweet, blushing countenance. "It was only the other day, at Yokahama, that I saw, in a newspaper, a year old, that she was an orphan. I took the very next steamer, determined to ascertain if I had any hope now; and lo! fortune brought me here, the very first evening of my arrival. God bless you, for what you did for her."

The wedding, that followed, at our house, was a very quiet one. Neither Mr. Culverden, nor his bride, nor ourselves, are fond of ostentatious display. Only a few guests were at the festival, and among them, you may be sure, was not my wife's friend, MRS. MILLION.

OUR FATHER.

BY GEORGE WORTHINGTON.

In happy days of childhood, when the wide
Far-stretching sea of life lay calm and still,
Or softly rippled by some childish ill—
How often have we knelt at eventide,
A white-robed figure at our mother's side,
While she would clasp our hands, and bid us pray
To Him, "Our Father," who would hear alway
His children's griefs, and soothe them when they cried.
So now, when strong, fierce storms of sorrow beat,
And bring us agony so hard to bear,
That we fall prone and senseless on the sod—
Our mother earth, with kindly touch and sweet,
Clasps close our hands, bidding us cast our care
On Him, our loving Father and our God.

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BETWEEN SUNSET AND BEDTIME.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PHILIP VOORHIES was coming to visit us. We had not seen him for several years, and during that time he had been wandering up and down the earth, going round it and goodness knows where else, after the restless habit of this unsettled generation, which, it seems to me, can never be quiet under any circumstances, and only travels to places for the pleasure of rushing away as fast as possible.

Phil was a distant relation of ours and my godson, and had always considered our house his "home" during his boyish days. We were very fond of the handsome, high-spirited fellow, both as boy and man. I used to think my sister spoiled him beyond measure, a charge which she flung back upon me with indignation; and though I strongly denied such weakness, I am afraid my conscience was not entirely at ease.

My name is John Winters, and my sister was christened Judith. We are merely a commonplace old bachelor and old maid—at least I am commonplace, and Judith only escapes by pretending to be strong-minded; but it is a very shallow pretence, for she is as soft-hearted as she accuses me of being, and gets as much interested as I do in the novels which she reads aloud on winter evenings, though she declares she should never open such trashy volumes if it were not to spare my eyes and please my absurd tastes.

We are rich, and we live in a great, rambling, country house, that came to us from our grandfather. It is an odd, antiquated dwelling, but suits us all the better for that reason, and though we are not fond of leaving home, we like society, and usually manage to have pleasant people staying with us.

Philip was now in America, and was coming to visit us, as soon as he had finished some business, which he found awaiting him in New York. He wrote, the very evening he landed, and we were to expect him on Saturday—four days from the date of his letter.

Two days before he was to arrive, Judith received a letter from Jeanie Morris, announcing that she would be with us, the next day. We always claimed at least two yearly visits from our young favorite, but the year before, she had been in Europe, so more than a twelvemonth had elapsed without our seeing her.

Nothing could have fallen out more delightfully," said I, when Judith read Jeanie's letter. "Upon my word, this arriving on nearly the same day, looks like fate, doesn't it?"

"There you go," cried my sister, "spinning a romance as usual. Now, for mercy's sake, don't you let either Jeanie or Phil perceive how foolish you can be—it would be enough to make them hate each other forever and ever."

Judith was so very severe upon my folly, that I felt convinced her mind had leaped at once to the same conclusion. But I was in too high good humor to retort on her, and only said:

"But admit, that it would be very nice, if the two should take a fancy to one another," I persisted.

But Judith would admit nothing.

"I have lived a quarter of a century too long to meddle with young people's fancies," quoth she, "and I advise you to be content with reading volumes after volumes of printed trash, instead of trying to invent romances on your own account."

The next day Jeanie arrived, looking lovelier than ever. The eighteen months, which had passed since her last visit, had developed her form, that had been, perhaps, a little too angular before; now, though she was still slim and tall, like a young Diana, shoulders and arms were exquisitely rounded, every curve of the figure was perfect, every movement was grace itself. Her face, always beautiful, was now even more so, having gained in expression, and in delicacy of feature, without losing its perfect color.

The next morning, at breakfast, Judith said:

"I wish, Jeanie dear, that you would go out and gather some nice flowers for me. There are violets to be found at the foot of the lawn, and the hawthorn, by the carriage drive, is just coming into bloom. We must brighten up these old rooms a little, now that you are here."

She did not tell Jeanie that she expected another guest, for whom, even more than for Jeanie, she wished the rooms "brightened up." She intended Phil to be a surprise.

"With pleasure," replied Jeanie, "and I will go, at once, as I don't want any more breakfast."

She went out, and a few minutes later, as I looked across the lawn, I saw her reaching up to pull down a spray of hawthorns. She made such a charming picture that I stopped, at the window, to gaze, and even to call Judith to see

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also. As she stretched up, her tall, stately figure showed like the figure of a young Greek goddess; her sleeve, falling back, revealed the delicate, yet rounded wrist, and the swell of the snowy arm; and her hair, which she had left flowing over her shoulders, shone, in the sunlight, like half smothered gold. "I still wear it so, in the mornings," she had said, with a gay laugh, "when there are no strangers, as I used, when a child."

But all these charms were nothing, compared to her face, which beamed with that spiritual loveliness to which I have already alluded. "It is a look," I had said to Judith, the night before, "that only comes after suffering, and struggle, and triumph; but where can the dear girl have ever suffered?"

Suddenly, the sound of wheels was heard, and a carriage came whirling up the drive. As it passed Jeanie, she looked around, and I thought, even at that distance, I saw her blush, as she met the eyes of its occupant, a handsome young fellow, no other than Phil himself. "She don't like being caught with her hair down," I said to Judith. Then I saw her dart behind the trees, and vanish among the shrubbery, nor did she present herself, for nearly an hour after, having, by a side-path, gained the back of the house, and slipped up to her chamber, where she completed her toilet before showing herself again.

Meantime, Judith and I went mad over Phil, and though he was now a travelled, elegant young man, who ought to have been too *blasé* to feel pleased at anything, he was as demonstrative in his delight as if he had been a school boy.

"But how did you get here?" I asked. "We did not expect you till to-morrow, and by train."

"Came up the river in a friend's yacht, and drove over from the landing," he said. "Uncle Jack, you look superb—as for aunt Judy, she is younger and more wonderful than ever."

"And you are evidently as impudent as ever—what worse could I say!" cried Judith, embracing him again.

"But where is Jeanie?" called I, at last, after an hour or so had passed.

As I spoke, as if in answer, in walked Miss Morris, and in eager haste I introduced the pair, in my own awkward fashion.

"This is that scapegrace, Phil Voorhies," I said, "You have heard us talk about him more than enough. I dare say we have made Miss Morris hate you in advance, Phil—"

What more I said I do not know; I kept on talking, though conscious that I had produced a very unexpected *coup de theatre*. I was evidently doing a work of supererogation in introducing those two young people. They recognized each other, and this unexpected meeting was a surprise, which caused both strong emotion, though I saw at once that it was not of an agreeable nature to either.

Phil turned pale under all the sun-burn left by his sea voyage, and Jeanie—well, Jeanie looked as I remembered seeing her do once when she was little, and an elder girl with a bad temper boxed her ears—she looked positively faint, with a mingling of emotions, in which it was difficult to tell whether a sort of frightened surprise, or proud indignation was uppermost.

I glanced at Judith. For once in her life Judith stood helpless, as near reduced to a state of coma as I was myself.

Of course this little scene was over in a flash.

Jeanie was the first to speak. She held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Voorhies?" she said. "I met your friend in Europe, uncle Jack," she added, turning to me in explanation.

Judith, with the readiness of her sex, made a diversion. It was near the dinner hour, for we dined early in the country, and there was only just time to get ready. She hurried Jeanie away, accordingly, and ordered Phil to his chamber.

"It is your old room of course, and you know the road," she said, "so I'll not have Jack go with you, and keep you talking for half an hour, while the soup gets cold."

Well, I can only guess at the feelings of the rest of the party, but that dinner was by no means the pleasant repast, to which I had so eagerly looked forward all the morning. We talked enough. Indeed everybody talked incessantly, as if afraid of a catastrophe of some kind in case there should ensue an instant's silence. We talked gayly, too, and laughed a great deal; but all the while I was dreadfully uncomfortable. and kept saying *malapropos* things in spite of myself; and Judith nipped me severely; and it seemed to my dazed intellect that our guests uttered remarks and allusions which were mutually galling, though they tried hard to behave to each other as if they were only casual acquaintances, meeting after a long separation.

"Did you say you met Phil in Paris, Jeanie?" I asked, at last, with my usual knack of blundering.

"I think so—I don't remember," replied she, carelessly, and went on with her tale, while Judith froze my blood by one glance of scorn, and I sank back in my chair, determined to control my tongue, though the effort should cause me to burst a blood vessel.

But, would you believe it? In less than five minutes, I heard myself interrupting Voorhies,

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when he had taken his turn at galloping into conversation. He was telling something about Rome—the new excavations in the Esqueline, I think—and I burst in with:

"Was Jeanie there?"

Then I felt myself turn scarlet! Again I declined helpless in my chair; again Judith withered my soul with a glance of contempt, but this time she spoke.

"I beg and pray," said she, "that one of you will try to remember just when, where, and how many times you happened ever to encounter each other, for old Jack will allow no rational talk until you do. Not having known that you were acquainted, he insists on being dazed and stunned as if there were something extraordinary in the fact—a Ratcliffian mystery at least."

Then they all three laughed, and I finished the climax, by stammering:

"Oh, no—mystery—why should I think so—I am sure—very glad—to find you old friends—"

Then Philip's voice made itself heard; excessively courteous, but with an effort at polite indifference, whose failure was palpable, even to my confused senses.

"I cannot flatter myself by supposing that I have a right to use the pleasant word you employ, uncle Jack; but at all events, I can tell you where I first had the honor of meeting Miss Morris: it was at Rome."

I did not look up. I was afraid of committing some atrocity, even if I ventured so far as that. But I *felt* that Philip looked toward Jeanie Morris, as he spoke; that he paused, too, with the determination of making her speak. She did, after an instant:

"Yes, aunt Judith—three flounces. I beg your pardon, Mr. Voorhies! O, yes—I know now what you said—so it was Rome. I had the impression I saw you in Paris—one meets so many people in so many places, when one makes a rapid tour like mine!"

"And afterwards at Biarritz," returned he, in a slow, distinct voice, that had an odd, hard ring, under its elaborate politeness.

"Biarritz—of course—what a memory you have!" If Jeanie's voice had been a shade less indifferent, one would have said that it was mocking and insolent.

I could not endure life an instant longer, without getting a glimpse of their faces. I ventured to glance up from under my eyebrows, which, fortunately, were long and shaggy. I looked first at Jeanie. She was playing with a bunch of grapes. A picture of indifference she made, that would have been perfect in its way, had her attitude been a thought less studied, or her pretty fingers less contracted in their nervous closing over the purple fruit.

Then I glanced at Phil. He was frowning like a thunder-cloud, and his mouth was set hard and stern, under the drooping lines of his heavy moustache. At Judith I positively did not dare to look. Directly she spoke:

"Now if Jack has quite satisfied his curiosity, perhaps you will go on with your description, Philip! You may say what you like, Jeanie, I shan't have three flounces! Well, Phil, they found or they did not find—what? Between doubts as to my flounces, and Jack's absurd behavior, I can't tell where you were!"

"Cigarette-time, aunt Jude!" cried Philip. "We must leave the statue half exhumed."

"Come away, Jeanie," cried Judith, pushing back her chair more brusquely than was proper. "Let us leave these wretches to their incantations—I can't stand smoke after dinner."

She took Jeanie's arm, and the pair left the room. The instant the door closed Phil turned quite savagely upon me.

"Why didn't you let me know that girl was to be here?" he demanded.

"How could I think of it?" pleaded I in desperation. "I did not know that you had ever set eyes on each other. Good gracious, Phil! what does it all mean?"

"Mean?" cried he. "It means that I'll not spend a night under the same roof with her! I can't help how it looks—I don't care what anybody thinks—I am off!"

"Going away? Why you'll break Judith's heart!"

"Don't talk to me about hearts!" roared Philip. "There's no such thing when women are concerned—the article was left out of their anatomy. However, that's neither here nor there—I can't stay—I would not endure another hour of such purgatory, as that dinner has been, for any price one could offer."

"Matters did not seem to go smoothly somehow," said I.

"Smoothly!" echoed Philip, in a voice that sounded like the blare of a war-trumpet. Then he laughed, in a bitter, tragic way, that would have done credit to the Mephistopheles himself.

"Do tell me what it is all about!" I cried, feeling more bewildered than ever.

"There's never any use in explanations," returned Phil, loftily. "I am very sorry to appear rude—I can only trust to your goodness to excuse it—"

"But—but only think how absurd it will look!" I interrupted, catching at that plea to induce him to rescind his resolution.

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"It will be better than staying here. No, uncle Jack, I must go! Tell aunt Judith I received a telegram—anything!"

"But you had better see her."

"No—I can't see her," returned Philip, and I understood, that, though he knew from experience he could make me do anything he pleased, he was afraid to encounter Judith. "She will be angry, I know: right enough, too. But I must go; I must!" He rose, as he spoke, and left the room, and I did not venture to detain him.

I sat dazed, mechanically smoking cigar after cigar, wondering what it all meant. Maybe I dropped into a doze. Anyway, in spite of my favorite smoke, I felt as if I had a nightmare; I roused myself enough, at last, to think that I must join the others, when I heard Judith's step in the hall.

"Jack! Where are you, Jack?" she cried.

"Here I am," I groaned, rising to meet her.

"Did ever mortal here the like of this," she cried, waving an open letter over her head, and looking better adapted to serve as a model for Medea, or some other unpleasant historical or poetical personage, than the feminine ruler in the household of a timid old bachelor. "Never, never! I am fifty years old, but if I was five hundred, I could not expect such a thing to happen twice."

"Wh-what is it?" I asked. "Is Philip—"

"I've not seen him—one of the men met him in the road—"

"Then he has gone, after all!"

"Gone?" echoed Judith. I can find no comparison that could do justice to her tone.

"I suppose he tells you all about it, in his letter," I suggested, hoping at least to be relieved from explanations, since I really had none to offer. "What does he say?"

"Say! I think you are crazy. You are all as mad as hatters. I'll turn the house into an asylum, and shut you all up in it, if there's no other way."

"But the letter—"

"Don't I tell you its from Jeanie," cried Judith, fairly dancing at me in her anger and astonishment. "Jeanie has gone away!"

"Jeanie gone, too," I muttered, and sat helpless.

"Gone, too?" demanded Judith. "Do you mean that Philip has left the house?"

I nodded. I was past speech, for the moment.

"Tell me, this instant, what it all means?" shrieked Judith. "I'll not wait a second!"

I really think, she was so utterly beside herself, that, if the table had not been between us, she would have shaken me, without in the least knowing what she was at. I found voice to say:

"Philip went into a great state—said he wouldn't stay a night in the house with that girl—I tried to get him to see you before he had started—I thought he was with you."

Judith sat down in a chair, and glared at me.

"What does Jeanie say?" I ventured to ask.

My question agitated my sister so much, that I really thought she would fly in pieces. Then, with her usual brusque changeableness, she suddenly began to read the note aloud.

"Dearest aunt Judith—you must forgive me—sometime I will explain—I cannot now. I am leaving the house—I shall take the train to New York—mamma is there. Try not to be very angry with me, and invent some reason to give to uncle Jack—I can think of none in my confusion—but I must go. It breaks my heart to behave so ill toward you—do please try to pardon it, and believe me always, your loving Jeanie."

"Heavens and earth!" cried I. "Gone!"

"Gone! Ordered the carriage, and drove away, while I was busy about the gardener, who is ill."

"Gone to town," I said. "Why, good gracious, Philip has gone there, too."

There was a brief silence between us. The room grew rapidly darker, for twilight was coming on, so that I could not well see Judith's face. Suddenly, she startled me, by bursting into a fit of laughter. There she sat, and laughed like a maniac, and the more I begged to know if she had hysterics, the more she laughed.

"Oh, don't you understand," she managed, at length, to articulate.

"These two idiots were trying to run away from each other, and have run together."

I did understand. I laughed more insanely than Judith had done. I laughed till I set myself coughing so hard, that she was obliged to loosen my neckcloth and pound me on the back.

While we were thus occupied—I in choking and laughing—Judith sharing my merriment and slapping me like mad—we heard a carriage drive up. A minute more we heard Jeanie's voice in the hall.

"Good Lord, she has come back," whispered Judith. "Stop where you are. She may as well think you know nothing about her going. I'll find out what it means."

My sister went away. I sat there alone in the gloom. The dining-room was at the back of the house, and had glass doors opening upon the shrubberies, and these doors now stood open, for it was a warm May evening.

Suddenly I heard a step in the verandah, saw Philip's head appear in the door-way. He could

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not see me, but I had lighted another cigar, and it made a bright spot in the darkness—he could see that.

"Uncle Jack," he said, softly.

"Yes, my boy," said I—there was no further emotion possible to me—I was calm from utter stupefaction.

"I have come back," said he, rather sheepishly.

"So I perceive," said I.

"You needn't say anything to aunt Judith," said he, in a coaxing voice. Then he went on.

"You see, just as I was taking my ticket at the station, I saw Miss—I saw your young lady friend. As she had chosen to leave the house, there was no reason why I should not come back."

"Not the slightest," said I, though I did not, in the least, know what I meant.

"What reason did she give for going?" asked Philip.

"I didn't see her," said I.

"But to aunt Judith—you have seen aunt Judith?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but I don't think she knew any more about Jeanie's reason for going than I did yours."

"I suppose I had better tell you," said Phil. "I feel rather more sane at present—I know I acted like a fool—but you see, meeting her here, so unexpectedly, quite upset me."

"I should say there had been a pretty general upsetting," I muttered, but had sense enough not to make my reflection audible.

Just then we heard Judith call me.

"Wait here," I said, rising. "I'll go and see what she wants."

So I went out into the corridor, closing the door after me.

"Phil has come back," I whispered.

"I know it, but Jeanie doesn't," returned my sister, in a low tone. "I saw him going through the shrubberies. What are we to do now?"

"Has she said anything?"

"She won't explain. She only says she could not stop in the house with that man; that when she got to the station she saw him buying his ticket; so she came back."

"He was just going to tell me his side of the story, when you called to me," said I.

Judith clapped her hands, softly.

"Go back, and make him tell it," said she.

I obeyed passively. I felt confident she had some motive, but I was too dazed and stupid, even to wonder what it could be.

When I returned to the dining-room, Phil was walking impatiently up and down. The moon had risen. She was at her full, the May moon, and a great banner of light streamed in at the open windows, and illuminated the apartment.

"What did Judith want?"

"Nothing. The gardener is ill. That has turned the house topsy-turvy," said I, evasively.

"I suppose aunt Judith will blame me for her visitor's going away," said he.

"I am sure, I don't know. That will depend, I suppose, on what Jeanie tells her."

"What can she tell her?" cried Phil. "I think she would be puzzled to give any account of her conduct. There never was a man so abominably treated as I have been."

"Come, Phil," said I, "I have known Jeanie since she was a child—there must be some mistake—"

"How I loved her," he broke in. "I love her yet. That is the worst of it, that is what drove me so wild to-day. After all that has come and gone, after having been so cruelly deceived, mocked, made a jest of—that I should be such a weak fool that the sight of her can move me—but I love her yet—yes, I do—that is what galls me so!"

I was sitting near the door, which led into the library; and it must have been partially ajar, for I could hear a slight rustle and stir in the room beyond; but I took no notice, and in an instant all was still again.

"Tell me, Phil," I urged. "At least you know you can trust me, or Judith: that we love you as if you were our younger brother—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, it is not much of a story," he continued, with a hard little laugh. "I met her in Rome, first, nearly three years ago. I don't think I fell in love. I loved her from the moment I set eyes on her. I believe I told her so in less than a week. Well, well, after awhile, she gave me reason to believe she cared."

He stopped for a moment. A treacherous sob choked his voice. But presently he began again, in an odd, repressed tone, that somehow was fuller of pain than any unrestrained emotion could have been.

"I may as well tell it in a few words. She was obliged to leave Rome. Her cousins had wanted her to marry some Italian, and they quarreled with me. But the upshot was that Jeanie and I were engaged—in July her mother was to come to Europe—Jeanie would be with her at Biarritz—free from her relations, and I was to join her there."

"Yes—well?"

"I had more than two months to live through. I went wandering about, to pass the time as best I could. At first, I received letters from her very often; but soon they grew more rare; then they stopped altogether. It was not yet the time she

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had set for me to seek her; but I flew off to Biarritz, and—"

His hesitation quite maddened me. I cried out:

"Well—you saw her—for heaven's sake, tell the rest."

"Saw her!" he repeated, savagely, shutting his teeth together, till they clicked like steel springs. "Yes, I saw her—I think I shall not forget it—this side the grave."

"Go on."

"In the train from Bordeaux, I met one of her cousins, who told me that Jeanie was to marry the Italian; that she had informed them of her engagement to me as a good joke; that she had fooled me just for the fun of the thing; that she had laid a wager that she could do so."

"What did you do?"

"I went on to Biarritz! The family had a house on the cliffs. It was evening. I went up there, determined to see Jeanie. I knew that it was probable I should be refused admittance. So I just walked into the house, for the doors were open. There was a verandah, at the back, like your's here. I saw Jeanie sitting there, and the Italian was kneeling at her feet."

Once more he broke off. Once more, as he paced up and down, I heard that sudden stir, in the room beyond; but it was as quickly repressed as before.

"Did you go on?" I asked.

"Go on?" returned he. "I had seen enough! There was a night train to Pau. I took it. From Pau I wrote to her; I was determined that she should not believe she had made an utter fool of me"

"What did you write?"

"That I had to thank her for our pleasant flirtation in Rome; that, as of course neither of us had ever considered it serious, she would not be surprised that I hoped before long to introduce my wife to her; and that I trusted my sweet girl would rank among Miss Morris' friends."

"Good heavens, Phil!"

"Then I started for Australia, and went round the world. Well, here I am—and that is my story."

"And a pretty one it is!" cried a voice, in the library door-way, which made us both jump.

We turned. There stood Judith.

"You're a dreadful fool, Phil!" she continued. "There was no truth in what that woman told you! The Italian did propose to Jeanie—she could not help that—I suppose you happened to go eavesdropping at the very moment!"

"Aunt Judith!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried that imperious lady. "They had kept back your letters and Jeanie's no doubt! Well, sir, the first news she had of you, after weeks of silence, was that sweet effusion you sent from Pau! Do you know what you did, sir? You nearly broke her heart!"

"If I could believe that," groaned Phil, "I would go and find her at once—beg her to—"

"Bah!" interruptd Judith. "Come here!"

She pushed him into the library, and shut the door behind him.

We heard a cry from Phil, echoed by a feminine voice. Then we neither saw or heard our visitors for more than an hour.

The table had been cleared, and lamps brought, and Judith and I were waiting with what patience we might. The door opened at last.

There the pair stood, a little shame-faced, but as happy a couple as one could well find.

Judith hugged them both, and so did I. Then we had some supper. Then Judith sternly dismissed us all to our respective chambers.

"This is a respectable house, and I am a woman of order," said she; "it is past eleven o'clock, and I feel as if we had lived about ten years, BETWEEN SUNSET AND BEDTIME."

"CHRISTMAS HAS COME."

BY MRS. WASHINGTON C. FISHER.

Earth is fair, in its covering
Of brilliant, and stainless white;
And the winds of bleak December
Are full of music to-night.
Do you know what they are saying?
Can you catch the sweet refrain?
"Good-will to mankind forever.
Christmas has come again.
Merry Christmas."

They sing it around my cottage,
Among the stars they sing,
All through the quivering moonbeams
Their voices of welcome ring.
Chime, and sing, O, winds of December,
And whisper round every home,
O'er the land, and o'er the waters,
"Christmas has come.
Merry Christmas."

Season of all other seasons
Thou art most hallowed and blest;
Gladdest and most to be treasured,
The happiest and the best.
Then banish trouble, and sorrow,
And check the falling tear;
"Christmas has come with its blessings
Christmas is here.
Merry Christmas."

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THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S HOLLOW.

BY J. KEITH.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 332.

CHAPTER X.

It was several hours later. In the room where Braithwaite and Edith had sat so often, a mournful group was waiting, consisting of the husband, Sir James and Mrs. Latham. Vaughn was absent, with a portion of the servants, engaged in the melancholy task of dragging the Pool. At first, Braithwaite had insisted on overseeing this dreadful duty himself; but Sir James would not listen to it; and finally the bereaved husband was induced to go home, and trust the sad office to more competent hands.

For hours they had waited and waited. Every time a door opened Braithwaite would start to his feet, expecting to hear the heavy tread of the bearers as they entered with their lifeless burden. In the intervals he sat silent in his chair, absorbed in grief, his face buried in his hands. Occasionally, Sir James would try to rouse him by asking a question, or uttering some phrase of condolence; but Braithwaite rarely replied to their kind assiduities; generally he only shook his head in mournful silence.

Midnight silence reigned, except at these interruptions. No sound was heard, but the deep breathing of the two men, the creaking of the furniture, and the ponderous ticking of the old clock, or its solemn intonation, as it struck the hour.

The last stroke of twelve had just died away in prolonged vibrations. Suddenly, the door leading from the hall opened, and a female figure appeared upon its threshold.

They all looked up. Braithwaite started forward in his chair, with a half suppressed exclamation of surprise. Then he sank back again, and remained with his eyes fixed upon the intruder, but without further utterance. Sir James and Mrs. Latham thought, at first, that the woman was one of the servants, who had either entered by mistake, and would immediately retire, or who bore some necessary message to the master of the house. But after a moment's pause on the threshold, the unexpected visitant closed the door, and walked straight to where Braithwaite was seated. Standing directly in front of him, she said,

"Edmund!"

At the sound of her voice, Braithwaite shrank back in his chair, and turned away his head, as if to avoid her.

"Edmund," she continued. "Do you wish me to confess this crime?"

Braithwaite started to his feet. "Begone!" he cried, fiercely. "Is not one tragedy enough? Must the world know all the horrors of this prison-house? Great God!" and he put his hands to his head, and almost tore his hair, "is this most dreadful secret to become the gossip of the country. Begone, I say!" and he stamped his foot. "Mrs. Kirle has told me all, and that is enough. Sir James," and he turned pitiably, to his brother-in-law, "do not regard her, she is mad, as you see."

"I am not mad," said the woman, defying Braithwaite.

"Obey me," he said again, sternly. "Leave the room, I say."

But she did not move.

For one moment, Braithwaite looked as if he would spring to clutch her by the throat. Then, with a groan, covering his face with his hands, he turned from her and sank into a seat.

During this rapid colloquy, the woman had not put aside the wrap, which partially concealed her features, and the most that the two other auditors could ascertain, was that she seemed remarkably graceful, was tall and slender, and had a voice most singular in its sweetness. Now, she permitted the shawl to fall down about her head and shoulders, and all were at once, as Edith had been before them, impressed with her striking likeness to the portrait of Alice Braithwaite.

Their wonder had been great at her appearance upon the scene; their horror had been intense at her words; but the pensive, sorrowful beauty now revealed to their gaze, worked a sudden revolution in their feelings, and moved them to compassion.

Braithwaite rose restlessly from his chair, again, turned upon his heel, and walked to the opposite end of the room.

"Aye," she cried, in clear, intense tones, "you think to put a few tables and chairs between us, when there is a river of blood, forever flowing from out *his* wounded side, and gathering

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into it other streams—other streams, Edmund Braithwaite!"

He stopped in his walk up and down, as if brought to bay.

"Woman, what do you mean?" he said, sternly.

"I mean that I am the cause of your present misery."

"I know that. Mrs. Kirle has already told me, as I have said. And if you were not a woman, if you were not my sister, I would kill you on the spot!"

Sir James, at this, interfered. There was some enigma here, which he could not unravel. But it was his duty to be a peace-maker, if he could.

"Whoever you are," he said, addressing the woman, "and whatever motives may have actuated you in coming here at this time; allow me to remind you, that anything which may tend to add to Mr. Braithwaite's distress is most cruel, and cannot be permitted by his friends. You madden him, as you see. Will you not, therefore, retire from his presence, as he has requested you to do?"

"He must bear what he has brought upon himself," she said, relentlessly: "and he must also deny the false accusation of madness, but just now made against me. He knows that, so far from being mad, I am fearfully sane, and, as he has often told me, have borne my lot with almost superhuman strength of mind."

Sir James looked, in bewilderment, from one to the other.

"Edmund," she said, her voice softening, and turning from Sir James to Braithwaite, "the time has come—you must know that it has—then why rebel against the inevitable decree? You have sacrificed all to your sense of duty. Now that I have the opportunity, do not seek to prevent my doing the same."

She paused, in expectation, apparently, of a respone from him. None coming, she went on:

"Will you inform this lady and gentleman, why I am here? Or shall I?"

Braithwaite threw himself again in a chair, and said:

"Tell your story. I am dumb. I yield to Fate."

She clasped her hands convulsively, at this reply, and raised her eyes to heaven, as if in a momentary ecstacy of gratitude. The shawl, which had before partially slipped from her shoulders, now fell quite to the floor, exhibiting a supple, exquisitely made figure, in a close-fitting dress of some soft black material relieved only by narrow bands of white linen at the throat and wrists. Sir James, seeing she was determined to remain, politely placed a chair for her. He believed her mad, but was curious, nevertheless, to hear what she had to say. Whatever her story, the mystery of the place, and of the Braithwaites, was now, he felt, about to be revealed.

With a gesture, inimitable for its grace and dignity, she declined the proffer, and looking for a moment in the fire began,

"I must make myself known to you," she said, "as the sister of Edmund Braithwaite yonder—his only sister—though he has already acknowledged it to you. My name is Alice Braithwaite. Not a good name—no! but I bore it long in perfect innocence, God knows, and I do not upbraid my unhappy ancestress, whose face, as well as name, they say I bear.

"My fate, at first, was very unlike hers, for I was my father's darling, and for many years of my life never knew what it was to be crossed. I was given entire freedom; my will was paramount in all things. My mother died when I was but a little child, and—" here she stopped in thought a second, then went on—"and I have passed half my years in longing that it had not been so—a mother's presence is so powerful to save!"

"I am four years younger than Edmund," she continued, after another pause. "He was fifteen years old, when he left Guernsey for Germany. From that time I was alone with my father."

Again she stopped for a moment, and seemed greatly agitated. When she recommenced, her voice was low and tender.

"But I had a companion, whom I had always loved—Alanson Derrick."

At that name Braithwaite moved, for the first time, putting out his hand as if to ward off something. The speaker did not heed him, however, but continued.

"He was *his* friend," looking at her brother. "He loved Edmund dearly—we both loved him—and this feeling the more closely united us.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with sudden, thrilling, fervor. "I have known what it is to be happy!"

A glorious radiance swept over her countenance, at these words, as if the blessedness she had lost illumined it like a light within an alabaster vase.

Directly she resumed, but in a different tone, a tone as sad as the wail of an Æolian harp, amid the ruins, and at midnight.

"Now, and ever since I was seventeen, I have been a criminal," she said, "at least in the eye of the law, and subject to the ban of death."

She fixed her eye upon Sir James as she spoke, stepped backwards, and with her two hands crossed upon her breast, added:

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"I murdered Alanson Derrick!"

Sir James uttered a half suppressed exclamation of horror. As for Mrs. Latham, she gazed, spell-bound, on the speaker.

"Yes," the latter continued, "I murdered Alanson Derrick. And the doom is not worked out yet," she cried, her voice rising high and shrill. "The atonement is not enough, oh! not nearly enough. Blood for blood—his blood cries out for mine.

"And I would freely have rendered it, and given mine," she said, directly, in a less excited tone, drawing a lengthened breath, "I wanted to confess and die. But first my father—my poor father—and then, at his command, indeed, but a command in which he entirely agreed, my brother insisted I should say nothing. In their blind dread of disgrace, they added their crime to mine—the crime of concealment—the crime of withholding the one single atonement it was in our power to make. They laid force upon me, and compelled me to silence. Before God and man I would have cried out, otherwise. And I suffer for it—I suffer for it," her voice again rising like that of a maniac. "The Furies drive me on. They drove me, to-day, to another murder—that of Edith—"

Sir James sprang to his feet.

"For God's sake, stop!" he cried. "You don't mean it. You can't mean it. Tell me, Braithwaite," and he put his hand on his brother-in-law's shoulder, "what is the meaning of all this? You say that Mrs. Kirle has already told you. Told you what? And who is Mrs. Kirle? Your sister, since she is your sister, is surely mad. She does not know what she says."

Braithwaite, at this appeal, roused himself. He sighed heavily, gave an appealing look to Sir James, and then said:

"Hear it out, first. I would have kept this secret, as well as the other; but God wills it otherwise. When she has finished, I will tell you all."

His sister seemed now to have recovered her calmness. Seeing they waited for her to proceed, she said:

"Where was I? Ah, yes. They spoke of God's mercy, of man's hardness, and forbade me to call myself a murderess. The deed *I knew* to be murder; but they called it accident. As if they were the sole judges," she continued, with sublime scorn, "or were gifted with the prophet's power to cure *my* leprosy. Hah! might they not as well have sought to bring the dead to life? As easily might that be done as clear this hand, this heart, of its stain!"

She went on, incoherently, stopping often for awhile, and then continuing:

"I doubted not God's mercy, whether it were for me or not. He is my judge, not I myself: and He requires truth—which, for one so heavily burdened as I am, is all that can be given. I am not good—I am stained with blood—I have nothing to offer but confession and penitence. The truth which *I* speak can but utterly condemn me—yet it is obedience—obedience—and I have never ceased to hope that at last an opportunity to render it would come."

"And it has—and, as I have warned you," speaking directly to Braithwaite, "with suffering to yourself, which you might have escaped. You opposed yourself to Almighty laws, vainly thinking to check them by the weight of your poor heart, and now that it is crushed in the effort, what do you say? That I am indeed a murderess. Yes, you admit it now, because your wife is dead; you would not admit it when it was Alanson Derrick that I slew. Oh! Edmund, Edmund, do you *now* know anything of what I have suffered—the bitter, bitter loss and longing and remorse—the misery that is too great to be borne—and which makes the sacrifice of your wasted self, the death of your pretty wife seem a thing of naught? Ha! has retribution, indeed, fallen upon you?"

Her brother, at these words, sprang to his feet, and made a step, once more, as if to rush upon her. But Sir James interposed. "For God's sake," he cried, "restrain yourself. It is almost as terrible for me as for you. She was my sister. But—"

"I did not mean it," Braithwaite said, wearily sinking into his chair. "She is mad—"

"Mad," cried his sister, turning upon him. "I say again, I am not mad. Is it cruel in me," she said, addressing Sir James, with singular calmness, considering how excited she had lately been, "to say, that his wife's death was caused by an accident, springing from an unexpected meeting between us, and as it was by his will that such a meeting became possible—he having chosen that we should live under one roof, though unknown to each other, he having bound me to keep silence toward her if by chance we met—is it cruel in me to tell him he is as much in fault as I am? Shall I hide from him that his sin has found him out, and made him a widowed man by his own act?"

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Sir James, interrupting her. "Woman, if indeed, my beloved sister died, as you say, will you not tell us at once how it happened?"

"I will," she answered, speaking again coherently. "Towards dusk, I went out for a walk. I wandered down by the Black Pool—a lonely

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place, where I often go—and where, this day, I met her. Remembering my promise to my brother, never to divulge anything to her, I sought, as I had done once before when we had met, to evade her questions as to who I was. But she was determined, and pressed close upon me."

Sir James leaned breathlessly forward. Mrs. Latham clasped her hands.

"I was near the edge of the Pool, and as she tried to take hold of me," said the speaker, "I pushed past her and fled away. I heard her cry out, but never thought that she was in any danger.

"When I learned from Mrs. Kirle," she went on, after a pause, "that my brother's wife was missing, and the search that was being made, I knew where they would find her. Oh! what has love done for me," and now she broke out, incoherently again, so inextricably were sanity and insanity mixed in her poor, wrecked mind, "I loved Alanson Derrick—and he loved me, for awhile—then he loved another—and I tried to die. I seemed very ill—the fever raged horribly—but I was stronger than it—stronger than my own will, for I willed to die—but I lived. I met him one day in the woods, and—I shot him—shot him with his own pistol, which he let me take, laughing at what he called my 'idle talk.' Oh, my Alanson! Love for the dead surpasses every other feeling, and you are dead—so dead to me that not in the eternal realms shall we meet. You are not mine—I am not yours—oh, the bitterness of death!"

Sir James turned to Braithwaite. His face was ashen pale. It was evident that he controlled himself with difficulty.

"How can this ever be made right?" he said. "If your sister is mad, there is a method in her madness, Braithwaite. Between you, it is plain, you have sacrificed Edith. Oh! my sister, my sister—"

His emotion overcame him. He burst into passionate sobs, and turned away, covering his face to conceal his agitation.

"I will never forgive you as long I live," said Braithwaite, facing his sister, and speaking between his shut teeth, while, half rising, he supported his shaking frame by resting his hands on the arms of the chair. "You were right, at first, when you called yourself her murderer. No explanation can make it different. You need not seek to deceive us. You have always hated her. You tore yourself from her, you saw her sink, and you admit you did not even cry for help. God may forgive you, but I never will. Never, unless the dead should rise, unless Edith herself should come from her grave to intercede for you—"

He was interrupted by a wild cry from his sister, as, with fixed, dilated eyes, and shivering figure, she pointed towards the doorway. Braithwaite, Sir James and Mrs. Latham, following the direction of her glance, turned to look. A piercing shriek broke from Mrs. Latham. Sir James staggered back. Braithwaite stopped, frozen with horror.

For in the doorway, ghastly and spectral, white as the marble dead, stood the phantom apparition of Edith.

CHAPTER XI.

For more than a week before this eventful night, a band of gipsies had been encamped in Monkton wood. The spot they had selected was a deep, sequestered dell, hidden completely from observation until you were close upon it, and unknown even to the servants of the castle. Had Braithwaite preserved his game, and maintained a keeper, this nook would have been known to them, at least; as it was, the place was as secret and safe, almost, as if it had been in the wilds of America. Accident had revealed it to a gipsy tramp, years before, and ever since, for a fortnight or more each season, a gipsy camp had been pitched there.

As the gipsies never, or but rarely, ventured out, except at night, and as no person ever traversed the haunted wood, their immunity from discovery was perfect. The neighboring farmers wondered what became of their poultry, and who stole their corn: they could find no clue to the marauders; some of the more ignorant laborers even began to be superstitious on the subject. "It be the ghaist of Monkton Hollow, be ye sure," said one rustic to another. "No mortal hand ever did this." Secure in their immunity, the gipsies, at last, began to be less careful, and ventured out of their lair, occasionally, before night had set in. They did not, indeed, leave the boundaries of the wood, but they traversed its wilder depths, in search of game, and now and then even went as far as the Pool itself.

On the eventful day, when the incidents, narrated in the preceding chapters, were taking place, two of the gipsies had been prowling about the wood, and happened to reach the edge of the acclivity, that led down to the Pool, at the very moment that Edith was precipitated into the water. They saw Alice Braithwaite disengage herself from Edith's grasp, by letting go her shawl, and fully believed that it was done with the intention of drowning Edith. They saw the latter disappear in the treacherous Pool. They saw

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her rise to the surface, they heard her cry for help. Then they beheld her sink again, and for one moment they stood aghast.

But, though half brutish, they were still, in some respects, human. That despairing shriek was yet echoing and dying away in the distance, when, by a common impulse, they rushed to the edge of the Pool. They reached it just as Edith rose, for the second time, to the surface. She was now insensible, however, and would have sunk again and forever, if they had not been there to rescue her. Fortunately, the latter was an easy task, for she rose so close to the margin, that one of the gipsies, by holding on to a tree with one hand, to steady himself, was able, with the other, to sieze her by the arm. In another moment, his companion had come to his assistance, and the now inanimate body was lifted out and laid on the grass. Neither of the gipsies noticed, however, that her hat, which had come untied, was left floating on the surface of the water.

"'Ere's a rum go," said the elder of the two men. "Murder was wot that 'ere other un was arter; but she's missed it; for she breathes, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she breathes," said the other, who had knelt down, and placed his ear close to Edith's heart. "She's just alive, and that's all. If we hadn't come when we did, she would have been for the crowner, sure."

As he spoke, Edith heaved a deep sigh, opened her eyes for an instant, and then closed them again, in utter unconsciousness.

"She's sort of fainted, that's all," remarked the younger of the two. "She'll come to, arter awhile."

"But what's to be done?" said the other. "Anyway, we're in a fix. If we leave her, and wash our hands of it, she may die yet, from fright and wet, for she looks a delicate thing. These fine ladies can't stand what a Rommany girl can. If we take her to our camp, and get the women to dry her clothes, and give her summut to make her strong, we'd be arrested by the beaks, and made to tell what we saw, and that's a hanging matter for somebody. I don't know but what we'd better take ourselves off, and leave her to the chance of dying here, or getting safe home."

But the younger man, who was less world-hardened than the other, shook his head. He disguised his pity, however, under a pretence of a shrewd business venture, as he knew that this only would influence the other.

"No, don't do that. Let us carry her to the camp, and keep her there. She's a rich lady, and I'm pretty sure belongs to the castle here: with a little management we can get a reward for returning her. They'll think her drownded, at first; but we can forrard 'em a letter, hinting different, and promising to send her back safe, if the rhino's forthcoming; and in the meantime, we can keep her in the camp, secret as the grave, for nobody can find her there."

All this time, he had been doing what he could, in his rude way, to resuscitate Edith, by chafing her hands, and bathing her face with water from the Pool. She gave now another deep sigh, and once more opened her eyes, but after a puzzled look at the two men, closed them again as if in sheer weakness.

"Well, its now or never, then," said the elder, "take her feet, and I'll take her head. She'll have come to, by the time we reach camp; the shaking as we carry her will help; but if we wait here, till she's herself again, she'll scream for help, maybe, and our little game be spoiled."

The camp was not more than a third of a mile distant, and by the time the two men had reached the secluded glen, where it was pitched, Edith, as the older of the two had predicted, had entirely recovered from her swoon.

"Where am I?" she said, in a sort of dazed tone, as the men put her down, and the gipsy women and children gathered about her. "Who are you?"

"Among friends," sententiously replied the elder of her rescuers, who seemed to be the leader of the party. "You'd a been drownded, sure, but for us. But don't ask questions, leastways not now. Here, you women, take her into one of the tents, give her dry clothes, and a bit of summut, or she'll get a chill: don't you hear her teeth chattering? She's as white as a ghost, as you may see."

"No, no," cried Edith, realizing her position more fully, every minute. "Let me go home. I am mistress of the castle here. They will be so anxious about me. I will pay you well, and I am not afraid of catching cold, for I will walk, and that will keep me warm."

"Do as I tell you," said the man, addressing the gipsy women, and turning his back on Edith. "We'll see about the other, to-morrow, maybe."

All Edith's expostulations, which she continued to address to the women, after they had led her within one of the tents, were in vain. The women were obdurate even to her supplications, for she finally stooped to beseech them to release her. She well knew the agony which her disappearance would cause to her husband, and her prayers and offers of reward increased with the

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stubborness of her captors. But all was in vain. Finally, she ceased pleading, and took, without a word, the food brought to her. "I shall need all my strength," she said to herself, "It cannot be that, here, in the heart of a thickly populated county, I can be kept a prisoner. I will find some means of escape, or those, sent out to search for me, must surely find me." You see she was brave at heart, few women braver, as we have found out before, and all her courage rallied now, not only to secure her own safety, but also to baffle these ruffians.

Edith had noticed, among the women, a young girl, apparently about seventeen, who seemed to have some little sympathy for her. Once or twice, when she had been piteously begging to be let go, this girl had turned aside her head, as if to hide a tear. The other females were too much occupied with removing her wet clothing, and substituting some of their own coarser garments, to notice this. It was, therefore, with a wild thrill of hope, at her heart, that Edith heard herself assigned to the custody of this girl, and conducted to a small tent in the outskirts of the camp. "All the other tents have men and children," said the old crone, who seemed to take the direction of affairs, and whom the girl we have spoken of called grandmother. "So you take her, Myra: you're the only unmarried one; and to-morrow, my son will settle," she said, turning to Edith, "about letting you go. I've no doubt it will be all right."

The gipsies retired early, at least those of the feebler sex, and before ten o'clock all was silent in the camp: if any, even of the men, were awake, they were out on some night expedition. Edith, certain that a search would be instituted for her, and ignorant of Alice's confession, or of the discovery of her hat, which stopped further exploration of the wood, lay awake, hoping to hear sounds of approaching succor. But what seemed hours passed in total silence. At last, to her surprise, the girl beside her, who had, apparently, been sound asleep almost ever since they had retired, touched her cautiously.

"Hist," she whispered. "Don't speak. Don't move. I am your friend, dear lady, and will help you, if I can."

"My friend!" exclaimed Edith, in surprise, rising on one elbow.

"Hush," again whispered the girl. "Don't stir till I tell you, or all is lost. But I know you, dear lady. I knew you before you were married. You were Miss Lawton. You have forgot, of course. But once, when a poor girl, who was innocent, was taken up for stealing, and was about to be sent to jail, you coaxed your brother and he got the other magistrates to let her off. I am that girl. And I never forget a kindness."

Edith lay silent and amazed. She taxed her memory, and after awhile remembered the circumstance. She was about to speak, to ask, in a whisper, what her companion proposed to do, when she found that the latter had left her side, doing it so noiselessly that Edith had not heard her move. In a moment, however, the girl came back.

"It is as dark a night as ever was," said the girl. "Clouds in the sky, not a star to be seen, no moon. Everybody, too, is asleep. They all sleep heaviest in the first part of the night. If you escape at all, you must do it now. I have been out to see if all was quiet, and to get your clothes, which are now dry. There is not time to change everything: it would take too long; and you might make a noise. But you can slip on your gown. Then, step silently. Lean on me. The gown is white, and if any poachers are out, and see you in the wood, they will think it a ghost: you're safe enough, now that you're clear of the camp. I can't go with you all the way, but I'll show you the path for a while yet. I must slip back and pretend to be asleep, and tell grandma, to-morrow, you got away without my knowing it. She'll not believe me, of course; but she'll have no proof."

"Will it not get you into trouble?" said Edith. "Come with me altogether, and I will take care of your future."

This conversation, which had begun in the tent, had been often interrupted, but we give it, as a whole, up to the time, when, as now, Edith and the gipsy stood safe on the wooded bank that looked down into the glen. While the girl talked always in the lowest whispers, she had slipped the gown on Edith; had covered her temporarily with a dark cloak, had guided her footsteps in the thick blackness, and had helped her up the rather steep ascent, where she had paused, for an instant, to look down on the sleeping camp below.

"No," she said, in answer to Edith's offer. "I thank you much, dear lady; but it cannot be. I am helping you to escape, because I mistrust my uncle, and because I owe you gratitude. But I cannot desert my people. I am a Rommany, after all, and could never be happy except among the tents where I was born. I should pine for freedom, even in your grand castle, as a bird pines and beats itself to death, against the bars of its gilded cage. My uncle might do me harm, if grandma wasn't there; but while she lives, he dare not hurt me. Farewell, now. You have only to follow this rough cart track, and it

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will bring you out on the highway, and not far from the castle. I know it well."

"And shall I never see you again?"

"In all probability, dear lady, never."

"Can I do nothing for you? I should like—like," she hesitated, "to send you something. Do you want anything?"

"You can do this for me. Keep the secret of our camp till the day after to-morrow. We shall steal away to-morrow night. Otherwise you might get us into trouble."

"I promise. But I should like to do something for you. Money I have not, about me—"

"Lady," said the girl, and she drew herself proudly up, "what I did, I have done without wish for reward." But seeing Edith looked pained, she added, quickly, "If ever I need anything, I will let you know—that I promise, on the word of a Rommany. Good bye."

As she spoke, she seized Edith's hand, kissed it fervently, and then disappeared in a thicket close by.

Edith waited till the last echo of the girl's almost noiseless steps had died in the distance, and then hurried along the dim wood-path, in the direction pointed out by the gipsy. Her heart beat fast, however, and her limbs tottered under her. She had passed through so many perils, within the last few hours, that, brave as she was ordinarily, she had become nervous, and started at every sound, even the crackling of a twig.

What was her delight, therefore, within fifteen minutes, to find herself on the open highway. She drew a long breath of relief at this, resting for a moment against a stile.

"But I may be missed—they may even now be in pursuit of me," she cried, suddenly, and hurried on again, looking fearfully behind her.

No wonder, that, when she reached the castle, and burst unexpectedly into the presence of Braithwaite and the others, that, pale, and exhausted, and breathless as she was, they mistook her, for a moment, for an apparition.

CHAPTER XII.

Sir James was the first to recover. But he had scarcely reached Edith's side, before Braithwaite was also there, and holding the dear girl in his arms. To the enquiring looks of both the gentlemen, Edith answered, hurriedly: "Not now, not now. My lips are sealed for thirty-six hours, but then you shall know all. Meantime—"

But she did not finish the sentence. Alice Braithwaite, after that first cry of mingled terror and astonishment, on seeing what she thought a disembodied spirit, had stood, transfixed, gazing wildly at Edith; but now she began to utter shriek after shriek, for her half-crazed brain had given way at last, and falling to the floor, she went off into violent convulsions.

In a moment Edith, followed by Mrs. Latham, was at her side. Mrs. Kirle was summoned; and a physician quickly sent for. "Let me go with her," said Edith, when preparations were being made for carrying the sufferer to the secluded wing which she had occupied all along. "My first duty is at her side, at present; even more so than at yours, Edmund. She knew not what she did. Our aim must be, now, to restore her to life; everything must give way to that." Her persistence had prevailed, and followed by Mrs. Latham, who also insisted on helping Mrs. Kirle, she left the room.

It was a dreary vigil, that Braithwaite and Sir James held that night, only less dreary and sad than the earlier vigil which had begun it. From time to time, one of them went to the door of Alice's room to enquire, receiving for answer that the sufferer was but slightly better, if at all. The doctor came, at last, but his verdict gave no hope. "Poor child," he said, "her constitution was already shattered, when this last shock came: she will, probably, never recover consciousness; or only recover it, for a moment, when life will go out like an exhausted taper."

Braithwaite, when the physician had brought this message, and then returned to his patient, addressed Sir James.

"I was unjust to her, cruel in fact," he said, "but I was carried away, by thinking, for the moment, that she had wilfully taken Edith's life. I spoke in a momentary heat. Her sorrows have been too much for her brain. Even if her life is spared, I fear she will never be fully sane. There are a few words, that in justice to her, I must speak. My sister is not the sinner she feels herself. The attack of fever, which followed Derrick's shameful desertion of her, was very severe; and for a long time we feared for her reason. She met him, before she had had time to recover from her debility, and when mind and body both were in a most weakened state. He had not the sense, or feeling, to see how it was with her, and to forbear to excite her. She was of an intense nature, and he possessed her love—he knew it—and that after having done all for years that man could do to make that love his own, he had forsworn himself for another woman, infinitely her inferior;—knowing all which, he dared her there, when, in what passed between them, she in her misery threatened him—he laughed at her, and handed her his pistol, advising her to shoot him, he was such a villain.

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She did it. In her weakness and anguish, the delirium she had but so lately cast off, must have returned upon her, for she fired the pistol, then flung it by his side, and ran home. When she told my father and myself on reaching the house, what she had done, we were terribly alarmed for her, but not for Derrick; for of course we thought the fever had returned, and in that case we knew that her life or her mind must surely be the sacrifice. We hurried to the spot she had designated, and to our horror found it was as she had said, and that Derrick was really dead.

"We were uncertain as to her mental condition. My father at once determined to risk nothing, by an acknowledgment of the true state of the case; and so we concocted a story of having found Derrick dead there, with his pistol lying by him, shot either accidentally, or purposely, by his own hand. The explanation was the more plausible, as he had for some time back been addicted to drinking to excess.

"For a long time after that, Alice remained in an utterly broken state. But no access of the fever, that we had anticipated, showed itself; and she finally recovered entirely. What her life has been, since that deed, you know from her own lips. The deed was horrible: but we could not regard it as she did. We could not feel that she was accountable, to such an extent at least, as to demand a public confession. How could we give her up to the merciless law of the land, that knew no charity? We sought to protect her from becoming a sacrifice to a morbid sense of duty. We hoped, not that happiness, or tranquillity, would ever be restored to her, but that time might work so great a change, as to cause her to become reconciled to our decision, and to abandon the fatal idea that possessed her.

"But it never has, as you see. I wonder now, if having told you, she would be satisfied, if she should recover?"

He ceased, then went on as if with a great effort:

"She *did* oppose my plan of marriage. But I could not listen to her arguments, which were all based upon her crime. I knew then, from what she said, that it would be hopeless for me to think she would keep silence about her fatal act. But I dared not trust her away from me. So I obtained her promise, in which I felt perfect confidence, that she would keep out of Edith's way, and never, should occasion bring them together, let her know the truth. With that promise I felt comparatively safe, and thought, keeping ever by her side, to guard my treasure."

"The life of a gaoler had been forced upon me," he said, continuing. "I came here to hide myself and my prisoner away, as best I might. My father had advised me to take my sister to Monk's Hollow, as the most secluded, deserted place he knew of, telling me of the belief among the country people, that it was haunted. I discoverd, that, to live here as I had intended, I must repulse, and subdue, and convert into dislike, if possible, the most determined kindness, from those whom I would gladly have met in friendship. This, apart from the violence to my own feelings, seemed almost impossible for me to do. The more I sought retirement, the more my kind-hearted neighbors sought to turn me from what they thought was my morbid determination, until in desperation I bethought me of the ghost stories connected with the place. These stories Mrs. Kirle told me, had been revived of late, by my sister having become hysterical one night, and having run from the house, down to the woods, just as some men were driving through the Hollow. These men were stopped by Alice's screams, but were at last frightened off by her advancing upon them, making strange, wild gestures.

"About this time, when you presented yourselves, I had heard that some of the young people of the neighborhood contemplated giving me a surprise party; and when I saw you I determined to invite you in, as I did, and by my recital, and by occurrences which I could easily plan, impress you with a wholesome terror of the place. But in what did actually happen, on that night, I was in no way implicated. On the contrary, I remained up to watch and to guard *her*, I mean Edith, from any alarm—for I loved her, from the moment I first saw her, and my instinct was to shield her.

"Some of you heard my sister groan in her pain. I did not wonder at the alarm it caused. I learned afterwards that she had wandered through the house, in search of a certain medicine, which she believed to be in the closet of one of the rooms, then occupied by the ladies. What followed, you all know. Of my love for Edith it is useless to speak. I know—as do you—that, perhaps, with this curse on my house, I ought not to have married Edith. But it was the one gleam of happiness offered to me."

Sir James moved quickly to his side, and placing a hand upon his arm, said:

"Not so. I do not blame you. I pity you, on the contrary, with all my heart. You have been a victim to a most terrible fate, and in your place, Braithwaite, no man would have acted differently. If it had been my sister, knowing her to have been insane when she fired the pistol, I should have shielded her, just as you shielded

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Alice. As for Edith, she loves you, and would be, will be, happier, as your wife, than if you had fled from her, under a mistaken sense of duty."

"You take a load off me, when I hear you speak in this way," replied Braithwaite, grasping his hand. "Sometimes I think that this horrible secret, this ever-present weight on my brain, has affected my cooler judgment. God knows I did not intend to sacrifice Edith—"

"Nor have you. Edith is one of those who are made for martyrs, even more than most women—heaven bless her for it!—and the consciousness that she can lighten your load, my dear Braithwaite, will make her more truly happy than if her married life had been wholly of summer skies and favorable winds. The heroic is a large element in her character, as you must, by this time, know. Few are so self-sacrificing. Few rejoice so much in self-abnegation."

At that moment, Edith herself appeared. Her eyes were full of tears. She went up to her husband, and putting her arms about his neck, drew his head down on her bosom.

"It is all over," she whispered, in an awed voice, "and you must let me be, hereafter, dearest, sister as well as wife. Poor, long-suffering Alice. Mrs. Kirle has been telling me her sad story. But she is at rest now—at rest forever—"

"Amen," said the deep voice of Sir James, as he bowed his head reverently.

Our story is done. For what more is there to tell? Only that of the many, many happy married lives in the world, that of Edith and Braithwaite proved, from that hour, the very happiest. With the death of Alice the gloom and tragedy was lifted from them. Never again, no matter what depression of spirits came to her, did Edith feel as on the night she had sung her sad strain for Braithwaite. As for him, he was a different man. He was like one, who had been in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had come out unharmed.

"Thank God, thank God," he often said, as he pressed Edith to his heart, "for such a priceless treasure. What have I done, that I should be so happy?"

The tragic tale of Alice was never divulged. Except the physician, who had necessarily been taken into confidence, Mrs. Latham, and Sir James, no one ever knew that she had "sinned and suffered;" and so the secrecy, for which Braithwaite had sacrificed so many years of his life, was preserved inviolate.

About a week after that eventful night, Edith received a scrap of paper, apparently torn from some account book, on which was written, in pencil, in rude penmanship, the following note;

"You kept your promise, as I knew you would, and so we got off safe, the night after you left. Uncle did not believe me, but grandam did, or pretended to, and I have had no trouble. You are a great lady, but sometimes, perhaps, you will think of Myra, and say to yourself that a poor Rommany girl, after all, can do a kind action as well as a Christian."

That was all. The missive was found, pushed under the great hall door, one morning; but no one saw who left it there, or could ever discover its bearer. Braithwaite, as soon as the thirty-six hours were up, and Edith had told him how she had been rescued, had set on foot enquiries, intending to reward Myra; but his search was fruitless; the gipsies had evidently travelled all night, and put one, or more counties between them and pursuit, before his emissaries began their quest.

Monk's Hollow was associated with too many painful memories for Edith and Braithwaite to remain there, permanently, so they moved into quite a different part of England, where their united wealth enabled them to purchase an estate even more extensive than the one they had left.

But, once every year, they pay a visit to Sir James, at Wynton Hall, where, with a young wife, the former was now supremely happy. Several sweet children came, in the course of years, to both families, and increased their mutual felicity; and there we leave them.

Monk's Hollow—the castle we mean—still stands, gaunt and grim, and desolate as ever. It is gradually falling into ruin, and its lichen-covered walls, the massy towers, the silence that hangs about it, still speak of MYSTERY.

[THE END.]

THE OLD YEAR AND NEW.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE Old Year dies. Shut up the book,
With all its ills and wo,
Its cares, its griefs. Lo! forward look,
And let the dead Past go.

The New Year, see, across the hill,
Comes chasing night away.
Farewell to gloom, farewell to ill,
Welcome a brighter day!

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IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY MISS M. M. ELDREDGE.

"It is almost finished, is it not, Henri?"

"Yes," answered the artist, dreamily. "Two or three more hours' work will see my year's occupation ended."

The young man laid down his brush, and with a look of passionate love, stood gazing silently at the beautiful creation before him.

It was a Madonna, in which the tender, sweet beauty of the young girl, who stood beside the artist, was reproduced with startling success; and no wonder, for the painting of this picture had called into play the two ruling passions of Henri Chenevière's life, his devotion to his art, and his fervent love for Elvire Lenoir, the girl who was watching him, with eyes full of such intense sympathy and appreciation.

As Henri stood, motionless, in absorbed contemplation of the picture, a change came over his expressive face, which Elvire seemed to understand well; for she gently slid her hand into his, and with a voice tremulous with loving sympathy, said softly,

"Is it nothing to possess the glorious gift of genius, Henri, even if the ignorance and stupidity of those around you condemn you to unmerited obscurity?"

"You are right, Elvire," answered the young man, arousing himself from his abstraction. "It is a glorious gift. But I sometimes feel that it must have been bestowed upon me by some malevolent fairy in mockery; for, Elvire, I have, at last, almost come to the conclusion that I must resign all thoughts of an artist's career, and accept my uncle's offer of a position in his counting-house, though the mere thought is positive torture."

"Nonsense, Henri! A man who can paint such a picture as that has no right to bury his talent in the earth. Why, there is not another artist in Paris, who could produce its equal, I firmly believe! But, Henri, you have been moping long enough in this gloomy old studio. Come out with me for a walk. Have you forgotten that this is mamma's *fête* day? The preparations for our little celebration, this evening, are not quite completed. We must go out for a bottle of cordial, and some cakes. Come along!"

Soon the lovers were strolling through some of the comparatively quiet Parisian streets, on the left bank of the Seine, having, with true French volatility, left behind them all their cares and perplexities, in the little studio under the solemn shadow of Notre Dame. They talked and laughed with all the happy *abandon* of their race. Past the Luxumbourg they wandered; through the Rue Vaugirard, where Henri bought the cakes and *Chartreuse*; along the Boulevard du Mont Parnasse; past the quiet old cemetery; until they reached the Barrière d'Enfer, where Elvire's observant eyes took note of a small crowd of animated tourists, conversing gayly in more languages than one, though English seemed predominant.

What especially attracted Elvire's attention was the candle with which each of this company was armed, set into a wide, circular piece of pasteboard, probably to catch the falling grease.

"What in the world are they doing, Henri?" asked Elvire, with wide open eyes.

"This is the entrance to the catacombs," was the answer, "and this must be one of the days of admission."

"Oh, Henri! I have never seen the catacombs, and want to, so much!" said Elvire, excitedly. "Couldn't we join the party?"

"What—cakes, *Chartreuse* and all?" queried Henri, laughingly.

"Oh, yes! I am sure there will be plenty of time before dinner. We have no tickets, but we might give the guide a franc."

Henri consulted his watch, and seeing that they had several hours before them, followed his usual fashion of invariably indulging Elvire; and after purchasing candles, they joined the party, which was just then admitted into a door, that opened on a dark stairway leading into the ground. Arrived at the foot, the party found themselves at the beginning of a long, vaulted, subterranean passage, winding mysteriously on before them into the darkness, which seemed blacker, and closer, and denser than Elvire had ever believed darkness could be. As they became a little more accustomed to the gloom, they saw that the weird shadows cast by the many candles were falling upon walls lined with human bones, arranged in various and fanciful patterns, in this, their last resting-place; while above was marked the passage of the many living visitors to these halls of the dead, in the fantastical devices made upon the limestone by the discoloring black smoke of the candles.

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Elvire grew silent and awe-stricken at the sight of these sad relics of humanity; and she gazed in mute astonishment at two giddy, irreverent girls before her, who were giggling, chattering and blowing out each other's and their friends' candles, in total disregard of the solemnity of the place. On the party wandered, through the darkness, preceded by the guide; for of course only a very small part of the many miles of these funereal passages, which underlie Paris, can be gone through in a few hours, and a stranger might wander here for weeks without discovering an outlet.

Elvire, meanwhile, was peering curiously down the many passages they saw branching from the main one Suddenly she came to a pause.

"Henri, ' she said, "Elise told me that, at the end of some of these passages, are chapels formed entirely of bones. She described one of the passages which leads to such a chapel, and I am sure, from the arrangement of those skulls, that this is the one. Dear Henri, won't you go down there with me, for a moment?"

Of course Henri assented, only remarking, "We must be quick, Elvire; it would be no joke to lose our party, in such a place as this."

Down the passage they walked, somewhat hastily, until, to Elvire's great disappointment, they came to a turn without finding what they sought. She stood for a moment, perplexed, then hurried on with the remark, "It must be here, Henri; come on, I think I remember that Elise said we must turn once. We can't go astray, for we can hear, so plainly, the voices of the others."

Henri made some demur, but followed the excited girl, until she came to a sudden pause, and with a low, frightened scream darted back to her lover. "Oh! Henri," she gasped. "I stumbled over something, and when the light fell on it, I saw that it was a man; and Oh, he looked so white, and strange and still!"

Henri reassuringly passed his arm around the trembling girl's waist, and they both hastened forward. Sure enough, it was the motionless figure of a man, beside which Henri was soon kneeling, hurriedly seeking his pulse, for the ghastly, haggard face and closed eyes had suggested a horrible suspicion, which only the faint flickering of the pulse dispelled.

"Elvire, hand me that bottle," said Henri, excitedly; and his frightened *fiancée* handed him the bottle of *Chartreuse*, which had been dropped on the ground. Henri quickly extracted the cork with his knife, and had soon forced some of the invigorating cordial down the apparently lifeless man's throat.

Almost breathlessly he watched the effect. "I have heard of men being lost in these catacombs," whispered Henri, awe-struck, "and wandering about, until they died of starvation; but I never realized the horror of it until now."

A fluttering motion now began to stir the closed eyelids. Then all was still. Again came the slight movement. This time, the hollow eyes slowly opened, with a vacant, glassy stare: then closed again. Henri hastily administered a second draught of the *Chartreuse;* and now the eyes opened, with a more intelligent look. The man tried to raise himself, sank back again, and in a faint whisper, muttered:

"Where am I?"

Henri's sole answer was to tear open Elvire's bundle of cakes, one of which the man seized, and devoured with such eager avidity, that Henri's suspicions were confirmed—the man was certainly starving.

A few more cakes and *Chartreuse* so restored him, that he was able to realize his condition, and relate how he had fallen into such a sore strait. It was, as Henri had supposed. Three days before, he had joined a party to explore the catacombs, and straying away from the others, had entirely lost his way, among the labyrinth of passages, miles of which he must have traversed in the darkness, shouting for assistance, until hunger overpowered him, and he sank down, after which he knew nothing, until he saw Henri bending over him. He had been an entire stranger to the other members of the party, and as none of his friends had known his intention of visiting the catacombs, of course no search had been instituted.

"Thank God, who led Elvire's feet down into this gloomy cavern, for she it was who saved you, not I, Monsieur!" said Henri, fervently.

"May He shower His richest blessings upon her!" replied the stranger, reverently kissing the young girl's hand. "But is it not time to return to your party? They must be growing impatient, and I think I can walk now."

"Our party!" echoed Henri, a horrible remembrance flashing across his mind. "They are total strangers to us; they would never notice our absence. O! what have we done?"

"Call!" said the stranger, now thoroughly aroused, and soon the vaults were resounding with the despairing shouts of the frightened trio. A pause. A dead silence, during which the candles, hitherto unnoticed, flared up brightly, flickered for a moment, then expired. The catacombs were left to their usual dense darkness.

Elvire threw her arms around Henri's neck, with a wild, agonized scream, while Henri again shouted, with all the energy of despair.

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But the same terrible silence was the only answer.

"Alas!" said the stranger, mournfully. "For me the bitterness of death was past. Why did an inscrutable Providence decree that your bright, young lives should fall a useless sacrifice to me?"

"Do not reproach yourself, Monsieur," answered Henri. "I cannot regret assisting you, for I feel that if we die, our lives will be given in a good cause. Elvire, take courage," said he, tenderly trying to soothe the sobbing girl. "We have food enough to keep us alive for two or three days, and who knows what may happen in that time?"

Gradually the hours wore on, until night had come, as nearly as they could judge; they, for whom night and day had no difference. Henri had seated himself on the damp floor, and Elvire, who had finally worn herself out with weeping, had fallen into an uneasy sleep, with her head on his shoulder. The stranger was lying near them, and gradually the two men entered into conversation.

"Is that young girl your sister?" asked the stranger.

"No, Monsieur," answered Henri. "She would have been my wife, long ago, had things gone well with me."

"Ah!" remarked the stranger, so sympathetically that Henri felt his questioning no intrusion. "You are, perhaps, poor?"

"Yes," answered the young man, moodily. "I can starve along myself, barely keeping body and soul together; but I can't ask Elvire to share such a life!"

"Have you a profession?"

"Yes, the most precarious one in the world. I am an artist, without friends or influence."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, with renewed interest; and Henri soon found himself relating the story of his struggles and disappointments, with a complete absence of reserve. When, at last, silence fell upon them, Henri felt in some measure cheered, in spite of their terrible condition.

Wearily the next day dragged on, and when night came, our three friends were all a little quieter, a little more hopeless, a little weaker than in the morning. Very sparingly they partook of the cakes and cordial, but with all their care they consumed, during the day, half of their precious provisions.

The next morning, Elvire, who had been perfectly silent for hours, asked, abruptly: "Is it very long, Henri—I mean death by starvation?"

"No, my darling, I hope not," answered Henri, shuddering; while great tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks.

Another long silence followed, broken again by Elvire, who suddenly raised her head, and said, excitedly, "Henri, is that sound the dripping of the damp from the roof? No, it can't be. I am sure it is growing louder." She sprang to her feet, as she finished, listening intently.

Henri also sprang up, and the stranger.

"I see a light—a light," screamed the girl, peering intently down the dark passage.

Again Henri's voice rang through the sombre caverns, though with very little of the vigor of two days before, and again followed an agonized instant of suspense.

"Hullo!" shouted a gruff voice, which seemed sweeter than music from the spheres. Henri sank back, completely overpowered, while Elvire started, with flying feet, towards the light.

A moment after, the sturdy laborer, who had been sent to do some trifling work in the catacombs, started back, in fright and amazement, at the white-robed vision, with flowing hair and shining eyes, which appeared so suddenly before him.

"Holy Mother, protect us!" muttered he, devoutly crossing himself. "This must be a spirit, for surely it was a man's voice that called!"

His fears were shortly allayed by the appearance of the two men, and our rescued party were soon conducted into the blessed sunshine again.

"Will you give me your name and address?" said the stranger, as they parted at the entrance. "You will hear from me before long; we certainly ought to be friends after such an experience!" And Henri handed him his card.

Half an hour later Elvire was again clasped in her mother's arms, who welcomed her child as one literally, as well as metaphorically, returned from the dead; and though the young girl's pale face and unstrung nerves, for a time, showed the effects of the terrible experience she had undergone, loving care and tenderness soon restored her to her old blooming self.

Henri was sitting alone in his little studio, nearly a week after, brooding somewhat gloomily over the future, when the decrepit old *conçierge* aroused him from his meditations, by thrusting a card into his hand, with the remark,

"A grand gentleman is waiting below, in his carriage, to see if Monsieur Chenevière will receive him. Here is the card."

Henri read, "Victor Comte de Fleuris," and recognized the name of one, well known in the artistic world, whose patronage was success, and whose acquaintance, therefore, was coveted by every artist in the city.

"There must be some mistake," said he, passing his hand across his brow in bewilderment.

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"Visitors in carriages do not come to me, especially the Comte de Fleuris."

"Yes, yes," said the old woman, impatiently, "it is all right; he had your card and address in his hand."

"Very well, then. Ask the gentleman to walk up. But of course there is some mistake," he muttered to himself, as the old woman hobbled off.

A moment after, there was a knock at the door, and when Henri opened it, he found himself bowing low to an elegantly dressed, fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who entered the room almost without an invitation, and paused for a moment, dumb with admiration, before Henri's exquisite Madonna, which still stood on its easel, in the centre of the room.

"Monsieur Chenevière I congratulate you. You are a genius!" said he, at last, turning around, and extending his hand to the young man, who was surveying his visitor in some surprise. "Can it be that I am the first who has discovered this. But you don't seem to recognize me?"

Henri gazed at him, in increasing amazement. Very familiar seemed the voice, and surely he had seen features very like those of his guest; but those features had been haggard and gaunt, while these—"

"Monsieur, can it be?" he stammered. "Are you really the gentleman who was with us in the catacombs?"

"Yes, Monsieur Chenevière, I am the man who is your debtor, beyond anything that words can express. You rescued me, almost at the expense of your own life, and of that of one dearer to you than yourself; and though I can never hope to discharge the obligation, I can, at least, show myself not unmindful of it. Will you be my friend?" And the two men clasped hands, in a friendship which only death was able to sever.

A long conversation followed, in relation principally to Henri's circumstances and prospects, the Comte ending all by saying, "You have rare genius, which it shall be my pleasure to cultivate. I have no son, and there is no one in the world whom I could more wish to fill that position than yourself; for we became well acquainted, during those two dreadful days, and the inquiries I have since made have only substantiated the opinion I then formed of you."

Henri attempted some protest, but was interrupted. "Hush, there can be no question of obligation between us two!"

From that time, Henri's fortunes were changed: his studio was removed to a building near the Comte de Fleuris' elegant *hôtel* on the *Champs Elysées*, and henceforth the influence of his powerful benefactor, aiding his own talent, raised him to the foremost rank of artists.

A month after, the marriage of Henri and Elvire was celebrated with great rejoicings. Monsieur le Comte not only gave away the bride, but gave, with her, a dowry, such as he would have bestowed on his own daughter; and in the years of happiness which followed, the Comte de Fleuris and his *protégés* learned to bless their terrible experience IN THE CATACOMBS.

A SUMMER'S ROMANCE.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I met my love where the mountain air
 Braces the system with strength and health,
Where the mineral springs that bubble there
 Are far more precious than mines of wealth.
I was stepping along in my riding dress
 Down the piazza at early dawn,
While, dancing with joy, my pet dog, Jess,
 Seemed the happiest creature that e'er was born.

I tripped on my long, green skirt, and fell;
 A gentleman caught me within his arms;
I blushed and stammered, and then—ah, well,
 It was then he was caught by my maiden charms.
At least he says so. He helped me mount,
 On being assured that I was not harmed,
And the air seemed of love a living fount,
 And earth seemed a Paradise, newly charmed.

Well, we met that ev'ning in formal style:
 "Miss Allington, this is Lieutenant Bland."
I bowed, but he reached with a meaning smile,
 And took in his own my trembling hand.

And that was the first. Of course you know
 How it all went after that: we rode
Up the rich green hill where the sunset's glow,
 In a stream of golden glory flowed.

We read together; we danced, we sailed;
 Had beautiful pic-nics beside the stream;
While hope and faith not a moment failed,
 And life was a happy and heav'nly dream.
And now—'tis a wedding ring I wear,
 As I pluck him each morning a sweet bouquet,
To wear in his coat; while he smooths my hair
 And bids me "be good" while he's away.

And this is the story—as old as time,
 Yet ever telling anew again.
'Tis the music which maketh life sublime,
 The sunshine which scattereth cloud and rain;
O, love of my heart! 'twere a bitter thing
 To be parted from thee in this world of ours.
The winter would swallow up my spring,
 And a blight would fall upon all my flowers!

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THE STORY OF PHILOMENA.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

In 1869, George Cordery and his wife made their wedding journey through certain, quiet by-ways in Europe. They were a poor, hard-working couple; but Louise had two thousand dollars: and this they had determined to spend on travel. "Live memories," they said, "of remarkable things, will be better than fine carpets and chairs."

In August they stumbled into Wildbad. The solitude of the quaint little town, suited the mood of these young people better than the brilliancy of the great capitals. In Wildbad, accordingly, they stayed until the visitors were all gone, and the September rains set in, and the steep street was almost as silent as the vast, dark stretches of fir in the forest outside.

One day a heavy rain overtook them, as they were walking, in a close gorge, running down into the valley of the Enz.

"There, I see a house!" cried Louise. "Run, George, run! Oh, isn't it odd? there is Philomena in the door!"

Philomena was a woman concerning whom Louise had invented a mystery. She was a stout, moon-faced girl, who sometimes passed through the town peddling worsted work, and the mystery lay only in a boy who trotted alongside of her, a commonplace lad enough. But for little Mrs. Cordery, there were no commonplace people. The most ordinary butchers and bakers were marked human beings, each with his history, his wrong to set right, his trouble to reveal.

She could not give an order to the grocer's boy, without wishing to go behind his smirk and pass-book and get at his secret, the red blood of him —this something which made him her kinsman. George credited this trait in his wife wholly to her warm heart, but half of it was owing to her keen, dramatic eye.

"Why should Philomena keep her son always with her? He is not an idiot. There is a positive terror in her expression as she watches him. Take my word for it, George, there is something more here than meets the eye, and I shall find it out."

Philomena ran out now, into the pelting rain, to hurry them in, as though Louise was an old friend. She had bought some of the hideous, red roses, which the girl knitted out of worsted, and sold to strangers. Her father, Stamm, was at work, carving a clock, inside. George went in, and the two men smoked their pipes together, and talked of America.

"I would go there with my girl, Philomena, eight years ago," said the old man. "But she marries her man, and the boy comes, and hupf! I shall not go alone! What would I do without John?" giving the lad a playful poke with his foot.

The boy sat beside his grandfather, carving, too, with intelligent, quick strokes of the knife.

"You call your boy by an English name?" said Louise, breaking ground for future operations.

"His father called him John. His father wears English dress, and reads English books."

Now, it is only the upper classes in this district who ape their English visitors. Louise was puzzled how to put the question already on her lips, when Philomena answered it. She had been kneeling before the fire, blowing it into a flame, to dry Louise's wet boots, but she stood up with a hasty assumption of dignity.

"John's father is *wohl-gebreen*," she said. "Not like me. Here is his picture," taking down from the wall a colored photograph, of an effeminate, red-haired young fellow, in uniform.

"This is your husband, eh? The gentility is certainly, very aggressive," said Louise, looking at it with perplexity. Where had she seen that shallow, supercilious face? "He is in the army? You see him but seldom, then?"

"That does not matter," placidly. "I have my father and John," with the usual quick, terrified glance in at the boy.

"Why do you watch that child so, Philomena? What can possibly happen to him?"

"They would steal him from me. I have to keep him near me, night and day."

"Steal? Who would steal him?"

"His father's people. They are rich—they are not of my religion. They want to send the boy to the gymnasium—to the university. He shall learn to use the sword, to speak languages I do not understand; he will forget his mother."

"But, my good soul," said Louise, dogmatically, "this won't do at all. Your son ought to be educated."

"He shall not speak languages I do not understand. It is not good for him to be taught to despise his mother," and then, nodding obsti-

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hately. "No matter. They shall not steal him. Now, we shall drink some coffee."

Her mouth was closed, and so was the subject. Old Wolfgang Stamm, in the other room, overhearing the woman, told George the story with a man's directness as to facts. Philomena had married into a wealthy, bourgeoise family, bitterly opposed to her. Her husband had soon wearied of her: he was in the army. His mother had tried to buy the boy from Philomena, and failing in that, had attempted to gain possession of him by stealth. She insisted on complete surrender, did not conceal that the boy would be taught to forget his mother.

"I don't know that the woman is justified, in refusing rank and education for her son," said George, cautiously, to his wife, as they walked home together, talking the matter over.

"She is quite right! quite right!" cried Louise, vehemently. "What can compensate to a child for its mother?"

The ground was sodden with wet, dead leaves, streams of yellow clay water rushed over the road. As they emerged from the gorge, they met the Botenfrau in her red petticoat and black cloak, who carried messages for all the mountain people.

"I must not stay, your gracious," she said to Louise, stopping short, her hands on her hips. "It is bad news I carry to Philomena."

"Her husband?" guessed Louise, quickly.

"Truly, truly!" nodding solemnly. "Typhus in the barracks. He is to die, and would see his wife. Herr Weber sends me for her. Herr Weber is his father. Yes, truly."

Louise hurried on, leaving the stout Atalanta, planted solidly in the road.

"So it is the Webers who are poor Philomena's persecutors," she said, as she caught George's arm. "I knew I had some cause to detest those people."

The Webers were the only other guests remaining at the hotel with the Corderys. They were a rich tradesman's family, from Baden. Louise had pronounced them, once or twice, to be "specimens of the very lowest grade of human nature." She based this opinion of their minds and souls on the beery eyes and yellow teeth of the men, and the dirty wrappers and felt slippers, which the women wore to breakfast.

The whole family had broken camp to-day, and gone in the yellow stage to Pforzheim, leaving one of the sons behind, who blocked up the doorway now, his hands in the pockets of his corded, drabbled *Joppe*, puffing his pipe in Louise's face, as she passed.

"That animal is very like the picture of Philomena's husband," she said, when she had reached her own room. "Just such a shallow, tricky eye. A brother, doubtless. Take my word for it, George, there is some treachery in hand."

An hour or two later, Philomena was seen setting off in another lumbering stage. The Corderys wished her God-speed when it stopped at the hotel door.

"Oh, my Man will not die," she said, calmly. "I think John will be safe," and with that, the anxious, strained look came up into her eyes. "I dared not take him among them, and my father will watch him well."

"Some women," said Louise, when she was gone, "have not a particle of wifely instinct about them: they are born mothers, nothing else."

"You will have difficulty in making a satisfactory heroine out of Philomena," replied George. "She reminds me of a cow."

"She is very gentle."

"And stolid."

Mrs. Cordery's little romance, however, came to a most abrupt conclusion. Philomena's "man" did die, within a week. The landlord brought the news to the Corderys, rubbing his hands with melancholy gusto.

"That most honorable family, the Webers, are overwhelmed with grief. The son, Adolf, is no more, and his wife, the daughter of a Bauer in the valley, is ill with typhus, in the hotel where he died. They must nurse her. That kind of people are so inconvenient. Madame Weber will find no beer to suit her palate in that house. I know it well."

Two weeks later, he came to them again.

"That woman, Philomena, who trapped young Weber into marrying her—you remember, Madame?"

"Yes. What of her?"

"They are rid of her at last. She is dead."

"Dead!"

"So!" with a shrug, learned from his French visitors. "Better so, better so! She is with the saints now, no doubt, and she was very much in the way here. That gracious lady, Madame Weber, found her a great disgrace."

"We will go out to-morrow, George, and see the poor, old man," said Louise.

But that night they received letters summoning them home. In the morning they mounted the yellow stage, and bade good-bye to Wildbad. When they reached Pforzheim, the train was just starting. In the window of a carriage was a well-known, red-bearded, scoffing face.

"There is that odious young Weber, the dead man's brother," said Louise, "and, oh, George! Who is that beside him? It is Philomena's boy!"

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"Well, well, Lou. What are we to do?" as the train rolled slowly away. "Beside, they are the rightful guardians of the child."

After the Corderys had been at home a month or two, they had a letter from the landlord, filled with village gossip. Mrs. Cordery had begged him to write it, for she knew, and took a keen interest in everybody, and could not bear to lose sight of them altogether.

"Old Hans Stamm," the letter said, "has emigrated to America. He made a journey on foot to Baden, to see his grandson; but the gracious Madame Weber made the old fool understand that it was not to be. The boy is well rid of him."

"I wish we had told the old man how to find us," said Louise. "He will be friendless here."

"We shall meet him some day," replied Mr. Cordery. "People always turn up again. Did you ever lose anybody absolutely out of your life?"

Year after year passed, however, and the little episode of Philomena and her boy was remembered by the Corderys, with all the other happiness of their summer in Europe, as a dream over and done with. They worked hard. George was a teacher in Philadelphia; Louise a book reviewer for two New York journals; and besides that, a slave to her baby, a vehement housekeeper, and a friend to half the women and men in the town. Young men and women like the Corderys abound in America, and there is a peculiar vigor, fullness, zest in their lives which belong to no other class, that I know of.

The summer of 1876, they gave, as a matter of course, to the Exposition. Clothes, carpets, even food could be cut off during the year, but they must enjoy this chance, at their leisure.

A neighbor joined them, one day, as they came through the main entrance, into the maelstrom outside: cars, carriages, hordes of itinerant, shrieking vendors; the Yankee with his peanuts and soda water; the Syrian with olive wood from Gethsemane; the Turk with his spicy beads; the Texan with a mammoth ox; Jews, Christians, Pagans, in swarming thousands.

"The oddest sight I have seen here," said their friend, "is a German woman, who has stood by yonder gate since the first day of the Exhibition. Odd because so immovable and prosaic in all this frenzy. She stands, watching the face of every man who goes in and out. I believe she is looking for somebody she has lost on the other side of the world. But her pretence is to sell hideous, red worsted roses."

"Red worsted roses! George, do you hear?" Louise stopped short.

"Nonsense, Lou! She is dead."

"Let us go and see this girl for her sake, at any rate," pulling him towards the gate.

The woman's back was towards them. She was big, stout, squarely built, her snuff-colored, flannel sacque and petticoat daintily clean. She turned, and bestowed on them a a mild, cow-like regard.

"Philomena!"

The heap of worsted roses dropped into the dust; she opened and shut her jaws nervously once or twice. The water came slowly up into her eyes.

"It is she," she said, nodding.

"You are not dead!" and before she could answer, Louise hurried on. "George, I don't like her looks at all. She is—she must have something to eat! At once. Come, child, come!"

But Philomena fixed her patient eyes again on the stream of men coming through the whirling stile. "I must wait until they are all out. I might miss him."

Nor would she move until the last lingerer was outside. The Corderys took her home, fed and cared for her. The woman had but a few pennies that she had kept to pay for her night's lodging. The big, strong creature could not speak above her breath, from sheer inanition and exhaustion.

"I sold a rose or two a day; that kept me alive," she said, "and I could not leave the gate. He will surely come some day, soon."

"Who will come? John?"

The woman stared at her. "Have you not heard?" she said. She got up and stood, pulling at the collar of her sacque with both hands, as though it choked her. Louise, frightened, patted her, laid her head on the broad bosom, and began to cry. The awful misery of the poor, dumb creature wrung her heart.

"What have I said? Oh, what is it, Philomena?" she sobbed.

Philomena gently pushed her away. "My boy is dead, my friend," she said. She went out into the little back yard, and sat down on a bench in the sun. Louise did not go near her, but presently sent her baby toddling out to her. Philomena took the child up, and hushed it to sleep. When she felt it on her breast, she began to cry. That quieted her, and when she brought it in, she was quite calm, and told her story in a few words.

While she had lain ill with typhus fever, the Webers had sent back the report of her death to Wildbad. The son, who was left behind, had stolen the boy away, and Stamm, believing her dead, had no claim upon him. Even when the old man came to Baden, they had concealed the fact that she was living, from him.

"They are tricky folk, I am afraid," she said, patiently. "When I was able to travel I came

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back to Wildbad. John was gone, and my father had sailed, the week before, for America. Then I went for John to Baden, where the Webers lived. I had no money. I made much of the journey on foot. When I came to the house they were very kind. Frau Weber pitied me. She was a mother, too, after all. They had sent John to school in Leipsig. There was a mortal sickness broke out among the children; he was one of the first to go. They were very kind to me. They were sorry that they had stolen my boy. But what mattered it? He was dead and buried —dead and buried."

"And then," said Louise, after a pause, "you followed your father here?"

"Yes, I worked my way. I have been here three years, and I have not found him, but I am sure he will come to this great fair."

The Corderys gave Philomena a home while the Exhibition lasted. Every morning she set off in time to be at the gates when they opened, and there she stood until night. The fact which made her vain watch more pathetic was, that her father, as it was known afterwards, was actually employed in the German pavilion, inside the Exposition, during the whole summer, coming and going through the northern entrance. Philomena was a most industrious, handy creature. In the evenings she sewed, baked, made jellies and jams, that she might not be a burden on her friends. She proved so expert and dainty a cook that Louise caught at the idea as a future substitute for the red worsted roses. When the Exhibition closed, and the hordes of people disappeared in a single day out of the city, leaving the Phiadelphians to draw a sigh of relief, Louise found an old stone cottage on the road to Germantown, with a patch of currant bushes, and dusky alleys of apple trees about it. There she established Philomena, with a little clean, old furniture, as private caterer and cook. Among Louise's host of friends, there were many housekeepers who were glad to buy her flaky, home-made pies and pure jellies, or to put a state dinner in her hands. She made money fast, and she had all the German thrift. Whatever she spent was in furnishing the house, to make it ready for her father.

"Here is his chair, now," she would say to Louise, when she brought the boy out to visit her, "and here are deer's horns to hang his pipes on, just as at home. Now come and see the garden. It is almost ready for him. I have all the flowers that he likes, and bees and vegetables—plenty of onions. My father eats much honey and onions —you remember?" The bulk of her savings she put aside. "For his old age," she said. "He may outlive me."

Meantime, the Corderys advertised in all the principal cities for the old man, but to no effect, when, one morning in the spring of 1877, Louise saw him.

She was leaving the train from Germantown, Philomena carrying the baby behind her, when looking up at the out-going train, rushing from the depôt, she saw a burly, white-haired Dutchman, his pipe in his mouth, looking out of the smoking car.

"I kept silent. Give me credit for that, George," she said, telling the story that night. "I did not let the girl suspect. But it was old Wolfgang—in the flesh. I acted with the greatest promptitude, sent her on home, and took the next train back to Germantown, twenty minutes later. But he had vanished. No detective could have found him."

"A detective with his wits about him," said George, dryly, "would probably have telegraphed, and had him detained until he arrived."

"Oh-h! The telegraph! I never thought of that," and she went about with a cowed visage, for the rest of the day.

They said nothing to Philomena, but redoubled their efforts, advertising in the German papers, libraries, clubs, still in vain, however.

One day in January, George came home with that peculiar sharpness in his tone that betokened trouble. Louise, noticing this, kept the child quiet until dinner was over, and then sent it away.

"What is it, George?" she said.

"I have found out about old Wolfgang."

"Oh, George! Thank God!"

"Not yet. He sailed yesterday on the Metropolis for Brazil. He is under contract to work on the railways there, for three years."

Philomena was in the house. They were always kind to her, but to-day Louise followed her about with an anxious sort of tenderness.

"What shall I do? Shall I tell her?" she asked her husband.

"Not now. In a few days. She may wish to follow him on the next ship which goes out with laborers."

"She will never reach him. There seems to be some malign power always interfering with that poor creature's life. And her patience, and cheerful faith that she will find him, is wonderful to see."

Philomena had, indeed, gone back in many ways, to her childhood. She was not a clever woman; all she had known of life, was to love two people, her father and her boy; her husband she had never, to tell the truth, very greatly cared for. Of her child she never spoke; that memory was too sacred. But her father was

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alive; he would come some day and sit in this chair by the fire, and enjoy the pleasant life she had made ready for him. She talked of this, incessantly; she had gone back to the days when she was a little girl, and had known no love but his.

They did not tell her what they knew. The ship sailed on the beginning of the week. On Thursday fierce winds and driving sleet swept through the streets of the city all day. Late at night the door-bell rang, and Philomena, a moment after, came into the room where Louise was undressing her baby. She was very pale, and trembled, a new sign of emotion in her solid, phlegmatic body.

"I could not stay alone. I came to you. It is the storm which makes me afraid," going to the window and looking out, with straining eyes. Louise looked at her with amazement. She had usually a stolid insensibility to fear.

"Afraid? Of the wind?"

"Madam, there never was a storm like this. I have heard voices all day in it. Calling me—"

She stood immovable by the window, as the gusts swept past, driving the clouds down upon the city. It did not abate until midnight. George was late in coming home that night. He beckoned his wife out into the hall.

"The Metropolis has gone down on the Virginia coast," he said, in a whisper, "and her crew is lost. How shall we tell her that he is gone?"

"She knows it already, I think," looking in at her with awe-struck eyes.

Our readers will remember that days passed before full details of this wholesale slaughter could be obtained from the lonely coast. Dead, decaying bodies were washed up on the beach, forty miles beyond Currituck. The survivors were scattered among the fishermen's huts. The hundreds of laborers with whom the vessel had been loaded, were, as a rule, men out of work, willing to go to the ends of the earth to keep their families from starvation. These families were ignorant, helpless people; many of the men had sailed under false names. There was, therefore, hopeless confusion, at first; and nearly a week passed before the correct list of the dead was published. George and Louise opened it, breathlessly.

"Wolfgang Stamm!" I knew it!" she said.

"You must go and break it to her, Lou."

Mrs. Cordery went out to the little stone cottage, the next day.

She came as she went.

"I had not the courage, George. The poor creature had actually sent to Wildbad to buy a colored lithograph, which used to hang in the parson's study, and which the old man looked upon as a marvelous piece of art. The most wretched daub! But she was hanging it on the wall, with delight in her eyes. 'He used to say, 'Ach! the parson is happy to own that grand picture!' Now, he will have it for his own!' No, I could not tell her."

"I will go out, then," said Mr. Cordery, speaking with an effort. "I sent on instructions to the agent to forward the body, and he writes to me that it is found. From the description it must be Wolfgang. It will soon arrive. She must be prepared."

Mr. Cordery was an undemonstrative man, but his heart was more tender than even his wife's. He came in from the poor pie-maker's that evening, looking haggard and worn, as if some heavy stroke had fallen on himself. He told nothing of what had passed, however, and Louise knew him too well to ask questions.

"Shall I go out?" she said, the next morning.

"No, I think not. She would rather be alone," he replied.

Two days after that, Philomena came to the door before dawn.

"*It* is coming," she said, to Louise. "Will you show me the way to the depot?"

"Was this best, Philomena?" said Mr. Cordery. "It would be taken to your own home—"

"I must meet him."

They went with her, reaching the depot before the sun was up. The streets were still asleep in the cool, gray light; a drowsy mulatto woman sat guarding the empty waiting-room; a policeman paced languidly up and down the platform. Farther up the street, two or three hearses and hacks waited; and a group of Irishmen, their hands in their pockets, talked under their breath, with that mixture of decent grief and exultation, which belongs to the assurance of a corpse and a wake.

Philomena saw nothing. She stood by the gate, holding the bars, her eyes strained down the dusty track. She had grown thinner in the last few days, and through her features, cleared of their grosser flesh, shone the old, far-looking patience.

"They are together now," she said, to Louise. "They were so fond of each other, my father and John. The boy will not be lonesome yonder."

Mrs. Cordery stroked her arm. "But *you*—Philomena! You forget yourself," she cried, impulsively.

Philomena's lips whitened. She shook her head, but said not a word.

A few men and women by this time had began to gather, talking loudly, and asking excited questions of the gate-keepers, some of the women crying, and laughing at once.

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"It can't be. Maybe not come until to-night."

"I tell you they're not due."

But the remonstrances of the gate-keepers were as idle wind.

"Musha, my Tim's on that train, man," cried a sobbing old woman.

"They will have it that the survivors of the Metropolis are in the next train," indignantly explained the official to Cordery. "They are telegraphed as due to-night."

"To the divil wid your telegraph. I feel my Tim's coming in my bones!"

In five minutes more, the whistle of the approaching train was heard. There was a sudden silence. The group of Irish closed breathlessly around the platform. The gate-keeper hustled and shoved them aside. He approached Philomena, who held to the bars, motionless as a statue; then he hesitated, seeing her face.

"She is waiting for a friend?" he asked, of Louise.

"Dead."

He nodded, and moved respectfully aside. The old woman stroked Philomena's dress with her skinny hand.

"Tut, tut, the poor creature! My Tim's alive, glory be to God!"

Another shriek from the incoming train, and then, far in the distance, a wild hurrah! from the men coming home out of the jaws of death. It was answered by hysteric cries from their friends, and a cheer in which even the gate-keeper joined.

The train rolled into the depot. The rescued men, clad in all kinds of queer garments, hatless, shoeless, hung to the platforms of the cars, swarmed to the doors like bees, shouting, crying, peering through the crowd for their own friends.

George took Philomena by the hand. "I have a hearse on the side street," he said, in a low voice. "If you will go there, I will have him brought to you."

But her hand was like ice. Her eyes were fixed upon two figures that were leaving the cars.

"Ach, mein Gott! Vater—John!" she gasped, and fell heavily on the ground.

It was Wolfgang, himself, or his ghost. The veritable, stubby pipe in his mouth, (Louise wondered as she ran to him, if he had smoked in the water all the way ashore); and just behind him was the real, living John, bigger, uglier, more honest than ever.

The next day the Corderys took supper in Philomena's little cottage, and then the mystery was all explained. There had been no fever among the scholars at Leipsig. John never had been ill, never had died. Instead of which he had run away to America, to join his grandfather.

"There is the whole secret," said Wolfgang. "The Webers played the same trick twice. I wonder Philomena did not suspect them. They are the devil's own brood."

"Ach, the poor people," said Philomena, gently. "How miserable they must be without John."

She laid her hand on the lad's shock-head, and turned up his ugly, freckled face, her eyes filling with tears of unutterable pride, and love. The boy drew her rough hand stealthily to his lips and kissed it. The poor fellow had been so long without a mother.

Old Wolfgang leaned back in his chair and smoked his pipe, and looked about him with a great content in his worn face.

The red sunset shone into the open door, the fire burned cheerfully. There fell upon them all a deep silence. It seemed as if the Leader in whom Philomena had trusted, was not far away.

BOAT SONG.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

Oh, winds! blow softly o'er the sea,
And let thy breath be sweet as flow'rs
That bloom upon a mossy lea
Beneath the kiss of sun and show'rs.
Oh, winds, breathe lowly as a sigh,
For we are sailing—love and I.

Oh, waves! break lightly 'round the keel,
Ripple and dimple in your play;
Chime, like the merry bells a-peal
Upon a maiden's wedding day.
Oh! shiver soft as things that die,
For we are sailing—love and I.

Oh, sun! shine bright from skies of blue,
Let not a cloud come o'er thy face;
Fling down thy rains of golden hue,
And lend the day a radiant grace.
Smile brightly, warmly, from on high,
For we are sailing—love and I.

Oh, wind, and wave, and sun of God!
Be kind and peaceful for a day.
Gray distance hides the land's green sod,
And we are sailing on alway
For evermore, 'till death draws nigh.
Across life's sea—my love and I.

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THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

In one of the closely-built streets of Florence, stands an old mansion, almost palatial in its dimensions. One day, in the lower entrance of this noble building sat an old man, in a high-backed chair, marvelously carved by his own hand. The old man who had fashioned it still loved his art, and, with his head bent low, and glasses over his eyes, was busy with a block of wood, on which the lines of a human head were just appearing.

So intent was the old man on his work, that he gave a start and dropped the tool from his hand, as the clear, almost ringing voice of a woman addressed him. Looking up, he saw a tall, handsome lady, clad in dark velvet, the skirt of which had dropped from her hand, and trailed on the old marble of the floor.

"Is Signorina Pould Giacome within?" asked the lady.

"Pould—Signorina Pould!"

"Yes, yes, that is the name! Why do you hesitate?"

The old man shook his head.

"The signorina has been long since gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Yes, signora, years ago."

"But how—with her father—with—"

The old man interrupted her.

"The Signor Giacome died before Signorina Pould left Florence. She could not rest here after that."

"Alone—did she go alone?"

"No. Anunta, the nurse, went with her, and—"

"Well!"

"She took, also, two children."

The deep breath heaved by the woman was almost a sob.

"They live then—the two children?"

"How can I tell, signora? Since more than a year we have heard nothing."

"But they were living then—living with Pould? You can assure me that this was true one year ago."

"Forgive me, signora; but those of us who loved the dear, old master, never cared to speak of these children. They brought too much trouble when they came."

"But you know that they went with her, from her father's house, after it became her's, too, by a sad inheritance, an inheritance there was no one to dispute. Why did the signorina Pould leave her home?"

"Ah, who can tell?" answered the carver. "She gave her reasons to no one, but I think she could stay here no longer, after her father had died of a broken heart."

"Broken—broken," the lady said, in a hoarse whisper, "who said that my—my—that Signor Giacome died of a broken heart?"

"No one ever cared to say it; but he died, all the same, of grief and shame."

The strange lady started up from her chair, with burning cheeks, and eyes flashing fire.

"Shame—shame! How dare you couple that word with a Giacome? How dare you?"

The carver stepped back, and regarded her furtively; this excitement startled him.

"It was of the children I was thinking," he stammered, at last. "When they came to Florence, with no one but Anunta, it brought the younger daughter to mind, who had left her home, secretly, not so long before, and sent back letters, saying that she was married to an English lord, a story every one believed until those miserable children were brought here, like beggars, without father or mother. How could any one believe there had been a marriage, after that, between the beautiful young signorina and that English lord, who, no doubt, thought nothing of casting shame on an honorable house? Had there been a marriage—"

"Marriage! there was a marriage!"

The old man shook his head sorrowfully.

"Oh, signora, had the master believed in the marriage, would he have pined to death, from the day Anunta came through that door with the children—would he have turned white when they came by chance—for he never asked for them—into the room where he sat? Would the signorina Pould have left the old home and gone, no one knows where, to hide herself from all the world?"

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The strange lady turned upon the old man fiercely, her lips quivering, and her great, black eyes burning through unshed tears.

"And you—you who have carried Giacome's daughter in your arms a hundred times—who seemed to love her so—great heavens, is there no truth, no faith on earth? My father, my sister, and this miserable old slanderer—all believed it."

The lady dashed both hands against her face, hot tears broke through her fingers, and her bosom heaved with broken sobs.

The old man stood regarding her, dismayed by this new outburst. But some gesture, a tone in the voice perhaps, he never knew what it was, awoke some memory in his brain. All at once his face changed; he reached out his hands and cried out:

"Oh, Signorina Leda. I know you, I know you!"

"You know me, old man? Yes, I am the daughter of Signor Giacome—the one who left her home with an English nobleman, who was her husband. I am the woman you have dared to malign."

The old man approached her, trembling, and with clasped hands, in humble appeal.

"Ah, forgive me, I did but repeat what others said."

"Forgive you—why not? If those who knew me, and loved me, could even think the things you speak, why should I condemn you—"

Tears started in the old carver's eyes, he could not bear the look of reproach cast upon him by the excited woman.

"Get me his keys—I would go up to the old apartments," she said, "unless they, too, are dismantled. If there is a thing left of all that he loved, I would look upon it."

The carver went to the table at which he worked, and took some keys from a drawer.

"Nothing has been taken away, the statues, the pictures, all are as he left them."

The lady drew a deep breath, and followed the man up the broad, marble steps.

The carver unlocked a door in an upper story, and flung both its great leaves apart; revealing a suit of rooms opening together. With a cry of absolute pain, the woman saw her old home, as she had left it years before, changed only by the dim light that struggled through the half closed shutters, and a *portelere* of grand old tapestry, that separated one room from another. Through this dim vista, she saw the ghostly gleam of statues, and glow of rare old pictures on the wall.

Entering one room, that which had been her father's study, the woman, whom we have heretofore called Ossoli, moved her hand a little, and, in a hoarse whisper, bade the carver open one of the shutters. He obeyed her; but when the light streamed in, sweeping the merciful shadows away from the book-cases, she put up both hands to her eyes, and fell into a great oaken chair, trembling in all her limbs.

"Close the shutters, I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!" she cried, throwing her arms over the table, and burying her face. "They look like ghosts."

The old man closed the shutters, reverently, as if there had been a funeral in the room, then stole into an outer chamber, and waited in the semi-darkness, until the lady should give some new sign of her will. After a little, Ossoli lifted her pallid face. Turning her great, mournful eyes from one object to another, she whispered to herself:

"Of all the life that was here, nothing is left but these mute, dead things; but he loved them, as some men love their living children, and as he left them, so shall they remain."

After awhile, she arose, with a profound sigh, and walked around the room, touching the half lighted objects reverently with her hands. Then she moved toward the next apartment and, seeing the old man lingering there in the dusk, spoke.

"There is a thing I must know: my sister, my children. Where are they?"

"Exactly where they went, I have never known; but their home must be somewhere in the neighborhood of Naples, for it is to an agent there that I have forwarded the rents, when they were gathered from the people who fill the house; but of late years, tenants have not been so plentiful in this part of the town, and at times there has been little to send."

"But they have wanted for nothing—surely, they have wanted for nothing?"

"Lady, I hope not—I think not; but, for some months, not long ago, the rents failed, and I had a letter written to the agent in Naples, telling him of the rare things stored here, in which so much wealth lay buried; but he sent back for answer, that not an inch of canvas, or so much as a coin must be touched. So I think the rents, though they did fall off at times, almost to nothing, were enough for the signorina and the pretty children."

"Give me the name of this agent," said the lady in a low, sad voice. "Give me his name."

The old man drew a well-worn book from his pocket, and showed her a blank leaf on which the address was written. Then Ossoli went slowly out of the room, and down the stairs, more firmly than she had mounted them. When the old man was about to replace his book, a piece of gold dropped from it, and rolled down to the foot of the last flight of steps, where he took it up, and

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struck with consternation by its value, would have followed the lady with a protest, but she had left the house.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A short time before Ossoli left the old family mansion in Florence, an old woman sat on the door-step of the cottage at Sorrento, which commanded by its upland position, a fine view of the bay, and of the pretty island of Capri. Some goats were grazing on the rich grass that had grown thick and green up to the very stepping stone, and old Anunta, as she sat on the threshold, was guarding the rose bushes and myrtles, from their rapacious foraging, ordering them back and forth, now with authority, now with caresses, as if they had been children, always on the verge of mischief. As she sat thus, with a distaff of flax in one hand, twirling and winding her spindle with the other, a steamer came sweeping down the channel, between Capri and the main land, heading towards Naples.

Old Anunta watched the steamer dreamily, as she twirled her spindle, and scolded her goats, until it was lost in the opaline mists that veiled Naples from her sight. Then a slow, painful sigh heaved her bosom, and she allowed the spindle to twist downward to the earth, where it rested awhile, till one of the goats came slyly and assaulted it, tangling the thread about its horns. This aroused the old woman, and after driving the goat up among the rocks for punishment, where it consoled itself by cropping the small, purple lilies, that grew there in great abundance, she went to work more diligently than ever.

All at once, a sail boat came flying out from the mist that covered Naples, and drifted forward, as a butterfly flutters through the haze of a summer morning, dancing over the waves, lifting its sails to the sunshine, dipping its prow to the water as a bird stoops to drink. Surely, the boat was heading toward Sorrento. What then? Were not pretty crafts ot that kind always sweeping the bay, either in search of fish, or bearing pleasure parties from place to place? Why did old Anunta watch that particular boat. Perhaps because her heart was in it? Who can tell?

Nearer and nearer it came, heading toward Tasso's old stone house, near which there must have been a landing, for it disappeared behind a shadow of the building, and, directly, two people came out, and were lost in the orange orchard, that spreads its greenness between that and the hotel near by.

The old woman stood up in the doorway, holding her distaff in one hand, and her spindle motionless in the other. Directly, the gleam of some red garment came out through the lustre of the orange trees, then two figures moved, clearly, into the sunshine—a boy and a girl.

Still the old woman stood motionless, save that she bent forward, and shading her eyes with the distaff, until conviction came upon her; then she dropped everything, sunk to the threshold, and began to heave dry, pouting sobs, that would have been tears of gladness in her youth, when tears came readily as the dew falls. They came up the hill slowly, for Rufo panted for breath, and was forced to halt now and then, though he had grown taller within the year, and his air had taken a sort of manliness that made the old woman sick with doubt.

"Anunta!"

The old woman rose to her feet and came down the hill, holding out her arms. The goats stopped grazing, turned their heads and looked after her curiously, as she threw herself before Beatrice—who rushed into her embrace—then gathered Rufo tenderly to her side and, holding them both, came triumphantly to the cottage.

"At home—at home," she said, leading them into the house. "Day after day, I have been watching—now, now it is all over. To-morrow I will turn all my yarn into gold, and give it to the Madonna; every month she has had her offering, and now, that the answer has come, she shall have it all."

Once safe in their house of refuge, the orphans, for a little time, knew the luxury of perfect rest; for a dread of pursuit, the fatigue of a long and harassing journey, had made the old home like a corner of Paradise to them. From the first, Rufo had borne up bravely, and excitement seemed to have made him stronger. This continued for a little time, then both began to droop. Beatrice grew sad in her spirit of self-abnegation, and the boy slowly gave way in his forced strength.

Anunta, who understood no disease not known to the balmy climate of her native land, gloried in the sudden tallness and brilliant color that made the lad so beautiful, and Beatrice, in her youthful ignorance, looked upon both as a proof that the soft, home air was doing wonders for him. Poor souls, they mistook the fever of a consuming disease, for a sign of returning health.

These young creatures had no plans, no hopes, beyond the shelter they had found. Given once more to the care of Anunta, they had nothing but an idle, aimless life before them, which, in a few days, became wearisome from its dead monotony—so wearisome, that Beatrice spent hours together looking down upon the bay, as if she hoped or dreaded that something would come

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up to her from the bright waters, bringing news of those she had loved and fled from.

On the second week, while she was sitting in the little parlor, that had been kept sacred since she left it, longing to get into one of the pretty little sailing vessels, that flew up and down the bay, and go anywhere, so long as there was purpose and effort in the movement, a lady came up through the laurestenas and myrtles, whose foreign appearance made her heart stand still.

This woman toiled up the hill hurriedly, with her eyes fixed on the cottage, in wild, eager expectancy, eyes that Beatrice recognized from their black brightness. For a moment, she was held silent by astonishment, and a sort of terror that had seized upon her.

"Rufo—Rufo," she cried.

The lad arose from a little sofa, where he had been resting, and came toward the window, flushed and startled by his sister's voice. He saw the woman, close by the house, with her white, eager face turned that way, as if it needed desperate courage to approach closer. She could not see those young people, looking out from the window, because of the vine leaves that clustered over it. She paused, an instant, as if gathering breath, and then crossed the threshold.

As she did this, the orphans had left the window, and stood just within the door of the parlor, hesitating. Ossoli saw them, and halted, abruptly.

"You—you!" she gasped, with an aimless wave of the hand. "In this place?"

"It is our home," said Beatrice, wondering at her agitation. "I saw you coming, and thought it was, perhaps, to see us."

"To see you—you? No, no. There is an old woman here, whom they call Anunta. She will understand. It is her I wish to see."

Anunta heard her name, and entered by another door, while Ossoli was speaking. She saw the stranger, and made a dead halt, struck dumb with astonishment.

"This is the woman," said Ossoli, coming forward. "This is Anunta. Woman, woman, where is my sister? Where are my children?"

Anunta came forward, growing pale beneath all the sunburn of her face.

"Signorina Leda, your sister lies sleeping under the roses in God's-acre."

"Dead, dead—Pould, Pould! oh, this is terrible! Anunta, my good Anunta, do not kill me by another blow! My little ones, my children—"

"That angel was a mother to them. They have never known the want of one. Ask them if they will recognize a stranger now."

The old woman spoke severely, and with a sweep of her toil-worn hand, that might have become an empress, designated Beatrice and Rufo.

"These—these my children—mine? Oh, my God! I was prepared for retribution, punishment, pain of every kind; but instead of that, I have found heaven and its angels!"

As she spoke, Ossoli fell upon her knees, and reached out her arms, like a woman pleading for her life.

"Children, it is your mother," said Anunta, with a gleam of pity in her eyes. "The one who died was her sister, but she is in heaven. This one asks you to love her."

"We do, we do!" cried Beatrice, kneeling down by the woman, and clinging to her. "Oh, Anunta! she was so good to us—"

She broke down in tears.

Rufo said nothing, but moved softly to the other side, and kissed away the tears that were streaming down his mother's face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"It is here that she was buried."

Old Anunta put aside a branch of sulphur-colored roses, reverently, from a grave, where it had flung its golden shadows over the dead.

The woman by her side fell upon her knees, pressing the cool turf with both her hands, crying piteously, as mothers weep over the cradles of their dead children.

"Oh, Pould mia, Pould mia? You are dead, and never can know how I have been wronged—how I have suffered. Ah, how often I have prayed to sleep soundly under the turf, as you sleep now, when people thought I had no sorrow in the world. But life was too strong in me. The bitter will that has kept me away from you would neither let me die, or go to my home, in shamefaced misery, to assert my innocence. Now—now angels, mia, you know that I am innocent of the disgrace they heaped upon me. You know why it was that I cast off the name they had loaded with infamy, and went alone into the great world, with nothing but the music of my voice to live upon. You understand the resolution of my soul, that no human being, who loved me, should look into my face with questioning eyes. That I would never see my home until I had found proofs that should convince the whole world that I was, in all honor, the daughter of a Giacome, and a peeress of England."

Then she rose from her knees, and addressing the old nurse, who stood sadly by, said:

"Oh, Anunta! it is hard that even you, my faithful old servant, should be in doubt—bitter as death—that all I loved should perish, and perish doubting me."

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Anunta shook her head.

"If you had only come back while the master lived, or if you had but once looked into his face, with those honest eyes, he would have believed you, against all the world, but—"

"I could not come. That night, upon the moors at Oldham, I swore to myself that I would never darken the door of my father's house, until I could come with that paper in my hand, that bit of paper, the worth of which I never knew, till they told me, with jeers, that I could neither take my husband's name, nor give it to my children, until that was found."

"That was the law—a cruel law," said Anunta. "It sent us, like a brood of wild birds, out of that English home."

"Alone, without friend on earth but you, my Anunta, a stranger, with two helpless children that no one would own. What could I do but send you and them to the old home in Florence? Knowing my innocence, how could I think that the proud old man, or my gentle sister, might doubt it?"

"But in all these years they never heard from you?" said Anunta.

"How could they hear, when I had flung off the old life—name, country, everything—with a bitter resolve never to reveal myself, until I could stand before my family, with proof that I had been a wedded wife, in my hand. It was for this I toiled, suffered, triumphed in a profession that would have satisfied the ambition of most women, but all that I could win went for nothing, compared to the one object of my life. After awhile, it seemed to me but little, that I should have been driven from my home—that my son should have been despoiled of his just inheritance, and my name debased—compared to the doubt, that grew upon me, day by day, and year by year, that Lord Carew, my husband, for he was my husband, had, himself, deceived me, and either destroyed all proofs of our marriage, or defrauded me in the ceremony, itself. I was so young, Anunta, and knew nothing of the laws in that strange land. True, they gave me a paper, which I could not read, or guess to be so important. If it was real, he knew its value. Did he tire of me, at last, and so destroy it? Tell me, Anunta, for you loved me, and had keen observation, did that man—my husband—seem to grow weary of us all?"

Anunta shook her head.

"No, no."

"Then why were we driven from his home? But how can you tell? You, who helped me search, over and over again, for the missing paper. You had seen it once."

"Yes, signora, but I could not read."

"I know, I know! Still it did exist, and the dreadful thought that made the memory of my love-life a bitter misery—the thought that he had destroyed it, sometimes drove me almost to madness. I had loved him devotedly, trusted him, as saints trust the Holy Mother. To doubt him was to poison my own soul; yet the terrible feeling grew, and took root, year by year, till the very remembrance of our love became the great bitterness of my life.

"One day, not long ago, Anunta, I resolved to visit Oldham once more, and search for any proof that might save me from the madness of this idea. I was safe in going. No one was likely to recognize, in the successful singer, who had learned self-power in the world, and knew how to disguise herself, the forlorn creature whom you left on the wharf, that day, straining her eyes to get a last glimpse of her children, as the ship swept them from her. I went to Oldham, became a flattered guest of the very woman who had insisted that the contagion of my presence should be removed, before she would take possession of the inheritance claimed by her husband. It was a wild hope. But the idea of again searching the papers of my dead lord seized upon me. Something might be found that would silence the awful doubt that preyed on my heart.

"In a chamber of the ruined wing, there was a fine old cabinet—you remember it, Anunta—which had been overlooked in our hurried search. Possibly, the paper which could bring joy or ruin to me and mine, was there, in that cabinet, or I might find in it some proof that would clear that gnawing doubt from my soul.

"I remained in that house days, before an opportunity for searching the cabinet presented itself. One night I stole into the chamber where it stood. The room was flooded with moonlight, which fell upon the cabinet so clearly, that I required no other light to discover the presence of papers, which I was prepared to carry to my own room, and examine thoroughly; but the heaving of a breath disturbed me. I turned, and saw, upon the ponderous state bed, the form of a sleeping boy—a creature so beautiful, as the moonlight flooded his pillow, that I forgot the cabinet, and held my breath from joy of gazing on him.

"Anunta, that boy was my own son. How should I know that? By what marvel could he have come into that house, filled, from basement to roof, with my enemies, and not be one of them.

"While thinking this, I was yet drawn to his bed, and leaned over him, so closely that his breath swept my face. My presence must have disturbed him; for he opened his eyes—those large, beautiful eyes—and smiled upon me. From that

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moment, Anunta, I loved the boy. They told me, when I asked about him, that he was only a vagrant minstrel lad, with a sister, picturesque as himself, who had taken advantage of the Christmas time, and found shelter at Oldham.

"Beatrice and Rufo! by these names the orphans were known. If creatures, so debased in the scale of life, had any history, save that of other vagrant minstrels that leave the native shore, in search of bread, no one cared to inquire. They were found, almost perishing, in a severe English winter, when the charity of Oldham took them in.

"'Beatrice, Rufo?' Had not the English names given by their father, been changed by my people, in their bitter resentment, I might have known why sensations utterly unknown before, took possession of me when I saw them. Oh, Anunta! for the first time since we were driven from Oldham, I felt the delight of loving—the heavenly emotion of a pure motherhood, which suspicion and doubt had almost killed within me. Day by day this feeling grew and deepened into a great longing. These young creatures were about the age of my own children. If I could love strangers, so that my nerves thrilled to their touch, and my very heart grew warm under their smiles, what would be the ecstacy of folding my own to my bosom?

"In my anguish, that night, when I fled with you from Oldham, I resolved to send the little ones to my father, and never claim them, until the inheritance of my son and the honor of my motherhood was established. But, years after, under the very roof of Oldham, a new life dawned upon me. I cast aside that oath, and resolved to seek my children, and devote my life to them. Firm in this resolve, I left Oldham, gave up all my engagements, and came to the old home at Florence, only to find my father dead, my sister gone, and the dear old rooms crowded with ghosts of former days. There I found traces of my sister, and the children she had cherished as her own; followed them to Naples; here, trembling, anxious, urged forward by an irresistible resolution, I found them and you.

"At first, the surprise, the joy of recognizing that lovely girl, the angelic boy, as my own, drove all thoughts of the disgrace I brought them from my mind; but now—now Anunta, by the grave of this dear sister, who gave up everything for them, I feel like a criminal. I am again a coward. I have wealth to share with them. I am ready to give up a triumphant career, to hide myself and them, from the reproach that will follow my avowal. But will they believe me when I say to them, as I can before heaven, that their mother was a wedded wife? Oh, Anunta, Anunta, it would kill me to meet a doubt in their eyes!"

Once more the woman sunk down to her sister's grave, crushing the roses that had swayed back upon it, beneath her knees, as her own heart was crushed. While she was swaying to and fro, with her face buried in her hands, the branches of a thicket, near by, were put aside, and softly, as a bird settles down, Beatrice was by her side, with both arms about her neck.

"Oh, mother, mother. No human being on earth can ever doubt you again. The paper you have been searching for so long, we have found. It is here, mother, I have never parted with it for a single moment. See, see! but you tremble so, let me hold it before your eyes—no, they are brim full of tears, and you cannot see through them—never mind, it is the certificate."

Ossoli dashed the blinding tears from her eyes, and seized the paper with her shaking hands.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "yes, it is—it is—"

The paper fluttered from her hold and, with the last half articulate sentence on her lips, the woman fainted.

That night, when Ossoli sat in the little parlor, with Beatrice by her side, Rufo at her feet, resting his head on her lap, and Anunta standing by the door, feasting her eyes on the picture they made, Beatrice spoke of the paper, and with gentle frankness, told her mother that she had fled from Oldham, in order to save the family there from the ruin it might bring. Believing that her mother was dead, she had no scruple in doing this, because the sacrifice was one that she and Rufo had a right to make, as it could injure no one but themselves. Even now, the girl pleaded that no claim should be urged, that was not absolutely necessary to her mother's honor, and Rufo sustained her with an almost passionate refusal, to accept the title or estate that must be wrested from Lord Heron.

When the boy lifted his pleading eyes to her face, and declared that he would rather die than bring this great calamity on his best friends, Ossoli, in the new born force of her motherly love, would have given up Oldham and all its rich belongings, rather than wound him by a contest; but without that, how was she to resume her place in the world, how redeem the honor that had been so soiled and trampled on? The evidence that would restore that, must legally and by force carry all these advantages with it.

When Beatrice was made aware of this, all the heaviness came back to her heart. She could no longer plead a contest, but shrunk in every nerve from the honors that were only to be won from the downfall of those dear ones at Oldham. Rufo

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bore the certainty without resistance. Sometimes, when the mother proudly called him by his title, a sad, sweet smile would come to his lips, and he would answer her, with gentle language, making no protest.

Ossoli had many bitter insults to forget, and a great wrong to redress. She understood, also, better than those generous young people, the immense advantages they were so anxious to refuse, and although the bitterness of her hate against the Carews had abated with a certainty of redress, she had no scruples regarding them. One thing disturbed her, however. A thorough knowledge of the world made her keen sighted; from the first she had detected the love that existed between Lord Heron and Beatrice. This she had encouraged at Oldham, partly in sympathy for the girl, partly in a spirit of mischief, for she disliked both Miss Norton and Lady Carew so thoroughly, that a marriage between the young gentleman and a person they both considered as little better than a servant, would have had almost the sweetness of revenge for her.

When she thought of all this, a generous impulse seized upon Ossoli. Now the cases were reversed, her daughter was the Lady Beatrice, Lord Heron despoiled of his high estate. It was in her power to endow the girl richly, and the two loved each other. What was there to prevent the marriage? Ossoli said nothing of this to Beatrice, but she hinted it gently to Rufo, and from that time, the boy brightened again.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Lord Heron had scarcely been at Oldham since the orphans escaped from it. He had traced the fugitives up to London, and spent weeks in a vain effort to find out their retreat in the great city; for he knew how impossible it was for them to travel far without money, and the idea that they had left the country, never occurred to him as possible.

In his efforts, he had employed the family lawyer, and went to him from time to time, impatient at the slow progress that he was making. During one of these visits, a foreign letter was placed in his hand, dated at Naples, and signed Leda, countess dowager Carew. This letter made a clear and brief statement of the claim the lady was ready to establish for her son; and with the letter came a copy of the marriage certificate.

Lord Heron, though greatly surprised, had no doubt of the genuineness of this claim, and to save his parents the shock of a legal surprise, took the letter, himself, down to Oldham, and with it, the friendly solicitor's opinion. This was in favor of a peaceful surrender, if that could be accomplished without the involvement of an enormous debt, for the time Lord Carew had supposed himself master of the estates.

When Heron reached the old mansion, burdened with these proofs of the general ruin, Miss Norton was with the Lady mother, who had found it a hard task to excuse her son's absence, at a time when all his devotion should have been engaged at Hazlehurst. In truth, the heiress had become a little doubtful, and very impatient. Her trousseau was complete, and she panted to exhibit it to the world of fashion, in which the marriage would introduce her.

"Oh, Lady Carew, what does it all mean! You are *his* mother, almost my own. He has been absent so long—not a line, not a message. It seems as if he were tired of the engagement. Dear, dear friend, tell me if it is so, and break my heart at once."

Here Miss Norton dropped gracefully upon her knees before Lady Carew, and taking both her hands, kissed them alternately, with a show of charming devotion.

Lady Carew was pleased by the appearance of affection, and drew the handsome actress up to the sofa by her side.

"I really think you care for me a little," she said, putting back a wave of hair from the girl's white forehead with a caressing touch.

"Care for you! How could I help it, worshiping, as I do, the very ground your son treads on. Oh! Lady Carew, that is his step."

The girl clasped her hands, bent her head, and fell into a listening attitude, which she was ready to change into one of rapture, the moment Lord Heron entered the room, but her hands dropped, despondently, when the footsteps passed the door and entered the library.

"Heron does not know that you are here," said Lady Carew. "He has but just returned."

"Forgive me, if I seem hurt," said the girl, "but I do love him, so dearly. I sometimes wish he were a beggar in the street, that I might prove how little his rank or prospects have had to do with our engagement. I can say this to you, dearest friend, because you are his mother, and know how impossible it is not to adore him."

Certainly the girl looked pretty, as she made this graceful appeal, and rendered it natural with a soft glitter of tears. In fact, she continued the scene a minute or so after she knew that Heron was at the door, and could benefit by it; but when he stepped forward, her clasped hands dropped, and turning away her face, she wiped the mist from her eyes with her lace handkerchief.

All this was lost on Lady Carew, who sat, gaz-

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ing at the door, astonished by the two white faces that were looking in.

"My Lord Heron, what is the matter? What *is* the matter? Some one must be dead."

"No," said Lord Carew, crossing the threshold. "I saw that you had company, and was tempted to retire; but our news must reach this young lady, sooner or later, and, perhaps, it is better so."

"News—what news?" demanded Lady Carew. "Evil it must be, I see."

"It is evil. It is ruin, my wife; for it leaves us worse than beggars," answered the Earl, with a degree of earnestness that was almost solemn.

"Beggars! Lord Carew, are you mad?"

"No, mother," said Heron, going close to the lady, and bending gently over her. "It is a cruel task for my father, who has hardly got over the first shock—painful for me, but you must know it. The proof of my uncle's marriage has been found; his heir is living, and demands possession of all we have considered our own."

Lady Carew rose up from her chair, and stood, motionless and void of color as a statue.

"It is a fraud!" she almost shouted, stamping her foot. "Some forgery with which they are fooling you."

"Mother, it is the truth. Would I have told you otherwise?"

"It is a lie! Do not believe it, Edna."

As she uttered these stormy words, Lady Carew reeled, staggered back, and fell to the sofa, panting for breath.

"God help us! It will break her heart to believe it; but what I have said is a solemn truth, that none of us can escape," said Heron, turning to the heiress. "You should have been the first to hear it. I was about to ride over."

The girl had turned pallid at first, but now her face flushed, and her eyes grew bright and hard as steel. The contrast between her present appearance, and the caressing softness of her manner, a few minutes previous, was startling.

"I fear the news would have reached me too late for any effect upon my destiny," she said. "Of course I am very sorry. But our engagement has already been broken, on far different grounds. It was hardly to be expected that I should be content to share the attentions of my betrothed with a strolling beggar girl."

Heron started, and the hot blood rushed into his face. Edna waved her hand, as if to check the passionate speech, that must have followed.

"Fortunately for us both, I came to Oldham, this morning, for the purpose of explaining to your mother that our engagement was at an end; fortunately, I repeat, for had I waited till this unhappy exposure, the world might have misunderstood my motive."

During this speech, Heron stood regarding the girl, with a look of amazement. Then a slow smile curved into scorn on his lip, and with a bend of the head, he drew away from her.

Then the heiress turned to Lady Carew and addressed her.

"I have just been explaining to Lord Heron the resolution which your ladyship was so generously combatting, before he came in. He must not be left to suppose that this change of fortune has influenced me in the least. In fact, it almost tempted me to recall the rejection, made on entirely different grounds."

Lady Carew opened her eyes wide, and gazed, in absolute bewilderment, on the girl. She was so stunned by the blow that had fallen upon her, that it was impossible to comprehend the scene that was passing.

"What are you speaking of?" she faltered. "I do not understand."

"Ah! perhaps I did not explain sufficiently. Your hopes were so bound up in the affair, that I had not the heart to crush them with coarse words; but your ladyship must have known, from what I did say, that I meant, then and there—delicately, of course, to break off my engagement with your son. If I had waited till now, a keen sense of honor that has kept me silent so long, the sympathy that fills my heart over your misfortunes, might have led me to go on."

Lady Carew had returned to her senses. She understood this fair fraud in all her meanness, and a laugh, so full of scorn that it drove the audacious blood from Edna's face, broke from her.

"Heron," she said, rising in all her natural dignity, "pray, lead the young lady to her carriage. She has given us our first lesson in adversity."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Carew refused to contest a case that gave no hopes of success, and, in return for this honorable surrender, no claim was made for back rents. Beyond this, the solicitors of the heir had been instructed to ask, as a favor, that no public announcement of the change might be published, and that the present incumbent should not abandon Oldham before Christmas, when future arrangements could be made.

Lord Carew consented to this, and, save in vague rumors, the downfall of a proud family remained a secret to all the outer world. Even Edna Norton began to doubt if the announcement that seemed to give so much pain, had not been premature and, having broken off her engage-

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ment on other grounds, was glad to keep silent regarding the real motive.

Lady Carew, to whom an enforced departure from Oldham would be worse than death, was at last persuaded to yield her pride to the magnanimity that respected it so much, and consent to receive the claimants as guests, rather than as adversaries.

Neither Lord Carew nor his family, knew anything of the personality of his opponent. Ossoli had in all these proceedings, taken her husband's name. The English baptismal names of her children had been assumed in the proceedings. That of Giacome only appeared in the marriage certificate, where the written word was so different to the soft Tuscan, in which Rufo had pronounced it, that no one dreamed of the similitude.

Thus, the family at Oldham rested in profound ignorance of the identity of their opponents, when the Christmas day came round again.

Partly, because she felt the generosity of her enforced guests, and partly in the bravado of her pride, Lady Carew resolved to keep Christmas at Oldham, with all its traditional splendor, so far as the tenants and retainers were concerned. She invited no guests to witness her abdication: that would have been more than she could endure. But she had, with a degree of bravery that was sublime, superintended the adornments of the hall, trailed holly, with its scarlet berries, among the mistletoe garlands, and kindled up the old house into a bower of welcome, for the strange people who were to drive her from it.

Thus, with every sconce lamp and statue-holding torch aglow, Oldham was thrown open to its new owners, when night set in that Christmas eve. Lady Carew stood in the old hall, pale, proud, lofty in the grandeur of her resolution, to fall as Cæsar did, folding the robes of state around her.

By her side stood the Lady Jane, in all the fragile beauty, which did, indeed, seem born of heaven. She had found strength to come down that day, knowing that the bruised pride of the mother would have need of her.

Lord Carew, calm and more stately than usual, as befitted the blue blood in his veins, moved up and down the hall, pausing, now and then, to touch a beloved statue gently, as if taking leave of it, or gaze upon the rare old carvings of the mantel-piece, with eyes saddened by farewell.

Lord Heron stood within the golden glow of the yule logs, surveying the warm Christmas picture with a degree of cheerfulness, that gave strength to those who looked on him. The drawing-room curtains had been swept back from the windows, that the warm radiance within might pour its richness upon the snow, that covered the earth, and took diamond sparks from the glittering frost.

At length, the sound of carriage wheels came from the distance, muffled by the snow. Steadily, softly they advanced up the great avenue.

This sound drove the blood from Lady Carew's face. But turning to a man who waited near, she gave a brief order and, directly, the lower portion of the hall was thronged with servants.

Very slowly, and sometimes almost unheard, the carriage drove up to the main entrance. Then the great, oaken doors were flung open, and Lord Carew stood upon the threshold.

The son, eager to extend courtesy for kindness, hurried down the steps. There was a moment's delay, a quick, eager exchange of voices in the carriage—then the door swung open, a small foot was placed on the step—and Beatrice Giacome stood face to face with her lover

He did not speak, but grasped the hand he had taken in helping her down, looking dimly in her face, as if the moonlight blinded him.

"You did not know—it was not me whom you expected to meet as an enemy," she said, with a tone of sad sweetness in her voice, that thrilled him from head to foot.

For answer, he took her in his arms, and kissed her cold cheeks, her forehead, and her lips again and again, regardlesss of the shadowy faces that looked on them from the carriage.

"Beatrice, oh, my Beatrice!"

The girl struggled from his arms, and he saw, with amazement, that tears were flashing down her cheeks.

"No, no, this must not be. In another hour, you will hate me for coming!"

"Hate you!" cried Heron, keeping her hand, which he would not resign. "Why, child, the very sight of you turns a desolate house into heaven."

"Lord Heron, will you not help me out?" said a voice from the carriage.

Looking up, the young man saw Rufo, leaning toward him through the shadows.

"Rufo, my dear boy, come."

Reaching out his arms, Heron lifted the youth down from the carriage, holding him so close, that he could feel the feverish beating of that young heart against his own.

"You are ill—you tremble," he said, touched with compassion. "Come in, at once. We have a famous Christmas fire."

"No—no—it is only the cold," panted the boy, shivering, as he stood with his feet in the snow. "See, it is our mother. Pray, help her."

Heron turned. But before he could offer help, a lady had left the carriage, and stood beside him.

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"Signora Ossoli. Dear lady, this is a pleasant surprise."

"Not Signora Ossoli, Lord Heron, but the widow of your uncle, the tenth Earl of Carew. I must not enter your home under any other name."

During some moments, Heron stood speechless, then he recovered himself, and offered his arm to the lady, as if it had been an ordinary introduction.

"No," she said, in the sweet, broken English, he remembered so well. "My son needs your help most. Rufo, let your cousin help you up the steps—Beatrice, come with me."

In this fashion the party met Lord Carew at the door.

Thus, with the gentle composure of an expected guest, Ossoli greeted Lord Carew, and approached the countess, who kept her place with such perfect self-control, that a step backward and a swift flash of color, were the only signs she gave of a surprise that almost took away her breath.

"Dear lady," said Ossoli, with a degree of gentleness that was almost apologetic, "permit me to hope that we shall not be less welcome, because you do not find us altogether strangers. These dear children—my son and daughter—have shared the hospitality of Oldham, at Christmas time, before this; and gratitude would have brought them back, had no other occasion demanded it. They can never forget the kindness of their reception, on that stormy night."

A faint crimson rose to Lady Carew's face; perhaps she remembered how little of real kindness had influenced her; but, overcome by the true delicacy of this address, she reached forth her hands to Beatrice, and stooping a little, kissed her on the forehead. Then she turned, and smiled on Rufo.

"They made the house very pleasant," she said. "How pleasant, we hardly realized, till they left it."

"We could not help leaving," said Beatrice. "It was that paper. We wanted to hide it from everyone, and should have done so, forever and ever, only, when we knew this lady was our mother, and had suffered so, how could we keep it from her?"

Tears started into the eyes of that proud woman, and the flush deepened in her face.

"She has found something better than rank or fortune," she said. "Jane, my daughter, it is your cousin, who has come back to us. Heron!"

Lord Heron paused, half way up the staircase, with one arm around Rufo, and looked down.

"I am taking him to his old room. The poor lad is chilled through," he said.

"And I will take Beatrice to mine," said Lady Jane, approaching her cousin, and they, also, disappeared, leaving Ossoli with the earl and countess.

"This fire is so bright, and I am perishing with cold," she said, throwing aside her furs, and standing in the golden glow of the yule logs. "If you will only send all those servants away, and let me rest awhile in this pleasant warmth, I shall half fancy myself back in Italy."

Lady Carew motioned to a servant, who took away the furs, while her husband wheeled an arm chair in front of the silver fire-dogs, and placed another seat for his wife, over which he leaned, looking gravely into the fire.

"They are all gone," said Ossoli, reaching her hands toward the fire. "Now we can talk over the matter fully and comfortably. There has been a time when I might have found more reason for rejoicing over the evil that might fall on you, from my own justification, than the advancement of my children could bring; but that time, with the feeling that embittered it, has gone by. It was not your fault, at all, that a document, carelessly left in an unused book, should have wrought so much misery to me and mine. Nor is it my fault that the laws of England carry with that document, an inheritance, that no one could have used more worthily."

"Or, who could more readily relinquish it, when once convinced that it belonged to another," her host broke in. "That its future owner is my own nephew, the bright lad we had all learned to love, will take away half the pain of leaving Oldham."

As he spoke, Ossoli turned, smiling through the generous tears that filled her eyes, and reached forth her hand.

He took the hand in his, and bent over it, somewhat shaken by emotion.

"The widow and mother of a Carew can only wish good to every one who has a right to the name. So long as I am permitted to bear my husband's title, neither that, or the family estates shall be used selfishly. When I say this, it is but to repeat the words of my young son, whose dearest wish is to unite the family, its honors and its interests."

He smiled gravely.

"Dear lady, how can that be? Entails are stubborn things, that even the sons of England cannot break."

"Ah!" said Ossoli, turning to his wife, as if there she expected full sympathy. "But there is a thing that we women know of, stronger than the laws of England."

His wife shook her head; she had no faith in Ossoli's enthusiasm.

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"Love is the first law," continued Ossoli. "Have you two been so blind as not to see how entirely our children, Heron and Beatrice, love each other?"

"Impossible!" said the lady, with a faint, unbelieving smile. "It is a Christmas romance you are weaving for us, signora."

"Ah, yes! a lovely romance! One that has taken just a year in the weaving. I watched its development with malicious pleasure, rather hoping that the young man would break through all entanglements with the heartless woman you had chosen for him, and give me the paltry revenge of a misalliance, that would humble the Carew pride. Little did I think then, that the lovely waif, whose happiness I sought, in a careless way, was my own child.

"But the young man's integrity was proof against all temptations to dishonor, and the girl, loving him with all the force of her Italian blood, made such noble resistance to her own passion, that she sought to leave Oldham, and throw herself on the world, where she had, already, almost perished, rather than stand in the way of his advancement. When she found that certificate, and knew that it threatened ruin to this household, she aroused her brother from a sick-bed, told him of the danger, should that volume of Tasso give its secret to the world, and went away.

"Yes, then the blood of the Carews and the Giacomes, spoke out in those young souls. These dear, rash children fled together in the night, like culprits, rather than bring ruin on the house that had sheltered them. Rufo, the brave boy, casting off a great inheritance, as if it had been a handful of dead flowers. Beatrice leaving her heart, her good name, and the first hopes of her youth behind."

"They were brave—the boy is worthy of his inheritance," said her host. "It will be safe in his hands."

"But my Beatrice. What shall we say of her? She is under your roof again. I am betraying the secret she would, if possible, have kept from her own mother. Only half an hour ago, I looked out from the carriage, and saw your son holding her in his arms. Thinking that he belonged to another, she strove to free herself; but I knew from the expression of his face, that he was a free man."

"Yes, thank God, free as air," said the countess, touched at last, by Ossoli's enthusiasm. "If it be true that he loves her—"

"Loves her," broke in the impetuous Ossoli. "Who could help it?"

"I for one could not," said her host. "My lady, this may give a silver lining for the cloud that seemed so dark to us."

"A golden lining," said Ossoli, with a sweet laugh, that rang joyously down the old hall. "We singers, who drive the world mad with the melody of our voices, take back showers of gold. No bride, that has ever entered Oldham, shall have been more richly dowered than my Beatrice. We need not wait a day, if that is all."

Ossoli held out both her hands, one to her host, the other to his lady.

All at once, her whole manner changed to one of touching sadness.

"Rufo is ill," she said. "This climate, in its cruel coldness, chills him terribly. In a few days I shall take him back to Italy, leaving Oldham, and all its belongings, in the care of a kind uncle, until the boy becomes of age—you will not refuse this trust?"

Her host wrung the hand held out to him a second time, and turned away, touched to the heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

During half that night, Rufo lay in the antique chamber he loved so well, shivering with the cold that seemed to have struck a death chill through all the vitality within him. In vain, Lord Heron ordered logs to be piled higher and higher on the hearth, until the flames rushed up the chimney, sent warm flashes over the old wainscoting, and bathed the ponderous bed in a golden glow, that mocked the anguish of that gentle boy, but failed to give him warmth.

Toward morning, two opposing fiends, those of frost and fire, were wrestling for his young life. The flames that were dying out on the hearth, seemed to be creeping through his veins, burning his cheeks with hot scarlet, and kindling the wakefulness of a nighthawk in his eyes.

Heron, who had been watching his cousin all night, from that easy chair, felt his heart sink, when the boy's lips grew so fearfully red; for he saw that blood was welling to them drop by drop.

"Rufo!" he cried out, in dire alarm.

The boy turned a little on his pillow, and spoke in a whisper:

"Don't be frightened. I knew it must come, or they never should have brought me here. Hold my hand, cousin. I want your strength so much."

Heron took the slender hand, and softly smoothed its palm, that was fever tinted like a sea shell.

Rufo lay smiling, faintly, as if the caress soothed him. Then he spoke again in a sweet, low voice:

"Heron!"

"My dear lad."

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"Tell me. Do you love my sister, Beatrice?"

"Love your sister, Beatrice. Yes, Rufo, better than my own life.

"And you will marry her—here, at my bedside, before the sun sets to-morrow—are you free to promise that?"

"I am free to promise that, or anything you ask, Rufo," answered the young man, with tears in his voice.

"When the daylight comes—when the daylight comes," whispered the boy, closing his eyes, wearied, even by the few words he had spoken; and he lay motionless, hour after hour, till the choral singers came. Then, opening his eyes, he murmured, softly: "Have I died in my sleep. Is that heaven?"

Afterward, he slept awhile, when his mother came in, smiling. She had risen early, that the young lord of Oldham, might be woke out of his sleep, that Christmas morning, by her kisses.

Heron drew her outside of the door, and broke her heart with the mournful truth.

When the sick boy opened his eyes again, a woman of marble, seemed to be sitting by his bed.

* * * * * * * *

That Christmas morning dawned and brightened into a glorious day. When the joy bells sounded, Rufo awoke, and reached out his hands.

"Mother, let it be now," he said, in a faint whisper. "Now, when the bells are ringing."

Ossoli arose, went to the door, and said a few words to some one outside. Then she came back, and stood by her son's pillow, looking down on him, still as death, in her pale anguish.

The door opened, a group of persons came in, solemnly, like mourners gathering to a funeral. One in flowing robes, and holding a book in his hand, halted before the bed. Before him stood Lord Heron and the Lady Beatrice, pale as ghosts, and still as death.

Then the marriage ceremony began, and the service was read in the stillness of the sick room, broken only by the far off music of the bells.

When the young wife bent over Rufo, and touched him with the hand just sanctified by the wedding ring, he raised himself a little, and kissed her faintly. Then, with his arm clinging to her neck, he whispered something that no one heard but herself.

Rufo had asked that all should go out but the Lady Jane, who knelt at the foot of his bed, with her sweet, wan face buried in her hands. Before Beatrice could speak, Ossoli understood the yearning look turned on that gentle girl, and went out, followed, one by one, by all that mournful group.

Now the great, sombre room held those two young creatures only, whose precious love had been like a religion in their lives, unspoken and too sacred for speech, until that death-bed had become holy as an altar.

"Jane!"

The girl heard the faint call, arose, trembling, from her knees, and drew closer to the dying boy, who strove to hold out his hands; but they fell, quivering, downward, and rested on the bosom to which he would have drawn her, had the strength in his ebbing life been sufficient.

"Jane, will you kiss me? I am dying—and I loved you so."

The girl bent down and kissed him on the face, then taking those two shadowy hands from his bosom, sunk upon her knees and kissed them.

"Oh, wait for me—wait for me! for I loved you—"

A smile, holy and sweet, came to that dying face, a sigh broke on those white lips, and while that was freezing there, the Christmas bells gave out their last, sweet wail of music, and all was over.

[THE END.]

LINES.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

I would not have thee weep or sigh,
I would thy heart were light and free;
But if one tear should dim thine eye,
Oh, let it be for me.
I would not have thee smile and sing
As if no hallowed past were thine;
But on thy harp's awakened string
Let one sweet strain be mine.

When stars are in those far-off skies,
And shadows broad upon the plain;
Bethink thee of the loving eyes,
Which long for thee in vain.
Remember her whose fondest prayer
Is ever thine, where'er thou art;
Thine image still content to wear
Deeply within her heart.

I would not have thee grieved or sad,
I would thy soul were light and free;
But if one thought can make it glad,
Oh, let it be of me.
Another's smiles may please thee now,
Another's eyes look love to thine;
But sometimes, darling, thou wilt bow
Beside a broken shrine.

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THE SUFFERENS OF NATHEN SPOONER.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Says I, "Josiah Allen, if there wus a heavy fine to pay for shettin' up doors, you wouldn't never loose a cent of your property in that way," and says I, clutchin' my lap full of carpet rags with a firmer grip, for truly, they wus flutterin' like banners in the cold breeze, "if you don't want me to blow away, Josiah Allen, shet up that door."

"Oh, shaw! Samantha, you won't blow away, you are too hefty. It would take a Hurrycane, and a Simon, too, to tackle you, and lift you."

"Simon who?" says I, in cold axents, cauzed partly by my frigid emotions, and partly by the chilly blast, and partly by his darin' to say any man could take me up and carry me away.

"Oh! the Simons they have on the desert; I've hearn Thomas J. read about 'em. They'll blow camels away, and everything."

Says I, dreamily, "Who'd have thought, twenty yeers ago, to have heard that man a-courtin' me, and callin' me a zephire, and a pink posy, and a angel, that he'd ever live to see the day he'd call me a camel."

"I han't called you a camel! I only meant that you was hefty, and camels wus hefty. And it would take a Simon or two to lift you 'round, either on you."

"Wall," says I, in frigid tones, "what I want to know is, are you a-goin' to shet that door?"

"Yes, I be, jist as quick as I change my clothes. I don't want to fodder in these new briches."

I rose with dignity, or as much dignity as I could lay holt of—half bent, tryin' to keep ten or twelve quarts of carpet rags from spillin' over the floor—and went and shet the door myself, which I might have known enough to done in the first place, and saved time and breath. For shettin' of doors is truly a accomplishment that Josiah Allen never will master. I have tutched him up in lots of things, sense we wus married, but in that branch of education he has been too much for me: I have about gin up."

In the course of ten or fifteen moments, Josiah came out of the bed-room, lookin' as peaceful and pleasant as you may please, with his hands in his pantaloons pockets, serarchin' their remote depths, and says he, in a off-hand, careless way:

"I'll be hanged if there han't a letter for you, Samantha."

"How many weeks have you carried it 'round, Josiah Allen?" says I. "It would scare me if you should give me a letter before you had carried it 'round in your pockets a month or so."

"Oh! I guess I only got this two or three days ago. I meant to handed it to you the first thing when I got home. But I hain't had on these old breeches, sense that day I went to mill."

"Three weeks ago, to-day," says I, in almost frosty axents, as I opened my letter.

"Wall," says Josiah, cheerfully, "I knew it wuzn't long, anyway."

I glanced my gray eye down my letter, and says I, in agitated tones:

"She that was Alzina Ann Allen is comin' here a-visitin'. She wrote me three weeks ahead, so's to have me prepared. And here she is liable to come in on us any minute, now, and ketch us all unprepared," says I. "I wouldn't have had it happened for a ten-cent bill, to had one of the relation, on your side, come and ketch me in such a condition. Then, the curtains are all down in the spare room; I washed 'em yesterday, and they hain't ironed. And the carpet in the settin'-room up to mend; and not a mite of fruit cake in the house, and she a-comin' here to-day. I am mortified 'most to death, Josiah Allen. And if you'd give me that letter, I should have hired help, and got everything done. I should think your conscience would smart like a burn, if you have got a conscience, Josiah Allen."

"Wall, less have a little sunthin' to eat, Samantha, and I'll help 'round."

"Help! What'll you do, Josiah Allen?"

"Oh! I'll do the barn chores, and help all I can. I guess you'd better cook a little of that canned sammon, I got to Janesville."

Says I, coldly, "I believe, Josiah Allen, if you wus on your way to the gallus, you'd make 'em stop and get vittles for you, meat vittles, if you could."

I didn't say nothin' more, for, as the greatest poets has sung, "the least said, the soonest mended." But I 'rose, and with outward calmness, put on the tea kettle and potatoes, and opened the can of salmon, and jist as I put that over the stove, with some sweet cream and butter, if you'll believe it, that very minute, she that was Alzina Ann Allen drove right up to the door, and come in.

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You could have knocked me down with a hen's feather, (as it were,) my feelin's wus such; but I concealed 'em as well as I could, and advanced to the door, and says I:

"How do you do, Miss Richerson?"—she is married to Jenothen Richerson, old Daniel Richerson's oldest boy.

She is a tall, spindlin' lookin' wemen, light complected, sandy-haired, and with big, light blue eyes. I hadn't seen her fer nineteen yeers, but she seemed dredful tickled to see me, and says she:

"You look younger, Samantha, than you did the first time I ever seen you."

"Oh, no!" says I, "that can't be, Alzina Ann, for that is in the neighberhood of thirty yeers ago."

Says she, "It is true as I live and breathe, you look younger and handsomer, than I ever see you look."

I didn't believe it, but I thought it wouldn't look well to dispute her any more, so I let it go; and mebby she thought she had convinced me that I did look younger than I did, when I wus eighteen or twenty. But I only said, "That I didn't feel so young anyway. I had spells of feelin' mauzer."

She took off her things, she wus dressed up awful slick, and Josiah helped bring in her trunk. And I told her just how mortified I wus about Josiah's forgettin' her letter, and her ketchin' me unprepared. But, good Lord! she told me that "she never, in her hull life, see a house in the order mine wus, never, and she had seen thousands and thousands of different houses."

Says I, "I feel worked up, and almost mortified, about my settin'-room carpet bein' up."

But she held up both hands (they wus white as snow, and all covered with rings.) And says she, "If there is one thing that I love to see, Samantha, more than another, it is to see a settin'-room carpet up, it gives such a sort of a free, noble look to a room."

Says I, "The curtains are down in the spare bed-room, and I am almost entirely out of cookin'."

Says she, "If I had my way, I never would have a curtain up to a window. The sky always looks so pure and innocent somehow. And cookin'," says she, with a look of complete disgust on her face. "Why, I fairly despise cookin', what's the use of it?" says she, with a sweet smile.

"Why," says I, reesonably, "if it wasn't for cookin' vittles and eatin' em, guess we shouldn't stand it a great while, none on us."

I didn't really like the way she went on. Never, never, through my hull life, was I praised up by anybody as I wus by her, durin' the three days that she stayed with us. And one mornin', when she had been goin' on dretfully, that way, I took Josiah out one side, and told him, "I couldn't bear to hear her go on so, and I believed there wus sunthin' wrong about it."

"Oh, no," says he. "She means every word she says," says he. "She is one of the loveliest creeters this earth affords. She is most a angel. Oh!" says he, dreamily, "what a sound mind she has got."

Says I, "I heard her tellin' you this mornin', that you wus one of the handsomest men she ever laid eyes on, and didn't look a day over twenty-one."

"Well," says he, with the doggy firmness of his sect. "She thinks so," and says he, in firm axents, "I am a good lookin' feller, Samantha. A crackin' good lookin' chap, but I never could make you own up to it."

I didn't say nothin', but my gray eye wandered up, and lighted on his bald head. It rested there searchivly, and very coldly, for a moment or two, and then, says I, sternly: "Bald heads and beauty don't go together worth a cent. But you wus always vain, Josiah Allen."

Says he, "What if I wuz?" and says he, "She thinks different from what you do about my looks. She has got a keen eye on her head for beauty. She is very smart, very. And what she says, she means."

"Wall," says I, "I am glad you are so happy in your mind. But mark my words, you won't always feel so neat about it, Josiah Allen, as you do now."

Says he, in a cross, surly way: "I guess I know, what I do know."

I hain't a yaller hair in the hull of my foretop, but I thought to myself, I'd love to see Josiah Allen's eyes opened; for I knew, as well as I knew my name wus Josiah Allen's wife, that that wemen didn't think Josiah wus so pretty and beautiful. But I didn't see how I wus goin' to convince him, for he wouldn't believe me, when I told him, she wus a makin' of it; and I knew she would stick to what she had said, and so there it wus. But I held firm, and cooked good vittles, and done well by her.

That very afternoon, we wus invited to tea, that wus Sylphina Allen's, Miss Nathen Spooner's, us and Alzina Ann Allen. Sylphina didn't use to be the right sort of a girl, she wus a kind of helpless, improvender thing, and threw herself away on a worthless, drunken feller, that she married for her first husband, though Nathen Spooner wus a dyin' for her, even then. But

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when her drunken husband died, and she wus left with that boy of hers, about six years old, she up and jined the Methodist church. I didn't use to associate with her, at all, and Josiah didn't want me to, though she wus a second cousin on his father's side. But folks began to make much of her. So I and Josiah did everything for her we could, to help her do well, and be likely. And last fall, she wus married to Nathen Spooner, who hadn't forgotten her in all this time.

They make a likely couple, and I shouldn't wonder if they do well. Nathen Spooner is bashful; he looks as if he wanted to sink if any one speaks to him; but Sylphina is proud sperited and holds him up.

They hain't got a great deal to do with, and Sylphina, bein' kind o' afraid of Alzina Ann, sent over and borrowed her mother-in-law's white-handled knives, and, unbeknown to Alzina Ann, I carried her over some tea-spoons, and other things for her comfort, for if Sylphina means to do better, and try to git along, and be a provider, I want to encourage her all I can, so I carried her the spoons.

Wall, no sooner had we got seated over to Mrs. Spooner'ses, than Alzina Ann begun.

"How much!—how much that beautiful little boy looks like you, Mr. Spooner," she cried, and she would look, first at Nathen, and then at the child, with that enthusiastic look of her's.

Sylphina's face wus red as blood, for the child looked as like her first husband as two peas, and she knowed that Nathen almost hated the sight of the boy, and only had him in the house for her sake. And truly, if Nathen Spooner could have sunk down through the floor, into the seller, right into the potato bin or pork barrel, it would have been one of the most blessed reliefs to him, that he ever enjoyed. I could see that by his countenance.

If she had just said what she had to say, and then left off; but Alzina Ann never'll do that; she has to enlarge in her idees, and she would ask Sylphina if she didn't think her boy had the same noble, handsome look to him, that Nathen had. And Sylphina would stammer, and look annoyed more'n ever, and get as red in the face as a red woolen shirt. And then Alzina Ann, looking at the child's pug nose, and then at Nathen's, which was a sort of Roman one, and the best feetur in his face, as Josiah says, would ask Nathen if folks hadn't told him, before, how much his little boy resembled his pa. And Nathen would look this way and that, and kind o' frown; and it did seem as if we couldn't keep him out of the seller, to save our lives. And there it wuz.

Wall, when it came supper time, more wus in store for him. Sylphina, bein' so determined to do better, and start right in the married life, made a practice of makin' Nathen ask a blessin'. But he, bein' so uncommon bashful, it made it awful hard for him, when they had company. He wuzn't a professor, nor nuthin', and it come tough on him. He looked as if he would sink all the while, Sylphina wus settin' the table, for he knew what wus before him. He seemed to feel worse and worse all the time, and when she wus a-settin' the chairs 'round the table, he looked so bad, that I didn't know but he would have to have help to get to the table. And he'd give the most pitiful and beseechin' looks to Sylphina that ever wus, but she shook her head at him, and looked decided, and then he'd look as if he'd wilt right down again.

So when we got set down to the table, Sylphina gave him a real firm look, and he give a kind of a low groan, and shet up his eyes, and Sylphina and me, and Josiah put on a becomin' look for the occasion, and shet up our'n, when, all of a sudden, Alzina Ann, she never asked a blessin' in her own house, and forgot other folks did, leastways that Nathen did. Alzina Ann, I say, spoke out, in a real loud, admirin' tone, and says she:

"There! I will say it, I never see such beautiful knives as them be, in my hull life. White-handled knives is sunthin' I always wanted to own, and always thought I would own. But never did I see any that wus so perfectly beautiful as these 'ere."

And she held out her knife at arm's length, and looked at it admirin'ly, and almost rapterosly.

Nathen looked bad—dretful bad, but we didn't none on us reply to her, and she seemed to sort o' quiet down, and Sylphina give Nathen another look, and he bent his head, and shet up his eyes agin, and she, and me and Josiah shet up our'n. And Nathen wus jest a-beginnin' agin, when Alzina Ann broke out afresh, and says:

"What wouldn't I give, if I could own some knives like them? What a proud and happy wemen it would make me."

That rousted us all up agin, and never did I see—unless it wus on a funeral occasion—a face look as Nathen's face looked. Nobody could have blamed him if he had gin up, then, and not made another effert. But Sylphina, bein' so awful determined to do jist right, and start right in the married life, she winked to Nathen agin, a real sharp and encouragin' wink, and shet up her eyes, and Josiah and I done as she done, and shet up our'n.

And Nathen (feelin' as if he *must* sink,) got all ready to begin agin. He had jest got his mouth

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opened, when says Alzina Ann, in that rapturous way of her'n:

"Do tell me, Sylphina, how much did you give for these knives, and where did you get 'em?"

Then it wus Sylphina's turn to feel as if she must sink, for being so proud sperited; it wus like pullin' out a sound tooth, to tell Alzina Ann they wus borrowed. But bein' so set in tryin' to do right, she would have up and told her. But I, feelin' sorry for her, branched right off, and asked Nathen "if he lived out to vote Republican, or Democrat, or Greenback." So we had no blessin' asked, after all, that day.

Sylphina sithed, and went to pourin' out the tea. And Nathen brightened up, and said, "if things turned out with him, as he hoped they would that fall, he calculated to vote for old Peter Cooper."

I could see from his mean, that Josiah was gettin' kinder sick of Alzina Ann, and (though I hain't got a jealeus hair in the hull of my back hair and foretop) I didn't care a mite if he wuz. But, truly, worse wus to come.

After supper, Josiah and me wus a-settin' in the spare-room, close to the winder, a-lookin' through Sylphina's album; when we heered Alzina Ann and Sylphina, out under the winder, a-lookin' at Sylphina's peary bed, and Alzina Ann was a talkin,' and says she:

"How pleasant it is here, to your 'house, Sylphina, perfectly beautiful! Seein' we are both such friends to her, I feel free to tell you what a awful state I find Josiah Allen's wife's house in. Not a mite of a carpet in her settin'-room floor, and nothin' gives a room such a awful look as that. She said it wus up to mend, but, between you and me, I don't believe a word of it. I believe it wus up for some other purpose. And the curtains wus down in my room, and I had to sleep all the first night in that condition, I might jest as well have sat up, it looked so. And when she got 'em up the next mornin', they wusn't nothin' but plain white muslin. I should think she could afford somethin' a little more decent than that for her spare-room. And she hadn't a mite of fruit cake in the house, only two kinds of common-lookin' cake. She said Josiah forgot to give her my letter, and she didn't get werd I wus comin' till the day I got there, but between you and me, I never believed that for a minute. I believe they got up that story between 'em, to excuse it off, things lookin' so. If I wuzn't such a friend of hern, and didn't think such a sight of her, I wouldn't mention it for the world. But I think everything of her, and everybody knows I do, so I feel free to talk about her. How humbly she has growed! Don't you think so? And her mind seems to be kind o' runnin' down. For how, under the sun, she can think so much of that simple old husband of hern, is a mystery to me, unless she is growin' foolish. He wus always a poor, insignificent lookin' creeter; but now, he is the humbliest and meakenest lookin' creeter, I ever seen in human shape. And he looks as old as grandfather Richerson, every mite as old, and he is most 90. And he is vain as a peahen."

I jest glanced round at Josiah, and then, intentivly, I looked away again. His countenance wus perfectly awful. Truly, the higher we are up the worse it hurts us to fall down. Bein' lifted up on such a height of vanity and vain glory, and fallin' down from it so sudden, it most broke his neck, (speakin' in a poetical and figurative way.) I, myself, havin' had doubts of her all along, didn't feel nigh so worked up and curious, it mere sort o' madded me, it kind o' operated in that way on me. And so when she begun agin, to run Josiah and me down to the very lowest notch, called us all to naught, made out we wuzn't hardly fit to live, and wus most fools. And then says agin:

"I wouldn't say a word againt 'em for the world, if I wusn't such a friend to 'em—"

Then I rose right up, and stood in the open winder, and it come up in front of me, some like a pulpit, and I 'spose my mean looked considerable like a preacher's, when they get carried away with the subject, and almost by the side of themselves.

Alzina Ann quieted the minute she sot her eyes on me, as much or more than any minister ever made a congregation quail, and says she, in tremblin' tones:

"You know I do think everything in the world of you. You know I shouldn't have said a word againt you, if I wusn't such a warm friend of yourn."

"Friend!" says I, in awful axents. "Friend, Alzina Ann Richerson, you don't know no more about that word, than if you never see a dictionary. You don't know the true meanin' of that word, no more than a African babe knows about slidin' down hill."

Says I, "The Bible gives a pretty good idee of what it means: it speaks of a man layin' down his life for his friend. Dearer to him than his own life. Do you 'spose such a friendship as that, would be a mistrustin' round, a-tryin' to rake up every little fault they could lay holt of, and talk 'em over with everybody? Do you 'spose it would creep round under winders, and back-bite, and slander a Josiah?"

I entirely forgot, for the moment, that she had been a-talkin' about me, for truly, abuse heaped

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upon my pardner seems ten times as hard to bear up under, as if it wus heaped upon me.

Josiah whispered to me, "That is right, Samantha! Give it to her!" and upheld by duty, and that dear man, I went on, and says I:

"My friends, those I love and who love me, are sacred to me. Their well-being and their interest is as dear to me as my own. I love to have others praise them, prize them as I do; and I should jist as soon think of goin' 'round, tryin' to rake and scrape sunthin' to say against myself, as against them."

Agin I paused for a breath, and agin Josiah whispered:

"That is right, Samantha; give it to her!"

Worshipin' that man as I do, his words wus far more inspirin' and stimulatin' to me than root beer.

Agin I went on, and says I:

"Maybe if hain't exactly accordin' to Scripture; there is sunthin' respectable in open enmity, in beginnin' your remarks about anybody honestly, in this way. (Now, I detest and despise that man, and I am goin' to try to relieve my mind by talkin' about him, jist as bad as I can,) and then proceed and tear him to pieces in a straightforward, manly way. I don't s'pose such a course would be upheld by the 'postles. But, as I say, there is a element of boldness and courage in it, ammountin' almost to grandeur, when compared to this kind of talk. 'I think everything in the world of that man. I think he is jist as good as he can be, and he hain't got a better friend in the world than I am.' And then go on, and say everything you can to injure him. Why, a pirate runs up his skeleton and crossbars, when he is goin' to rob and pillage. I think, Alzina Ann, if I wus in your place, I would make a great effort, and try and be as noble and magnanimous as a pirate."

Alzina Ann looked like a white holley hawk, that had been withered by a untimely frost. But Sylphina looked tickled (she hadn't forgot her sufferens, and the sufferens of Nathen Spooner). And my Josiah looked proud and triumphant in mean. And he told me, in confidence, a-goin' home, "that he hadn't seen me look so good to him, as I did when I stood there in the winder, not for upwards of thirteen yeers." Says he:

"Samantha, you looked, you did, almost perfectly beautiful."

That man worships the ground I walk on, and I do his'n.

THE BARE FEET ON THE STAIR.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

The children think they're whispering
So very soft and low,
That none will waken, as they pass
To reach the room below.
The little, careless children,
A-groping down the stair,
I know, by the soft, mouse-like tread,
Their tiny feet are bare.

I hear their white robes trailing,
All through the dusky hall,
Like little birds they're nestling
In bed, e'er I can call.
I go to them, I chide them,
That through the wintry air,
In grey of early morning,
They stole a-down the stair.

They could not wait, they tell me,
For in the room below,
The tiny socks were hanging—
The Christmas socks, a-row!
And shivering through the darkness,
With stealthy, mouse-like tread,
They went; and unseen treasures
Bore back with them to bed.

I heard them laugh and whisper,
They wondered, and they guessed,
While groping, with cold fingers,
What golden treasures rest
In hidden depths. Oh, children,
"Guess" what the stockings hold,
Your fancy makes all precious
As gleaming gems, or gold.

And yet, 'tis more than fancy.
The touch of love is shown
In every gift, that slowly
Beneath our hands have grown.
How glad they seem and noisy!
And through the grey of morn,
Their silvery, rippling laughter
Through all the house is borne.

Oh, hours of sweet rejoicing!
Oh, home, how pure and dear!
Thy Christmas song and laughter
More precious is, each year.
Because a deeper meaning
Runs through the songs we lift;
Because we type more truly
God's giving, in each gift.

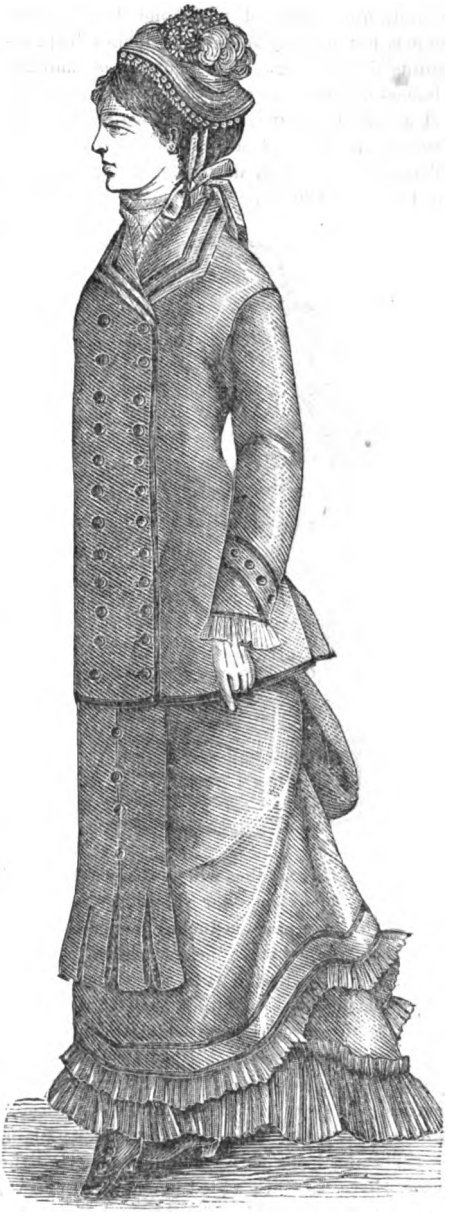
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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a house-dress of olive-green cashmere. It is cut in the Princess shape, and the front has a plastron of silk to match, piped with old gold-colored silk. The scarf drapery is bound with the green silk, and piped to match the plastron. This scarf drapery is placed very low down, and fastened with a bow, with long loops and ends at the left edge of the plastron. Two side-plaited flounces, five inches deep, trim the bottom of the skirt; they may both be of the same material, or the upper one of silk, as may be preferred. Tight coat

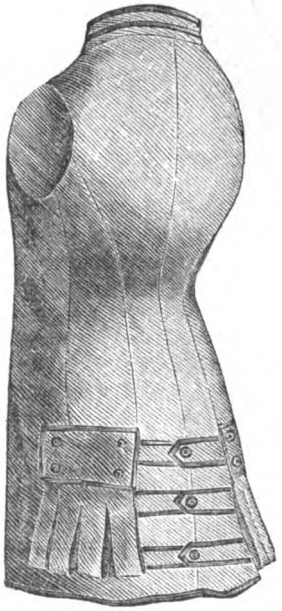




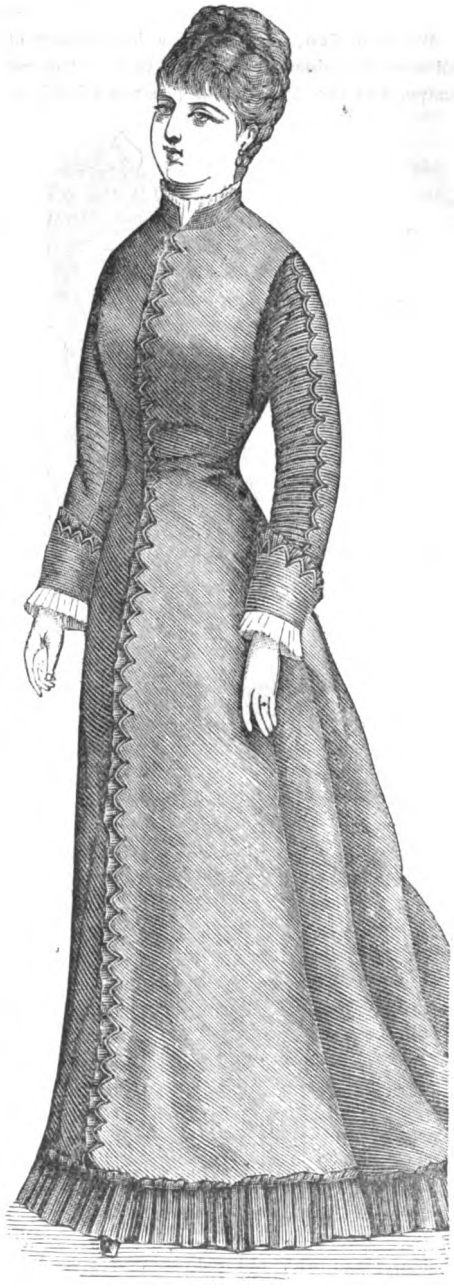
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sleeves, slashed on the back, where a double plaiting is inserted to form the cuff. Eighteen yards of single-width material, three yards of silk for plastron and binding; one yard for piping.

Next, a walking costume (see preceding page) of plain, self-colored merino, or camel's hair cloth. The under-skirt is cut quite short to escape the ground, and trimmed with one knife-plaited flounce, put on very full—eight inches deep, including the heading. The polonaise is similarly trimmed on the edge with the addition of a two and a-half inch band, piped on both sides with either satin or velvet, all cut on the bias. The polonaise is buttoned down the front, to where the long loops begin. These loops are four in



number and three inches wide. They are formed by cutting the fronts—for six inches on either side of the hem, twelve inches longer than the polonaise—these twelve inches are left on to the fronts at the neck, and then the seams are cut down, six inches, on either side of the hem. Then the upper edge is fitted to the neck, and the extra length at the bottom forms the long loops. These loops must be lined with silk to match. It is very pretty; but if too complicated for the home dressmaker, cut the polonaise plain, and add the loops as a trimming, covering the place where they are added by a button or two, on sacque loop. We also give the sleeveless jacket to match, but suggest the advantage of putting sleeves into it, for winter wear. The back view shows how to dispose of the trimming, which is composed of narrow bands, piped and buttoned over in the centre of the back. The pockets are

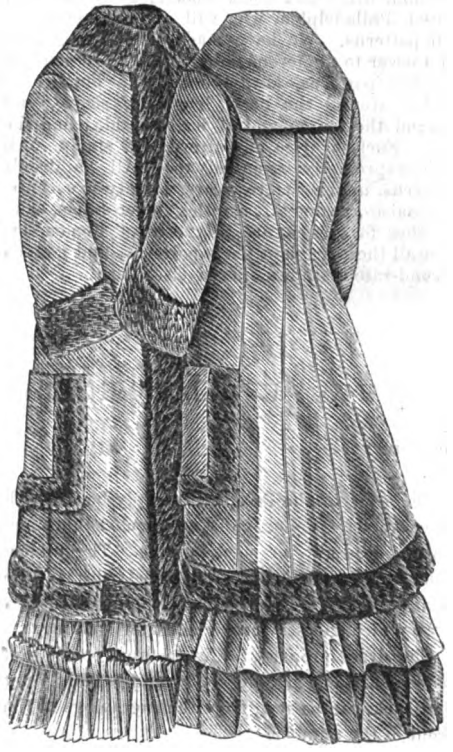


to match, with the long loops of the material pendant. The jacket is double-breasted with a rolling collar; tight coat sleeves, with pointed cuffs.

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Next, is a breakfast-dress, cut in the Princess shape. It is of bronze serge and silk of a darker shade. The front is cut in vandykes, a narrow, silk kilting being added beneath the points. The bottom of the dress is trimmed with a kilt plaiting, six inches deep, of the silk. The sleeve is coat-shaped, the outside of which is plain, with the vandyked edge. The inside of the sleeve is composed of fine knife-plaiting to match the other trimmings, and of silk. Deep cuffs to match, complete the sleeve. Six yards of serge, three yards of silk, will be required. It may be made of serge and cashmere, if preferred, instead of the silk. See preceding page for this dress.

We give the front and back of Russian Paletot, for a girl of twelve to fourteen. It is made of brown cloth, or merino, lined with flannel, and

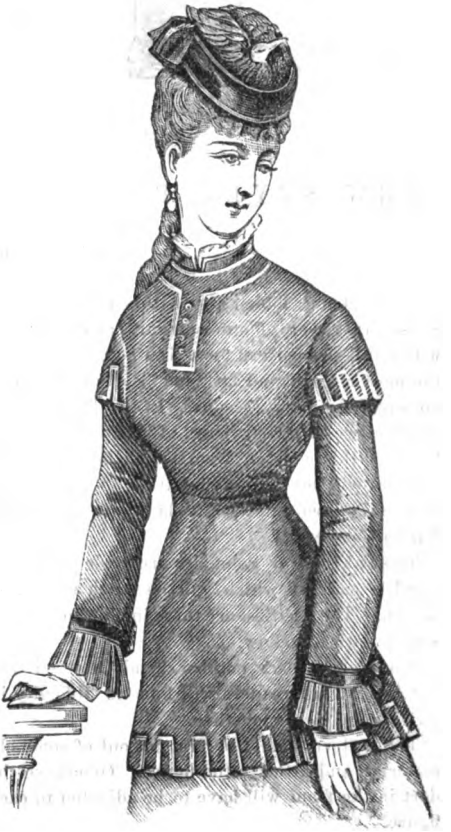


trimmed with fur. This Paletot can be made, either with a sailor collar (see cuts) of the same material, or with a fur collar. It is cut to fit the figure at the back, and is loose in front.

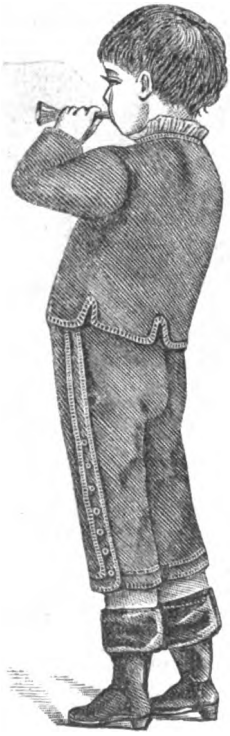
We give the front and back of Ulster, for boy from three to five years. The material most in use is speckled cloth, trimmed with fur. The Ulster is double-breasted, and has a buttoned band at the waist across the back. The deep collar and cuffs are of fur, but this is optional, of course. This same Ulster, trimmed with wide, worsted braid, will be equally suitable for a small boy.



For a young lady we give the design for a black velvet, sleeveless jacket. The edge of the



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jacket and epaulettes are cut out in battlements, and piped with colored or black satin. These same pipings describe, in front, a straight opening, and encircle the throat, around which there is an upright collar. Buttons on the simulated opening. This jacket may be either laced or buttoned at the back, as preferred.

A velveteen suit, for a little boy, of four to six years, has loose Knickerbocker pants, trimmed up the outside with braid and buttons. Short jacket, notched on the edge, and bound with braid to match.

PATTERNS of these "Every-Day" dresses, or for the costumes in our colored fashion-plate, or for our children's dresses, paletots, etc., may be had on application, by letter, to Miss M. A. Gordon, dress and cloak maker, 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, who will cut them out after our patterns. We have made this arrangement in answer to numerous solicitations. In sending for the patterns, always send the number of inches around the bust, length of sleeve, and around the waist; and if for a child, name the age. Enclose price of pattern and stamp. All orders promptly attended to. All children's patterns, under twelve years, twenty-five cents. Polonaises, paletots, mantles, over-skirts, and basques for ladies, are fifty cents. Remember, that all these are late Paris patterns, and not the second-rate costumes offered elsewhere.

NEW STYLE PALETOT. (WITH SUPPLEMENT.)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

WE send out, folded up in this number, as a SUPPLEMENT, one of our popular pattern-sheets, with a full-size pattern for a NEW STYLE PALETOT, the most elegant and fashionable affair that has appeared for many seasons. In the front of the number, we give engravings of both the back and front of this Paletot, from which our fair subscribers will see how stylish it is. With the aid of the Pattern Sheet, any lady can make the Paletot for herself.

The Paletot and Polonaise are made of Tartan plaid, a material which will be much worn this season. The prettiest are those in blue and green, with a dash of yellow.

The SUPPLEMENT pattern is all lettered and notched, so our readers will find no difficulty in putting the pieces together.

The pattern should be first cut out of some old material, and fitted to the figure. Of course the dart in the front will have to be adjusted to each figure.

The edge of the Paletot is simply bound with black velvet. Collar, cuffs, and pocket the same. Large, dead-gilt, or steel buttons. The under-skirt is demi-trained and trimmed with a deep flounce of velvet or velveteen; the latter makes a very nice and serviceable skirt for walking.

The dress proper of this costume consists of polonaise. The manner of draping both front and back, can be seen from the engravings in the front of the number.

The edge of the polonaise is finished with an inch-wide binding of velvet to match. Seven to eight yards of plaid, double-width material, will be required for the polonaise and jacket. One and a-half yards of velvet will cut the collar, cuffs, pockets, and put a narrow binding on the edge of both garments.

This plaid suit can be worn over a plain, blue or green merino, or cloth under-skirt, instead of velvet or velveteen. In such a case, however, edge the garments and make collar, cuffs, etc., to match

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STRIPE FOR CHAIR: IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, as a Christmas present to our subscribers, a superb, colored pattern, such as is only to be found in "Peterson," and which, if bought at a store, would cost the price of this number, alone.

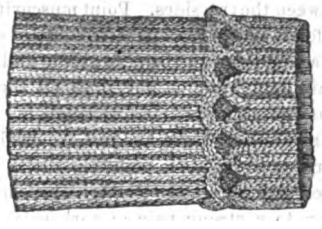
It is a stripe for a chair, or other purposes, and is to be worked in simple cross-stitch, in Berlin wool, and floss silk. Use canvas, the size indicated by the pattern. The pale yellow is done in floss silk, the rest in wool; however, if preferred, the whole design may be worked in wool. The cost will be less, and many persons consider the wool to wear better.

In making up a chair, use the worked stripe, down the centre of the back and seat; and upholster the sides in reps, cloth or satin. Crimson, or pale blue, would contrast well with this stripe.

Black satin, in tufted work, fastened down with gold-colored satin buttons, would make a very handsome and rich finish for a stripe of this kind.

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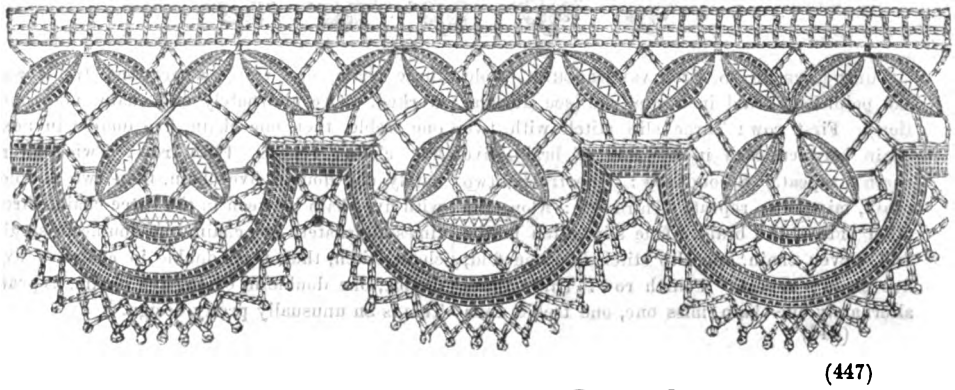
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cast on eighty stitches, and knit to and fro, as follows: Eighteen rows of which three times alternately three appear purled, three knitted. The foundation counts as the first row, so that it must be purled off in the second row. Then for the row of loops twenty-five new stitches must be cast on in the fourth row, and these must be knitted in the fifth and sixth rows, and cast off in the seventh, and at the end of the tenth and twelfth rows the last stitch must be knitted together with the marginal stitches of the loop part of the work; repeat ten times first to eighteenth rows, and in order to join the separate loops knit together the fifth to the eighth stitches, which are cast on for the next loop, with the twenty-first to the eighteenth cast on for the previous loops, and also the last loop must be joined to the first. Then take up the foundation stitches on to a fresh needle, and knit them off together with those of the last row. The purled stitches of the loops form the right side of the work when it has been folded back en revers. A cuff like this is almost indispensable for winter.

POINT-LACE BRAID AND CROCHET.

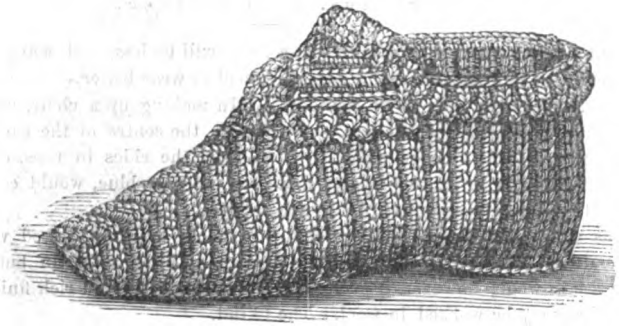
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



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DRESSING SLIPPER: CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

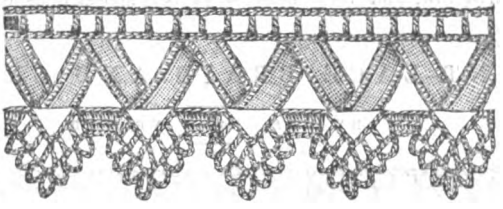


MATERIALS REQUIRED.—Double Berlin wool, a bone tricot-hook, and a pair of cork soles. Commence at the toe; make a chain of eleven stitches. First row: One double into every stitch. Second row: One double into the back horizontal loop of every stitch, for five successive stitches, three double into the next, then one double into each of the next stitches. Third row: One double into the back horizontal loop of every stitch; these two last rows are repeated alternately, until you have nine ribs, then work three doubles into the centre stitch of every row for seven rows more; work on twelve stitches for the side, every row alike, until you have a sufficient length to reach to the back of the heel, then work on twelve stitches for the other side, for the same length; join at the back with a needle and wool.

For the front of slipper on the instep, work two rows of point-muscovite, on the pointed part between the two sides. Point muscovite is worked as follows: Work one single into a stitch, draw up a loop through the next stitch, and work three chain, and work off the loops on the hook; repeat these two stitches throughout. Turn the point down towards the instep (see design), and work two rows of point-muscovite round the sides, and across the front. The shoes must be sewn to a strong pair of cork soles lined with flannel.

LACE EDGING: CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

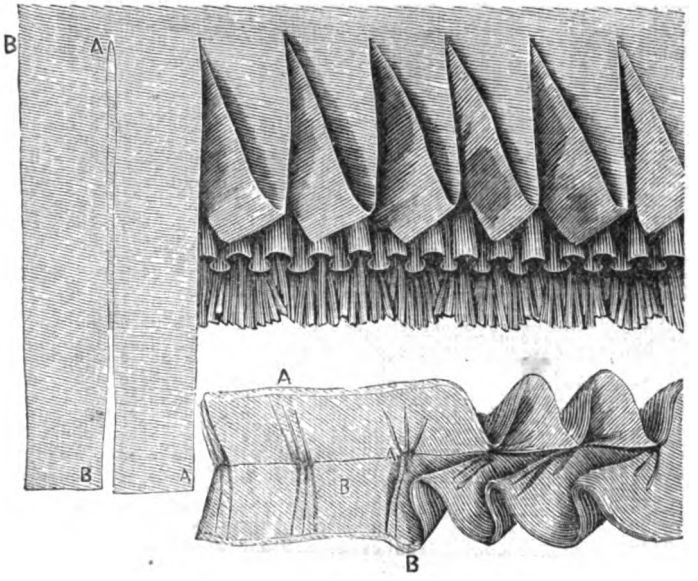


POINT-LACE BRAID, ETC., AND CROCHET.—Fold the point-lace braid in a vandyke (see illustration). First row: Three slip stitch with two chain between each in the fold of braid, five chain; repeat. Second row: One treble, two chain, miss two; repeat. Third row: Along the other side of the braid. One slip stitch in the fold, eleven chain, one slip stitch in same fold, five chain; repeat. Fourth row: Three times alternately one chain, miss one, one treble, then three chain, one treble where last treble was worked, twice alternately one chain, miss one, one treble, then one chain, five double in next five chain; repeat. Fifth row: Twice alternately one double, five chain, then two double, with five chain between in the three chain, three times alternately five chain, one double in single chain stitch, then three double in centre of five double, one double in chain, five chain; repeat. This is an unusually pretty design.

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DRESS TRIMMING, WITH RUCHE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The manner of making this trimming will be easily understood by making the letters correspond. For the upper portion, cut the material into strips, line them with a contrasting color, and turn them upwards, so that the letters A meet. The ruche should be plaited at intervals, and then tacked to the centre, as shown by the letters B.

BORDER FOR CURTAINS, Etc.: IN APPLIQUE.

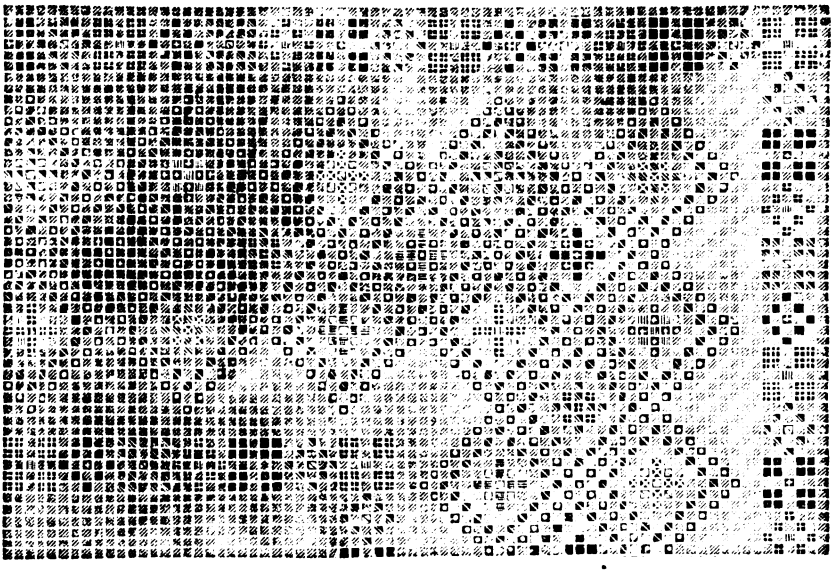
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design (see front of number,) is suitable for ornamenting curtains, in linen, crash, unbleached muslin, cloth or flannel. The leaves of the flower, in centre of the scroll pattern, are cut out of bits of cloth—blue, red, green or white; they are worked on the edges with crewels, and all the stitches between are done in different colors. The centre should be yellow and the stitches to match the rest of the flower. The scrolls should be in shades of woed and green, with the outside chain-stitch in gold color, either floss or crewel, as preferred. Before working the scroll, however, arrange black velvet ribbon, one inch wide, for the side bordering. Part of the scroll pattern, you will see, covers the edge of the velvet. The vandyke points are done in long stitches, of different colors, in imitation of Oriental work. Borders for curtains, now, are mostly put in bands, top and bottom—say, three at the bottom of the curtain, and two at the top. These bands are either worked directly upon the curtain, or else the bands are worked, and then stitched on by the sewing machine. Such a band as this, could scarcely be worked upon the curtain, therefore, work it, and sew it down. Two worked bands, with three plain ones, of different colors, separating them for the bottom and one worked one, in like manner, for the top, would make a very rich hanging. This design is also suitable for a table or piano cover.

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BORDER FOR TEA-CLOTH, ETC., ETC

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The cloth is of fine Java canvas, woven in cotton, and known as working canvas. Or it may be of coarse unbleached linen. It is to be worked in cross-stitch, and three different colors are used, crimson, dark blue, and black. The design is suitable for tea cloths, etc., and napkins to match.

SHORT DRAWERS FOR LADIES: KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



DRAWERS knitted with white wool, in patent knitting, with waistband and lower edge in ribbed pattern. Begin from the upper edge with one hundred and eighty-eight stitches of red wool. First row: Knitted. Second row: With white wool, knit one, purl one; repeat. Third to thirtieth rows: Like the preceding, but the last row is knitted with red wool. Thirty-first row: With white wool. Slip one, cotton forward, slip one, as for purling, knit one; repeat. Thirty-second row: Slip one, then, alternately, cotton forward, slip the stitch knitted in the last row, knit two together; repeat. Thirty-third to two hundred and eighty-eighth row: Like the preceding, but after the one hundred and ninety-second row, the work is divided in two parts, each of which is continued separately. Then follow thirty-six rows like those which formed the waistband, the first and last being knitted

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LADY'S FLANNEL BODICE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



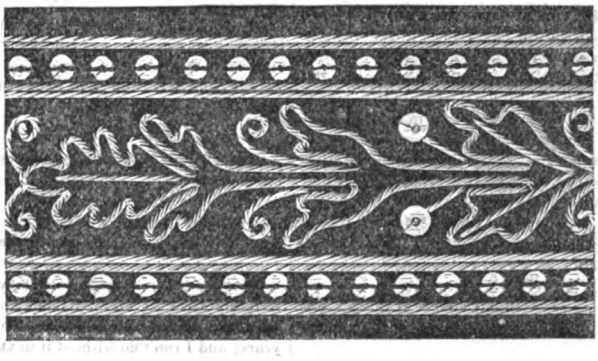
Make of fine white flannel, to fit neatly: button-hole the neck and edge of sleeves. Finish the hem, with a feather stitch in white silk. A very useful piece of under wear for the coming cold.

SMOKING CAP: GREEK DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cap of brown velvet, lined with leather. Stretch the velvet in an embroidery frame, and go over the design with gold and silver cord. The spangles are sewn on with yellow or white silk to match the color. We give below, the design, in detail, full size.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1879! FULL-SIZE PATTERN SHEETS!!!—We call attention to the Prospectus for 1879 on the last page of the cover. We claim there that "Peterson" is both better and cheaper than any magazine of its kind, and therefore *the one, above all others, for the times.* That the public at large admits the justice of the claim, is proved by the fact, that "Peterson" has now, and has had for years, *the largest circulation of any lady's book* in the world.

We claim also that "Peterson" combines more desirable qualities than any other magazine. For it is devoted, not only to fashion, but to art and literature also. Its steel-engravings are the finest in any periodical, and a steel-engraving is the finest of all engravings. Its stories are the best published: no lady's book has such contributors. In its fashion department, it has long been acknowledged to be pre-eminent: not only are its styles the newest and most elegant, but its superb, colored plates have no rivals. The Pattern-sheets, given as Supplements, each month, and the "Every-Day" department, make it, moreover, indispensable in a family, *as a matter of economy.* Where but one magazine is taken, "Peterson" should be that magazine. And every family should, at least, take one magazine.

We continue to offer three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving: "Christ Blessing Little Children." For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1879. For still another kind, there are two premiums: the engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." No other magazine offers such inducements.

Still further to meet the requirements of the times, *we have made liberal deductions in the prices of our clubs.* Compare them with those of others! There never was so cheap a magazine, never one giving so much for the money, as "Peterson" will be for 1879.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

HOW CAN WE AFFORD IT?—A subscriber asks how we can give, as a premium, so high-priced an engraving as "Christ Blessing Little Children." In this way: We have the plate engraved, regardless of cost, and charge it to profit and loss. In other words, it becomes part of the capital with which we carry on our business. After that, the only expense to us is to strike off the impressions, so that we are enabled to supply the beautiful engravings, to getters up of clubs, at the mere expense of paper and printing. Dealers in engravings expect to get, not only this item, out of the public, but also to be indemnified for the cost of the engraving, which, on first-class work, is from one to two thousand dollars. Hence they have to retail engravings, for from five to ten dollars, or lose money. We pay, in London, continually, these prices for the engravings we copy, such as that in this and other numbers. Meantime, when we engrave a premium, such as "Christ Blessing Little Children," we sell impressions to nobody, but keep them entirely for subscribers and getters up of clubs.

"THE PATTERN SUPPLEMENT in 'Peterson' is worth," says the Lock Haven (Pa.) Republican, "the price of the number alone, to any lady."

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.—Nothing looks so well for Christmas decorations, or is so available, as evergreens. Border the doorways with laurel leaves, sewn in pairs on a board of red cloth; hang garlands of greenery, made by tying sprigs round rope, across the passages; make small wreaths of plain and variegated holly, to place above pictures and looking-glasses, and plant large boughs in the corners of the rooms. These show to best advantage in tall vases, six to eight feet high; but when these are not to be had, a good effect may be produced, by placing the boughs, well covered with foliage, in a flower-pot, hidden with moss. We last year covered the mantelpiece with moss, in which we planted holly, and decorated the dinner table with broad bands of green or red velvet (one day one, the other the other), and between the stripes laid lines of holly leaves and berries; or sometimes placed rows of small glass bowls filled with holly. The stripes of velvet should be laid so that there is a plain piece of table-cloth visible in the centre, for the lamps, or any large centre ornaments, if used.

THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH, every one is agreed, is the agricultural products of a country. This year, in the United States, the wheat crop is four hundred and twenty-nine million bushels, as against three hundred and twenty-five million, last year. Or in round numbers, one third more. What have the "croakers" to say to this? Surely, there can be no real foundation for further talk of "hard times," in the face of such a fact.

IN EUROPE, AT PRESENT, all sorts of fancy work, in Oriental patterns, is the rage. For January, we shall give one of the newest of these designs, as a "New Year's" gift to our subscribers. It will be the most superb colored pattern we have ever issued, even larger, handsomer, and costlier than that in this number. It will be a design in Persian Embroidery. Everybody ought to have it, as it will be all the fashion.

WAX-WORK FLOWERS.—We shall begin, in the January number, a series of articles on *Making Wax-Work Flowers*, which will be illustrated, and which will enable any lady to make these beautiful articles without further instructions. This will be only one, however, of the many improvements we contemplate for next year.

"THE LATEST STYLES."—The York, (Pa.) Record, says: "As the ladies are eager for the latest styles, they will find, in the last number of 'Peterson,' just what they want; and no one, who subscribes, will ever feel that she does not receive the full value of her money."

CRASH WORKED IN CREWELS, makes a pretty cover for long ottomans, etc., etc. Fringe it round, and knot it; put your monogram in the centre; and work a bunch of flowers, in each corner, in crewels. Or thick, white muslin may be worked in colored crewels, for the same purpose.

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A lady, sending in her subscription for 1879, says: "I did not take 'Peterson' this year, and it was the first year I have missed it for ten years; and I can't do without it next year."

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OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1879.—For next year, our premium engraving, for getting up clubs, will be, "Christ Blessing Little Children," *the most beautiful, unquestionably*, that we have ever issued. It is no old plate, vamped up for the occasion, as is the case with those offered by other publishers, but has been engraved expressly for us, regardless of cost, by Illman Brothers, from the celebrated picture by Overbeck, the great German artist. The impressions are such as would sell, at retail, for five dollars each. It is an engraving that, apart from its great artistic merits, ought to be on the walls *of every family in the land*. It appeals, especially, to every mother's heart. In order to secure it, it is only necessary to get up a small club for "Peterson." See the advertisement on the second page of cover, etc.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in addition to this beautiful premium engraving. See the Prospectus, on the last page of cover. *Now is the time* to get up clubs for 1879. Send for a specimen of the Magazine to show. No other lady's book offers such inducements as "Peterson." It never was so cheap. In every respect—price, merit, etc.—*it is the magazine for the times.*

OUR "CHRISTMAS GIFT."—The colored pattern, in this number, is one of exceptional beauty and costliness. In fact, patterns like this are more expensive than most "chromos," for every color has to be printed separately. We offer it to our subscribers as a "Christmas Gift." Those, who renew, will receive, in the January number, another, even larger, as well as more beautiful and costly. No other magazine has these superb and expensive patterns.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE" contributes a capital sketch to this number. Next year, in addition to her spicy little novelet, "Tirzah Ann's Summer Trip," we shall publish several articles from her unrivalled pen. She contributes, exclusively, to "Peterson," remember!

THE LEADING MAGAZINE.—The Williamsport (Pa.) Banner says of this magazine, "It is the leading lady's magazine of the country: it is always fresh, lively, and full of interest: we cordially recommend it to our lady readers as the cheapest and best of its class."

ABOUT EIGHTY THOUSAND dollars are spent, every year, in the steel-plates, colored fashion plates, Berlin patterns, engravings, and other illustrations of this magazine. This is more than is spent by any other similar periodical in the world.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready about the twentieth of November, and will be, we think, the most beautiful we have ever issued, as it will certainly be the most costly. Remit early, in order to get early copies!

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS can secure the premium engraving, for 1879, "Christ Blessing Little Children," if they wish it, by remitting fifty cents each. How we can afford this is explained in another article.

WITHOUT A KNOWLEDGE of how others dress, of what is the fashion, a woman might as well live in a desert. To dress stylishly, requires taste, and knowledge of the fashions, rather than money.

"OUR FASHION PLATES, ETC."—The Biddeford (Me.) Journal says: "The fashion plates in 'Peterson,' and the notes thereon, are alone worth more than the subscription price."

A WELL-BRED PERSON never says, or does, anything, to hurt another person's feelings. You cannot have a truer test of a real lady than this.

THE GEMS OF ART, or, the Pictorial Annual, will be sent to persons getting up clubs, instead of "Christ Blessing Little Children," if wished. Each of these pretty gift-books contains twenty-five steel engravings, each of the size of those in the front of this number. Or they will be sent to subscribers on the same terms as the premium plate; viz.: for fifty cents, extra, each. To persons, not subscribers, the price is one dollar each.

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.—Our series of articles on "Etiquette," which we may remark, incidentally, has been exceedingly popular, having been concluded in this number, we shall begin, in January, a series on the "Management of Infants, their Diseases, etc., etc.," which will render this magazine, for 1879, *indispensable to all mothers.*

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST "aprons," or ornaments for an unused fire-place, can be made of peacock's feathers, sewed on thin muslin or tarletan: the feathers should be sewn close together, so that the muslin will not show.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Byrne's Timber and Log Book; Ready Reckoner and Price Book. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military and Mechanical Engineer. 1 vol., 16mo. New York: American News Company.—This little volume will be a great acquisition to lumber dealers and ship builders, merchants and traders, farmers and drovers, and all others engaged in buying or selling at either wholesale or retail. The author claims that it is the most concise, complete and correct Ready Reckoner ever published, and that every merchant, mechanic and general trader, will find it a great economizer of time and labor. After a careful examination of the book, we incline to think Mr. Byrne is right, and that his little volume cannot be too warmly recommended.

Marrying Off A Daughter. By Henry Gréville. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is in a gayer vein than either "Sonia," or "Saveli's Expiation," earlier novels, by the same author, that we have noticed in these pages. The same artistic skill in the construction of the narrative, and the same dramatic rendering of the characters, distinguishes this as they distinguished those. Many readers will prefer the present novel to the others, because of its lighter tone, and we are not sure that we do not rank ourselves among the number.

Nelly's Silver Mine. A Story of Colorado Life. By H. H. 1 vol., 16mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The reputation, won by this author, in her "Bits of Travel," and "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," will not be diminished by this new venture. The story opens in New England, but is chiefly carried on in Colorado, and is, in effect, a vivid description of that region, with its unrivalled climate. Nelly, herself, is charming. But we will not anticipate the incidents of the tale, but leave them for the reader to enjoy at leisure.

Selections From The Apocrypha. 1 vol., 24mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a new volume of the "Wisdom Series," an excellent collection of little, handy volumes, each containing selections from well-known standard books, such as the "Visitation of Christ," "Epictetus," "Marcus Aurelius."

The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach; or, Ecclesiasticus. 1 vol., 24mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Another volume of the "Wisdom Series," a companion, in size and style, to the "Selections From The Apocrypha." Both these volumes are printed and bound in exceptionally good taste.

His Heart's Desire. A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—By an anonymous author, and apparently one new to the craft, for we fail to recognize any familiar hand. The story is quite well told, and is a most creditable beginning.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—If you are getting up a club, it would be as well to show your friends what the newspapers say of "Peterson," for editors see all the magazines, and their approval, therefore, is discriminating. We have hundreds of notices of recent numbers, but have room for only a very few here. Says the Lynn (Mass.) Record: "Teeming with good things; always a welcome visitor in the household; the *reading matter up to that high standard*, which has made 'Peterson' so noted for its superior excellence and elevated tone." Says the Taylorville (Ill.) Journal: "The *best and cheapest ladies' magazine* published, filled with exquisite engravings, handsome patterns, and interesting original prose and poetical matter." The Cambridge (Mass.) Tribune says: "Overflowing with entertaining and instructive articles; the *Supplement is worth more than double* the price of each number." The Wyandott (Ohio) Times says: "The ladies will find, in this bright and cheerful publication, *just what they want*, and ought to have to complete their library." The Lexington (S. C.) Dispatch says: "The fashion plates, engravings and patterns are splendid, and were we a woman, we would thrash our old man, did he not keep it constantly on our table." Says the Yorktown (Dakota) Republican: "*Art and literature unite* to make this great periodical a marked feature in the magazine world." The Charlestown (Va.) Spirit of Jefferson says: "The entire magazine is an embodiment of attractions." These notices, it will be seen, are from every quarter of the United States. Subscribe to the *cheapest and best* lady's book.

OUR SUPPLEMENT AND PATTERNS.—The Philipsburg (Pa.) Journal says of this magazine: "Peterson has supplied the nucleus from which many a tasteful little garment has been arranged by the mother's skilful hand to adorn the darling pet of the household; and more than one young lady has experienced a feeling of satisfaction as she marked the stylish appearance of her costume, arranged according to suggestions gathered from the same fruitful source."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

THE THOUSANDS OF LADIES who use Laird's "Bloom of Youth" keep their own counsel, and all their admirers suppose that complexions so beautiful and perfectly natural in appearance must be nature's own. Ladies, try it!

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[MEDICAL BOTANY—OF THE GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST.]

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XII.—GARDEN PLANTS, CONTINUED.

XV.—SINAPIS ALBA.—White mustard. An annual plant, stem two to three feet high, rather stout and branched. Leaves, lyrately pinnatifid. Flowers yellow, seeds also yellowish, but not white as name would indicate.

SINAPIS NIGRA.—Black Mustard, Common Mustard. Stem three to six feet high, much branched, but smooth. *Leaves* variously lobed-lyrate, toothed or even entire as we ascend. *Flowers*, greenish-yellow; seeds dark brown. This annual is much stouter than the preceding, but not sufficiently so for domestic fowls to roost in its branches, but ample for 'birds of the air.' Its seeds, however, are much smaller. The seeds of both species yield, upon pressure, a *fixed* oil, of greenish color, of little smell and mild to the taste; whilst the *volatile* oil which remains, and which is usually obtained from seeds which have been deprived of their *fixed* oil, is of exceedingly pungent odor, and of an acrid burning taste. In fact the fixed oil, like the oil obtained from peanuts, after being "olive-flavored," is sold very generally for "sweet oil." The deception is harmless enough, except when the purchaser desires to mix it with spirit or aqua ammonia to make the ordinary "hartshorne liniment," as the two will not mix or unite to make an uniform creamy mixture

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—These are so well known to every mother, nurse or householder, that we deem it unwarrantable to occupy much space in their consideration. Both plants are extensively naturalized, as well as cultivated in many parts of the United States. In some localities the common mustard has become so fully introduced as to become rather a troublesome weed. The value of its acrid seed, however, causes the plant to be highly prized, and generally cultivated by mothers throughout the country, both as a condiment and a rubefacient, in the form of mustard cateplasms or poultices. Fifty years ago, mothers were better nurses and more *self-reliant* in ephemeral fevers, and the various little ailments of their households than at present. Then a physician would not generally be called for till the mother had put into practice a dose of physic, perhaps, if needed, some domestic remedies—simples—the use of a mustard foot-bath; mustard plasters to the wrists, feet or ankles, some hot teas and mustard applications over seats of pain; and thus, in the very incipiency, would often arrest the formative stage of a fever, catarrh, pleurisy, pneumonia, etc. To act promptly it is only necessary to mix the fine mustard flower with warm water into a paste, spread upon thick brown paper and apply. When thus made it can be borne but a short time. In general, it is better to mix an equal quantity of flour with the mustard, as the effect is more gradual, and it can be borne for sometime.

It is a popular mistaken idea that hot vinegar makes a stronger mustard poultice than warm water, or a more efficient one. Fresh seed, well ground, will always "burn" when mixed with water. Some vinegars will even destroy the active principle of the mustard. The pharmacist, however, has for sometime been preparing "mustard leaves"—a neatly prepared mustard plaster—put up in boxes containing one dozen, of different sizes, and ready for use in a few moments. In another generation the old clumsy, smeary mustard poultices will have passed away, and these neat, cleanly "leaves" will be universally used in their place. One caution should be observed, never leave the mustard applied too long, especially on persons in an insensible condition, lest vesication or ulceration ensues. Whole mustard seeds, especially the yellow, have been much used by dyspeptics as a laxative, and with benefit to their weakened digestion and torpid condition. A tablespoonful may be taken once or twice daily. But the brown or black seed, when *powdered*, in large teaspoonful doses diffused in warm water, and repeated in twenty or thirty minutes, will generally act as a prompt emetic. And mothers should remember this, that mustard is a very safe vomit, when *necessity* requires such action. The yellow seed, whole, are much used by many cider makers for the better preservation of the juice of the apple.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.—This is a game which requires absolutely no "preparation." It is a guessing game, but a word can easily be settled by the company in whispers, the guesser being bound to stop his ears, and being put upon his honor not to listen. The word chosen must be a noun or a proper name, and as it is to be guessed by the answers returned to the three questions, "How, when, and where do you like it?" it must be twisted and turned about, and put to

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every contradictory use of which it is capable. Suppose, for instance, the word chosen to be flame, the gentleman asks each of the company, "How do you like it?" and gets for answers successively, "Bright," "Old," "New," "Steady," "Put out," "Tender," "Smokeless." Gaining no light from this, he then asks, "When do you like it?" and is told, "When I am cold," "When I am warm," "After dinner." He next inquires, "Where do you like it?" and is told, "In Celia's breast," "Before my slippers," "Behind iron bars," and so on. At the end of each series of questions the victim is allowed one guess, and if at the conclusion of all the answers he has not succeeded in guessing aright, he must begin again. If, however, he detects the word, another must be appointed to take his place. Punning is quite allowable, and even most laudable, in this game; and it is a great advantage to select a word pronounced like some other, even though it differ from it in spelling. Thus if Wales be the word chosen, it will be seen that the most contradictory answers may be given to the same question. To "How do you like it?" the answer may be, "Very well in dumb show," "Stuffed," "As a principality," "As an animal rather than a vegetable production." "When do you like it?" "In autumn," "Never," "When it spouts," "When all else fails." "Where do you like it?" "In Iceland," "On the back of a garroter," "Next to a prince," etc. If the name of one of the company will bear punning, much amusement may be derived from it.

ETIQUETTE.

Lunches, Breakfasts, Etc., Etc.—Lunches have assumed the proportions and state of dinners, in our large cities. But they are much more improved. The invitations are sent out a week beforehand; ladies, only, are asked; and they go, in their handsomest visiting-dresses, with bonnets. The hour for serving the lunch is generally at two o'clock. The courses are also very much like a dinner; but the soup or consommé is served in large cups, with a desert-spoon, instead of in soup plates. The table is laid with the greatest nicety, and made to look as pretty as possible: flowers and fruit decorating it, exactly as at dinner.

The hostess goes into the dining-room, with the lady of the greatest distinction, and places her on her right side; sometimes the rest of the guests are left to seat themselves as they choose; but it is more usual for the hostess to indicate the seat of each lady, taking care to place those together who will probably be the most congenial.

Coffee and tea are served after the lunch, either at the table, in which case it is handed around in cups, immediately after the fruits are eaten, or in the drawing-room, when it is handed about on a tray, or it can be placed on a little table, and the hostess can preside; this latter plan is the most cozy and sociable.

In large cities there is sometimes a meal that is served at twelve or one o'clock, to which gentlemen as well as ladies are invited, and which is called a "breakfast." It does not differ, at all, from the luncheon, with regard to the viands served, or to the decoration of the table, and scarcely differs from an elaborate dinner, except that there may be one or two courses less than at a dinner. To this meal ladies go in bonnets. The dinners, luncheons and breakfasts, of which we have just spoken, are all served *a la Russe*, as described in a former chapter.

There is another most sociable entertainment, the very pleasantest of all, perhaps, for its informality, and the opportunity it gives persons of becoming acquainted with each other; this is the "five o'clock tea." The gathering is much smaller than at a reception, and may consist of only a dozen, which is a cozy number, or even fewer, or more, if desirable; though for true enjoyment, the hostess of the five o'clock tea should never have too many around her table; there should be enough, however, to prevent stiffness, or all should be well acquainted. The invitations to these "five o'clock teas" should be as informal as the gathering; just a sociable little note, or the request written on a card.

Nothing is required, in the way of refreshments, but some of the best tea that can be procured, and some plain cake, such as is best used with tea. Bread and butter, cut *very* thin, and rolled, is also sometimes served; but it is exceedingly difficult to get this done properly; and it had better be left out, if it cannot be served as it should be. A small table, covered with one of the very pretty tea-cloths, now so universal, is used; for the guests do not sit down at the table. The cloth should be white in the centre, at least, but it may have an embroidered border, done in cross-stitch, with red or blue cotton. We have given numerous patterns in this kind of embroidery in cottons, in the magazine, during the past year. Or the cloth may be made of very heavy linen, with a broad border in "Turkey-red," put on with a chain-stitch, or of any other pretty design that fancy may dictate; it should, however, not be all colored, or of any material that will not wash.

The cups and saucers, urn, sugar and cream, can be placed, either on the table-cloth, or on a tray, and the cake should be small, or already cut. A bouquet of flowers will add elegance to the table. If the flowers are in season, they will, of course, cost little or nothing; so it will be seen that this is a most inexpensive mode of entertaining. If the hostess has pretty silver and china, her table will look most inviting; the cups and saucers will be prettier, if they are all different, than if they are in sets; and plates are not required, as the little cake that is eaten is only taken in the fingers.

If there is another lady in the house, it will be well that she should pour out the tea, which can be handed to the guests by a servant, or by some other member of the family, whilst the hostess is passing from one visitor to another, making all feel welcome. It is easily seen how informal this entertainment is, and it has grown to be among the pleasantest given. A lady can have a "five o'clock tea" as often as she pleases, and invite a new series of guests each time.

Gentlemen, of course, do not usually "assist" at a "five o'clock tea," though, if they are wanted, there is no reason why they should not go, except that it is considered exclusively a ladies' meal. It is polite to be punctual to five o'clock, and to remain at least an hour.

If a lady is invited to this entertainment, and goes, it is unnecessary to leave a card afterwards; if she does not go, a card should be left.

If a "tea," lunch, dinner, or general evening party, is given to a stranger, especial pains should be taken to introduce all the guests, if the gathering is small, or as many as possible to the person in whose honor the entertainment is given.

If a host or hostess sees two guests in earnest conversation, it will be well not to interrupt it too soon, as they may be really interested, but sometimes a gentleman stops good naturedly to speak to a lady, and finding no other person to take his place, he is kept all the evening by her side, when he may wish to pay his respects to others in the room. Or the lady may wish to converse with some one else, who is prevented from addressing her, fearing to interrupt the conversation. The master or mistress of the house should endeavor to keep the intellectual atmosphere from getting stagnant, by keeping up a change, though it requires a good deal of tact to know just when to stop a conversation.

There is a fault, too common now among young people, against which we would caution them; that is the great familiarity of manner between the two sexes; young girls frequently call any ordinary gentleman acquaintance by his first name, and allow the gentleman to take the same liberty; this familiarity is only proper with cousins or very

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old acquaintances. A truly modest woman will always keep up a proper reserve with her gentlemen friends; she will allow no undue familiarity, no kissing of hands; permit herself no lounging attitudes in their presence; always remembering that though they may not laugh and talk with her so freely, perhaps, as with others more bold and forward, they will respect her much more in their hearts.

"Slang" in conversation is another fault of the present generation. It is inelegant, to say the least; the "fast girl" is full of it. With her, things are "awfully jolly," or everything has "fizzled" out, or she is "going on a lark," or an acquaintance is "beastly;" she has a slang word in every sentence, to the horror of all really well-bred people.

There is another fault, not at all confined to the young, in fact less a fault of theirs, perhaps, than of older people; that is ill-natured gossip, and imputing evil to our neighbors. If, in society, things were more spoken of than people, society would be both better and more interesting. In these days of much reading, photography, travels, etc., there can certainly be found enough topics of conversation, without bringing up the faults of our neighbors, or the illness of our children, or the misdeeds of our servants. Let the heart be cultured as well as the mind, and topics of interest will soon spring up that are inoffensive.

Another fault is the constant speaking of our own dear selves. We must remember that none are sufficiently interested in *us* to prevent this egotism becoming a bore to them. To have our whole conversation turn on what we do and think, is extremely selfish and ill bred. In conversing with others, try to draw them out to speak of what will most likely interest *them:* that is the true secret of popularity.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS AND POULTRY.

To Bake a Turkey.—Let the turkey be picked, singed, washed and wiped, inside and out; joint only to the first joints in the legs; cut a dozen small gashes in the fleshy parts of the turkey, and press one whole oyster in each gash; then close the skin and flesh over each oyster as tightly as possible; stuff the turkey, leaving a little room for the turkey to swell. When stuffed, sew it up tightly, rub over lightly with flour, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, put some water in your dripping-pan, put in the turkey, baste it often with its own dripping, bake to a nice brown; thicken your gravy with a little flour and water. Be sure and keep the bottom of the dripping-pan covered with water, or it will burn the gravy and make it bitter.

Boiled Fowl and Rice.—One fowl, mutton broth, two onions, two small blades of pounded mace, pepper and salt to taste, quarter of a pint of rice, parsley and butter. Truss the fowl as for boiling, and put it into a stew-pan, with sufficiently clear, well-skimmed mutton broth to cover it; add the onion, mace, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; stew very gently for about an hour should the fowl be large, and about half an hour before it is ready, put in the rice, which should be well washed and soaked. When the latter is tender, strain it from the liquor, and put it on a sieve, reversed, to dry before the fire, and, in the meantime, keep the fowl hot. Dish it, put the rice around as a border, pour a little parsley-and-butter over the fowl, and the remainder send to table in a tureen.

To Roast a Leg of Pork.—Choose a small leg of fine young pork; raise the skin round the knuckle with a sharp knife, and fill the space with sage and onion chopped, and a little pepper and salt, securing the skin tightly with string, to keep in the stuffing. Score the skin in slices, but do not cut deeper than the outer rind. Put it, at first, a good distance from the fire; baste it frequently to prevent its scorching. When about three parts done, rub the skin rather firmly with raw butter, after which flour it lightly, and put close to the fire to crisp the crackling. Apple sauce should be served with it.

Stuffing for a Turkey or Chicken.—Take some bread-crumbs and turn on just hot water enough to moisten them; put in a piece of butter, not melted, the size of a hen's egg, add a spoonful of pulverized sage, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly and stuff your bird.

VEGETABLES.

Stewed Apples.—Make a syrup with one-half pound sugar to each pint of water, some lemon peel and juice. Pare and core the apples, and simmer (but do not boil) them, by the side of the fire, turning them, now and then. When pretty clear, take them off, and, if they require it, put them in the pan another day, or warm the syrup and pour over. If wanted for immediate use, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, made into syrup, to twelve apples. Simmer them till pretty clear.

Celery Sauce.—Cut up a large bunch of celery into small pieces, use only that which is blanched. Put it into a pint of water, and boil until it is tender; then add a teaspoonful of flour, and a lump of butter, the size of an egg, mixed well together; season with salt and pepper, and stir constantly, until taken from the fire. It is very nice with boiled poultry.

Onion Sauce.—Boil some onions in milk, with pepper, salt and nutmeg. When quite done, pass them through a sieve. Put some butter and flour into a saucepan; when the butter is melted, and well mixed with the flour, put in the pulp of the onions, and add either milk or cream, stirring the sauce on the fire until it is of the desired consistency.

DESSERTS.

Excellent Mince-Meat.—Chop finely, two pounds beef suet, boil gently, but not too much, two pounds under-side of a rump of beef, and chop it finely; peel and chop also two pounds russet apples; stone and chop one pound Valencia raisins, and wash and dry three pounds currents; mince the thin peel of two lemons, four ounces candied orange peel, the same of candied lemon peel, and two ounces citron; mix the suet, beef, apples, raisins, and currants; then add the peels, with quarter pound powdered loaf sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, quarter ounce pounded mace, quarter ounce pounded cloves, and half a nutmeg, grated. When all these have been well mixed, squeeze in the juice of the two lemons. The art of making this mince-meat, is to pick, chop, and mix the articles carefully. The currants should be quite dry; to secure which, wash and dry them before the fire a day before mixing. The above will make about ten pounds mince meat. It should be closely covered and kept in a cool place, and should be made at least a month before it is used.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE SHAPES IN BASKETS, for ladies' working materials, etc., are very tasteful, this fall. We have seen several, lately, not unlike gipsy hats, with pointed crowns. These, lined and made with a bag of silk, are dainty additions to a woman's surroundings, more especially if, like the French ones are, they have a design of flowers worked on them in wool, such as corn-flowers, roses, etc. This is easily done in long, loose stitches, which require more artistic taste in blending the colors, than skill with the needle. An egg basket, of wicker work, covered with a daisy fringe, and moss, made of green wool, knitted, laked and unravelled,

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Stripe for Chair, etc., etc., in Cross-Stitch.

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